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SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—I.

MR. MICAWBER'S GAUNTLET.—*David Copperfield, Chapter XXVIII.*

Traddles cut the mutton into slices; Mr. Micawber (who could do anything of this sort to perfection) covered them with pepper, mustard, salt, and cayenne; I put them on the gridiron, turned them with a fork, and took them off, under Mr. Micawber's direction; and Mrs. Micawber heated, and continually stirred, some mushroom ketchup in a little saucepan.

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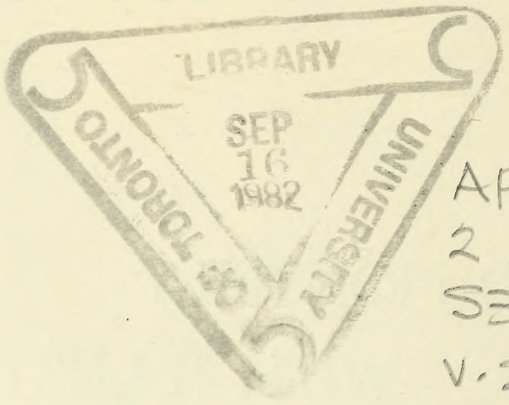
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CONTENTS

OF

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI — JANUARY–JUNE, 1897

ABOUT THE WORLD.

Antarctica, On to, 526
Arbitration, The Treaty of, 525.
Army and Navy, Our, 262.
Automotors, 263.
College Education, Cost of a, 792.
Eldorado, A New, 130.
Elevators, Are Our, Safe? 396.
Forest Reserve, Loss of a Vast, 789.
Forestry Amendment, The, 129.
George Junior Republic, The, 131.
Gladstone, Mr., and Greece, 790.
Jungfrau Railroad, The, 395.
Kentucky Feud, Knell of the, 660.
Largest Ship Afloat, The, 264.
Morris, William, 130.
Nashville Exposition, The, 658.
New Orleans and Mississippi Flood, The, 788.
Nobel Prizes, The, 527.
Plague and Famine, 393.
Rinderpest in Africa, The, 394.
Trans-Siberian Railway, The, 658.
Weather Forecasts, Long-Period, 394.

PAGE

ADAMS, SAMUEL HOPKINS. *The Department Store*, ... 4

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY. Point of View, ... 254

ALEXANDER, JAMES W. *Undergraduate Life at Princeton*, ... 663

AMENDED WISH, AN. Point of View, ... 255

ANTARCTICA, ON TO. About the World, ... 526

ARBITRATION, THE TREATY OF. About the World, ... 525

ARCHITECTURE, TRADITION IN. Field of Art, ... 787

ARMENIANS. See *Bystander's Notes.*

ARMY AND NAVY, OUR. About the World, ... 262

AUTOMOTORS. About the World, ... 263

BALLET, ÆSTHETIC POSSIBILITIES OF THE. Field of Art, ... 392

BANDERIUM OF HUNGARY, THE, ... RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, . . 267
Illustrated by drawings by W. R. Leigh, C. K. Linson, and E. C. Peixotto, after photographs.

BANK. See *Great Businesses.*

BASHFULNESS OF BODLEY, THE, ... HENRY GALLUP PAINE, . . . 101
Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart.

BEARD, WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR. *Liver's Responsibility*, ... 376

BETWIXT CUP AND LIP, ... GRACE HOWARD PEIRCE, . . 632
Illustrated by Edwin B. Child.

BIRD PICTURES, ... WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT, . . . 500
Illustrated from photographs of stuffed birds by A. R. Dugmore, Esq.

PAGE

BLASHFIELD, EVANGELINE W. *The Miniature Portrait*, ... 249

BYSTANDER'S NOTES OF A MASSACRE, A—THE SLAUGHTER OF ARMENIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE, ... YVAN TROSHINE, ... 48
Illustrations from photographs.

CERTAIN ADVANTAGES OF NOT HAVING TIME. Point of View, ... 653

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W. { *The Messenger*, ... 194
{ *Yo Espero*, ... 413

CHESHIRE CHEESE, THE OLD. Field of Art, ... 258

CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS, THE, ... ROBERT C. CORNELL, . . . 221
With sketches made in the New York Police Courts by Kenneth Frazier. Magistrate, New York City.

COLLEGE EDUCATION, COST OF A. About the World, ... 792

COLLEGE LIFE. See *Harvard and Princeton.*

COMPETITIONS, ON. Field of Art, ... 126

CORNELL, ROBERT C. *The City Magistrates' Courts*, ... 221

CORRECTION, A. Field of Art, ... 128

COWLES, MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE. *A New England May Festival*, ... 601

CRANE, STEPHEN. *The Open Boat*, ... 728

CROWE, EYRE, A.R.A. *Thackeray's Homes and Haunts*, ... 68

CUSHING, HOWARD. *Portrait*, ... 493

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING. { *Banderium of Hungary*, ... 267
{ *Soldiers of Fortune*, ... 29, 161, 333, 449, 667, 693

DECORATION, SYSTEM IN. Field of Art, ... 524

DEPARTMENT STORE. See *Great Businesses.*

DIVES, THE PROBLEM OF. Point of View, ... 652

DRAMATISTS, A SUGGESTION TO. Point of View, ... 122

DRAWING. Field of Art, ... 522

DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTINGS IN THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. Field of Art, ... 655

ELDORADO, A NEW. About the World, ... 130

ELEVATORS, ARE OUR, SAFE? About the World, ... 396

FACTORY. See *Great Businesses.*

FIELD OF ART.

Architecture, Tradition In, 787.
Ballet, Æsthetic Possibilities of the, 392.
Cheshire Cheese, The Old, 258.
Competitions, On, 126.
Correction, A, 128.
Decoration, System In, 524.
Drawing, 522.
Dutch and Flemish Paintings in the Art Institute of Chicago, 655.
Florentine Bronze, A, 257.
Impressionism and After, 391.
Long Island Motives, 523.
Painting, Size in, 390.
Scene Painter, The Art of the, 657.
Sculpture, Appreciation of, 127.
Tennyson, A Sketch of, by Rossetti, 125.
Tilgner's Mozart Monument, 260.

FLORENTINE BRONZE, A. Field of Art, ... 257

FOREST RESERVE, LOSS OF A VAST. About the World, ... 789

FORESTRY AMENDMENT, THE. About the World, ... 129

GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC, THE. About the World, ... 131

GIBSON, C. D. *London as Seen By*, ... 182, 371, 495, 627, 759

GLADSTONE, MR., AND GREECE. About the World, ... 790

GOLF, ... H. J. WHIGHAM, ... 566
Amateur Champion of America.

PAGE

GORGUET. *A Roman Easter*, ... 466

GRANT, ROBERT. *Harvard College in the Seventies*, ... 554

GREAT BUSINESSES, THE CONDUCT OF:

INTRODUCTION, ... 3

I. THE DEPARTMENT STORE, ... SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, . . 4
Illustrations drawn entirely from actual scenes by W. R. Leigh.

II. A GREAT HOTEL, ... JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, . 135
Illustrations drawn entirely from actual scenes by E. B. Child, W. R. Leigh, G. W. Peters, and O. Dodge.

III. THE BUSINESS OF A FACTORY, ... PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR., . . 306
Illustrations drawn entirely from actual scenes by E. L. Blumenschein.

IV. THE WORKING OF A BANK, ... CHARLES D. LANIER, . . . 575
Illustrations drawn entirely from actual scenes by W. R. Leigh, E. C. Peixotto, and G. W. Peters.

GREAT NOVELS. See *Scenes From the.*

HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE SEVENTIES, . . ROBERT GRANT, ... 554

HARVARD, UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT, . . EDWARD S. MARTIN, . . . 531
With illustrations by W. H. Hyde and Howard Pyle.

HOTEL. See *Great Businesses.*

HOWELLS, W. D. *Story of a Play*, ... 290, 477, 641, 764

HUBERT, PHILIP G., JR. *The Business of a Factory*, ... 306

HUGO'S, VICTOR, HOME AT GUERNSEY, . . G. JEANNIOT, ... 108
Illustrations made on a late visit to Hauteville House by the author.

HUNGARY. See *Banderium.*

IDDINGS, L. M. *The Art of Travel*, ... 351, 425

IMPRESSIONISM AND AFTER. Field of Art, ... 391

INSTRUCTIVE TWELVEMONTH, AN. Point of View, ... 121

JEANNIOT, G. *Victor Hugo's Home at Guernsey*, ... 108

JUNGFRAU RAILROAD, THE. About the World, ... 395

KENTUCKY FEUD, KNELL OF THE. About the World, ... 660

KNOWLEDGE, THE CREDULITY OF. Point of View, ... 521

LA FARGE, C. GRANT. *Pial Azôn*, ... 189

LANIER, CHARLES D. { *The Working of a Bank*, ... 575
{ *The Oak-Dwellers*, ... 469

LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT, THE. About the World, ... 264

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, THE NEW, ... MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, . . 709
With illustrations by Ernest C. Peixotto.

LITHOGRAPH, THE MASTER OF THE—J. MCNEILL WHISTLER, ... ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL, . 277
With reproductions from twelve of Mr. Whistler's lithographs.

LIVER'S RESPONSIBILITY, ... WOLCOTT LE CLÉAR BEARD, . 376

LODGE, HENRY CABOT. *The Last Plantagenet*, ... 232

LONDON: AS SEEN BY . . . . . C. D. GIBSON.
Written and illustrated by Mr. Gibson.
I. LONDON STREETS, ... 182
II. LONDON AUDIENCES, ... 371
III. LONDON PARKS, ... 495
IV. THE DRAWING-ROOM, ... 627
V. LONDON SALONS, ... 759

PAGE

LONG ISLAND MOTIVES. Field of Art, ... 523

MARTIN, EDWARD S. *Undergraduate Life at Harvard*, ... 531

MELANI, ALFREDO. *Giuseppi Segantini*, ... 212

MESSENGER, THE, ... ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, . . . 194

MINIATURE PORTRAIT, THE, ... EVANGELINE W. BLASHFIELD, . 249
Illustrated with reproductions of miniatures by Malbone and William J. Baer.

MONKHOUSE, COSMO. *William Quiller Orchardson*, ... 399

MORRIS, WILLIAM. About the World, ... 130

MORRIS'S, WILLIAM, POETRY, A NOTE IN. Point of View, ... 519

NASHVILLE EXPOSITION, THE. About the World, ... 658

NATIONAL HONESTY. Point of View, ... 786

NEW ENGLAND MAY FESTIVAL, A—A STORY IN SIX PICTURES. Drawn by . . . . . MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES, . 601

NEW ORLEANS AND MISSISSIPPI FLOOD, THE. About the World, ... 788

NOBEL PRIZES, THE. About the World, ... 527

NON-COMBATANT, THE, ... OCTAVE THANET, ... 741
(The first of five stories of Labor and Capital.)
Illustrations by A. B. Frost.

OAK-DWELLERS, THE, ... CHARLES D. LANIER, . . . 469
Illustrated by Maude A. and Genevieve A. Cowles.

ODYSSEUS AND TRELAWNY—A SEQUEL TO BYRON'S GRECIAN CAREER, ... F. B. SANBORN, ... 504
Illustrated by Kenyon Cox and Orson Lowell from photographs made in Greece for this article.

OPEN BOAT, THE, ... STEPHEN CRANE, ... 728
A tale intended to be after the fact. Being the experience of four men from the sunk steamer Commodore.

ORCHARDSON, WILLIAM QUILLER, R.A., . . COSMO MONKHOUSE, . . . 399
Illustrated with reproductions from the artist's work.

PAINE, HENRY GALLUP. *The Bashfulness of Bodley*, ... 101

PAINTING, SIZE IN. Field of Art, ... 390

PEIRCE, GRACE HOWARD. *Betwixt Cup and Lip*, ... 632

PENNELL, ELIZABETH ROBBINS. *The Master of the Lithograph*, ... 277

PIAL AZÔN, ... C. GRANT LA FARGE, . . . 189
Full-page illustration by O. Dodge.

PLAGUE AND FAMINE. About the World, ... 393

PLANTAGENET, THE LAST, ... HENRY CABOT LODGE, . . . 232

PLAY, THE STORY OF A—CHAPTERS I.–XIII., . . W. D. HOWELLS, . 290, 477, 641, 764
To be continued.

POINT OF VIEW.

After-Dinner Oratory, 254.
Amended Wish, An, 255.
Certain Advantages of Not Having Time, 653.
Dives, The Problem of, 652.
Dramatists, A Suggestion to, 122.
Instructive Twelvemonth, An, 121.
Knowledge, The Credulity of, 521.
Morris's, William, Poetry, A Note in, 519.
National Honesty, 786.
Quarterlies, The, 389.
"Saxon" Fiction, 387.
Telling About It, 124.
Third Childhood, A, 388.
Travel, Passing of the Book of, 785.
Treitschke, Heinrich von, 520.
Wakefield, A New, 653.
"With the Approval of God," 518.

PORTRAIT. DRAWING BY . . . . . HOWARD CUSHING 493
See Field of Art, page 522.

		PAGE
PRINCETON, UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT—OLD AND NEW, ... With illustrations by W. R. Leigh.	James W. Alexander, . . .	663
QUARTERLIES, THE. Point of View, ...		389
RALEGH IN GUIANA, ... A chronicle history in the Elizabethan manner.	Barrett Wendell, . . .	776
RINDERPEST IN AFRICA, THE. About the World, ...		394
ROMAN EASTER, A—TWO FULL-PAGE COMPOSITIONS BY	Auguste F. Gorguet, . . .	466
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL. *Tennyson Reading Maud*, ...		120
SANBORN, F. B. *Odysseus and Trelawny*, ...		504
"SAXON" FICTION. Point of View, ...		387
SCENE PAINTER, THE ART OF THE. Field of Art, ...		657
SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS.		
Mr. Micawber's Gauntlet. Drawn by . . . . Engraved by Florian.	L. Raven-Hill, . . Facing	3
Rowena and Rebecca. Drawn by	E. A. Abbey, . . . Facing	135
Esmond and the Prince. Drawn by . . . . Engraved by Florian.	Howard Pyle, . . Facing	267
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—The Transformation, Drawn by . . . . . Engraved by Florian.	William Hole, R.S.A., . Facing	399
John Ridd and Lorna Doone at Bagworthy Water-Slide. Drawn by . . . . . Engraved by Florian.	William Hatherell, . Facing	531
The Triple Challenge of D'Artagnan. "The Three Musketeers." Drawn by . . . . . Engraved by Florian.	Daniel Vierge, . . Facing	663
SCHUYLER, MONTGOMERY. *The New Library of Congress*, ...		709
SCOTT, W. E. D. *Bird Pictures*, ...		500
SCULPTURE, APPRECIATION OF. Field of Art, ...		127
SEGANTINI, GIUSEPPE, ... Illustrated by seven reproductions from the artist's paintings.	Alfredo Melani, ...	212
SHELTON, WILLIAM HENRY. *A Woman*, ...		178
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE, ... Illustrations by C. D. Gibson.	Richard Harding Davis, 29, 161, 333, 449, 607, 693	
SPEARS, JOHN R. *Story of a Second Mate*, ...		85
STORY OF A SECOND MATE, ...	John R. Spears, ...	85
TELLING ABOUT IT. Point of View, ...		124
TENNYSON, A SKETCH OF, BY ROSSETTI. Field of Art, ...		125
TENNYSON READING "MAUD"—A DRAWING BY	Dante Gabriel Rossetti, . .	120
THACKERAY'S HAUNTS AND HOMES, ... With illustrations from sketches by the author.	Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., . . .	68
THANET, OCTAVE. *The Non-Combatant*, ...		741
THIRD CHILDHOOD, A. Point of View, ...		388
TILGNER'S MOZART MONUMENT. Field of Art, ...		260
TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY, THE. About the World, ...		658
TRAVEL, PASSING OF THE BOOK OF. Point of View, ...		785

		PAGE
TRAVEL, THE ART OF,	LEWIS MORRIS IDDINGS,	
I. BY LAND,		351
Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, E. Cucuel, W. Hatherell, L. Raven-Hill, and Jeanniot.		
II. OCEAN CROSSINGS,		425
Illustrated by W. Hatherell, C. K. Linson, Henry McCarter, and L. Raven-Hill.		
TREITSCHKE, HEINRICH VON. Point of View,		520
TROSHINE, YVAN. *A Bystander's Notes of a Massacre*,		48
UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.		
I. HARVARD,	E. S. MARTIN,	531
Illustrated by W. H. Hyde and Howard Pyle.		
IN THE SEVENTIES,	ROBERT GRANT,	554
II. PRINCETON,	JAMES W. ALEXANDER,	663
Illustrations by W. R. Leigh.		
WAKEFIELD, A NEW. Point of View,		653
WEATHER FORECASTS, LONG-PERIOD. About the World,		394
WENDELL, BARRETT. *Ralegh in Guiana*,		776
WHIGHAM, H. J. *Golf*,		566
WILLIAMS, JESSE LYNCH. *A Great Hotel*,		135
"WITH THE APPROVAL OF GOD." Point of View,		518
WOMAN, A,	WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON,	178
YO ESPERO,	ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,	413

POETRY

COR PECCATRIX,		465
Illustrated by Albert Herter.		
CUPID STUNG BY THE BEE — ELIZABETHAN SONGS, IV. Drawing by	J. R. WEGUELIN,	367
FORGET,	RICHARD HODGSON,	177
LOOK INTO THE GULF, A,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	350
MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT, THE,	HENRY VAN DYKE,	468
MAY SONG, A,	ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN,	651
MEMORY,	CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.,	553
NORMANDY PASTORAL, A,	THEODORE ROBINSON,	757
With an illustration from a painting by the author.		
PARTING SONG, A,	ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY,	740
PERVERSENESS,	RUPERT HUGHES,	84
POET ON A VACATION, TO A,	GEORGE MEASON WHICHER,	775
QUEST, THE,	H. C. BUNNER,	181
SHORTENING DAYS,	WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON,	100
SOME HEARTS,	MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON,	727
SONG OF THE WAVE, A,	GEORGE CABOT LODGE,	707
UNAWARE,	H. C. BUNNER,	424
VALENTINE, A,	LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE,	231
VISITOR, THE,	CLINTON SCOLLARD,	492
WHIRLWIND ROAD, THE,	CHARLES EDWIN MARKHAM,	625
WITH A BIT OF GORSE FROM CARNAC,	LILLA CABOT PERRY,	756

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VOL. XXI JANUARY, 1897 NO. 1

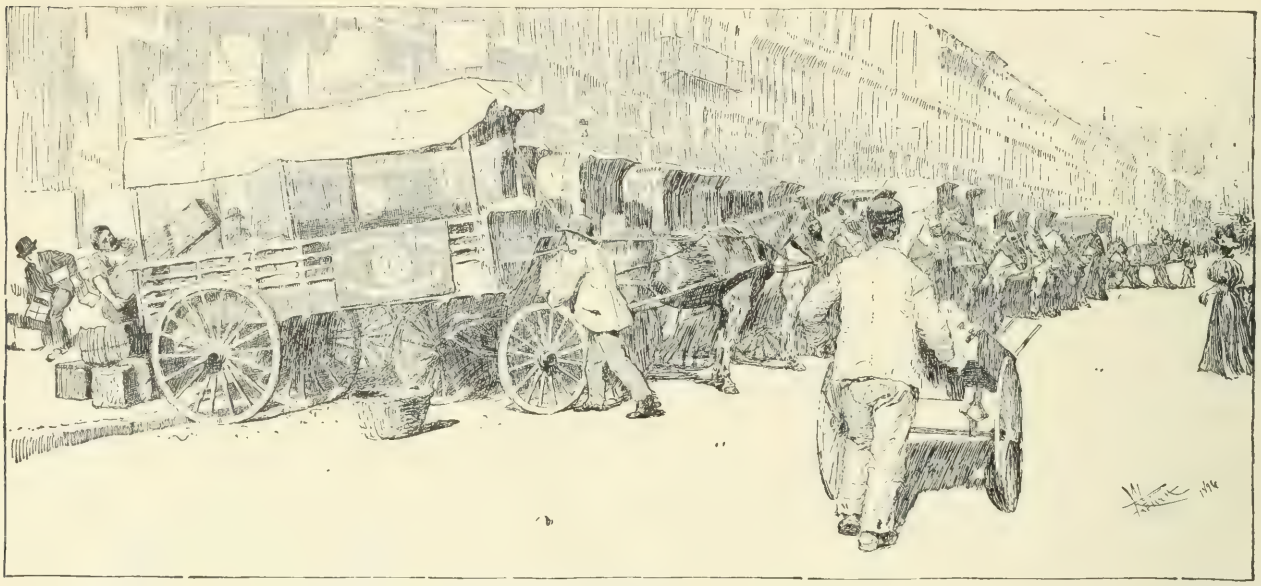
THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES

THE article which follows is the first of a series on "The Conduct of Great Businesses," suggested by the fact that the vital points of American business life have been but little touched upon, in spite of the countless papers devoted to the industrial side of the subject. The purpose of the present series is not to deal with statistics or processes of production, but with the part that men's brains play in large business enterprises—the organizing, the originating, and the developing. Americans have a reputation for skill in business, not, it is hoped, as traders merely or money getters, but for large success upon broad and even generous lines. In this country there are few hampering traditions and prejudices to limit ambition. The real effort is to place each man at the highest pitch of his capacity. The problems in business are much the same in all branches; one man learns from, adapts, and improves upon another; and an intelligent account of how some great businesses are carried to their utmost success should be suggestive and interesting. While it need hardly be said that no single establishments or enterprises will be described in this series, the authors have made long and careful study of the most perfect organizations in each branch, and have gone in all cases to the highest authorities for their information.

The present article will be followed in succeeding numbers by others upon the management of a great hotel, that of a typical great manufactory, and the conduct of a bank; and later by still further papers. The illustrations, made in every case from actual scenes, while they will have the highest artistic value, having been confided to artists who have devoted months of study to their subjects, will have besides all the accuracy of photographs. This has made necessary the picturing also of actual localities, which have been of course so chosen as to be typical of the whole subject.

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The largest stores in various cities have from ninety to one hundred and forty wagons, and as many as three hundred and fifty horses. Besides the main stables New York stores have branch stables in Brooklyn, Harlem, and Jersey City; each stable having its own blacksmith and repair shop. Completing this system of delivery most of the stores have free delivery systems extending from one hundred to five hundred miles.



THE DEPARTMENT STORE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES BY W. R. LEIGH

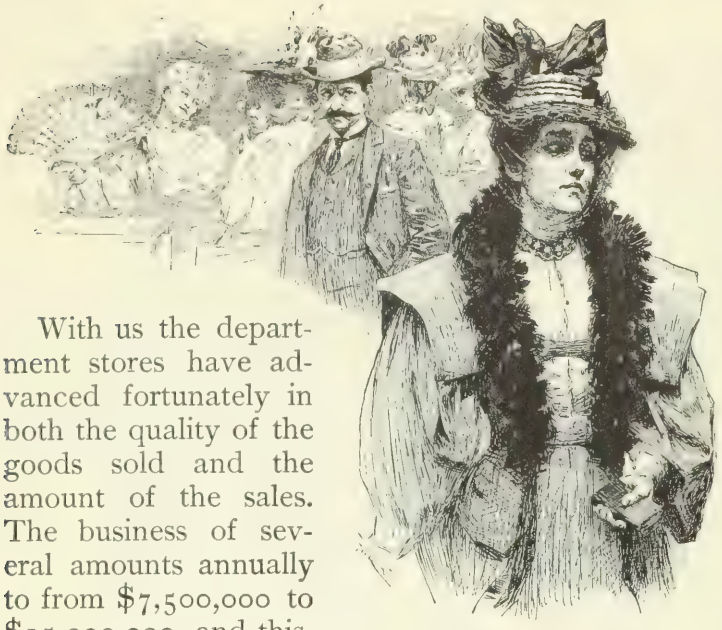
THE great collection of shops gathered together under one roof, conducted as a single organization, and known generically as the "department store," is in this country such a distinctly modern business and in so many ways characteristic of present-day methods, that it offers perhaps as good an example as could be selected to begin such a series as this. In many respects retail selling has been turned entirely topsy-turvy by the department store, and yet its influence extends beyond the retailer. Through the ability to consume great quantities of goods a new condition of affairs arises, in that a retail establishment is often able to buy larger quantities and at lower prices than the jobber who from time out of mind has been the go-between from manufacturer and retailer. Just now another step is being taken, the success of which is not yet clearly established. The great department stores are beginning to manufacture for themselves and in a large way. It is obvious that the establishments which can thus often break loose from the manufacturers and the jobbers must do a business of very great magnitude, when it is remembered that the figures all relate to transactions entirely retail.

Still the department store idea is by no means a new one, nor has it reached in this country its highest development. The great establishment in Paris, still preeminent of its kind, started in the smallest way in 1852, to-day transacts a total business of $30,000,000, or more than twice that of any American retail establishment. The greatest advance has been made since it has become strictly co-operative. Not a franc's worth of its stock is held outside of the people in the store, and the leadership of the business is invested in three persons selected from the heads of departments by the vote of the employees (*i.e.*, shareholders), through an election held every three years. The cash paid to stockholders in their annual dividends amounts to about five per cent. of the total sales, setting aside suitable sums for contingencies. As the capital stock is but four million dollars, an annual dividend of a million and a half represents the great yearly profit of forty per cent. on the capital.



RECEIVING-ROOM.

The room shown above was 200 by 150 feet, where eighty men were employed. Six hundred to seven hundred bills were handled per day, representing as high as $60,000 worth of goods received in two thousand cases or packages. All bills are checked up and ready to be paid and goods marked in this department, and merchandise can be made ready for display for customers within fifty minutes from the time the cases are unloaded on the sidewalk.



The Store Detective.

With us the department stores have advanced fortunately in both the quality of the goods sold and the amount of the sales. The business of several amounts annually to from $7,500,000 to $15,000,000, and this, roughly speaking, is as much money as many a prosperous railway one thousand miles long handles in a twelvemonth; one great store in the west carries a rent account of almost, if not quite, $400,000 a year; the mail order business of another amounts to $900,000 a year; a number of houses send to the homes of their customers more than twenty thousand packages in a single day, while perhaps as many more are carried away in the hands of the shoppers. In the busiest days quite one hundred thousand persons have visited each of the very largest stores of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Brooklyn; one firm spends more than $300,000 a year for advertising; and single departments in several stores sell more than $2,000,000 worth of goods annually.

Just how the department store began, and when it became an active factor in business, will probably never be accurately stated. The accepted theory of the starting of these great businesses (which now number in the United States nearly one thousand distinctly important houses), is that they sprang from the rivalry of important stores in cities which sold for the most part dry-goods or notions or similar staple commodities. Profits by competition on standard goods decreased, and the merchant, looking for new opportunities and larger fields, cast about him for means whereby he might enlarge his sales. Growth along the established lines seemed impracticable, and the more progressive stores began to reach out for other lines of trade in which the opportunities for profit seemed greater.

The enlarging process went on gradually at first, for there was great opposition to it, not all inspired by the shops into whose businesses these innovations were cutting. The public viewed such a radical step with distrust. Conservative Philadelphia newspapers severely criticised a dry-goods store in that city for going beyond its proper province in offering for sale a stock of umbrellas, parasols, and canes, and quite a gale of criticism was stirred up over the matter, dying away in puffs of protest from the pulpits and plaintive epistles in the public prints. Meantime the stores continued to expand. Soon all of them had half a dozen distinct lines of stock and were reaching out eagerly for others offering golden opportunities. The department store was a fact, and between it and the shops whose specialties it had adopted for its own was declared the war that has been waging and increasing ever since.

With the revival of business following the Civil War, began an immense impetus to the department store. It became a giant of trade, a devouring monster, from the stand-point of the smaller establishments, from whose greed and rapacity no trade or profession was safe; until it finally arrived at its present proportions, and became a business world of itself. To-day, within those capacious stores, can be bought orchestrions and tooth-brushes, instruction on the bicycle and the latest patent liniments; while it is but a short trip from the photograph gallery with its "north light" to the hot-houses on the roofs. All the necessaries and most of the luxuries of life it supplies.

The modern department store, then, is a composition of many diverse stores. No one of these can be said to overshadow the others, although they are of various importance and weight in relation to the compact whole. Even the nucleus of the business has ceased to be the centre

of importance in many cases, and one of the greatest stores contains a dozen departments which bring it larger profits than the ready-made clothing stock from which the others branched. To one who has had experience in conducting a single line of business, the difficulties to be encountered in a composite establishment such as this will present themselves forcibly. It is obvious that to organize and conduct an enterprise which must do well with a hundred or more stocks [and one of the new great establishments counts over four hundred carried regularly] purchased from all parts of the world and under all sorts of conditions, requires a higher degree of executive skill than to carry on an establishment involving the handling of but a single class of goods. But from the very nature of the department store, these businesses are in competition among themselves in a certain very definite sense. A constant rivalry exists between them as a result of the effort of each department to aggrandize itself, if necessary at the expense of the others. Here enters the personal equation ; the strife on the part of the men who make up the body politic to push, each one, himself and his own concerns to the fore. Here too, works the law—nowhere more inexorably—of the survival of the fittest. Each little store within the great store must perform its part of the work of the organism or be crushed to the wall.

To reconcile all these different and emulous lines of trade, to carry them on under one method and principle, to centralize and distribute the product of the work with the best results for the entire organism and for each distinct part, in short to reduce these small worlds of trade to their least common denominator is the problem which confronts the head of the firm.

Although nearly all the great business houses are made up of a number of partners, there is commonly one man who



CASH-ROOM.

The room shown above was in a basement and encased in a wire screen running up to the ceiling. In the dull season about twenty girls were employed, each one of them handling some twelve or fifteen tubes coming from all parts of the house. In the busy season each girl makes accurate change for from one thousand to eighteen hundred purchases a day.



DRESSMAKING ROOM.

Some firms have dressmaking departments such as this in their own buildings; others have distinct plants in town or outside the city. Several hundred people are employed in this way by many of the large firms.

undertakes the control of the store organism. He is the real head. Typically he is the self-made man. The formula is familiar enough: Began at the bottom, rose to be a salesman, outstripped his fellows, business ability recognized brought him to the pinnacle. This is the latter-day process where the store is already there for the aspiring youth to make his own; but many of our present merchants built up their own stores for themselves, bringing to the task qualities of mind and spirit with which the ability to estimate the value of a piece of silk or a pair of shoes has no more to do than has a capacity for deciphering obscure inscriptions. They won their battles because they had the courage and strength to grapple with enormous difficulties, and the judgment and insight to solve complicated problems.

Upon the ability of the actual head of the firm to secure men of capacity and to organize them into a compact whole depends largely the success of the department store—as for that matter does of course the success of other large mercantile enterprises. In an important respect the department store is quite different from most business houses where the ability and judgment of the higher assistants are of so much importance. In most branches of business the necessity of a firm's developing its own men is obvious, for those who add life and energy to a house are not as a rule to be purchased from other establishments by higher salaries or special inducements. The best of them do not lightly change their allegiance, and their own firms know their value and are willing to pay the price in one way or another. In important department stores the contrary is true; managers of departments are not generally promoted from the ranks or educated to these positions, but are drawn by offers of larger salaries or better opportunities from other establishments where they have attracted attention through their success. One reason for this is the fact that retail establishments cannot get the good timber to work upon which wholesale houses easily secure. A boy of good family who is ambitious will avoid a position in a retail house; not unnaturally he does not relish the idea of a life behind the counter; and as one proprietor expressed it: "We get only the lower grade of boys, for the most part uneducated, and ninety per cent. of them incapable of doing work of a high grade."



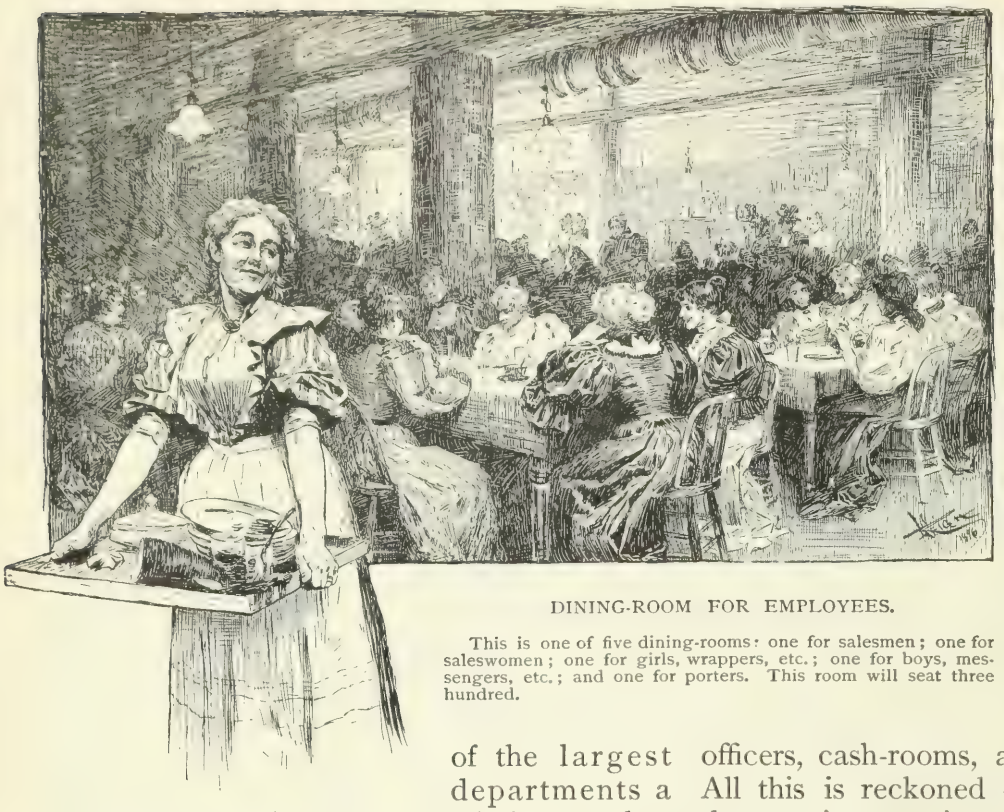
A buyer whose department is ably managed can, and always does, command the highest pay. The enthusiasm of many of the most valuable men is stimulated by allowing them, in addition to their salaries, a percentage of the profits or of the increase in sales secured on the particular line of goods which they control in the store. This of course has the added merit of keeping their interests identified with that of their employers, and in the case of some departments which are unusually successful the bonus amounts to even more than the salary, and holds the manager on the *qui vive* of effort and expectation. This plan has only proved successful with men of more character and ability than the average, for the reason that a narrow man will adopt a "penny-wise" policy, bad for the department and worse for the general business.

A good buyer who year after year increases his business, and the reputation of his department, who leaves for the semi-annual inventory a clean and desirable stock—one who, in fact, has the genius of money making—is paid a salary in the big houses of from $5,000 to $10,000, and often a percentage on the yearly increase of his sales. In some



LOCKERS FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF EMPLOYEES.

This room has fourteen hundred lockers for salesmen, and another apartment in the same house contained nineteen hundred lockers for saleswomen.



DINING-ROOM FOR EMPLOYEES.

This is one of five dining-rooms: one for salesmen; one for saleswomen; one for girls, wrappers, etc.; one for boys, messengers, etc.; and one for porters. This room will seat three hundred.

of the largest departments a number of the most capable buyers thus receive as much as $30,000 a year, and are regarded as cheap at that; a fact which can be readily understood when it is remembered that in a single department of a great shop selling say a million dollars' worth of goods a year, a difference of five per cent. in the profits, which may be the result of a good manager as distinguished from a mediocre one, amounts to $50,000. On the other hand, in the lower class stores, buyers, in many of the departments, are paid as low as $25 a week, with no percentage. If the large incomes are the great exception, it is also to be said that the opportunities are more numerous than the men with the ability to take advantage of them.

The store stretches out like a huge block puzzle which, once fitted together, immediately shifts and changes and presents necessities for prompt re-arrangements. One block shrivels, another expands, a third changes its form and nature, and the manipulator must perforce re-arrange and re-set the composite piece; or if the need be particularly urgent, perhaps extend his base so that he may have room for all his blocks. The store is the base; and the departments, the troublesome pieces. To start with there is a definite extent of space, each square foot of which is worth so much per year; this figure being invariably determined from the receipts of foregoing years with allowances for the general financial prospect of the year under consideration. A certain amount of space must be given up for stock-rooms, receiving-rooms, packing-rooms, work- and repair-rooms, account-rooms, offices of the buyers and executive officers, cash-rooms, and delivery-rooms. All this is reckoned dead weight which the earning portion of the store must carry along. In many stores floor room which might be earning its share of the profits in immediate results as a department, is given over to the use of customers for sitting- or writing-rooms, or as a restaurant; but these are reckoned by the far-seeing proprietors as more than earning their share eventually in making the establishment attractive, and adding to the comfort of the customers. Taking out the inevitable extent of "dead space," as it is called, there remains in every store a fixed amount of flooring as a basis of active operations. And here enters the internal rivalry. For in the division of this each department must be regarded as a separate establishment, whose head wishes naturally to obtain for it the greatest advantages.

If the problem were merely to divide a certain space, homogeneous in value, into a given number of equal parts, it would be a matter of measurement and a simple mathematical calculation. But the space is not of equal value all the way through. Obviously, the main aisle on the ground floor is better from a selling point of view than a corner on the third floor. It is on the line of the greatest travel, hence the more attractive staple goods usually line the main aisle, such as silks and dress-

goods. Blankets or underclothing, which are less ornamental than useful, would hardly be put here, nor would china or glass ware, because of the danger of breakage. Places on an upper floor would probably be assigned to these departments; nevertheless it sometimes happens that a holiday "special," or a sudden cut for bargain purposes may stretch fortifications of blankets along the front of the store, and send fancy glass and china to the centre aisle with a total breakage which would seem formidable to the lay mind. A cut-glass "bargain sale" last winter suffered nearly two hundred dollars in accidents in one day, but the head of the department only rubbed his hands and said that he could afford that much per diem indefinitely, if the crowds would but come as they had done. Again, the departments, from their nature, vary greatly in size. Carpets require large space for exhibition; drugs require no more than the shelf room to store them.

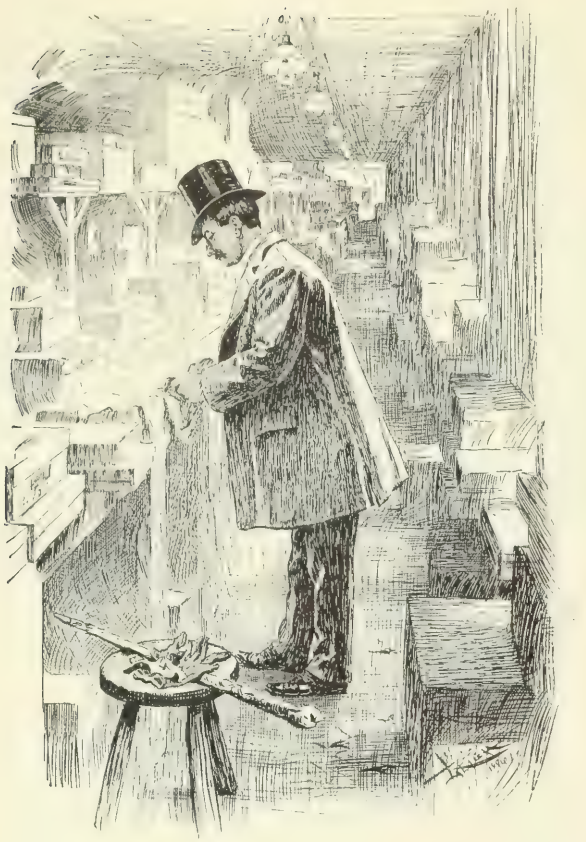
Certain departments, then, fall naturally into place; but there remain many others, the relative earning power of which must determine their distribution. This is a matter for the firm to decide in council with the executive officers and the heads of the more important departments, who are in almost all cases the buyers. Achievements are mainly considered here, those departments which have made a poor showing in the year past being cut down in space, or, sometimes, transferred to less desirable locations; while the man whose department has shown an increase over the previous year's business, in excess of the normal increase which is expected from all departments, may have almost anything, within reason, that he chooses to ask for. In case of a general rearrangement and reapportionment of space, which occurs when an establishment moves into a new building, this rivalry becomes intense.

As it is with the floor space, so it is with the opportunities given. If a department's space is enlarged its portion of



MAKING WHITE GOODS.

Sketched in a great store's work-room. The buying of white goods outright, and the development of manufacturing branches by the department stores, is a comparatively new feature, but of growing importance. One store has five factories outside the city where this work is carried on, and employs at times two hundred and fifty people.



THE BUYER OF FOREIGN GOODS.

Just before his regular trips abroad the buyer examines the styles and quantities of stock on hand, ascertains their relative rapidity of sale, and the prices obtained.

the entire expenditure of the firm must be enlarged also to meet the greater requirements, and *vice versa*. There are other considerations, also, in which the heads of the departments find themselves involved in keen rivalry ; the apportionment of salespeople, both as regards numbers and merit, the opportunities for display in the windows, and the proportion of advertising with which they can succeed in inspiring the advertising man on their respective behalfs. Once started on a successful career, any department, unless it depends upon a fad for its prosperity, proceeds with tremendous momentum. It is not hard to see why this should be.

Take, for example, the instance of the manager of a dress-goods department who hits upon a popular novelty. His department acquires a sudden reputation. Crowds flock there. His stock is sold out, replenished, again sold out, and the firm appreciates. Greater confidence and more capital for stock is meted out to that manager. Special advertisements are devised for him, or he suggests them himself, and the show windows teem with dress-goods. Soon his space is found to be too restricted, and a branch is added to his department with an extra staff of salespeople ; other departments which have not been doing as well as they should being mulcted of their counters and clerks for the successful one. With this increase of means comes increase of opportunity. Having larger sums at command the manager can deal more advantageously with the manufacturers, and so he goes on, the envy of his rivals in rival stores. When a dozen departments make progress in this way their combined impetus gives to the general business a momentum which to the dealer in a single line of goods would seem little short of miraculous.

Undoubtedly the chief outward exponent of the policy of the store is the manager. His interests are bounded by the four walls, the roof, and the earth underneath. Every detail is, or should be, under his grasp, and in matters of discipline his authority is seldom over-ruled or his judgment questioned. He is practically the court of final appeal in all matters pertaining to the management and conduct of the store. Often upon the disposition of the manager depends a store's reputation among the store people. A man who has a reputation for harshness, quick temper, and unfairness will have difficulty in getting first-class men and women behind his counters. Supplementary to the duties of the manager are those of the superintendent, who generally has assistants under him. Unlike the manager he is seldom a member of the firm.

In general $5,000 is a good salary for a superintendent. This was paid for years to a woman who held that office in one of the largest of the New York department stores. On the other hand the salaries of assistant superintendents go very low in some cases, considering the responsibility of the position. A prosperous department store in upper New York pays to its assistant superintendent, a girl of twenty-two, less than $700 a year.

The buyer is the head of the department in so far as it is considered as a financial integer of the whole establishment. He selects its entire stock. His is the praise for success, or the blame for failure. With him rests the entire respon-



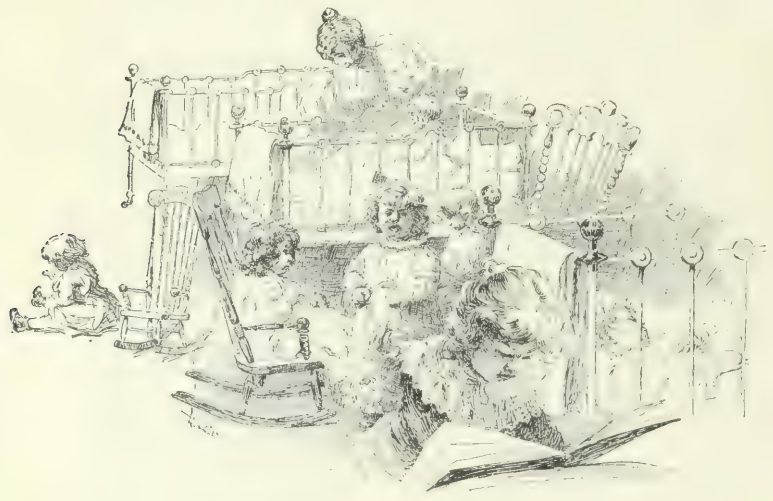
WAITING-ROOM CONNECTED WITH BUYER'S OFFICES.

Many buyers rarely go outside their own cities. Their various rooms open into these general waiting-rooms, where the representatives of factories, wholesale and commission houses await their turn to interview the buyers. Each one is called separately into the buyer's office to show his samples and quote prices. As many as one thousand are sometimes received in a day.

sibility, and within such bounds as the general policy of the store sets he is a law unto himself in his conduct of the department. Usually a limit to his expenditure is established, beyond which he may not go except by special permission of the firm. To understock is an error; to overstock a blunder. It is a buyer's maxim that throwing away outgrown stock is cheaper than keeping it on the shelves. The buyer must be a prophetic soul, to foresee what shades of silk will be most popular in the coming season, what make of cloaks, or what style in gowns. Once he has decided, every energy must be put forth toward forcing the style selected into fashion, and the influence thus brought to bear is often very potent.

Special room in the store is set apart for the buyer of each of the more important departments, where the agents for the manufacturing firms bring their samples for examination; and every morning these gentlemen can be found in large numbers in the ante-room waiting their turn to be received by his honor, the judge of their particular line of goods. They have an opportunity to see the world, too, these buyers; for many of them must make two trips a year to Europe, or, in these days of startling departures in the business, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. A single store will sometimes send a dozen buyers to Europe and others to Japan, India, and Africa, in pursuit of rugs, silks, mattings, and a thousand and one things. A merit equal to good buying is to arrange the scale of prices well. Every article in the department is sold at the figures the buyer decides upon. On the one hand he must make his price large enough to insure a good profit to his department; on the other, he must make it small enough so that the public may be sufficiently allured to clean up his stock for him; and as he steers his course between Scylla and Charybdis, the sails of his rivals loom up in the offing threatening to distance him in the race. One of the bitternesses of life to the hardworking buyer is to have the advertising man (who keeps track of all other stores as well as his own, and is a sort of general information bureau) tell him, after he has made his price on a particularly promising line of goods, that the rival establishment down the street has cut under him ten per cent. An inflexible rule in many houses is that goods of a standard quality must be sold at a price not higher than that of competitors, or be withdrawn from sale, and the latter course is not the usual solution.

In the working machinery of the store's daily existence, the buyer has no part. Even in his own department, for which he has supplied the stock, he has no direct authority. The floor-walker, sometimes called an "usher" (either name is equally inadequate as descriptive of his duties) gets from $15 to $40 a week, and he earns it fully. What the buyer is to the inner management of the store he is to the outer. To the public he is nothing more than a politely convenient living directory, who knows promptly that the ribbon sale is seven counters down to the left, and that carpet-sweepers may be found at the end of the middle aisle on the third floor. Such matters as these are the simplest of his duties. To keep his salespeople up to the standard in dress, deportment, and activity; to be polite to everybody, to stand as a buffer between the salespeople and the wrath of those who have



CHILDREN'S WAITING-ROOM.

The nursery where shoppers may leave their children in the care of nurses while engaged in making purchases.

grievances against the store for goods missent, or other mistakes made; to see that the rules are obeyed; in short to be the arbiter of conduct and store etiquette; these are enough to guard him against ennui. Under a combination of a far-seeing, shrewd buyer, and a courteous, hard-working "aisle manager," as he prefers to be called, with a knack of managing people, any department will more than pay its share of the expenses of the establishment.



RECEPTION-ROOM

Where customers may rest and meet their friends. There are also writing-rooms and sick-rooms, where a physician's attendance is gratis.

Under the floor-walkers as captains, and the executive officers as generals, with the firm as commander-in-chief, the great army of salespeople goes through its daily drill. In first-class stores they receive from $6 to $15 a week; in low class, as little as $3. As yet the co-operative system, such as exists in some of the Paris shops, has not taken hold in this country; although occasionally as an incentive to "cleaning out" some particular stock, a percentage on sales from that counter is allowed. All the stores have rules of greater or less strictness to which their salespeople are held. The duties of the clerks are so well known as to require no description here. Anyone who has ever made a purchase at a department-store counter has had opportunity while waiting for change to observe the process of sale. The very largest of the stores employ in the holiday season 2,500 salespeople, whose duties are entirely at the counters, of whom 500 are "extra help." Lowest of all in the scale come the errand boys and cash girls, who, while gaining the experience which will fit them to go behind the counters when they grow older, are content to be at everybody's beck and call for a consideration of $1.50 up to $3 a week. It will not be long, by the way, before the cash boys and girls are done away with entirely, and to the benefit of all concerned. The mechanical "carriers" are much more convenient, and of course vastly cheaper than human



ORDER-ROOM.

The Grocery Department of one store has forty such tables as are shown here, with a clerk in attendance on each. All around are cupboards containing samples. In one store a ton of coffee is sold per day, and there is a sugar-bin containing fifteen tons, which is provided with an automatic weighing device, dealing out so many cents' or dollars' worth in a few seconds. On a busy day the department ships $8,000 worth of goods.

hands and feet. In the newest stores every department has its own cashier and wrapper. This is an expensive system for the store, but swift and convenient for the purchaser.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work necessary in the carrying on of one of these establishments may be gained from the fact that only one-third of the staff comes in contact with the public. At the top of the building, where the space is least valuable, are the stock rooms, where a busy corps, under command of the "head of stock," arranges the goods, unpacked in the receiving-room next door, in their places on the shelves, and transfers them upon order from the floor-walker, when he needs them to keep his department fully stocked. The work-rooms, where hundreds of girls mend, repair, and alter all day long, are usually tucked away here and there, where the customers may pass their doors without suspecting their existence. It is but due to the merchants as a class to say that the "sweat shop" does not exist in the big stores. As a rule the working rooms are light and well ventilated, the pay of the women is about the same as that of the saleswomen, and the rules of the department are far less strict than those which obtain behind the counters.

Not so in the cashier's department, the pool into which all the rivulets of coin in the place empty. In many stores this is a dark room in the basement, where the air is poor, the light artificial, and the noise like a boiler factory. As the pay is not exceptional and the work is extremely trying, the cause for the envy with which the average salesgirl regards her sisters in the cashier's department is a puzzle over which the writer declines to waste time. To add to the difficulties of the cashier's department is the necessity of absolute accuracy; and where actual money is handled in some days during the busy season amounting to $100,000, practically all of it in small and odd sums of money with much change-making, the chances of mistake and error are enormous. Each day's business is balanced, and the totals must agree with the cash tickets.

In obedience to the law of gravitation the delivery department is most often in the basement, and here a great corps of men is employed sending out purchases.



CONSERVATORY.

A few stores have lately added a department on the roof, with a stock of plants ranging in price from a few cents to $50 each.

This department is like an express-office, and it keeps in employment some four or five hundred men in the largest stores. It is the hardest worked part of the establishment, particularly in the holidays, when the men are on duty day and night, often for eighteen hours a day. For the two or three nights preceding Christmas many of them do not leave the store, having their meals served there and getting such cat-naps as they can in corners or improvised beds of bagging. To the

delivery department by elevator, in wheeled boxes, or in the baskets of the floor-boys, come all articles bought and not taken away by the purchasers. It is divided into local, freight, and express delivery, the mail-order department being separate. Each article having come to the delivery-room, and having been properly wrapped, marked, and entered on the books, if addressed for local delivery is thrown on a long table, manned by youths who carry implements like the rake of the croupier. Around these tables, which are smooth and slippery, are sets of bins, each bearing a number, corresponding to the number of the driver who collects from it. As soon as the address on a parcel is read the youth who gets it slides it over the table, calling out the number to which it goes, whence it is raked in by another youth who unerringly tosses it to its destination. It is as good as watching a game to see the parcels disposed of, so swift and accurate is the action of the practised corps. Outside and above, in the streets, stands a long row of delivery wagons, of which a number of firms own more than one hundred and twenty-five each, with twice that number of horses. In each wagon sits a "driver's boy." From his own bin the driver collects his goods and sends them up to his boy, who packs them in order for delivery.

Over the delivery department in every store presides a genius. How it happens that there are enough geniuses to go round is a mystery; but surely that is none too exalted a term for a man who keeps a whole city mapped out in his brain, and can tell you at once the nature of any locality you may name, whether it is built in brown stone or brick, the average of rents, and whether it is a residence, boarding-house, or apartment district. This employee in a New York store remembers and can immediately recall the address of several thousand credit customers. He keeps track of the growth of the city and the changes in character of various neighborhoods, a particularly difficult matter within the last three years, during which the character of many districts has changed radically. With the delivery of the goods at the house of the purchaser the store's duty ends, unless there is some mistake. Each article after it gets to the store is handled by six persons before it reaches the customer in the hands of the sales clerk, and by nine more before it is finally delivered at the house —fifteen in all. Some goods go through a longer course than this; as, for instance, articles which are to be altered to suit the customer; but every bit of stuff, whether it be a hundred-dollar piece of silk or a five-cent notion, must pass through the fifteen processes. The persons who handle goods are, in order, as follows:

The receiving-room man, who unpacks it.

The head of the stock, who disposes of it in the stock-room.

The buyer's assistant, who marks it with his price.

The transfer or stock-boy, who carries it down to the sales-room.

The head of counter, who receives it.

The head clerk, who places it on the shelf or counter where it belongs.

The salesman or saleswoman, who sells it.

The inspector, who examines it after the sale.

The collector, who takes it in his basket to the delivery-room.

The packer, who makes a neat bundle of it.

The addresser, who copies from the accompanying slip the name and address of the purchaser, writing it upon the wrapping-paper.

The assorter, who distributes the bundles into lots to go to the different parts of the city.

The youth of the long table mentioned above,



ANIMAL-ROOM.

The purpose of this novel department is to furnish household pets.

who slides it with unerring dexterity into the proper bin.

The driver, who takes it from that bin.

The driver's boy, who helps the driver pack it in the wagon, and who finally completes the long list by handing it in at the door.



MEAT MARKET.

The drawing represents a space 250 feet long by 30 feet wide. A section sixteen feet wide and extending the whole length is occupied by refrigerators, kept at a temperature of about twenty degrees, which are enclosed in glass, thus exposing their contents to view. The meat is handled from the street to the refrigerators entirely by machinery. No one touches it. Fish is frequently brought alive in tanks. Thirty men are employed in this room, and the capacity is about five hundred sheep and lambs and about one hundred beeves. That amount of mutton has been sold in a single day, and one hundred cattle have been cut up in a week; five thousand turkeys are handled at Thanksgiving-time.

No other business that is conducted under one roof equals the department store in magnitude of detail. Take for instance the case of one of the giants of the species. It employs from 3,500 to 5,000 persons, according to the season. In a year it does nearly $10,000,000 of business. Its largest individual sale last year was an orchestrion for $4,500, and its smallest a patent clothes-pin for one cent. During the holiday rush there were several days when its gross receipts ran over $100,000. It has more than seventy departments. To heat it one hundred miles of steam-pipe are required, and the electric-light plant would adequately equip a small city. It represents a rental of nearly $300,000 a year, and at a conservative estimate the daily expenses of the store are $5,000. When it is considered that this enormous sum is made up from the profits in sales, for the most part in small parcels, one gets an inkling of the infinite care in details and the perfection of system which go to make such enterprises as largely profitable as they are. A man who has himself conducted one of these businesses recently made this statement:

"The profits of the department store are represented by the cash discounts on its bills."

That is, the big store, by virtue of its quick returns, is able to pay cash for purchases instead of buying on long time; and as it is well known that five per cent. is a high average discount we have an index as to yearly profits if this statement, which has been several times verified, is exact. So fine is the line that divides profit from loss. The store should turn over its whole stock five or six times a year, though some special stock may turn a dozen times. It is a water-wheel which is propelled by the stream of trade, and the drops which it throws off in its revolutions are the profits. And here it may be said that in the conduct of the business the unvarying rule is that for every expenditure of time, space, or money there must be a sufficient and calculable return. This principle pervades every department.

The finances of the department store are constantly in motion, a never-ending stream pouring in and out and in and out, and leaving at the end of the year a sediment of gold at the bottom. But in addition to this perpetually moving capital there is a stationary capital; for such the brains of men who do the firm's work must be considered. In order to keep the employees who are most useful to the store, men with ideas in their heads and originality in their ideas, the firm must offer opportunities for progress; for the men best worth having will not stay where there is no chance to rise. Death and retirement are constantly making breaches in the executive forces, and men must be found who can step into the places of those made vacant. This is why every firm makes the human element of the store a never-ending study. In the case of the buyers and executive offi-

cials, and others in prominent positions, such a reckoning is not so difficult, since their work shows for itself. So exactly is the selling machinery of a store adjusted that there would seem to be little opportunity for the clerks to show special ability; but the ever-vigilant usher is constantly on the watch for evidence of work, and the salesman or saleswoman who does good work is seldom unappreciated.

It is along this line of selecting the best material for the work to be done that the great stores are successfully conducted. There is often an annual "taking of stock" of all the employees as well as of the goods; and that one who has by faithfulness and cleverness earned the good opinion of the floor-walker or superintendent, or perhaps of the buyer, who is likely to be wandering casually about his department seeing how things go, will experience a change of salary for the better at the end of the year. Many stores will not retain clerks who cannot prove themselves of increasing value. Others graduate their employees every year, reducing some while promoting others.

Honesty on the part of the employees, must of necessity be taken for granted to a great extent; nevertheless there is in every store a complete system of checks on dishonesty that runs from top to bottom, the buyer alone being beyond its reach. For his actions he is responsible to the firm alone, nor is there any way in which they can tell beyond some easily taken precautions whether he is buying for their advantage or his own. Some years ago the head of a department in a Boston store bought, so the story goes, $40,000 worth of furniture from a certain manufacturer, where he should have purchased not more than $7,000. Of course he was instantly discharged. Moreover the store strove to repudiate the debt, but the courts decided against it. It was impossible to prove that the buyer was bribed. Another instance is said to have occurred in New York where a buyer, being sure of his impending discharge, bought 250,000 red plush albums all of one pattern, most of which were subsequently given away as souvenirs, because they could be disposed of in no other manner.

Some houses require all buyers to send to the firm each day a duplicate of any order given—as a rule, too, figured out in dollars and cents—and each order is passed upon by a high authority before it is confirmed; thus the purchases are kept account of as close as the sales. This, of course, does not refer to purchases made by the buyers when travelling, but to purchases made in the offices of the buyers themselves, where the great bulk of buying is done. A large Brooklyn store sends a notice to all houses from whom it buys, that the firm will not be responsible for any order given for future delivery of which a copy is not sent for verification. While this may seem to cast suspicion upon the buyers it makes such dishonest purchases as above described impossible.

In general, two kinds of peculations must be guarded against—thefts of cash and thefts of goods. To illustrate how the barriers to dishonesty are set it may be said that the sales- or cash-tickets will identify all of the fifteen or more employees described above who handle every article sold. At the conclusion of the transaction, the purchaser has one check giving all the details of the sale in concise form, and the firm has the other, and the books and cash fill out the complete record. For every parcel that goes to the delivery-room or is taken away by the customer, there must be a corresponding amount of cash, or a check indicating either credit or that the goods are to be sent C. O. D.

All records are kept, in case of complaint. Under the system of delivery the percentage of error is about one-hundredth of one per cent. It is no uncommon thing for the firm using this system to deliver nearly, if not quite, 20,000 packages in one day, and receive not a single complaint of failure to deliver.

Credit checks are in some stores sent through a special line of tubing to an office separate from the cash desk; in others, to the cash desk and thence to the credit office, where they are marked O. K. if credit is to be allowed, or with a small private mark if not. The authorization clerk, upon whom rests the responsibility of this marking, can, after a few years' experience, tell at a glance in most

cases, whether the name and address given on any slip is that of a regular credit customer in good standing. Considering that the number of credit customers varies from 10,000 to 60,000 in different stores, this is something of a feat.

These credit customers may be a source of enormous loss to the store. To look after them is the business of the credit, or authorization department, consisting of the credit-man, a number of underlings who do a species of detective work, and the authorization clerk, whose work is merely a sort of book-keeping. The credit-man can more quickly ruin a store than any other employee. As a financial authority he is unequalled. Every large customer of the house is known to him by name, reputation, and pecuniary status. He knows the customer's habits, and very likely the number of servants he keeps. If there is any rumor of decline in the customer's business, the credit man quickly finds out if his bills are promptly paid. It is a grave matter to withdraw credit, however, meaning as it does the loss of a person's trade, so that the credit man is slow to do it. The New York credit men have a club, of which the members meet weekly to exchange views and information on business matters; for rivalry between the big stores is almost invariably friendly, and they exchange courtesies continually in such matters as information derived regarding the responsibility of prospective credit customers. Each large city has its Retail Protective Association, and the well-managed store, on learning that a customer has become "bad pay," will notify the association, with the result of shutting off his credit at other stores. In this way the "bad pay" buyer is prevented from going to some neighboring establishment, the result being that he will probably continue to buy at the first store and pay cash.

Dishonesty of a professional character is the kind least to be feared by the merchants. Still, it is reckoned on as an element in profit and loss, one store calculating its losses by shoplifting at $15,000 a year. To keep this crime within limits the store detective is employed. The keen-eyed, mysterious sleuth of fiction with his disguises and stratagems, couldn't get a place at any price in a department store. The best store detective is the man or woman who looks the least like one. His or her business is to wander around inconspicuously and look uninterested. When one of them appears most moribund it is probable that he has just discovered some woman dropping a lace handkerchief unto her unrolled parasol in an informal manner. When he does make an arrest it is done very quietly; and the shoplifter, if she be a woman, as nearly all shoplifters are, is escorted to a cabinet where a woman searcher goes through her clothes, often extracting more things than Mr. Hermann gets from a silk hat. Professional shop thieves are provided with what is techni-



A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER

brought as a last resort to interview the superintendent.



DELIVERY-ROOM.

In and about this room five hundred people are employed in busy times, who handle as many as twenty-five thousand packages in a day. In the delivery-room the goods are wrapped and directed in one section, from which they are passed on to the delivering clerks. (See drawing, page 24.)

cally known as a "kick," a long pocket of amazing capacity, extending the length of the skirt. Some of their other wiles are the half-open umbrella, the loose blouse waist, and the infant in arms, who is made an innocent receiver of stolen goods thrust under its long skirts. More dreaded by the detective than the professionals, all of whom he knows, is the kleptomaniac. She will steal anything, and in many cases it is inadvisable to prosecute her, for business reasons. If there is any reason to suppose a woman respectable who is caught stealing, she is never prosecuted for the first offence, but is compelled to write out a confession which is held over her as a warning. At least five New York stores hold such confessions from a woman reputed to be very wealthy. A Chicago store offers a scale of rewards to employees discovering shoplifters, and this scheme has had excellent results.

To the merchant whose tremendous store machinery is running without friction and turning out what profits it should, there still remains one great vital problem: what new thing he shall attempt. Progress, he knows, is necessary to his success. The methods which were successful ten years ago are antiquated now, just as the most progressive methods of to-day will be outgrown early in the coming century. He knows, too, the disastrous consequences of a false step. To be conservative, yet bold; to branch out in some startling innovation which shall yet be a safe venture, and shall not impair the firm's reputation for soundness; these are his hopes for the future. New styles of business have in the past established firmly the stores which first brought them out. A purpose always in the minds of the proprietors is to introduce some new feature which will add to the attractiveness of the store; if original and to be found nowhere else, so much the better. One Brooklyn store has sent to its thousands of credit customers a little silver tag containing the number of the shopper's account. Upon this being shown and the name given to prove that the

proper person is using it, she may carry away such purchases as she may desire, or have checks cashed. Clerks are trained to know their customer's name and desires, and a thousand and one little attentions are shown to make the purchasers feel at home. One important feature that the stores practically first introduced is that of allowing goods to be returned which are not wanted by the purchasers, even if no fault can be found with them.

The mail-order system, which sprung at once into popularity, gave an enormous impetus to the business of the firm that first tried it. Every other firm copied it, but the pioneers had covered a large field before their imitators followed. The department stores prophesied and probably accelerated the scorching into popular favor of the bicycle, and to-day, almost without exception, the big establishments have a wheel department, while not a few conduct bicycling academies. The progressive store—and all must be progressive—responds instantly to the latest fad; no new thing comes into the market but it is quickly pushed into notice, and indeed many ideas are first put forward in one of the many departments. One original enterprise, which has had a gratifying success to those engaged in it, is a combination of some of the stores in the smaller cities, whereby they exchange goods, and in that way rectify to an extent errors of stock. For instance, that a certain line of novelties would not sell in Rochester is no argument that Denver would not buy it, so the Rochester merchant with an overstock in his hands, sends it to his Denver fellow-merchant and he sells it out for him. In return the Rochester man undertakes a line of silks which the Colorado merchant couldn't dispose of at all, and conducts a highly successful bargain sale therewith. A dozen cities are now represented in this combination. A feature of this combination is syndicate buying. A single experienced buyer purchases goods for a string of a dozen stores in different cities, thus they are all able to get goods at a rate which only the largest consumer could secure, and each bears its proportion of the expense of the buyer's salary and his assistants.

Aside from departures in policy and innovations on a large scale the originality of the department store is largely supplied by two departments to some extent correlated. These are the advertising department and the window-dressing department. One is the literature of the great store; the other its art. The shop-windows are a great stimulus for the department whose goods are displayed in them. A good showing will often wonderfully increase the sale of the stock as well as attract customers to the store who are new to it. Frequently the head advertising man is the general manager of the store. Whether this is the case or not, he is a general supervisor of the establishment, with a complete knowledge of its ever-changing detail. Every day he holds consultations with heads of departments to find out what particular lines of articles they want "boomed," and about those articles he writes alluring statements for the shopping public to read, sometimes arranging for illustrations with them. The amount of money spent for advertising is appalling when looked upon as an expense. One great store in Philadelphia spends



POST-OFFICE SUB-STATION,
established in department stores for the convenience of the public.



THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

In one of the large New York houses ten thousand feet of floor space are devoted to this, and as many as one hundred and twenty-five clerks are employed during the busy season.

on an average $1,000 every day in the year, and a good many spend $500 a day. The advertising receives probably more of the personal attention of the head of the house than any other department. The head of the firm which expends the great sum just mentioned personally suggests and frequently writes the leading lines in the daily announcement. The proprietor of a great store in Brooklyn does this invariably, and thinks the time well spent which the work daily requires. The mail department tends to enlarge this expenditure, as the store reaches out to the utmost parts of the country, and the future will no doubt see an even greater development in the effort to secure mail customers in the small towns and in country places.

Advertisement writing has, within the last few years, become a fine art. The writer must be thoroughly up to date in his ideas, and the latest methods require that he furnish something new every day. Genuine wit and humor are found over the "adv." mark in the papers. It is pretty safe to say that every good advertising man earns his salary, and the best man in the country at this work is said to receive $15,000 a year.

There is little question but that the great department store is a benefit to the buying public, because of the low prices which prevail in it, because of its convenience and, as a rule, honest dealing, and because it concentrates many lines of stock within a small space. On the other hand, it is a question if it is not in its tendency a menace to some of our commercial institutions. It has already made marked inroads on several lines of retail selling without bestowing any corresponding benefit. Especially is this true of goods which have been handled by salespeople with special education and training, and where there existed in the business a pride beyond that of mere trading which gave it distinction. Perhaps the best instance of this is to be found in the store book department, the stock of which is, with the exception of possibly a few establishments, composed of only the newest or, perhaps, the least worthy of books, or volumes in inferior editions.

The salespeople are often illiterate and untrained, and the whole tone of the place is the antithesis of what the book-lover looks for in such a place. Yet the supplying of the most salable books at the very lowest prices drives the small bookseller, who carries a large stock and employs competent assistance, out of the business, and threatens the extinction of shops which have served a valuable purpose. Much the same may be said in

disparagement of the store "picture department," the stock displayed, and the taste appealed to, is even inferior, by comparison, to the book department. It may be only a question of time when each part of the great stores will be as perfect as the best shops devoted to single kinds of goods; but it is certainly true now that with the exception of some of the oldest and largest departments it is the aggregation of stock and prices which attract the customers, and not the quality and selection of goods displayed.

From time to time the practices and methods of one or another of the great stores have been made the subject of legislative inquiry; but invariably with unimportant results. And now a powerful organization has been formed in New York by some thirty or forty of the big stores for mutual support and protection. Representing, as it does, more than fifty millions of capital, it is a formidable combination; and, while its object is not definitely so stated, there is no doubt but that it will oppose with all its strength any legislation looking toward an interference with the business.

Public opinion has been brought to bear upon the management of the department store. The Consumers' League of New York has been organized, with the object of compelling the stores to treat their employees equitably. It fights for light, airy rooms, seats for the salespeople, reform in the system of fines, vacations with pay, and recompense for overtime. Such stores as live up to the principles set down by the Leaguers are put on the "White List." The members of the League do their shopping in the listed



SECOND STAGE OF THE DELIVERY SYSTEM.

After coming from the delivery room (see picture, page 21) the goods are passed here to the distributing clerks who apportion them according to their destination.

stores. This League has set forth what it calls a "Standard of a Fair House," as follows :

WAGES

A Fair House is one in which equal pay is given for work of equal value irrespective of sex. In the departments where women only are employed in which the minimum wages are $6 per week for experienced adult workers, and fall in few instances below $8.

In which wages are paid by the week.

In which fines, if imposed, are paid into a fund for the benefit of the employees.

In which the minimum wages of cash girls are $2 per week, with the same conditions regarding weekly payments and fines.

HOURS

A Fair House is one in which the hours from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. (with three-quarters of an hour for lunch) constitute the working day, and a general half holiday is given on one day of each week during at least two summer months.

In which a vacation of not less than one week with pay during the summer season is given.

In which all overtime is compensated for.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS

A Fair House is one in which work, lunch, and retiring rooms are apart from each other, and conform in all respects to the present Sanitary Laws.

In which the present law regarding the providing of seats for saleswomen is observed and the use of seats permitted.

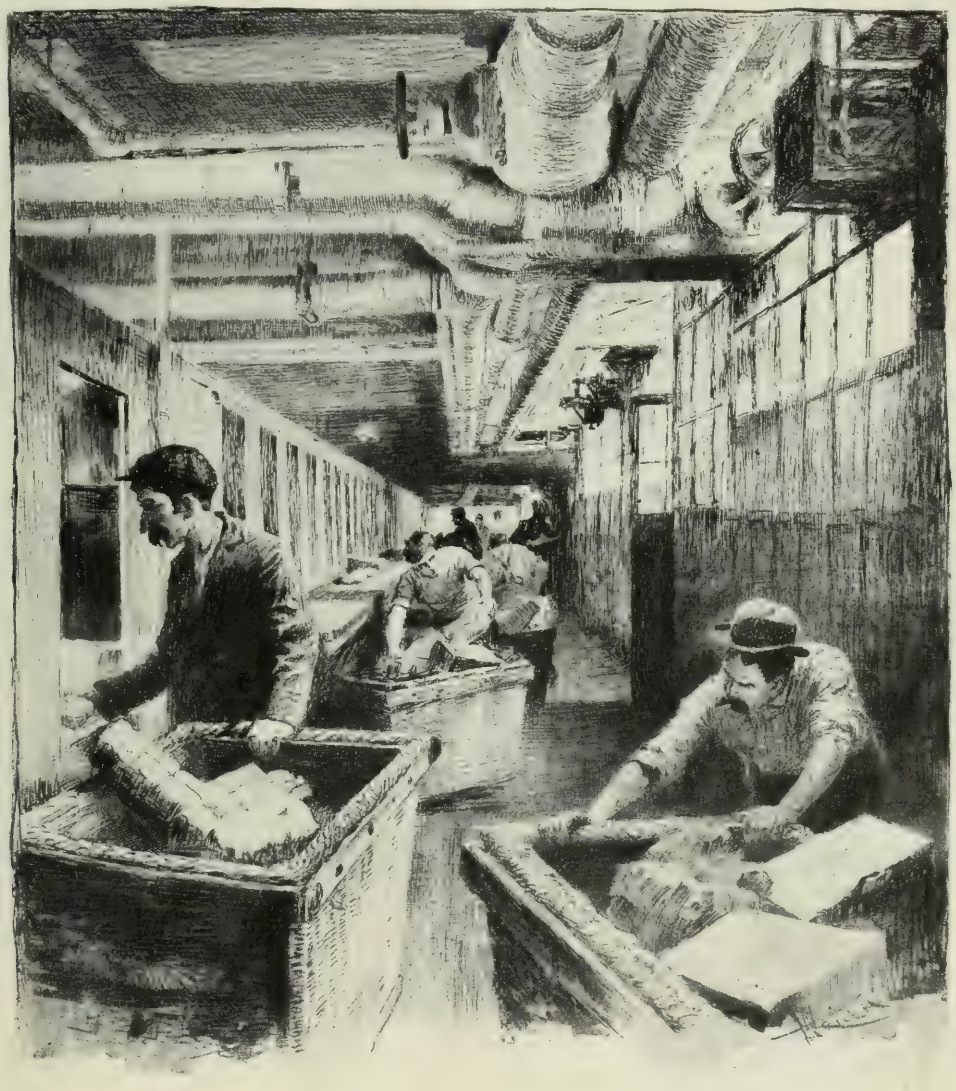
OTHER CONDITIONS

A Fair House is one in which humane and considerate behavior is the rule.

In which fidelity and length of service meet with the consideration which is their due.

In which no children under fourteen years of age are employed.

In a great store in Philadelphia every employee who has been there for more than six months gets a vacation with full pay. For ten evenings only out of the year is the store open. A careful record of this extra work is kept, and when the slack season comes the employees get



THIRD STAGE OF THE DELIVERY SYSTEM.

Drivers making up the loads arranged for them by the distributing clerks.



A STORE BOILER-ROOM.

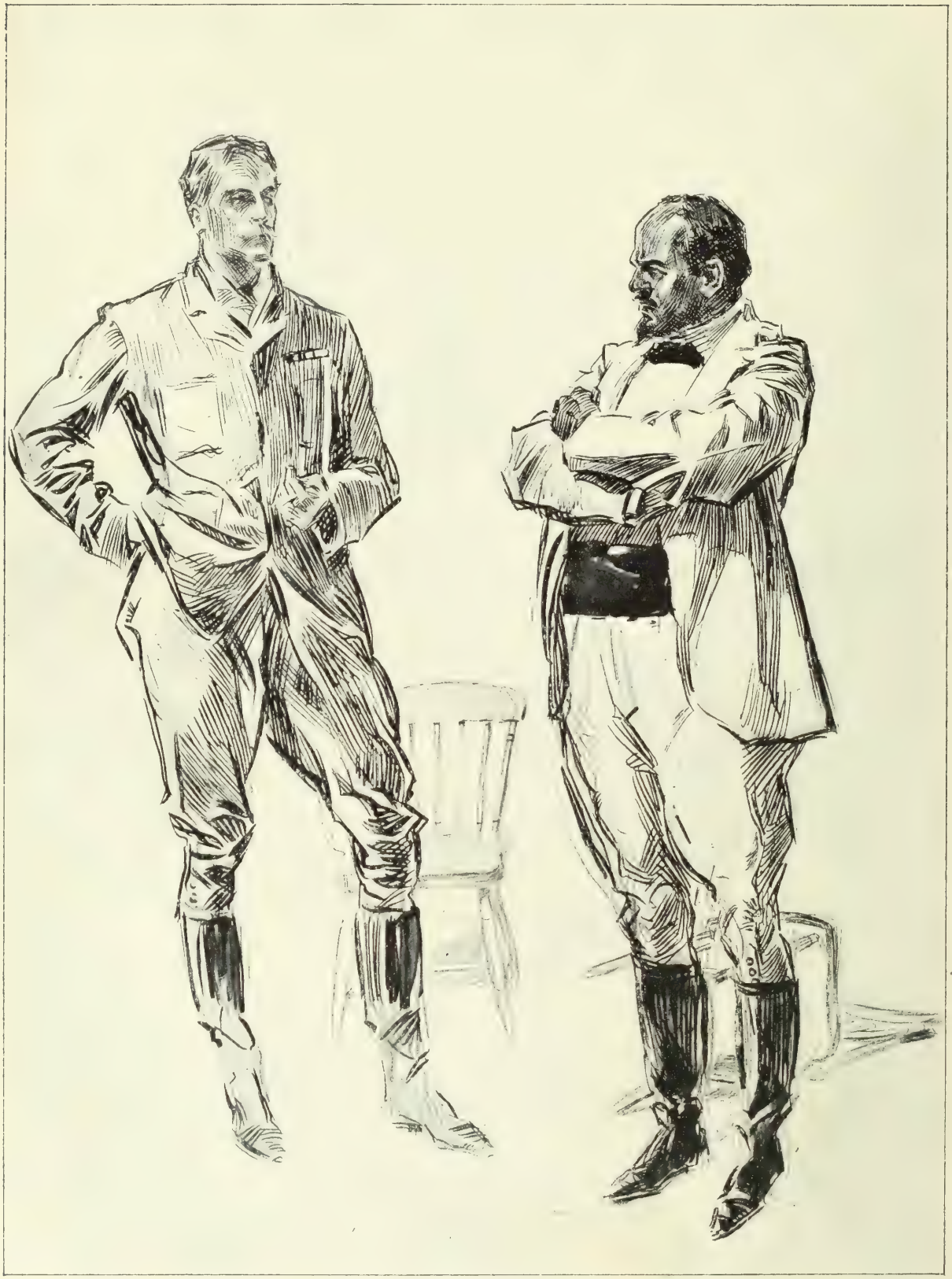
This contains ten boilers each 6¼ feet in diameter and 18 feet long, running eight steam engines of 8,500 horse power. These engines turn nine dynamos generating electricity to light 8,500 incandescent and 800 arc lights, twenty-one elevators, besides machinery circulating 50,000 gallons of water per hour from artesian wells, and providing heat for an immense building.

hour for hour in time off. More than this, a certain percentage on sales made during these evenings is given to the employees. The system of fines is not harsh, and the money so obtained goes into the coffers of the employees' organization, and not to the firm. In this respect all but the best New York stores are far behind those of the other large Eastern cities, and most of them consider that by furnishing dinners free to the employees during the season when they keep open at night they are fulfilling all requirements. Many of them do not even furnish these meals. Some few New York concerns allow hour for hour for extra work, but do not pay for it in money. Almost the only fair position is that of the places which require no evening work at any time. Vacations are almost unknown in the low-class stores, but enforced absence without pay is part of the financial policy. It saves money, and moreover, the employees do better work for taking some sort of holiday, no matter how ill they can afford it.

A most hopeful sign for the future, however, is the growing acceptation of the maxim that good treatment of employees is sound business policy. Years ago one of the leading employers set out to establish a feeling of loyalty to the establishment by fostering *esprit de corps* among his employees ; other stores have followed his example in the matter of encouraging social and beneficial societies, and there is scarcely one of the big stores but has its yearly entertainments. In the store just mentioned the salaries are paid to the officers of the store societies from the fines collected from employees. There are classes in French, German, Spanish, and Italian, besides simpler branches of instruction. Other stores have manifested sudden attacks of philanthropy, such as trips to Europe for the salespeople, and lavish gifts at Christmas-time ; but the shop people appreciate most fair treatment and fair wages. This is what pays in the end. In New York, at least, reform in internal methods is more likely to come from an appreciation of the advantages to be derived than from legislation or external pressure.

Whether for good or evil the department store has come to stay. The system which it represents extends throughout the country. Every city in the United States with a population of 100,000 or more has at least one of these stores. New York has fifty, Chicago a score, Philadelphia and Boston nearly as many, and Brooklyn a dozen or more. Time was when there seemed to be a prospect that the rivalry between these giants would involve them all in ruin. But they only increased in power and scope. That rivalry is largely a thing of the past. The fight is between the department store dealing in all lines of goods and the specific store dealing in but one. This century's end is witnessing the crisis of the battle : a battle on the one side for conquest, on the other for existence. The twentieth century will determine the issue.





"Now, you can go." (See page 46.)

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

"IT is so good of you to come early," said Mrs. Porter, as Alice Langham entered the drawing-room. "I want to ask a favor of you. I'm sure you won't mind. I would ask one of the *débutantes*, except that they're always so cross if one puts them next to men they don't know and who can't help them, and so I thought I'd just ask you, you're so good-natured. You don't mind, do you?"

"I mind being called good-natured," said Miss Langham, smiling. "Mind what, Mrs. Porter?" she asked.

"He is a friend of George's," Mrs. Porter explained, vaguely. "He's a cowboy. It seems he was very civil to George when he was out there shooting in New Mexico, or Old Mexico, I don't remember which. He took George to his hut and gave him things to shoot, and all that, and now he is in New York with a letter of introduction. It's just like George. He may be a most impossible sort of man, but as I said to Mr. Porter, the people I've asked can't complain, because I don't know anything more about him than they do. He called to-day when I was out and left his card and George's letter of introduction, and as a man had failed me for to-night, I just thought I would kill two birds with one stone, and ask him to fill his place, and he's here. And, oh, yes," Mrs. Porter added, "I'm going to put him next to you, do you mind?"

"Unless he wears leather leggings and long spurs I shall mind very much," said Miss Langham.

"Well, that's very nice of you," purred Mrs. Porter, as she moved away. "He may not be so bad, after all; and I'll put Reginald King on your other side, shall I?" she asked, pausing and glancing back.

The look on Miss Langham's face, which had been one of amusement, changed consciously and she smiled with polite acquiescence.

"As you please, Mrs. Porter," she answered. She raised her eyebrows slightly. "I am, as the politicians say, 'in the hands of my friends.'"

"Entirely too much in the hands of my friends," she repeated, as she turned away. This was the twelfth time during that same winter that she and Mr. King had been placed next to one another at dinner, and it had passed beyond the point when she could say that it did not matter what people thought as long as she and he understood. It had now reached that stage when she was not quite sure that she understood either him or herself. They had known each other for a very long time; too long, she sometimes thought, for them ever to grow to know each other any better. But there was always the chance that he had another side, one that had not disclosed itself and which she could not discover in the strict social environment in which they both lived. And she was the surer of this because she had once seen him when he did not know that she was near, and he had been so different that it had puzzled her and made her wonder if she knew the real Reggie King at all.

It was at a dance at a studio, and some French pantomimists gave a little play. When it was over King sat in the corner talking to one of the Frenchwomen, and while he waited on her he was laughing at her and at her efforts to speak English. He was telling her how to say certain phrases and not telling her correctly, and she suspected this and was accusing him of it, and they were rhapsodizing and exclaiming over certain delightful places and dishes of which they both knew in Paris, with the enthusiasm of two children. Miss Langham saw him off his guard for the first time, and instead of a

somewhat bored and clever man of the world, he appeared as sincere and interested as a boy. When he joined her, later, the same evening, he was as entertaining as usual, and as polite and attentive as he had been to the Frenchwoman, but he was not greatly interested, and his laugh was modulated and not spontaneous. She had wondered that night, and frequently since then, if, in the event of his asking her to marry him, which was possible, and of her accepting him, which was also possible, whether she would find him, in the closer knowledge of married life, as keen and lighthearted with her as he had been with the French dancer. If he would but treat her more like a comrade and equal, and less like a prime minister conferring with his queen! She wanted something more intimate than the deference that he showed her, and she did not like his taking it as an accepted fact that she was as worldly wise as himself, even though it were true.

She was a woman and wanted to be loved, in spite of the fact that she had been loved by many men—at least it was so supposed—and to have rejected them.

Each had offered her position, or had wanted her because she was fitted to match his own great state, or because he was ambitious, or because she was rich. The man who could love her as she once believed men could love, and who could give her something else besides approval of her beauty and her mind, had not disclosed himself. She had begun to think that he never would, that he did not exist, that he was an imagination of the play-house and the novel. The men whom she knew were careful to show her that they appreciated how distinguished was her position, and how inaccessible she was to them. They seemed to think that by so humbling themselves, and by emphasizing her position they pleased her best, when it was what she wanted them to forget. Each of them would draw away backward, bowing and protesting that he was unworthy to raise his eyes to such a prize, but that if she would only stoop to him, how happy his life would be. Sometimes they meant it sincerely; sometimes they were gentlemanly adventurers of title, from whom it was a business proposition, and in either case she turned restlessly away and asked herself how long it would be before the man would come who would pick her up on his saddle and gallop off with her, with his arm around her waist and his horse's hoofs clattering beneath them, and echoing the tumult in their hearts.

She had known too many great people in the world to feel impressed with her own position at home in America; but she sometimes compared herself to the Queen in "In a Balcony," and repeated to herself, with mock seriousness:

> And you the marble statue all the time
> They praise and point at as preferred to life,
> Yet leave for the first breathing woman's cheek,
> First dancer's, gypsy's, or street balladine's!

And if it were true, she asked herself, that the man she had imagined was only an ideal and an illusion, was not King the best of the others, the unideal and ever-present others? Every one else seemed to think so. The society they knew put them constantly together and approved. Her people approved. Her own mind approved, and as her heart was not apparently ever to be considered, who could say that it did not approve as well? He was certainly a very charming fellow, a manly, clever companion, and one who bore about him the evidences of distinction and thorough breeding. As far as family went the Kings were as old as a young country could expect, and Reggie King was, moreover, in spite of his wealth, a man of action and ability. His yacht journeyed from continent to continent, and not merely up the Sound to Newport, and he was as well known and welcome to the consuls along the coasts of Africa and South America as he was at Cowes or Nice. His books of voyages were recognized by geographical societies and other serious bodies, who had given him permission to put long disarrangements of the alphabet after his name. She liked him because she had grown to be at home with him, because it was good to know that there was some one who would not misunderstand her, and who, should she so indulge herself, would not take advantage of any appeal she might make to his sympathy, who would always be sure to do the tactful thing and the courteous thing,

and who, while he might never do a great thing, could not do an unkind one.

Miss Langham had entered the Porters' drawing-room after the greater number of the guests had arrived, and she turned from her hostess to listen to an old gentleman with a passion for golf, a passion in which he had for a long time been endeavoring to interest her. She answered him and his enthusiasm in kind, and with as much apparent interest as she would have shown in a matter of state. It was her principle to be all things to all men, whether they were great artists, great diplomats, or great bores. If a man had been pleading with her to leave the conservatory and run away with him, and another had come up innocently and announced that it was his dance, she would have said: "Oh, is it?" with as much apparent delight as though his coming had been the one bright hope in her life.

She was growing enthusiastic over the delights of golf and unconsciously making a very beautiful picture of herself in her interest and forced vivacity, when she became conscious for the first time of a strange young man who was standing alone before the fireplace looking at her, and frankly listening to all the nonsense she was talking. She guessed that he had been listening for some time, and she also saw, before he turned his eyes quickly away, that he was distinctly amused. Miss Langham stopped gesticulating and lowered her voice, but continued to keep her eyes on the face of the stranger whose own eyes were wandering around the room, to give her, so she guessed, the idea that he had not been listening but that she had caught him at it in the moment he had first looked at her. He was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with a handsome face, tanned and dyed, either by the sun or by exposure to the wind, to a deep ruddy brown, which contrasted strangely with his yellow hair and mustache, and with the pallor of the other faces about him. He was a stranger apparently to every one present, and his bearing suggested, in consequence, that ease of manner which comes to a person who is not only sure of himself, but who has no knowledge of the claims and pretentions to social distinction of those about him. His most attractive feature were his eyes, which seemed to observe all that was going on, not only what was on the surface, but beneath the surface, and that not rudely or covertly but with the frank, quick look of the trained observer. Miss Langham found it an interesting face to watch, and she did not look away from it. She was acquainted with everyone else in the room, and hence she knew this must be the cowboy of whom Mrs. Porter had spoken, and she wondered how anyone who had lived the rough life of the West could still retain the look when in formal clothes of one who was in the habit of doing informal things in them.

Mrs. Porter presented her cowboy simply as "Mr. Clay, of whom I spoke to you," with a significant raising of the eyebrows, and the cowboy made way for King, who took Miss Langham in. He looked frankly pleased, however, when he found himself next to her again, but did not take advantage of it throughout the first part of the dinner, during which time he talked to the young married woman on his right, and Miss Langham and King continued where they had left off at their last meeting. They knew each other well enough to joke of the way in which they were thrown into each other's society, and, as she said, they tried to make the best of it. But while she spoke Miss Langham was continually conscious of the presence of her neighbor, who piqued her interest and her curiosity in different ways. He seemed to be at his ease, and yet from the manner in which he glanced up and down the table and listened to snatches of talk on either side of him he had the appearance of one to whom it was all new, and who was seeing it for the first time.

There was a jolly group at one end of the long table, and they wished to emphasize the fact by laughing a little more hysterically at their remarks than the humor of those witticisms seemed to justify. A daughter-in-law of Mrs. Porter was their leader in this, and at one point she stopped in the middle of a story and waving her hand at the double row of faces turned in her direction, which had been attracted by the loudness of her voice, cried, gayly, "Don't listen. This is for private circulation. It is not a *jeune-fille* story." The

débutantes at the table continued talking again in steady, even tones, as though they had not heard the remark or the first of the story, and the men next to them appeared equally unconscious. But the cowboy, Miss Langham noted out of the corner of her eye, after a look of polite surprise, beamed with amusement and continued to stare up and down the table as though he had discovered a new trait in a peculiar and interesting animal. For some reason, she could not tell why, she felt annoyed with herself and with her friends, and resented the attitude which the newcomer assumed toward them.

"Mrs. Porter tells me that you know her son George?" she said. He did not answer her at once, but bowed his head in assent, with a look of interrogation, as though, so it seemed to her, he had expected her, when she did speak, to say something less conventional.

"Yes," he replied, after a pause, "he joined us at Ayntla. It was the terminus of the Jalisco and Mexican Railroad then. He came out over the road and went in from there with an outfit after mountain lions. I believe he had very good sport."

"That is a very wonderful road, I am told," said King, bending forward and introducing himself into the conversation with a nod of the head toward Clay; "quite a remarkable feat of engineering?"

"It will open up the country, I believe," assented the other, indifferently.

"I know something of it," continued King, "because I met the men who were putting it through at Pariqua, when we touched there in the yacht. They shipped most of their plant to that port, and we saw a good deal of them. They were a very jolly lot, and they gave me a most interesting account of their work and its difficulties."

Clay was looking at the other closely, as though he was trying to find something back of what he was saying, but as his glance seemed only to embarrass King he smiled freely again in assent, and gave him his full attention.

"There are no men to-day, Miss Langham," King exclaimed, suddenly, turning toward her, "to my mind, who lead as picturesque lives as do civil engineers. And there are no men whose work is as little appreciated."

"Really?" said Miss Langham, encouragingly.

"Now those men I met," continued King, settling himself with his side to the table, "were all young fellows of thirty or thereabouts, but they were leading the lives of pioneers and martyrs—at least that's what I'd call it. They were marching through an almost unknown part of Mexico, fighting Nature at every step and carrying civilization with them. They were doing better work than soldiers, because soldiers destroy things, and these chaps were creating and making the way straight. They had no banners either, nor brass bands. They fought mountains and rivers, and they were attacked on every side by fever and the lack of food and severe exposure. They had to sit down around a camp-fire at night and calculate whether they were to tunnel a mountain, or turn the bed of a river or bridge it. And they knew all the time that whatever they decided to do out there in the wilderness meant thousands of dollars to the stockholders somewhere up in God's country, who would some day hold them to account for them. They dragged their chains through miles and miles of jungle, and over flat alkali beds and cactus, and they reared bridges across roaring cañons. We know nothing about them and we care less. When their work is done we ride over the road in an observation-car and look down thousands and thousands of feet into the depths they have bridged, and we never give them a thought. They are the bravest soldiers of the present day, and they are the least recognized. I have forgotten their names, and you never heard them. But it seems to me the civil engineer, for all that, is the chief civilizer of our century."

Miss Langham was looking ahead of her with her eyes half-closed, as though she were going over in her mind the situation King had described.

"I never thought of that," she said. "It sounds very fine. As you say, the reward is so inglorious. But that is what makes it fine."

The cowboy was looking down at the table and pulling at a flower in the centre-

piece. He had ceased to smile. Miss Langham turned on him somewhat sharply, resenting his silence, and said, with a slight challenge in her voice :

"Do you agree, Mr. Clay," she asked, "or do you prefer the chocolate-cream soldiers, in red coats and gold lace?"

"Oh, I don't know," the young man answered, with some slight hesitation. "It's a trade for each of them. The engineer's work is all the more absorbing, I imagine, when the difficulties are greatest. He has the fun of overcoming them."

"You see nothing in it then," she asked, "but a source of amusement?"

"Oh, yes, a good deal more," he replied. "A livelihood, for one thing. I —I have been an engineer all my life. I built that road Mr. King is talking about."

An hour later, when Mrs. Porter made the move to go, Miss Langham rose with a protesting sigh. "I am so sorry," she said, "it has been most interesting. I never met two men who had visited so many inaccessible places and come out whole. You have quite inspired Mr. King, he was never so amusing. But I should like to hear the end of that adventure ; won't you tell it to me in the other room?"

Clay bowed. "If I haven't thought of something more interesting in the meantime," he said.

"What I can't understand," said King, as he moved up into Miss Langham's place, "is how you had time to learn so much of the rest of the world. You don't act like a man who had spent his life in the brush."

"How do you mean," asked Clay, smiling; "that I don't use the wrong forks?"

"No," laughed King, "but you told us that this was your first visit East, and yet you're talking about England and Vienna and Voisin's. How is it you've been there, while you have never been in New York?"

"Well, that's partly due to accident and partly to design," Clay answered. "You see I've worked for English and German and French companies, as well as for those in the States, and I go abroad to make reports and to receive instructions. And then I'm what you call a self-made man ; that is, I've never been to college. I've always had to educate myself, and whenever I did get a holiday it seemed to me that I ought to put it to the best advantage, and to spend it where civilization was the furthest advanced ; advanced, at least, in years. When I settle down and become an expert, and demand large sums for just looking at the work other fellows have done, then I hope to live in New York, but until then I go where the art galleries are biggest and where they have got the science of enjoying themselves down to the very finest point. I have enough rough work eight months of the year to make me appreciate that. So whenever I get a few months to myself I take the Royal Mail to London, and from there to Paris or Vienna. I think I like Vienna the best. The directors are generally important people in their own cities, and they ask one about, and so, though I hope I am a good American, it happens that I've more friends on the Continent than in the United States."

"And how does this strike you?" asked King, with a movement of his shoulder toward the men about the dismantled table.

"Oh, I don't know," laughed Clay. "You've lived abroad yourself ; how does it strike you?"

Clay was the first man to enter the drawing-room. He walked directly away from the others, and over to Miss Langham, and, taking her fan out of her hands as though to assure himself of some hold upon her, seated himself with his back to everyone else.

"You have come to finish that story?" she said, smiling.

Miss Langham was a careful young person, and would not have encouraged a man she knew even as well as she knew King, to talk to her through dinner, and after it as well. She fully recognized that because she was conspicuous certain innocent pleasures were denied her which other girls could enjoy without attracting attention or comment. But Clay interested her beyond her usual self, and the look in his eyes was a tribute which she had no wish to put away from her.

"I've thought of something more interesting to talk about," said Clay. "I'm going to talk about you. You see I've known you a long time."

"Since eight o'clock?" asked Miss Langham.

"Oh, no, since your coming out, four years ago."

"It's not polite to remember so far back," she said. "Were you one of those who assisted at that important function? There were so many there I don't remember."

"No, I only read about it. I remember it very well; I had ridden over twelve miles for the mail that day, and I stopped half-way back to the ranch and camped out in the shade of a rock and read all the papers and magazines through at one sitting, until the sun went down and I couldn't see the print. One of the papers had an account of your coming out in it, and a picture of you, and I wrote East to the photographer for the original. It knocked about the West for three months and then reached me at Laredo, on the border between Texas and Mexico, and I have had it with me ever since."

Miss Langham looked at Clay for a moment in silent dismay and with a perplexed smile.

"Where is it now?" she asked at last.

"In my trunk at the hotel."

"Oh," she said, slowly. She was still in doubt as how to treat this act of unconventionality. "Not in your watch?" she said, to cover up the pause. "That would have been more in keeping with the rest of the story."

The young man smiled grimly, and pulling out his watch pried back the lid and turned it to her so that she could see a photograph inside. The face in the watch was that of a young girl in the dress of a fashion of several years ago. It was a lovely frank face, looking out of the picture into the world kindly and questioningly, and without fear.

"Was I once like that?" she said, lightly. "Well, go on."

"Well," he said, with a little sigh of relief, "I became greatly interested in Miss Alice Langham, and in her comings out and goings in, and in her gowns. Thanks to our having a press in the States that makes a specialty of personalities, I was able to follow you pretty closely, for, wherever I go, I have my papers sent after me. I can get along without a compass or a medicine-chest, but I can't do without the newspapers and the magazines. There was a time when I thought you were going to marry that Austrian chap, and I didn't approve of that. I knew things about him in Vienna. And then I read of your engagement to others—well—several others; some of them I thought worthy, and others not. Once I even thought of writing you about it, and once I saw you in Paris. You were passing on a coach. The man with me told me it was you, and I wanted to follow the coach in a fiacre, but he said he knew at what hotel you were stopping, and so I let you go, but you were not at that hotel, or at any other—at least, I couldn't find you."

"What would you have done—?" asked Miss Langham. "Never mind," she interrupted. "Go on."

"Well, that's all," said Clay, smiling. "That's all, at least, that concerns you. That is the romance of this poor young man."

"But not the only one," she said, for the sake of saying something.

"Perhaps not," answered Clay, "but the only one that counts. I always knew I was going to meet you some day. And now I have met you."

"Well, and now that you have met me," said Miss Langham, looking at him in some amusement, "are you sorry?"

"No—" said Clay, but so slowly and with such consideration that Miss Langham laughed and held her head a little higher. "Not sorry to meet you, but to meet you in such surroundings."

"What fault do you find with my surroundings?"

"Well, these people," answered Clay, "they are so foolish, so futile. You shouldn't be here. There must be something else better than this. You can't make me believe that you choose it. In Europe you could have a salon, or you could influence statesmen. There surely must be something here for you to turn to as well. Something better than golf-sticks and salted almonds."

"What do you know of me?" said Miss Langham, steadily. "Only what you have read of me in impertinent paragraphs. How do you know I am fitted for anything else but just this? You never spoke with me before to-night."

"That has nothing to do with it," said Clay, quickly. "Time is made for ordinary people. When people who amount to anything meet they don't have to waste months in finding each other out. It is only the doubtful ones who have to be tested again and again. When I was a kid in the diamond mines in Kimberley, I have seen the experts pick out a perfect diamond from the heap at the first glance, and without a moment's hesitation. It was the cheap stones they spent most of the afternoon over. Suppose I *have* only seen you to-night for the first time; suppose I shall not see you again, which is quite likely, for I sail to-morrow for South America—what of that? I am just as sure of what you are as though I had known you for years."

Miss Langham looked at him for a moment in silence. Her beauty was so great that she could take her time to speak. She was not afraid of losing anyone's attention.

"And have you come out of the West, knowing me so well, just to tell me that I am wasting myself?" she said. "Is that all?"

"That is all," answered Clay. "You know the things I would like to tell you," he added, looking at her closely.

"I think I like to be told the other things best," she said, "they are the easier to believe."

"You have to believe whatever I tell you," said Clay, smiling. The girl pressed her hands together in her lap, and looked at him curiously. The people about them were moving and making their farewells, and they brought her back to the present with a start.

"I'm sorry you're going away," she said. "It has been so odd. You come suddenly up out of the wilderness, and set me to thinking and try to trouble me with questions about myself, and then steal away again without stopping to help me to settle them. Is it fair?" She rose and put out her hand, and he took it and held it for a moment, while they stood looking at one another.

"I am coming back," he said, "and I will find that you have settled them for yourself."

"Good-by," she said, in so low a tone that the people standing near them could not hear. "You haven't asked me for it, you know, but—I think I shall let you keep that picture."

"Thank you," said Clay, smiling, "I meant to."

"You can keep it," she continued, turning back, "because it is not my picture. It is a picture of a girl who ceased to exist four years ago, and whom you have never met. Good-night."

Mr. Langham and Hope, his younger daughter, had been to the theatre. The performance had been one which delighted Miss Hope and which satisfied her father because he loved to hear her laugh. Mr. Langham was the slave of his own good fortune. By instinct and education he was a man of leisure and culture, but the wealth he had inherited was like an unruly child that needed his constant watching, and in keeping it well in hand he had become a man of business, with time for nothing else.

Alice Langham, on her return from Mrs. Porter's dinner, found him in his study engaged with a game of solitaire, while Hope was kneeling on a chair beside him with her elbows on the table. Mr. Langham had been troubled with insomnia of late, and so it often happened that when Alice returned from a ball she would find him sitting with a novel, or his game of solitaire, and Hope, who had crept down-stairs from her bed, dozing in front of the open fire and keeping him silent company. The father and the younger daughter were very close to one another, and had grown especially so since his wife had died and his son and heir had gone to college. This fourth member of the family was a great bond of sympathy and interest between them, and his triumphs and escapades at Yale were the chief subjects of their conversation. It was told by the directors of a great Western railroad, who had come to New York to discuss an important

question with Mr. Langham, that they had been ushered down-stairs one night into his basement, where they had found the President of the Board and his daughter Hope working out a game of football on the billiard-table. They had chalked it off into what corresponded to five-yard lines, and they were hurling twenty-two chess-men across it in "flying wedges" and practising the several tricks which young Langham had intrusted to his sister under an oath of secrecy. The sight filled the directors with the horrible fear that business troubles had turned the President's mind, but after they had sat for half an hour perched on the high chairs around the table, while Hope excitedly explained the game to them, they decided that he was wiser than they knew, and each left the house regretting he had no son worthy enough to bring "that young girl" into the Far West.

"You are home early," said Mr. Langham, as Alice stood above him pulling at her gloves. "I thought you said you were going on to some dance."

"I was tired," his daughter answered.

"Well, when I'm out," commented Hope, "I won't come home at eleven o'clock. Alice always was a quitter."

"A what?" asked the older sister.

"Tell us what you had for dinner," said Hope. "I know it isn't nice to ask," she added, hastily, "but I always like to know."

"I don't remember," Miss Langham answered, smiling at her father, "except that he was very much sunburned and had most perplexing eyes."

"Oh, of course," assented Hope, "I suppose you mean by that that you talked with some man all through dinner. Well, I think there is a time for everything."

"Father," interrupted Miss Langham, "do you know many engineers—I mean do you come in contact with them through the railroads and mines you have an interest in? I am rather curious about them," she said, lightly. "They seem to be a most picturesque lot of young men."

"Engineers? Of course," said Mr. Langham, vaguely, with the ten of spades held doubtfully in air. "Sometimes we have to depend upon them altogether. We decide from what the engineering experts tell us whether we will invest in a thing or not."

"I don't think I mean the big men of the profession," said his daughter, doubtfully. "I mean those who do the rough work. The men who dig the mines and lay out the railroads. Do you know any of them?"

"Some of them," said Mr. Langham, leaning back and shuffling the cards for a new game. "Why?"

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Robert Clay?"

Mr. Langham smiled as he placed the cards one above the other in even rows. "Very often," he said. "He sails tomorrow to open up the largest iron deposits in South America. He goes for the Valencia Mining Company. Valencia is the capital of Olancho, one of those little republics down there."

"Do you—are you interested in that Company?" asked Miss Langham, seating herself before the fire and holding out her hands toward it. "Does Mr. Clay know that you are?"

"Yes—I am interested in it," Mr. Langham replied, studying the cards before him, "but I don't think Clay knows it—nobody knows it yet, except the President and the other officers." He lifted a card and put it down again in some indecision. "It's generally supposed to be operated by a company, but all the stock is owned by one man. As a matter of fact, my dear children," exclaimed Mr. Langham, as he placed a deuce of clubs upon a deuce of spades with a smile of content, "the Valencia Mining Company is your beloved father."

"Oh," said Miss Langham, as she looked steadily into the fire.

Hope tapped her lips gently with the back of her hand to hide the fact that she was sleepy, and nudged her father's elbow. "You shouldn't have put the deuce there," she said, "you should have used it to build with on the ace."

II

A YEAR before Mrs. Porter's dinner a tramp steamer on her way to the capital of Brazil had steered so close to the shores of Olancho that her solitary passenger could look into the caverns the waves had tunnelled in the limestone

cliffs along the coast. The solitary passenger was Robert Clay, and he made a guess that the white palisades which fringed the base of the mountains along the shore had been forced up above the level of the sea many years before by some volcanic action. Olancho, as many people know, is situated on the northeastern coast of South America, and its shores are washed by the main equatorial current. From the deck of a passing vessel you can obtain but little idea of Olancho or of the abundance and tropical beauty which lies hidden away behind the rampart of mountains on her shore. You can see only their desolate dark-green front, and the white caves at their base, into which the waves rush with an echoing roar, and in and out of which fly continually thousands of frightened bats. The mining engineer on the rail of the tramp steamer observed this peculiar formation of the coast with listless interest, until he noted, when the vessel stood some thirty miles north of the harbor of Valencia, that the limestone formation had disappeared, and that the waves now beat against the base of the mountains themselves. There were five of these mountains which jutted out into the ocean, and they suggested roughly the five knuckles of a giant hand clenched and lying flat upon the surface of the water. They extended for seven miles, and then the caverns in the palisades began again and continued on down the coast to the great cliffs that guard the harbor of Olancho's capital.

"The waves tunnelled their way easily enough until they ran up against those five mountains," mused the engineer, "and then they had to fall back." He walked to the captain's cabin and asked to look at a map of the coast line. "I believe I won't go to Rio," he said, later in the day; "I think I will drop off here at Valencia."

So he left the tramp steamer at that place and disappeared into the interior with an ox-cart and a couple of pack-mules, and returned to write a lengthy letter from the Consul's office to a Mr. Langham in the United States knowing he was largely interested in mines and in mining. "There are five mountains filled with ore," Clay wrote, "which should be extracted by open-faced workings. I saw great masses of red hematite lying exposed on the side of the mountain, only waiting a pick and shovel, and at one place there were five thousand tons in plain sight. I should call the stuff first-class Bessemer ore, running about sixty-three per cent. metallic iron. The people know it is there, but have no knowledge of its value, and are too lazy to ever work it themselves. As to transportation, it would only be necessary to run a freight railroad twenty miles along the sea-coast to the harbor of Valencia and dump your ore from your own pier into your own vessels. It would not, I think, be possible to ship direct from the mines themselves, even though, as I say, the ore runs right down into the water, because there is no place at which it would be safe for a large vessel to touch. I will look into the political side of it and see what sort of a concession I can get for you. I should think ten per cent. of the output would satisfy them, and they would, of course, admit machinery and plant free of duty."

Six months after this communication had arrived in New York City, the Valencia Mining Company was formally incorporated, and a man named Van Antwerp, with two hundred workmen and a half-dozen assistants, was sent South to lay out the freight railroad, to erect the dumping-pier, and to strip the five mountains of their forests and underbrush. It was not a task for a holiday, but a stern, difficult, and perplexing problem, and Van Antwerp was not quite the man to solve it. He was stubborn, self-confident, and indifferent by turns. He did not depend upon his lieutenants, but jealously guarded his own opinions from the least question or discussion, and at every step he antagonized the easy-going people among whom he had come to work. He had no patience with their habits of procrastination, and he was continually offending their lazy good-nature and their pride. He treated the rich planters, who owned the land between the mines and the harbor over which the freight railroad must run, with as little consideration as he showed the regiment of soldiers which the Government had farmed out to the company to serve as laborers in the mines. Six months after Van Antwerp had taken

charge at Valencia, Clay, who had finished the railroad in Mexico, of which King had spoken, was asked by telegraph to undertake the work of getting the ore out of the mountains he had discovered, and shipping it North. He accepted the offer and was given the title of General Manager and Resident Director, and an enormous salary, and was also given to understand that the rough work of preparation had been accomplished, and that the more important service of picking up the five mountains and putting them in fragments into tramp steamers would continue under his direction. He had a letter of recall for Van Antwerp, and a letter of introduction to the Minister of Mines and Agriculture. Further than that he knew nothing of the work before him, but he concluded, from the fact that he had been paid the almost prohibitive sum he had asked for his services, that it must be important, or that he had reached that place in his career when he could stop actual work and live easily, as an expert, on the work of others.

Clay rolled along the coast from Valencia to the mines in a paddle-wheeled steamer that had served its usefulness on the Mississippi, and which had been rotting at the levees in New Orleans, when Van Antwerp had chartered it to carry tools and machinery to the mines and to serve as a private launch for himself. It was a choice either of this steamer and landing in a small boat, or riding along the line of the unfinished railroad on horseback. Either route consumed six valuable hours, and Clay, who was anxious to see his new field of action, beat impatiently upon the rail of the rolling tub as it wallowed in the sea.

He spent the three first days after his arrival at the mines in the mountains, climbing them on foot and skirting their base on horseback, and sleeping where night overtook him. Van Antwerp did not accompany him on his tour of inspection through the mines, but delegated that duty to an engineer named MacWilliams, and to Weimer, the United States Consul at Valencia, who had served the company in many ways and who was in its closest confidence.

For three days the men toiled heavily over fallen trunks and trees, slippery with the moss of centuries, or slid backward on the rolling stones in the waterways, or clung to their ponies' backs to dodge the hanging creepers. At times for hours together they walked in single file, bent nearly double, and seeing nothing before them but the shining backs and shoulders of the negroes who hacked out the way for them to go. And again they would come suddenly upon a precipice, and drink in the soft cool breath of the ocean, and look down thousands of feet upon the impenetrable green under which they had been crawling, out to where it met the sparkling surface of the Caribbean Sea. It was three days of unceasing activity while the sun shone, and of anxious questionings around the campfire when the darkness fell, and when there were no sounds on the mountainside but that of falling water in a distant ravine, or the calls of the night-birds.

On the morning of the fourth day Clay and his attendants returned to camp and rode to where the men had just begun to blast away the sloping surface of the mountain.

As Clay passed between the zinc sheds and palm huts of the soldier-workmen, they came running out to meet him, and one, who seemed to be a leader, touched his bridle, and with his straw sombrero in his hand begged for a word with el Signor the Director.

The news of Clay's return had reached the opening, and the throb of the dummy-engines, and the roar of the blasting ceased, as the assistant-engineers came down the valley to greet the new manager. They found him seated on his horse gazing ahead of him, and listening to the story of the soldier, whose fingers, as he spoke, trembled in the air, with all the grace and passion of his Southern nature, while back of him his companions stood humbly, in a silent chorus, with eager, supplicating eyes. Clay answered the man's speech curtly, with a few short words, in the Spanish patois in which he had been addressed, and then turned and smiled grimly upon the expectant group of engineers. He kept them waiting for some short space, while he looked them over carefully, as though he had never seen them before.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I'm glad to have you here all together. I am only sorry you didn't come in time to

hear what this fellow has had to say. I don't as a rule listen that long to complaints, but he told me what I have seen for myself and what has been told me by others. I have been here three days now, and I assure you, gentlemen, that my easiest course would be to pack up my things and go home on the next steamer. I was sent down here to take charge of a mine in active operation, and I find—what? I find that in six months you have done almost nothing, and that the little you have condescended to do has been done so badly that it will have to be done over again; that you have not only wasted a half year of time — and I can't tell how much money—but that you have succeeded in antagonizing all the people on whose good-will we are absolutely dependent; you have allowed your machinery to rust in the rain, and your workmen to rot with sickness. You have not only done nothing, but you haven't a blue print to show me what you meant to do. I have never in my life come across laziness and mismanagement and incompetency upon such a magnificent and reckless scale. You have not built the pier, you have not opened the freight road, you have not taken out an ounce of ore. You know more of Valencia than you know of these mines; you know it from the Alameda to the Canal. You can tell me what night the band plays in the Plaza, but you can't give me the elevation of one of these hills. You have spent your days on the pavements in front of cafés, and your nights in dance-halls, and you have been drawing salaries every month. I've more respect for these half-breeds that you've allowed to starve in this fever-bed than I have for you. You have treated them worse than they'd treat a dog, and if any of them die, it's on your heads. You have put them in a fever-camp which you have not even taken the trouble to drain. Your commissariat is rotten, and you have let them drink all the rum they wanted. There is not one of you——"

The group of silent men broke, and one of them stepped forward and shook his forefinger at Clay.

"No man can talk to me like that," he said, warningly, "and think I'll work under him. I resign here and now."

"You what—" cried Clay, "you resign?"

He whirled his horse round with a dig of his spur and faced them. "How dare you talk of resigning? I'll pack the whole lot of you back to New York on the first steamer, if I want to, and I'll give you such characters that you'll be glad to get a job carrying a transit. You're in no position to talk of resigning—yet. Not one of you. Yes," he added, interrupting himself, "one of you is, MacWilliams, the man who had charge of the railroad. It's no fault of his that the road's not working. I understand that he couldn't get the right of way from the people who owned the land, but I have seen what he has done, and his plans, and I apologize to him—to MacWilliams. As for the rest of you, I'll give you a month's trial. It will be a month before the next steamer could get here anyway, and I'll give you that long to redeem yourselves. At the end of that time we will have another talk, but you are here now only on your good behavior and on my sufferance. Good-morning."

As Clay had boasted, he was not the man to throw up his position because he found the part he had to play was not that of leading man, but rather one of general utility, and although it had been several years since it had been part of his duties to oversee the setting up of machinery, and the policing of a mining camp, he threw himself as earnestly into the work before him, as though to show his subordinates that it did not matter who did the work, so long as it was done. The men at first were sulky, resentful, and suspicious, but they could not long resist the fact that Clay was doing the work of five men and five different kinds of work, not only without grumbling, but apparently with the keenest pleasure. He conciliated the rich coffee-planters who owned the land which he wanted for the freight road by calls of the most formal state and dinners of much less formality, for he saw that the iron mine had its social as well as its political side. And with this fact in mind, he opened the railroad with great ceremony, and much music and feasting, and the first piece of ore taken out of the mine was presented to the wife of the

Minister of the Interior in a cluster of diamonds, which made the wives of the other members of the Cabinet regret that their husbands had not chosen that portfolio. Six months followed of hard, unremitting work, during which time the great pier grew out into the bay from MacWilliams' railroad, and the face of the first mountain was scarred and torn of its green, and left in mangled nakedness, while the ringing of hammers and picks, and the racking blasts of dynamite, and the warning whistles of the dummy-engines drove away the accumulated silence of centuries.

It had been a long uphill fight, and Clay had enjoyed it mightily. Two unexpected events had contributed to help it. One was the arrival in Valencia of young Teddy Langham, who came ostensibly to learn the profession of which Clay was so conspicuous an example, and in reality to watch over his father's interests. He was put at Clay's elbow, and Clay made him learn in spite of himself, for he ruled him and MacWilliams, of both of whom he was very fond, as though, so they complained, they were the laziest and the most rebellious members of his entire staff. The second event of importance was the announcement made one day by young Langham that his father's physician had ordered rest in a mild climate, and that he and his daughters were coming in a month to spend the winter in Valencia, and to see how the son and heir had developed as a man of business.

The idea of Mr. Langham's coming to visit Olancho to inspect his new possessions was not a surprise to Clay. It had occurred to him as possible before, especially after the son had come to join them there. The place was interesting and beautiful enough in itself to justify a visit, and it was only a ten days' voyage from New York. But he had never considered the chance of Miss Langham's coming, and when that was now not only possible but a certainty, he dreamed of little else. He lived as earnestly and toiled as indefatigably as before, but the place was utterly transformed for him. He saw it now as she would see it when she came, even while at the same time his own eyes retained their point of view. It was as though he had lengthened the focus of a glass, and looked beyond at what was beautiful and picturesque, instead of what was near at hand and practicable. He found himself smiling with anticipation of her pleasure in the orchids hanging from the dead trees, high above the opening of the mine, and in the parrots hurling themselves like gayly colored missiles among the vines; and he considered the harbor at night with its colored lamps floating on the black water as a scene set for her eyes. He planned the dinners that he would give in her honor on the balcony of the great restaurant in the Plaza on those nights when the band played, and the señoritas circled in long lines between admiring rows of officers and caballeros. And he imagined how, when the ore-boats had been filled and his work had slackened, he would be free to ride with her along the rough mountain roads, between magnificent pillars of royal palms, or to venture forth in excursions down the bay, to explore the caves and to lunch on board the rolling paddle-wheel steamer, which he would have repainted and gilded for her coming. He pictured himself acting as her guide over the great mines, answering her simple questions about the strange machinery, and the crew of workmen, and the local government by which he ruled two thousand men. It was not on account of any personal pride in the mines that he wanted her to see them, it was not because he had discovered and planned and opened them that he wished to show them to her, but as a curious spectacle that he hoped would give her a moment's interest.

But his keenest pleasure was when young Langham suggested that they should build a house for his people on the edge of the hill that jutted out over the harbor and the great ore pier. If this were done, Langham urged, it would be possible for him to see much more of his family than he would be able to do were they installed in the city, five miles away.

"We can still live in the office at this end of the railroad," the boy said, "and then we shall have them within call at night when we get back from work; but if they are in Valencia, it will take the greater part of the evening going there and all of the night getting back, for I

can't pass that club under three hours. It will keep us out of temptation."

"Yes, exactly," said Clay, with a guilty smile, "it will keep us out of temptation."

So they cleared away the underbrush, and put a double force of men to work on what was to be the most beautiful and comfortable bungalow on the edge of the harbor. It had blue and green and white tiles on the floors, and walls of bamboo, and a red roof of curved tiles to let in the air, and dragons' heads for water-spouts, and verandas as broad as the house itself. There was an open court in the middle hung with balconies looking down upon a splashing fountain, and to decorate this *pátio*, they levied upon people for miles around for tropical plants and colored mats and awnings. They cut down the trees that hid the view of the long harbor leading from the sea into Valencia, and planted a rampart of other trees to hide the iron-ore pier, and they sodded the raw spots where the men had been building, until the place was as completely transformed as though a fairy had waved her wand above it.

It was to be a great surprise and they were all—Clay, MacWilliams, and Langham—as keenly interested in it as though each were preparing it for his honeymoon. They would be walking together in Valencia when one would say, "We ought to have that for the house," and without question they would march into the shop together and order whatever they fancied to be sent out to the house of the president of the mines on the hill. They stocked it with wine and linens, and hired a volante and six horses, and fitted out the driver with a new pair of boots that reached above his knees, and a silver jacket and a sombrero that was so heavy with braid that it flashed like a halo about his head in the sunlight, and he was ordered not to wear it until the ladies came, under penalty of arrest. It delighted Clay to find that it was only the beautiful things and the fine things of his daily routine that suggested her to him, as though she could not be associated in his mind with anything less worthy, and he kept saying to himself, "She will like this view from the end of the terrace," and "This will be her favorite walk," or "She will swing her hammock here," and "I know she will not fancy the rug that Weimer chose."

While this fairy palace was growing the three men lived as roughly as before in the wooden hut at the terminus of the freight road, three hundred yards below the house, and hidden from it by an impenetrable rampart of brush and Spanish bayonet. There was a rough road leading from it to the city, five miles away, which they had extended still farther up the hill to the Palms, which was the name Langham had selected for his father's house. And when it was finally finished, they continued to live under the corrugated zinc roof of their office building, and locking up the Palms, left it in charge of a gardener and a watchman until the coming of its rightful owners.

It had been a viciously hot, close day, and even now the air came in sickening waves, like a blast from the engine-room of a steamer, and the heat lightning played round the mountains over the harbor and showed the empty wharves, and the black outlines of the steamers, and the white front of the Custom House, and the long half-circle of twinkling lamps along the quay. MacWilliams and Langham sat panting on the lower steps of the office-porch considering whether they were too lazy to clean themselves and be rowed over to the city, where, as it was Sunday night, was promised much entertainment. They had been for the last hour trying to make up their minds as to this, and appealing to Clay to stop work and decide for them. But he sat inside at a table figuring and writing under the green shade of a student's lamp, and made no answer. The walls of Clay's office were of unplaned boards, bristling with splinters, and hung with blue prints and outline maps of the mine. A gaudily colored portrait of Madame El Presidente, the noble and beautiful woman whom Alvarez, the President of Olancho, had lately married in Spain, was pinned to the wall above the table. This table, with its green oil-cloth top, and the lamp, about which winged insects beat noisily, and an earthen water-jar—from which the water dripped as regularly as the ticking of a clock—were the only articles of furniture in the office. On a

shelf at one side of the door lay the men's machetes, a belt of cartridges, and a revolver in a holster.

Clay rose from the table and stood in the light of the open door, stretching himself gingerly, for his joints were sore and stiff with fording streams and climbing the surfaces of rocks. The red ore and yellow mud of the mines were plastered over his boots and riding-breeches, where he had stood knee deep in the water, and his shirt stuck to him like a wet bathing-suit, showing his ribs when he breathed and the curves of his broad chest. A ring of burning paper and hot ashes fell from his cigarette to his breast and burnt a hole through the cotton shirt, and he let it lie there and watched it burn with a grim smile.

"I wanted to see," he explained, catching the look of listless curiosity in MacWilliams's eye, "whether there was anything hotter than my blood. It's racing around like boiling water in a pot."

"Listen," said Langham, holding up his hand. "There goes the call for prayers in the convent, and now it's too late to go to town. I am glad, rather; I'm too tired to keep awake, and besides, they don't know how to amuse themselves in a civilized way — at least not in my way. I wish I could just drop in at home about now; don't you, MacWilliams? Just about this time up in God's country all the people are at the theatre, or they've just finished dinner and are sitting around sipping cool green mint, trickling through little lumps of ice. What I'd like—" he stopped and shut one eye and gazed with his head on one side at the unimaginative MacWilliams—"what I'd like to do now," he continued, thoughtfully, "would be to sit in the front row at a comic opera, *on the aisle*. The prima donna must be very, very beautiful, and sing most of her songs at me, and there must be three comedians, all good, and a chorus entirely composed of girls. I never could see why they have men in the chorus, any way. No one ever looks at them. Now that's where I'd like to be. What would you like, MacWilliams?"

MacWilliams was a type with which Clay was intimately familiar, but to the college-bred Langham he was a revelation and a joy. He came from some little town in the West, and had learned what he knew of engineering at the transit's mouth, after he had first served his apprenticeship by cutting sage-brush and driving stakes. His life had been spent in Mexico and Central America, and he spoke of the home he had not seen in ten years with the aggressive loyalty of the confirmed wanderer, and he was known to prefer and to import canned corn and canned tomatoes in preference to eating the wonderful fruits of the country, because the former came from the States and tasted to him of home. He had crowded into his young life experiences that would have shattered the nerves of any other man with a more sensitive conscience and a less happy sense of humor; but these same experiences had only served to make him shrewd and self-confident and at his ease when the occasion or difficulty came.

He pulled meditatively on his pipe and considered Langham's question deeply, while Clay and the younger boy sat with their arms upon their knees and waited for his decision in thoughtful silence.

"I'd like to go to the theatre, too," said MacWilliams, with an air as though to show that he also was possessed of artistic tastes. "I'd like to see a comical chap I saw once in '80—oh, long ago—before I joined the P. Q. & M. He *was* funny. His name was Owens; that was his name, John E. Owens——"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, MacWilliams," protested Langham, in dismay; "he's been dead for five years."

"Has he?" said MacWilliams, thoughtfully. "Well—" he concluded, unabashed, "I can't help that, he's the one I'd like to see best."

"You can have another wish, Mac, you know," urged Langham, "can't he, Clay?"

Clay nodded gravely and MacWilliams frowned again in thought. "No," he said after an effort, "Owens, John E. Owens; that's the one I want to see."

"Well, now I want another wish, too," said Langham. "I move we can each have two wishes. I wish——"

"Wait until I've had mine," said Clay. "You've had one turn. I want to be in a place I know in Vienna. It's not hot

like this, but cool and fresh. It's an open, out-of-door concert-garden, with hundreds of colored lights and trees, and there's always a breeze coming through. And Edouard Strauss, the son, you know, leads the orchestra there, and they play nothing but waltzes, and he stands in front of them, and begins by raising himself on his toes, and then he lifts his shoulders gently—and then sinks back again and raises his baton as though he were drawing the music out after it, and the whole place seems to rock and move. It's like being picked up and carried on the deck of a yacht over great waves; and all around you are the beautiful Viennese women and those tall Austrian officers in their long, blue coats and flat hats and silver swords. And there are cool drinks—" continued Clay, with his eyes fixed on the coming storm—" all sorts of cool drinks—in high, thin glasses, full of ice, all the ice you want——"

" Oh, drop it, will you ? " cried Langham, with a shrug of his damp shoulders. " I can't stand it. I'm parching."

" Wait a minute," interrupted MacWilliams, leaning forward and looking into the night. " Some one's coming." There was a sound down the road of hoofs and the rattle of the land-crabs as they scrambled off into the bushes, and two men on horseback came suddenly out of the darkness and drew rein in the light from the open door. The first was General Mendoza, the leader of the opposition in the Senate, and the other, his orderly. The General dropped his Panama hat to his knee and bowed in the saddle three times.

" Good-evening, your Excellency," said Clay, rising. " Tell that peon to get my coat, will you ? " he added, turning to Langham. Langham clapped his hands and the clanging of a guitar ceased, and their servant and cook came out from the back of the hut and held the General's horse while he dismounted. " Wait until I get you a chair," said Clay. " You'll find those steps rather bad for white duck."

" I am fortunate in finding you at home," said the officer, smiling, and showing his white teeth. " The telephone is not working. I tried at the club, but I could not call you."

" It's the storm, I suppose," Clay answered, as he struggled into his jacket. " Let me offer you something to drink." He entered the house, and returned with several bottles on a tray and a bundle of cigars. The Spanish-American poured himself out a glass of water, mixing it with Jamaica rum, and said, smiling again, " It is a saying of your countrymen that when a man first comes to Olancho he puts a little rum into his water, and that when he is here some time he puts a little water in his rum."

" Yes," laughed Clay. " I'm afraid that's true."

There was a pause while the men sipped at their glasses, and looked at the horses and the orderly. The clanging of the guitar began again from the kitchen. " You have a very beautiful view here of the harbor, yes," said Mendoza. He seemed to enjoy the pause after his ride, and to be in no haste to begin on the object of his errand. MacWilliams and Langham eyed each other covertly, and Clay examined the end of his cigar, and they all waited.

" And how are the mines progressing, eh? " asked the officer, genially. " You find much good iron in them, they tell me."

" Yes, we are doing very well," Clay assented ; " it was difficult at first, but now that things are in working order, we are getting out about ten thousand tons a month. We hope to increase that soon to twenty thousand when the new openings are developed and our shipping facilities are in better shape."

" So much ! " exclaimed the General, pleasantly. " Of which the Government of my country is to get its share of ten per cent.—one thousand tons! It is munificent ! " He laughed and shook his head slyly at Clay, who smiled in dissent.

" But you see, sir," said Clay, " you cannot blame us. The mines have always been there, before this Government came in, before the Spaniards were here, before there was any Government at all, but there was not the capital to open them up, I suppose, or—and it needed a certain energy to begin the attack. Your people let the chance go, and, as it turned out, I think they were very wise in doing so. They get ten per cent. of the output.

That's ten per cent. on nothing, for the mines really didn't exist, as far as you were concerned, until we came, did they ? They were just so much waste land, and they would have remained so. And look at the price we paid down before we cut a tree. Three millions of dollars ; that's a good deal of money. It will be some time before we realize anything on that investment."

Mendoza shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. " I will be frank with you," he said, with the air of one to whom dissimulation is difficult. " I come here to-night on an unpleasant errand, but it is with me a matter of duty, and I am a soldier, to whom duty is the foremost ever. I have come to tell you, Mr. Clay, that we, the Opposition, are not satisfied with the manner in which the Government has disposed of these great iron deposits. When I say not satisfied, my dear friend, I speak most moderately. I should say that we are surprised and indignant, and we are determined the wrong it has done our country shall be righted. I have the honor to have been chosen to speak for our party on this most important question, and on next Tuesday, sir," the General stood up and bowed, as though he were before a great assembly, " I will rise in the Senate and move a vote of want of confidence in the Government for the manner in which it has given away the richest possessions in the storehouse of my country, giving it not only to aliens, but for a pittance, for a share which is not a share, but a bribe, to blind the eyes of the people. It has been a shameful bargain and I cannot say who is to blame; I accuse no one. But I suspect, and I will demand an investigation ; I will demand that the value not of one-tenth, but of one-half of all the iron that your company takes out of Olancho shall be paid into the treasury of the state. And I come to you to-night, as the Resident Director, to inform you beforehand of my intention. I do not wish to take you unprepared. I do not blame your people ; they are business men, they know how to make good bargains, they get what they best can. That is the rule of trade, but they have gone too far, and I advise you to communicate with your people in New York and learn what they are prepared to offer now—now that they have to deal with men who do not consider their own interests but the interests of their country."

Mendoza made a sweeping bow and seated himself, frowning dramatically, with folded arms. His voice still hung in the air, for he had spoken as earnestly as though he imagined himself already standing in the hall of the Senate championing the cause of the people.

MacWilliams looked up at Clay from where he sat on the steps below him, but Clay did not notice him, and there was no sound, except the quick sputtering of the nicotine in Langham's pipe, at which he pulled quickly, and which was the only outward sign the boy gave of his interest. Clay shifted one muddy boot over the other and leaned back with his hands stuck in his belt.

" Why didn't you speak of this sooner ? " he asked.

" Ah, yes, that is fair," said the General, quickly. " I know that it is late, and I regret it, and I see that we cause you inconvenience; but how could I speak sooner when I was ignorant of what was going on ? I have been away with my troops. I am a soldier first, a politician after. During the last year I have been engaged in guarding the frontier. No news comes to a General in the field moving from camp to camp and always in the saddle ; but I may venture to hope, sir, that news has come to you of me ? "

Clay pressed his lips together and bowed his head.

" We have heard of your victories, General, yes," he said ; " and on your return you say you found things had not been going to your liking ? "

" That is it," assented the other, eagerly. " I find that indignation reigns on every side. I find my friends complaining of the railroad which you run across their land. I find that fifteen hundred soldiers are turned into laborers, with picks and spades, working by the side of negroes and your Irish ; they have not been paid their wages, and they have been fed worse than though they were on the march ; sickness and——"

Clay moved impatiently and dropped his boot heavily on the porch. " That was true at first," he interrupted, " but it is not so now. I should be glad, General,

to take you over the men's quarters at any time. As for their not having been paid, they were never paid by their own Government before they came to us, and for the same reason, because the petty officers kept back the money, just as they have always done. But the men are paid now. However, this is not of the most importance. Who is it that complains of the terms of our concession ? "

" Every one ! " exclaimed Mendoza, throwing out his arms, " and they ask, moreover, this : they ask why, if this mine is so rich, why was not the stock offered here to us in this country ? Why was it not put on the market, that anyone might buy ? We have rich men in Olancho, why should not they benefit first of all others by the wealth of their own lands ? But no ! we are not asked to buy. All the stock is taken in New York, no one benefits but the state, and it receives only ten per cent. It is monstrous."

" I see," said Clay, gravely. " That had not occurred to me before. They feel they have been slighted. I see." He paused for a moment as if in serious consideration. " Well," he added, " that might be arranged."

He turned and jerked his head toward the open door. " If you boys mean to go to town to-night, you'd better be moving," he said. The two men rose together and bowed silently to their guest.

" I should like if Mr. Langham would remain a moment with us," said Mendoza, politely. " I understand that it is his father who controls the stock of the company. If we discuss any arrangement it might be well if he were here."

Clay was sitting with his chin on his breast, and he did not look up, nor did the young man turn to him for any prompting. " I'm not down here as my father's son," he said, " I am an employee of Mr. Clay's. He represents the company. Good-night, sir."

" You think, then," said Clay, " that if your friends were given an opportunity to subscribe to the stock they would feel less resentful toward us ? They would think it was fairer to all ? "

" I know it," said Mendoza ; " why should the stock go out of the country when those living here are able to buy it ? "

" Exactly," said Clay, " of course. Can you tell me this, General ? Are the gentlemen who want to buy stock in the mine the same men who are in the Senate ? The men who are objecting to the terms of our concession ? "

" With a few exceptions they are the same men."

Clay looked out over the harbor at the lights of the town, and the General twirled his hat around his knee and gazed with appreciation at the stars above him.

" Because if they are," Clay continued, " and they succeed in getting our share cut down from ninety per cent. to fifty per cent., they must see that the stock would be worth just forty per cent. less than it is now."

" That is true," assented the other. " I have thought of that, and if the Senators in Opposition were given a chance to subscribe, I am sure they would see that it is better wisdom to drop their objections to the concession, and as stockholders allow you to keep ninety per cent. of the output. And, again," continued Mendoza, " it is really better for the country that the money should go to its people than that it should be stored up in the vaults of the treasury, when there is always the danger that the President will seize it ; or, if not this one, the next one."

" I should think—that is—it seems to me," said Clay with careful consideration, " that your Excellency might be able to render us great help in this matter yourself. We need a friend among the Opposition. In fact — I see where you could assist us in many ways, where your services would be strictly in the line of your public duty and yet benefit us very much. Of course I cannot speak authoritatively without first consulting Mr. Langham ; but I should think he would allow you personally to purchase as large a block of the stock as you could wish, either to keep yourself or to resell and distribute among those of your friends in Opposition where it would do the most good."

Clay looked over inquiringly to where Mendoza sat in the light of the open door, and the General smiled faintly, and emitted a pleased little sigh of relief. " Indeed," continued Clay, " I should think Mr. Langham might even save you the

formality of purchasing the stock outright by sending you its money equivalent. I beg your pardon," he asked, interrupted himself, "does your orderly understand English?"

"He does not," the General assured him, eagerly, dragging his chair a little closer.

"Suppose now that Mr. Langham were to put fifty, or let us say, sixty thousand dollars to your account in the Valencia Bank, do you think this vote of want of confidence in the Government on the question of our concession would still be moved?"

"I am sure it would not," exclaimed the leader of the Opposition, nodding his head violently.

"Sixty thousand dollars," repeated Clay, slowly, "for yourself, and do you think General, that were you paid that sum you would be able to call off your friends, or would they make a demand for stock also?"

"Have no anxiety at all, they do just what I say," returned Mendoza, in an eager whisper. "If I say 'It is all right, I am satisfied with what the Government has done in my absence,' it is enough. And I will say it, I give you the word of a soldier, I will say it. I will not move a vote of want of confidence on Tuesday. You need go no farther than myself. I am glad that I am powerful enough to serve you, and if you doubt me—" he struck his heart and bowed with a deprecatory smile, "you need not pay in the money in exchange for the stock all at the same time. You can pay ten thousand this year, and next year ten thousand more and so on, and so feel confident that I shall have the interests of the mine always in my heart. Who knows what may not happen in a year? I may be able to serve you even more. Who knows how long the present Government will last? But I give you my word of honor, no matter whether I be in Opposition or at the head of the Government, if I receive every six months the retaining fee of which you speak, I will be your representative. And my friends can do nothing. I despise them. *I* am the Opposition. You have done well, my dear sir, to consider me alone."

Clay turned in his chair and looked back of him through the office to the room beyond.

"Boys," he called, "you can come out now."

He rose and pushed his chair away and beckoned to the orderly who sat in the saddle holding the General's horse. Langham and MacWilliams came out and stood in the open door, and Mendoza rose and looked at Clay.

"You can go now," Clay said to him, quietly. "And you can rise in the Senate on Tuesday and move your vote of want of confidence and object to our concession, and when you have resumed your seat the Secretary of Mines will rise in his turn and tell the Senate how you stole out here in the night and tried to blackmail me, and begged me to bribe you to be silent, and that you offered to throw over your friends and to take all that we would give you and keep it yourself. That will make you popular with your friends, and will show the Government just what sort of a leader it has working against it."

Clay took a step forward and shook his finger in the officer's face. "Try to break that concession; try it. It was made by one Government to a body of honest, decent business men, with a Government of their own back of them, and if you interfere with our conceded rights to work those mines, I'll have a man-of-war down here with white paint on her hull, and she'll blow you and your little republic back up there into the mountains. Now you can go."

Mendoza had straightened with surprise when Clay first began to speak, and had then bent forward slightly as though he meant to interrupt him. His eyebrows were lowered in a straight line, and his lips moved quickly.

"You poor —" he began, contemptuously. "Bah," he exclaimed, "you're a fool; I should have sent a servant to talk with you. You are a child— but you are an insolent child," he cried, suddenly, his anger breaking out, "and I shall punish you. You dare to call me names! You shall fight me, you shall fight me to-morrow. You have insulted an officer, and you shall meet me at once, to-morrow."

"If I meet you to-morrow," Clay replied, "I will thrash you for your im-

pertinence. The only reason I don't do it now is because you are on my doorstep. You had better not meet me to-morrow, or at any other time. And I have no leisure to fight duels with anybody."

"You are a coward," returned the other, quietly, "and I tell you so before my servant."

Clay gave a short laugh and turned to MacWilliams in the doorway.

"Hand me my gun, MacWilliams," he said, "it's on the shelf to the right."

MacWilliams stood still and shook his head. "Oh, let him alone," he said. "You've got him where you want him."

"Give me the gun, I tell you," repeated Clay. "I'm not going to hurt him, I'm only going to show him how I can shoot."

MacWilliams moved grudgingly across the porch and brought back the revolver and handed it to Clay. "Look out, now," he said, "it's loaded."

At Clay's words the General had retreated hastily to his horse's head and had begun unbuckling the strap of his holster and the orderly reached back into the boot for his carbine. Clay told him in Spanish to throw up his hands, and the man, with a frightened look at his officer, did as the revolver suggested. Then Clay motioned with his empty hand for the other to desist. "Don't do that," he said, "I'm not going to hurt you; I'm only going to frighten you a little."

He turned and looked at the student lamp inside, where it stood on the table in full view. Then he raised his revolver. He did not apparently hold it away from him by the butt, as other men do, but let it lie in the palm of his hand, into which it seemed to fit like the hand of a friend. His first shot broke the top of the glass chimney, the second shattered the green globe around it, the third put out the light, and the next drove the lamp crashing to the floor. There was a wild yell of terror from the back of the house, and the noise of a guitar falling down a flight of steps. "I have probably killed a very good cook," said Clay, "as I should as certainly kill you, if I were to meet you. Langham," he continued, "go tell that cook to come back."

The General sprang into his saddle, and the altitude it gave him seemed to bring back some of the jauntiness he had lost.

"That was very pretty," he said; "you have been a cowboy, so they tell me. It is quite evident by your manners. No matter, if we do not meet to-morrow it will be because I have more serious work to do. Two months from to-day there will be a new Government in Olancho and a new President, and the mines will have a new director. I have tried to be your friend, Mr. Clay. See how you like me for an enemy. Good-night, gentlemen."

"Good-night," said MacWilliams, unmoved. "Please ask your man to close the gate after you."

When the sound of the hoofs had died away the men still stood in an uncomfortable silence, with Clay twirling the revolver around his middle finger. "I'm sorry I had to make a gallery play of that sort," he said. "But it was the only way to make that sort of man understand."

Langham sighed and shook his head ruefully.

"Well," he said, "I thought all the trouble was over, but it looks to me as though it had just begun. So far as I can see they're going to give the governor a run for his money yet."

Clay turned to MacWilliams.

"How many of Mendoza's soldiers have we in the mines, Mac?" he asked.

"About fifteen hundred," MacWilliams answered. "But you ought to hear the way they talk of him."

"They do, eh?" said Clay, with a smile of satisfaction. "That's good. 'Six hundred slaves who hate their masters.' What do they say about me?"

"Oh, they think you're all right. They know you got them their pay and all that. They'd do a lot for you."

"Would they fight for me?" asked Clay.

MacWilliams looked up and laughed uneasily. "I don't know," he said. "Why, old man? What do you mean to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," Clay answered. "I was just wondering whether I should like to be President of Olancho."

(To be continued.)

A BYSTANDER'S NOTES OF A MASSACRE

THE SLAUGHTER OF ARMENIANS IN CONSTANTINOPLE

By Yvan Troshine

THE month of August is always an interesting period to the inhabitants of Constantinople. The anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid II. falls on the 31st of that month. During weeks before the day, preparations for so joyous a celebration occupy the thoughts and deplete the purses of all who would stand well with the Government of Turkey. Ammunition factories run at full time manufacturing the fireworks which shall beautify heaven and earth in honor of the event. Officials of the Department of Justice laboriously collect beforehand the names of criminals who have completed two-thirds of their allotted durance, in order that on the auspicious day they may be let loose to add, in return for pardon, their effective prayers to the chorus which shall then ascend for the long life of the sovereign. Local newspapers give columns to the gracious deeds of His Majesty and the epithets with which they express their surprise thereat. Princes of the blood royal, pashas of all degrees, and a whole army of lesser functionaries begin early in the month to rear, in front of their dwellings, ornamental frames to be hung with unnumbered lamps in token of their gratitude to the Guardian of their Mercies, the Shadow of God on Earth, the Upbuilder of the Universe, and the Dispenser of Peace and Prosperity to all the Nations of the World. And finally, as the month approaches its close, the police in each ward of the city make lists of the Government officials, the army contractors, the holders of concessions for public works, and the foreigners otherwise enjoying Government patronage, in order that they may watch the scale of preparation adopted by such for the illuminations, and that they may comment in a convincing manner upon any shabby economy appearing in the plan of the preparations. To the patriotic Turk Accession Day is, in short, as though he were deprived of national holidays for a year, and were given a Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day and Thanksgiving Day rolled into one, to lay the glory of the deferred rejoicing at the feet of him whom the police delight to cause to be honored. The whole month reflects the dawn of the great day with which it is to close.

August of the year 1896 was nevertheless far from a happy month at Constantinople. Crete was in open rebellion, Macedonia was overrun with bands of filibusters, which, though too small to be easily caught by the perspiring troops, were too aggressive to be contemptuously ignored. Europe was pounding at the door of the Sublime Porte with warnings of the possible consequences of delay in appeasing the discontented Cretans and Macedonians. In Syria all resources of the Government were absorbed by a heavy military force occupied in playing hide-and-seek with rebellious Druses among the crests of Anti-Lebanon. In the other Asiatic provinces of Turkey the favorite Turkish policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg was once more proving poverty to be its legitimate and predestined fruit. Fierce orders to the tax-gatherers in those unhappy regions to collect money by any and every means brought reply from these worthy men that they could find no purses which had not already been squeezed flat as a pancake. The custom-houses were receiving from duties barely money enough to pay the expenses of their maintenance. The officials, the troops, and the unnumbered pious pensioners throughout the country had received no pay for months. In its desperation the Treasury was debating



The Ottoman Bank.

THE GALATA BRIDGE.

the possibility (not the propriety) of relieving itself from the importunities of the army and the civil establishment by an issue of irredeemable paper-money. A horror of financial ruin rested upon both the capital and the provinces. Furthermore, the Armenian revolutionist party had lately several times warned the Embassies that the failure of all promised reform would force them to make new demonstrations against the Government. This meant that some small band of men would commit some outrage so heinous as to arouse the worst passions of the Turks, relying upon the Turkish principle that where "Giaours" are concerned there is small distinction between innocent and guilty, to produce some fiendish outburst which would force the intervention of Europe. But such warnings had before been proved to be the empty vaporing of foolish and pretentious young men. So now the population heard of them with a mere momentary catching of the breath. Their chief effect was to excite the police during the latter part of August to phenomenal activity in discovering criminal intent among well-disposed and innocent people. The police found even the pastimes of foreigners to be suspicious occupations. They attempted to prevent cricket and lawn-tennis on the ground that assemblies are prohibited in Turkey. In one case of this sort the intervention of an Embassy, and in another the judicious use of a garden-hose upon a policeman who attempted to dig up the tennis-court of an irascible German, defeated this part of the operations of the police with ignominy. One night with a few friends I was on the upper Bosphorus. In two boats we had rowed into midstream, and were letting the boats drift in a current mighty with the latent power of a score of Niagaras, but majestic in its silence of supremacy. The boats were near together, some of the party were singing softly, and all had lost touch with the troubled world about us, under the glamour of the silvery light that played upon the glassy stream pent between the dusty hills of the two continents.

Suddenly we heard behind us the quick, measured plunge of many oars skilfully wielded, and then a man-of-war's boat, rowed by eight Turkish sailors, dashed into the space between our boats, and there stopped with great swirling of water about the oars now held rigidly to break the impetus of that hasty swoop. Our sensations were as if a pirate chief had pounced upon defenceless merchantmen and sat gloating over his easy capture before seizing upon the plunder. In the stern of the boat sat two naval officers who looked solemnly at the face of each member of our party. Then, without a word to us, they ordered their men to give way, and their boat shot out of sight into the dark shadows of the Asiatic shore. Our boatmen, explaining this curious onset, said that the police now suspect every boat which crosses the Bosphorus at night. They said that if we had not been foreigners we should certainly have been sent to the lock-up for being found so near the Asiatic shore at so late an hour. But even this police vigilance caused no anxiety to such as could become familiar with the surveillance without reason to dread it.

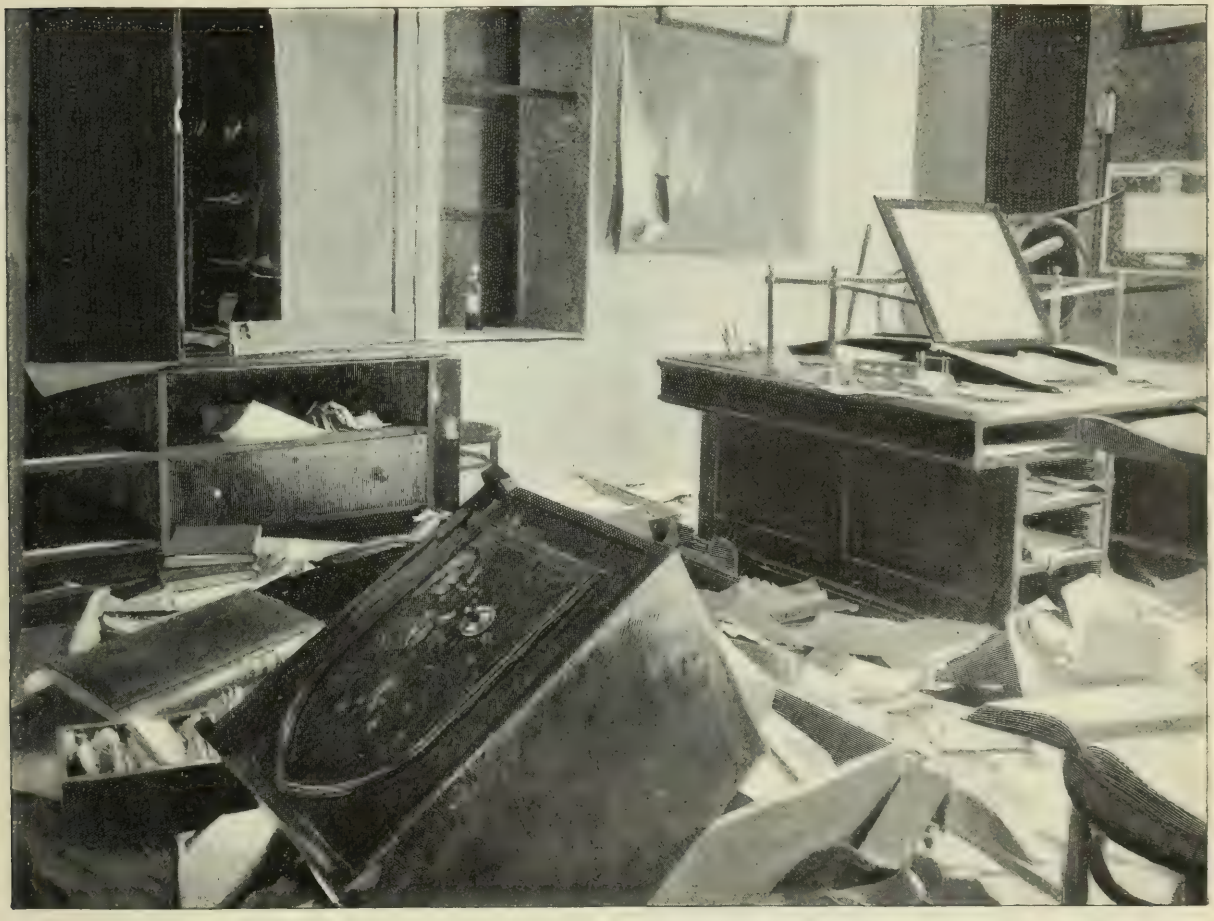
Toward the latter part of the month two notable events caused a momentary flurry of anxiety in Constantinople. The pious and fearless Armenian Patriarch, Matteos Izmirlian, was forced to resign his office by pressure from the Turkish Government through Armenians of rank in the Turkish service. Bishop Bartolomeos, who looked to the palace of Yildiz for his comforts in this world and the next, was illegally chosen by the intervention of the Government to take his place as *locum tenens* of the Patriarchate. The fury caused among the Armenians by this new invasion of their rights seemed to portend outbursts of violence. A little later, anxious expectation of evil was excited among the Christians of Constantinople by the arrival, by express command of the Sultan, of a regiment of the infamous Hamidieh cavalry, made up of Kourds from the Eastern provinces of the Empire, who had been ravaging the Armenian villages during a year or more. The Christians of Constantinople distrusted the motive which brought to Constantinople such past-masters in massacre and plunder.

But when the regiment arrived the men were put into uniform and sent to barracks outside of the city limits, in order to be drilled and brought under some discipline

before they should be subjected to the eyes of foreign military critics. They gave no sign of ferocity, and the people felt reassured.

Notwithstanding all these disquieting circumstances of life in Turkey, in August, hopes existed in the minds of the people that the worst of the crisis had passed. Either from motives of broad statesmanship, or because of its anxieties in Crete, Syria, and Macedonia, the Government seemed to be using less stringency toward the Armenians. All indicated that no more licenses to massacre would go into Asiatic Turkey. If this were the case, the Armenians, seeing a chance that they might preserve their lives, would begin to recover confidence. With the recovery of confidence the trading instinct would begin to assert itself; commerce with Europe would gradually revive, and taxes, that is to say, the comfort of hungry officials, would soon make glad the faces of those in power. The hopes of the population were based on the firm belief that if the Sultan really desired quiet and its accompanying revenue, he would certainly have it.

So it came to pass that I stumbled upon a veritable surprise on the morning of the 26th day of August. Happening to be in one of the suburbs of Constantinople, upon the other side of the Bosphorus, I met a friend, an Armenian, who told me, with considerable excitement, that a disturbance was to take place in the city in the course of the day. "Last night," he said, "the revolutionists warned their friends here not to go to the city, and to keep within doors as much as possible. The revolutionists are now well supplied with dynamite, and the outbreak is to last several days." My friend added that he did not dare to go to the city, and very strongly intimated that I would do well to keep away also. While we were talking, the city lay before us, basking under the noon-day sun. Its stately mosques, with pyramidal outline, dignified, while the deep blue of the surrounding sea enriched the beauty of the capital of the Sultans. It was a very ideal of serene, unconcerned,



A European Merchant's Office as Left by the Looters.



Water-side Loafers.

assured enjoyment of life. I decided not to follow the advice of my friend.

After this warning of impending trouble the faces of Turks whom I met seemed unusually anxious. Armenians there were none, either on the streets or on the steamer that took me to the city. We had crossed the Bosphorus and entered the harbor. All was quiet as usual. It was one o'clock, and I was just reflecting upon the deserts of men who torment their fellows with false alarms, when two loud explosions thundered out to meet us from Galata. A moment more and there was another, followed by shots fired in rapid succession. The faces of the Turks on the steamer grew pale, and they gathered in little groups upon the deck to exchange views. One said to another, "The Armenians are beginning again!" "God curse all swine of Giaours!" was the passionate rejoinder. "Until every one of these fellows has his throat cut," said another, "peace will not return to the world." "This work is the work of Europe," said the first speaker. "These cowherds and porters and clodhoppers from Anatolia go to Europe and are told that we do not treat them well. Do they not reflect that if we had chosen we could have taken away their language and their religion and cut off their heads besides, five hundred years ago? Is it nothing that they are let live to-day?" "What can you do with such people," said another, "as soon as one of them goes to Europe he puts a hat on his head and thinks that he is something. They will end by spoiling the whole country!" Then the men, observing me, lowered their voices, and drew a little apart, as if some barrier had suddenly been placed between us.

The silence of the passengers waiting on the landing at the bridge was oppressive. "They are attacking the Bank," whispered one, close by me. "Who are attacking the Bank?" I asked. "How should I know!" answered the Turk, as he slunk away, unwilling to talk to a foreigner. The bridge itself, a place where all the nations of the earth jostle shoulders every day, was almost deserted. Those who were upon the bridge were standing in little groups looking anxiously toward the Bank building towering high above its

lesser neighbors. Explosion followed explosion. I remembered the remark of my friend about the dynamite, and understood the hard, wicked expression of the louder explosions. Then suddenly it came over me that all the people upon the bridge seemed to be Turks, many of them unpleasant-looking fellows from the lower classes. They were evidently stirred to the depths of their sluggish nature by each new roar of bombs or of musketry. Mine was the only hat in that company of people, and I felt suddenly as though lost in a wilderness of unknown extent. The end of the bridge at Galata was barred by troops. So I went to the office of a friend in Stamboul.

From this building we could look across the Golden Horn to the Bank. With a glass soldiers could be seen in all points of vantage in the streets which ran steeply up the hill above the Bank. They were firing toward the building from every corner. On the roof of the Bank were other men, also firing. Once in a while one of them would run forward and throw something down into the street, when a loud explosion would follow. The wildest stories were flying about. The Bank had been attacked by Turkish troops who were tired of waiting for their pay; Armenian revolutionists had tried to rob the Bank in order to get the sinews of war more speedily than by the usual method of intimidation; the attack was an attempt to kill the directors for having given financial aid to the Turkish Government; Sir Edgar Vincent, the Chief Director, was dead, and his body had been seen carried away on a stretcher; the attempt to kill the directors was because they would not give financial aid to the Turks. All these stories seemed equally credible until a man came in, directly from Galata, who was able to assure us that the Bank had been seized by a group of Armenians, who were going to hold it until the Sultan should grant their demand for an autonomous Armenia. The men on the roof of the Bank were revolutionists, firing and throwing bombs at the troops.

In the streets near us patrols of soldiers were leisurely sauntering along. In front of all the shops the shopkeepers stood peering uneasily in various directions, or holding council with their neighbors. Then a group of rough-looking Kourds came to the corner of the street, and paused, evidently deliberating some important matter. Instantly all the shops were closed, the shutters going up with a noise like musketry. But a patrol came hurrying up, ordered the Kourds to move on, and the shopkeepers to reopen their shops; for there was absolutely nothing to be frightened at. The shops were reopened, though business was impossible. Evil-looking men, bearing clubs of sinister aspect, began to pass along the street singly or in groups of four or five. The massacre of September 30, 1895, was in the mind of all. Deep distrust of the promises of the patrols ruled the public mind, and all Armenians who were brave enough to venture upon the streets sought some more secure district of the city.

By four o'clock reports began to come in that Armenians had been killed while peaceably walking the streets. Then came news that a second outbreak of revolutionists was in progress at Samatia, in the part of the city which extends along the shore of the Sea of Marmora toward the Seven Towers. Shortly before noon a party had seized a stone school-house in that district, and were firing and throwing bombs from the windows, after the fashion of those in the Bank. This was serious news. It ended all pretence of business. Every man, of no matter what nationality, closed his shop and stole away, skulking along the walls like a criminal. The peculiar attitude of the Turkish mind toward unbelievers placed every Christian in as much danger as if he were in an enemy's country in time of war. My friend and I walked together toward the bridge, to take steamer for the Bosphorus, where we might be out of this seething hot-bed of rumor, distrust, and terror.

Numbers of Turks were assembled at the street corners, many of them carrying clubs or rough billets of wood. But we saw no violence toward any Christian. Troops were scattered along the street in parties of ten or twelve. There seemed good reason to hope that they would prevent mobs from forming to attack Christians. A year ago the mob of Turks had killed many Christians in these very streets, after an Armenian outbreak. But the storm of indignation which these mas-

sacres had caused had been a lesson to those in authority. If the Turkish Government should now show self-control, holding down the mob as it now seemed to be doing; should take the Bank and the Samatia school-house by storm, and limit its vengeance to those actually engaged in the outbreaks, it would win the sympathy of Europe. It would ruin the cause of the so-called patriots who were now hurling their bombs from the Bank; for unless they could cause a general massacre by their proceedings, their course would be judged in its true light. These reflections were quite comforting. The good sense of the Turks seemed almost proven by the quiet of the streets through which we were walking. Just then a procession of four or five scavenger carts met us. The first one passed without notice. Over the second a piece of matting was thrown, and from under the matting protruded the hands and feet of dead men. The third had no covering over its ghastly load of four or five bodies thrown in, doubled and twisted as they chanced to fall. The uppermost body was a horrible spectacle, with only a broken mixture of skin, hair, and blood in the place where the skull had been. In those carts were more than a score of bodies of Armenians of the poorer class, who had been killed, not with weapons, but by beating with clubs. The Turkish bludgeonmen had been at work on the streets, and the municipality had placed its carts at their disposal to remove the evidences of their crime. The victims had been battered to pieces merely because they belonged to a hated race. The contempt for their fate shown by the Government officials in thus indecently piling their corpses like offal in the scavenger carts, and in parading the evidence of its heartlessness before the eyes of club-bearers who were waiting opportunity for similar achievements, swept away every trace of sympathy for the Turks wronged by the anarchical proceedings of the Armenians at the Bank.

From the bridge another horrible sight could be seen. Men were at work gathering dead bodies of Armenians out of the water. Almost immediately upon the outbreak at the Bank the Kourdish porters employed at the Custom-House on the Stamboul side of the harbor, more than a mile from the scene of disturbance, had killed all whom they could catch of their Armenian associates, and had thrown them into the sea. The police were now having the bodies dragged from the water in order to be taken away by the carts; and some of the wretches were still alive. But now there was a sudden rush of many feet on the square at the head of the bridge over which we had just come. There was a sort of hoarse murmur, "Curses on the Giaour!" there was a sudden brandishing of clubs in the air, and a poor fellow in the midst of a maddened crowd went down not to rise again. Mounted police were sitting on their horses not far away, and after the clubs dealt their blows they swept in, scattering the crowd. The question of the policy which the Government had chosen hung upon the action of the police, now that the deed was done. If they should arrest the murderers, it would show that the Government intended to protect the innocent. But when they saw that the man was dead the police could see no duty left to them but to call the scavenger cart. The bludgeon-bearers, and we too, then knew the meaning of the inaction of the police. Turkey had learned nothing from the indignation of the world at the massacres of the last year.

At the steamer-landing on the bridge were numbers of foreigners, Greeks and Armenians, who had come through Galata, and had further light to throw upon the situation. The firing at the Bank was still going on, but the rifle-balls of the troops hurt no one outside of that building, except as the lack of instruction in marksmanship caused the soldiers to hit the opposite side of the street instead. All who came to the steamer testified that they were well treated and assisted by the police to pass through the crowds. Ladies there were who had been caught in the storm while shopping in Pera; although they arrived almost fainting with horror of the scenes which they had witnessed on the way, when they could not screen from their eyes the hideously mutilated bodies of Armenians among which they had to pick their way. Merchants there were who had been extricated from their offices near the Bank building by gentlemanly Turkish officers, who spared no pains to reassure them with declarations that

there was not the least cause for anxiety. Even the Armenians who had found their way to the steamer to go to their homes in the upper Bosphorus testified that no one had molested them or made them afraid. All this spoke well for the purpose of the Government to keep the mob from repeating the dreaded excesses of our previous experience. But on the other hand it was clear that the lower classes of Armenians were being killed wherever they were found, notwithstanding the fact that no outbreak had occurred in Galata or Pera besides the one at the Bank. Two of the employees of the British post-office had been killed by the bludgeon-men almost in front of the closed doors of the post-office, and the police, standing idly by, had not offered to arrest the aggressors. But the most depressing fact was related by an Englishman, who had chanced to be in the street near the Bank when the Armenians commenced their attack. Immediately upon the first explosions Turkish rowdies began to assemble at the street corners. The most of them were supplied with heavy clubs. Those who had no clubs broke up the tables in front of the cafés in order to utilize the table-legs for their purpose. Within twenty minutes after the explosion of the first bomb some three hundred of these fellows had assembled in the street a few blocks above the Bank building. It seemed as if a force of auxiliaries was being collected for an assault upon the building. But soon a group of men came running up the street from the direction of the main police station of the district. These gave some word to the waiting ruffians, and immediately the whole three hundred dashed off, not toward the fight at the Bank, but in the opposite direction, down the hill toward Cassim Pasha, where numbers of Armenian workmen from the eastern provinces had their lodging-places. And the next day it turned out that some hundreds of these poor workmen at Cassim Pasha had been killed in cold blood by this mob before they had even heard of the outbreak which formed the excuse for the attack upon them.

All these bits of information proved beyond a doubt that we were already in the midst of one of these dreadful outbursts of fanatic fury of which Turkey has seen so many. Serious questionings were in the minds of all, whether such a mob would hold its hand before it had attacked all Christians in the city. The indications of an understanding between the mob and the police were not reassuring. The utter lack of common interest between Turkey and the rest of the world, owing to the Turkish idea that Islam has still a divine mission of conquest, makes all confidence at such a time a baseless dream. The meditations of the Christian population, even in the perfect quiet of the Bosphorus villages, were not tranquillizing on that Wednesday night.

Thursday morning, the 27th, dawned brilliant and quiet as an old New England Sabbath. It brought revived hope that the worst was over. The early-morning baker's man, the acknowledged substitute among the native families for the morning paper, brought word that the revolutionists in the Bank had surrendered during the night, that the parties at Samatia and at the Phanar had been captured by the troops, and that all was now quiet. The Turkish morning papers, which arrived a little later, also had a reassuring tone. The official account of the affair of the previous day was a note of about ten lines. This was all that the censors would allow the paper to publish on the subject; but it said that a party of Armenian revolutionists had seized the Bank building; that the Government, apprized beforehand of the intention of the outlaws, had suppressed the outbreak without allowing it to extend to other parts of the city; that quiet had been restored, and the criminals had been handed over to the civil authorities for punishment in accord with the gravity of their crime. The implication was that all of the anxieties of the populace were now at an end, and business might go on as usual.

A mere glance at the situation after arriving in the city that morning showed how much the official notice in the papers left to be desired in point of accuracy. The reports from eye-witnesses of the deeds of the night were terrible. At Samatia, and in Balad, and the region of the Adrianople Gate in Stamboul, attacks on Armenians in their houses were somewhat intelligible, because of the revolutionist outbreaks in the immediate vicinity. But at Hasskeuy, on the opposite side of the

Golden Horn, where there had been no Armenian outbreak, the whole Armenian quarter, containing some six thousand inhabitants, had been attacked during the night, and several hundred persons had been killed. The mob had crossed in boats from Stamboul, and had assembled from the brickyards beyond Hasskeuy after killing the Armenian workmen employed in the yards. Jews of the district had acted as guides to the Turks, showing which were the Armenian houses. The mob forced the doors, killing all the men whom they could find, but, happily, not touching the women. The frightened people fled in the darkness, some to the open country behind Hasskeuy, some to throw themselves into wells and cisterns, where they remained standing in and out of the water for forty-eight hours, and some succeeded in reaching the great stone church, where 1,400 found refuge. A foreigner, who lives in that region, says that the shrieks from Hasskeuy through all the long night were such that he will never recover from the impression of anguish within reach which he was impotent to relieve. The pillage of the houses went on through the night, and, in fact, continued through all the day of Thursday. After the Turks had carried off all the more portable valuables from the houses, they actually had leisure allowed them to sell to the Jews the right to carry off the heavier furniture. During the night the furniture of a well-conditioned Armenian house in Hasskeuy could be bought for $10, at buyer's risk. In some cases, after the Turks had left, the Armenian owner would reappear from his hiding-place and try to drive off the Jews who were carrying away his furniture. Then these thrifty merchants would appeal to the mob for help against the "rebel," the bludgeon-men would come back to make good their sale to their clients, would kill the Armenian, and go on with their work in other houses. After the Jews had cleared the houses, a horde of Gypsies came into the place to gather up the sweepings, and to lament that the rapacity of the Jews had left them so little worth carrying off. Every one seemed free to the use of Armenian houses except the rightful owners. It is only fair to add that the Turks declare that the Hasskeuy massacre was "caused" by the act of one Armenian in firing a pistol Wednesday evening, and thereby killing one of His Imperial Majesty's soldiers of the marine service. The Armenian was condemned to death for this crime. But at the trial it came out most clearly from the testimony for the prosecution that when the revolver was fired a mob had already surrounded the house in order to pillage it, and that the soldier was killed in the darkness simply because he formed a part of the mob. There was no Armenian outbreak to provoke this terrible slaughter.

As to the suppression of the outbreaks of the revolutionists at Samatia and the Phanar the story of the baker's man in the morning was substantially correct. After ten hours of ceaseless firing the troops had taken the Samatia school-house, and found in it four Russian-Armenian revolutionists, of whom one was a woman. The similar outbreak at the Phanar had been quelled about the same time of the night, the revolutionists having been destroyed by the use of artillery. With the surrender of the Bank the Armenian outbreak ended at about one o'clock in the morning of Thursday. The story of the Bank affair we learned only after it was all over, and it is worth while to detail it here: Twenty-four young Armenians from abroad, under the command of two Armenians who were Russian subjects, went to the Bank as if to deposit bullion, which they carried into the bank in bags on the backs of porters. Part entered the building in this way and part remained outside until a preconcerted signal was given. They then attacked the door-keepers, killing one and wounding another. A police patrol hastened up at the noise of this disturbance and fired upon the revolutionists before they could close the doors of the Bank. The Armenians then threw bombs at the police, which dispersed them, but at the same time killed two of their own number. This effect of the bombs was to give the Armenians time to close and barricade the doors of the Bank. One of the humors of the occasion was that the material used for the barricade was the bags of specie found in the Bank. Probably silver was never before used as General Jackson used his cotton-bales. As soon as the Bank had been placed in a

condition for defence, and the effect of the bombs in keeping the troops at bay had been tested, the young leaders of the Armenians drew up a regular manifesto, written on Bank paper, in which they made known their demands. These were that the Sultan agree to execute the Reform Scheme of 1875 under European supervision, that there be no promiscuous massacres in the city on account of the outbreak; that the members of the band in possession of the Bank be given safe conduct out of the empire, and that pending negotiations the troops be withdrawn from the vicinity of the Bank. In case of refusal the Armenians would blow up the Bank, with themselves and the whole staff of the establishment.

The manifesto was sent out by two of the Bank officials. It became the subject of anxious deliberations at the Sultan's palace and at the embassies for some hours. The troops kept up their fire at the Bank until after midnight, but the Armenians, reduced, through casualties, to seventeen in number, continued to hold the army at bay. After midnight representatives of the Sultan and of the embassies, and some of the high officers of the Bank, made their appearance. These dignitaries stood in the street and pleaded with the Armenians for nearly an hour. It required the most melting eloquence of Mr. Maximof, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy, to convince the Armenians that they had gained enough in gaining safety for themselves and a promise from the Sultan that he would consider the question of reform. Finally the Armenians yielded, and were taken through the long lines of vainly waiting troops to the water's edge, were sent to a vessel, and on to the other side of the Bosphorus, and the next day were transferred to a French steamer sailing for Marseilles. So ended the most formidable of the three outbreaks of the revolutionists.

It seems heartless to note the comic elements of this story, when thousands who had nothing to do with the affair died in the city for the act of these men before the revolutionists made their triumphant exit from the stage. The success of these twenty-four smooth-spoken, gentlemanly young Armenians in capturing the Bank at midday in a city heavily patrolled by troops is one of these comic elements. So also is the submission of over a hundred Bank employees, who remained prisoners to the redoubtable twenty-four until the terms of the capitulation set them free. Then again the revolutionists were not only allowed a safe conduct out of the country after their exploit, but each was furnished with money to spend in France on arrival; and, finally, as the Gironde was leaving with the revolutionists on board, one of the leaders kissed his hand to a lady on the tender, saying, with a humor—the grimness can only be understood by those who had seen the results of the presence in the city of the man and his gang—"*Au revoir.* We will be back in two weeks."

All these amusing features of the Bank affair were discussed with relish on the Thursday morning. This was possible because it was assumed that the reckless work of the Turks would end with the Armenian outbreak. But it did not. Immediately on entering Stamboul the state of the streets showed the assumption that order would be restored to be a sanguine fallacy. All shops were closed, even to the tobacconists and the water-sellers. Here and there blood stained the pavement, or loose paving-stones with a sharp corner covered with gore told a tale of the use to which they had been put. In many shops jagged rents in the iron shutters showed where the Turks had broken in during the night for pillage. Within ten feet of the chief police station of the district stood the shop of an Armenian jeweller and watchmaker, its front shattered and its contents gone except for the iron safe, scarred with the blows of sledge-hammers, and the *débris* of a lot of clocks which the ruffians had not cared to take away and had destroyed in sheer wantonness of hate to the owner. All the streets from the end of the bridge to the Vienna railway station were littered with broken boxes and wrapping-papers, and bits of glass from the pillage of the shops. It was as if a tornado had swept through the place and had scattered the *débris* far and wide. Patrols of police were numerous, as usual, but unimpressed. Not an Armenian was to be seen, and what few Christians of other race ventured upon the streets sought to diminish the tempta-

tion which their presence might offer to the mob by making themselves as inconspicuous as possible in the depths of cabs. Everywhere the bludgeon-men were standing about or sauntering along in groups. The persistence of this crowd was a puzzle. They might be lying in wait for Armenians to show themselves; they might be planning new pillage, or it might be that the police had them under close watch and were forcing them gradually to disperse by giving them no chance to exercise their peculiar talents. On entering a byway, where patrols and other passers might be supposed to rarely enter, I received light on these subjects. A crowd of Turks were beating in the doors of a large dry-goods establishment, and soon the goods were being carried away in great profusion. It was the old story of the morals of the Orient—to seem right is better than to be right. The bludgeon-men on the corners in peaceful inaction were on exhibition in order to show that the Turkish populace was quiet and well-disposed.

Such men as the bludgeon-men one does not often see in the streets of Constantinople. Of the better class of Turks there were none among them. They were of a class like the wharf-rats and 'longshoremen of Western lands. They were of all shades of color, from the white-skinned Laz and Circassian, to the brown and hook-nosed Kourd, and the coal-black Nubian from Africa. Their faces were a study of fearful passions. There were faces seamed and scarred like the head of a fighting bulldog; faces distorted by malice and greed; faces seared as by fire, case-hardened in ignorance of all except vice, and ferocious as an angry tiger. Some of those faces burnt their way into my memory and remained for days; a haunting revelation of brutal instincts and beastly desires which made one wonder how it was possible to have lived in safety for weeks in a city containing such men.

These men were not armed in the common sense of the word. Some of them had revolvers, and the most of them had knives. But they seldom used either; for awkward questions might be raised if the police were called to account for failing to arrest armed civilians on the streets. Carrying axe-helves, pick-axe handles, heavy clubs, like base-ball bats, jagged fragments of broken scantling; carrying anything that can crush the skull of man, this horrible rabble flooded the streets of all Christian quarters of the city, like an all-desolating tidal wave, silent but irresistible. Their silence by day was almost as terrible as their howls by night. They would be seen going along the street, when they would meet an Armenian, who had ventured to attempt to reach his home. Without a word they would break in his skull and go on their way, entirely unmoved, and hardly having spoken a loud word. If resistance was offered, they had only to say, "The Giaours resist!" and a horde of their fellows would come running from all directions to destroy one who had proved his seditious quality by daring to resist a Mussulman. In one case two of these ruffians seem to have met their deserts. Two of them came along a street in Pera where the dead body of an Armenian porter was lying. The fellows began to pound the dead body with their clubs, as though they had not yet found a living victim on whom to vent their hate. This sight was too much for the stomach of a Greek who lived just opposite the place, and he came to his door and began to flout the fellows for attacking a dead body. The men turned upon the Greek and swore that they would serve him the same way. The Greek dodged their clubs, whipped out a long knife, and in two passes of his skilled Cephaloniote arm he had killed them both. The two Turks lay by the side of the Armenian, whose body they had abused until the scavenger carts came along to take the Armenian, in contumely to the cemetery trenches, and to call the neighbors to take the Turks to the nearest mosque that they might be buried with becoming honor as martyrs. It should be added in regard to the men of the bludgeon as a class, that while they did things whose cruelty astounded the foreign population of Constantinople, they did not do many things which one was prepared to expect from their hands. As a rule they did not molest women, and they rarely killed a man or broke into a store by day when the police were actually watching the beginning of the fray. They preferred to be able to give their own account of the first cause of each crime.

One felt singularly out of place when in the neighborhood of these men of the bludgeon. What was to prevent their knocking a foreigner on the head as well as an Armenian. I took an early opportunity of escaping from their vicinity into a business house belonging to a European. But there was still opportunity of watching the peculiar methods of the mob. From the windows of the house could be seen a large building where several Armenian merchants had their offices. It was a building of the kind known in Constantinople as Khans. The street was full of bludgeon-men, when several shots were fired from the windows of this Khan. Probably the mob had been trying to force the doors. At all events some of the men rushed off to the captain commanding a patrol that was not far off, and we heard them explain, "The Armenians in the Khan have fired on the Mussulmans." "And have you killed the beasts? Have you suffered them to live until this moment?" answered the captain, brutally. The police came up. The mob was cleared away, and then the police, with their Winchesters, began a regular fusillade at the windows of the offending Khan. One can imagine the terror and despair of the inmates of the building, beleaguered by a mob, firing their pistols to drive them off when they attempted to break in the doors, and then finding the police coming to attack them as rebels, because they, Christians, had dared fire at Mohammedans. The firing of the police continued for an hour or more. Once I saw some one in the Khan firing his revolver into the air, aiming at no one, and not even looking to see if the balls hit the clouds or the ground.

Meanwhile the mob, having been ordered away from the vicinity of the Khan, could not see the effect of the firing of the police. Left without occupation they fell to examining the shops immediately in front of them. Passing policemen warned them not to touch those shops, since they did not belong to Armenians. Soon a patrol drove them away from the place. This brought them opposite to an alley in which was a shop belonging to an Armenian. Again the mob found this idle standing and waiting for the police to finish the attack on the Khan irksome work. We could see the genesis of the idea of sacking that Armenian shop. One of the bludgeon-men sauntered across the street and began to try the solidity of the wooden shutters of the shop. Then another man went over to the alley and joined the first in the effort to wrench off the shutter in an unobtrusive manner with his hands. The men next took a survey of the scene and noted that no patrol was in sight, while the policemen firing at the Khan could not see into the alley. Then there was a sudden rush of the mob; heavy blows shattered the shutters and the glass of the windows, and in a moment the shop was stripped. After it was cleaned out the police came rushing up, seized the clubs from two men, and arrested a third who had an old tin dish, his share of the spoil; and drove the rest of the mob a short distance away from the alley. This new movement brought the crowd directly opposite the building where I was. The iron shutters and the heavy iron gates of this building had been prudently closed when the firing broke out at the Khan. The mob again had nothing to do but study the possibilities of interesting operations on the building in front of them. Doubtless they saw visions of untold wealth behind those closed doors. Whatever those men expected to do they would do in cold blood, with the fullest calculation of risks and possible gains. It was anything but an excited mob. The singular combination of caution and bloodthirstiness seemed to offer opportunity for taking a characteristic snap-shot. I was just picking out the best point of view, and meditating which window to open in order to bring my camera into action, when a little weazened-faced fellow in a mauve gown and a white turban, and with a nose which looked as if the tip of it had been welded to its root by the kick of a horse, stretched out a bony finger at me: "There are Armenians in that building," said he, "lots of Armenians. I can see one of them now." The languid crowd was instantly galvanized into life. Two hundred eyes were uplifted, and a hundred hands were pointing to the windows. "There! there!" said a dozen voices. They were sure that they had found a plan for getting into the building now, if they had seen Armenians there. Anyone who has observed the peculiar watering of the

mouth that shows itself in a cat just about to spring at a bird, can imagine to himself the look on the face of each of those men. A score of them rushed across the street and began to try the strength of the iron shutters. If the fact that Armenians were in the building would be held to justify attack upon it by the mob, the opening of a window, and the presentation to their view of a hand-camera, would be certain to insure a massacre. Nothing could persuade that ignorant crowd that the camera was not a most infernal kind of a bomb, which, by some happy accident, had not gone off to the detriment of the Mussulman worthies at which it was directed. So I lost the opportunity of a lifetime, and left my camera in its case. Meanwhile the police ordered the crowd away, telling them that they had nothing to do with the buildings of Europeans. But the bludgeon-men insisted that Armenians were assembled in that building, and were preparing to attack the Mussulmans. As the police drove them away, they returned again and again to argue and plead against the verdict of the police captain. Finally a squad of cavalry was brought up, which formed line, and advancing at a trot, cleared the rabble entirely from the street. Here was an accurate picture of the course of events at hundreds of places in Stamboul, Pera, and Galata. The mob would form a plan to pillage a certain building. If difficulties offered themselves, they had only to convince the police that Armenians were in the place, and were inclined to attack the harmless members of the mob, when they could induce the police to let them work their will upon the house and all that it contained. I never knew what was the fate of the Armenians in the Khan which the police were firing into all this time. It now stands entirely empty. The chance of being again besieged by the mob in that building was not enticing. Deep distrust of the police control was the result of my observation up to this point, and I concluded to profit by the momentary dispersal of the mob to go across the bridge into Galata.

On passing into the street I hailed a Turkish officer and asked him if it was safe to go to the bridge. He was polite in the extreme. "Safe?" said he, "certainly it is safe. This business does not affect your safety. Do you not see that the city is perfectly quiet under the protection of His Majesty!" Inasmuch as the popping of shots was incessant, while a large mercantile establishment was at that moment being plundered within a block of where we stood, and inasmuch as from the window that I had just left I had seen the Turks on a high roof a few rods away firing into a neighboring building in order to kill some wretched Armenians who had taken refuge there, the old liar's euphemism about the quiet and safety of the city seemed quite a monumental effort. But no untoward incident hindered my progress to the bridge through many hundreds of the bludgeon-bearers. The explanation of the safety of Europeans among these fellows, even where the police were absent, is probably to be found in the tentative character of the Turk's violations of right and of law. In doing what is wrong he always begins an abject coward, gaining courage with impunity. The mere fact that a European would walk straight through a crowd of the bludgeon-men, jostling against them in an unconcerned manner, convinced them that for some reason he was not a safe man to attack. In some cases Armenians walked safely through the mobs on the street simply by pushing their way with a determined air. In every case where an Armenian ran from them, or even hesitated on meeting them, his only chance of life was gone. The tentative character of Turkish aggressions is not sufficiently borne in mind. At the beginning of a wrong, even a sultan will draw back when he sees that his course is resented by one whom he knows to have the right, and believes to have the force to do so.

The attitude of the police toward the club-bearers seemed inconsistent and unintelligible. Time and again I saw a policeman rush at one of these men with a most determined air, take away his club and curse him. The fellow would gently submit, and then go off to find another club; while the policeman would hurl the bludgeon into some nook of a by-way where those who sought such things would be sure to find it. Once I saw a policeman pounce upon a man in the midst of a crowd. There was no

reason for seizing this man any more than fifty others who were all in a part of the city where they did not belong and which they could not have visited with any honest intent. The fellow turned about with some confusion ; and when the policeman thrust his hand into the bulge of the man's vest and drew out a worsted shawl and a case presumably containing jewelry, the rascal was really frightened. But he recovered his coolness in a moment, for the policeman contented himself with taking the spoil, and let the robber go. An officer whom I slightly knew was walking with me in the street. Two peculiarly villainous-looking rascals were amid the crowd of looters, each of the two carrying the half of an untrimmed six-foot stick of stove-wood. The officer attracted their attention by a sort of hiss, and motioned to them to throw the sticks down. The men looked at him incredulously, grinned sheepishly when he repeated his sign, and then hid their sticks behind their backs as they skulked out of sight among the crowd. The officer did not further disturb them. Upon this I said to him, in a tone of languid indifference, "I observe many of these fellows carrying clubs. Why do they carry clubs ?" "Ah !" said my friend, much relieved at finding so receptive a market for his finesse, "they are forced to carry them by the horrid deeds of the Armenians. They are afraid to be on the streets without means of defence." The police declare that bombs were thrown from several different houses in Pera and Galata in the course of Thursday. Unhappily there is no independent testimony on this point. At the Ministry of Police I was assured, in explanation of the number of Armenians who were being brought in under arrest, that the patrols and the helpless Mussulman populace were being fired upon from Armenian houses all over the city. There is some reason to believe that after the general assault upon Armenians became apparent local revolutionist committees did order their members to attack the Turks from their houses. But even after making every allowance for such cases which escaped the notice of casual observers, the conduct of the police includes an amount of indifference to the doings of the mob which is simply inexplicable without violence to the professions of the Government respecting the keeping of order. All foreign banking-houses and mercantile establishments in Constantinople have had Armenians for porters, night-watchmen, coffee-makers, and messengers. They are faithful, industrious, and cheap. These Armenians seemed to be specially sought after by the police on Thursday. Wherever they could lay hands upon them they arrested them. At the Vienna Railway Station the police demanded of the company the surrender of fifteen Armenian porters connected with the railway. The company gave them up, and the men were taken away. But in the square in front of the Railway Station the mob fell upon them and killed them all while they were in the hands of the police. The bludgeon-men seemed to have great skill in scenting out the buildings in Galata and Pera where Armenian porters were huddled together trembling behind the doors that were left in their charge. The story was always the same : "They have fired on the servants of God ;" and the police always declared this to be the case in accounting for the slaughter of the men and the pillage of places where they were employed. A walk through Galata showed a considerable number of business offices and stores belonging to Europeans which had been entirely sacked ; the desks and files ransacked, the furniture broken, and all portable valuables carried off, while the safes were taken from their places and turned upside down in the attempt to find a vulnerable spot, but in most cases abandoned unopened after the sledge-hammers had smashed every projecting point in vain. One horrible occurrence took place while I was crossing the bridge about half-past twelve on Thursday. An old gentleman, an Armenian, stood at the ticket-office of the Steamboat Company, buying his ticket to go to the upper Bosphorus. A policeman came up and rather roughly searched his person. The old gentleman naturally remonstrated with some warmth. The policeman instantly knocked him down. The poor old man picked himself up, and the policeman knocked him down again. Upon this a Turkish army officer came out of a coffee-shop, and rebuked the policeman for his brutality to an old man. To justify himself the po-

liceman declared that the old man had cartridges in his pocket. Then someone yelled " Kill the Giaour ! " In a moment a crowd of ruffians sprang forward from no one knows what lurking-places, and in less time than it takes to tell it they had beaten out the old man's brains on the planks in front of the steamer wharf. Two small Armenian boys stood by, paralyzed with terror at this sudden exhibition of passions of which they had no idea. One of the bludgeon-men noticed them and shouted out, " These also are Armenians ! " In a moment more the crying, pleading boys had been beaten to death before the eyes of the officers and of the horror-stricken passengers who were waiting for the steamer. But neither officers, nor police, nor passengers had aught to say to the murderers. And the men whom I believe to have been the perpetrators of this crime are every day hanging about the steamer wharf to carry luggage, and are as absolutely contented and happy as an innocent of three years old. It is worth while to note that almost at the same time as this occurrence the European Embassies were remonstrating with the Sultan's ministers upon the license given to the mob, and were receiving, as convincing answer, the declaration that there was no mob and no license in the city, and that no Armenians had been harmed in person or in property except those engaged in revolutionary enterprises against the Government, who, naturally, had to suffer the consequences of their own acts.

The attitude of the police on the harbor was the same. In the inner harbor the Mohammedan boatmen killed the Armenian boatmen whose competition had been a trouble to them ; making forays by land and by sea for pillage, and making themselves a terror to all the vicinity. A foreigner has a steam flour-mill on the upper part of the Golden Horn. His superior management and superior machinery have made him obnoxious to the Turks of his own trade, while his employment of Armenians as porters and watchmen has set against him the Turks and Kourds of the neighborhood who wished to have the work. On this Thursday the rabble of this part of the city decided to sack that mill. So they declared to the police that two or three hundred Armenians with arms were hidden in the mill, waiting a suitable opportunity to sally forth to attack the Mussulmans. The police resisted the tale at first, but later showed signs of wavering. The miller then made a diversion by cutting loose three or four lighters moored to his wharf. As soon as the lighters were seen to be drifting away with the current, boats put out from all the neighboring shores. The ruffians in these boats swarmed up over the sides of the lighters, and instantly rushed to the hatches to make sure that no Armenians were concealed within. They took boat-hooks and made furious lunges into the sides of the narrow holds, into which they did not dare look until certain that no one was there. At last, satisfied on this point, they fell to dismantling the lighters, and in an incredibly short time they had loaded their boats with the sails, the rigging, the blocks, the odds and ends from the hold, and even the oars and boat-hooks. Wherever an Armenian had left his lighter unprotected, these fellows made a clean sweep of all that it contained. The harbor police did not interfere with these operations, or at least interfered only so far with them as to compel the men not to land their plunder too near the police stations. As to the ironclads of the Turkish fleet, which lie at anchor in the part of the harbor where these things were going on, their officers merely watched the murder and pillage with listless eye. All that they did to prevent such crimes was after the work was over, and the boats laden with plunder began to come down the Golden Horn seeking a market. Then they seized some of the best of the stolen goods, " in order to save it against the appearance of an owner to claim it."

At the same time there is no question that the police authorities were commonly ostentatiously polite to foreigners during these terrible occurrences. Afterward they obtained, in some cases, testimonials that the conduct of the troops had been absolutely correct. The actual fact as to the principle on which the authorities acted, I believe was unconsciously revealed by the words of a high police official with whom I had occasion to talk of the danger which even Europeans might incur should the mob rule be prolonged. He said, " You need have no fears. We have

orders to protect all foreigners. In fact we have instructions also to protect Greeks and Roman Catholic natives. If you have friends among them who are alarmed, you may tell them confidentially of this fact. But you must tell it to them very confidentially, for if the Armenians should hear of it they would all be calling out 'I am a Catholic, or I am something else,' and demanding to be protected." This remark, with its significant omission of the Armenians from the parties to be protected, seems to explain the curiously inconsistent and even fickle actions of the police.

The magnitude of the catastrophe which had burst over the city as a revenge for the acts of the anarchists, hardly dawned upon the minds of most of the European residents of Constantinople before Thursday night. Up to this time murder and pillage had been limited to the city of Stamboul, to parts of Pera and Galata, and to Hasskeuy. In Scutari and Kadikeuy, on the Asiatic shore, mobs had been formed with intent to put the Armenians there also where they would do no more harm. But the General in command had declared that the thing should not be, and the "servants of God" were forced to return home unsatisfied in the deepest of their desires. But no such enterprises had been undertaken in the direction of the Bosphorus. After the doings of Thursday began to be understood, it was evident that the robber instinct let loose in this way would, probably, sooner or later, involve us all in its ruthless destruction. Even in the quiet of the Bosphorus villages few slept peacefully that night. Parties of ruffians from the city appeared in several of the villages and pillaged Armenian houses, killing a number of people without pretence that any seditious act had been committed by the victims, some of whom were women. Then the police pounced upon them, and drove them off in dismay. The Sultan at last had ordered the massacre to stop.

On Thursday afternoon several of the representatives of the European Powers went in person to Galata and Pera, from their summer residences on the upper Bosphorus, in order to see for themselves the fact as to the mobs. Earlier in the day they had protested at the Sublime Porte against mob license, and had been assured that no such thing existed. What Mr. Herbert, the British Chargé d'Affaires, saw of murder and pillage, and especially of the pillage of the offices of Englishmen, led him at once to order a force of marines ashore for the protection of British property. Afterward the ambassadors met together and did what is probably unique in the history of diplomacy in Turkey. They sent a collective telegram to the Sultan himself, informing him that the license allowed to the mobs had compelled them to order the landing of armed marines for the protection of the embassies, and expressing profound regret for the impunity allowed rapine in the city. Upon this the Sultan gave orders for the suppression of the mobs. Firing and looting continued unchecked until about eight o'clock in the evening, and then it suddenly stopped all over the city. As the common people expressed the sense of the orders received by the police, "There was no more permission to kill Giaours."

So at last on Friday morning the Christians of Constantinople found that they could breathe freely again. The police suddenly acquired great ability in the matter of preventing Mussulmans from attacking peaceable people on the streets. They took away unceremoniously the clubs from any Turks who ventured to appear on the streets with these ornaments still in their hands. With commendable impartiality they also seized the canes from the hands of European gentlemen who were serenely promenading the streets. In such cases they closed their ears to remonstrance and entreaty, declaring that they were informed that sticks had been used to kill people, and that they had been ordered to gather them up from any persons who carried them on the streets. Thus several gentlemen of considerable self-esteem were led to reflect on the results of seeing ourselves as others see us. But at least the police did make it tolerably safe for all classes of the people to go about the streets.

Turkish officials talking with sensitive foreigners always claim that the religious question does not enter into proceedings like those here set forth. The only question is the suppression of rebels, dynamiters, and anarchists. But there is another source of information in the discus-

sion. During the massacre in Constantinople, and in the days immediately following, many Mohammedans assured Christians that the only chance of escape from sharing sooner or later the fate of the men dumped into the Armenian cemeteries by the scavenger carts was acceptance of the Mohammedan religion. Not the least grewsome of the feats of the mob at Cassim Pasha on the Wednesday night was the public circumcision, in the midst of the massacre, of an Armenian boy of thirteen, who had been converted to Mohammedanism by persuasion of the bludgeon-men. Women begging that their children might be spared, in several instances found the condition on which alone people would grant the request to be a formal promise to become a Mohammedan. After the massacre some of the Turks openly announced that the Armenian men having been killed, the Mohammedan law directs the women to be divided around among God's people as their right. Acting on this theory a Turk walked into the house of an Armenian widow, and in her presence, chucking her daughter under the chin, he told the girl that he had selected her for his share and she must be prepared to come to his house in three days. The attitude of the police in such cases was to hold that a man making such a proposal could not be repulsed; to turn all their energies upon hunting down a woman, who having received asylum during the massacre on condition of becoming a Moslem afterward escaped from fulfilment of her promise; and to assume that "conversion" to Mohammedanism annuls the ties of blood, so that the parents of the boy circumcised in the midst of the massacre at Cassim Pasha may not see him again for any purpose. Moreover, in their conversation among themselves, or with their own people, Government officials habitually denounce Armenians not as dynamiters but as "Giaours," and enlarge on their sedition less than on their audacity in claiming to have equal rights with the people of Islam. Such facts of the massacre at Constantinople make it difficult for those who understand Turkish to champion the claim that religion has no connection with the Armenian question in the mind of the Turk.

Yet in many cases Turks showed considerable humanity toward Christians who were in danger of being killed. At the brick-works which line the shore of the yellow stream at the crook of the Golden Horn, where it begins to emerge from the river of the Sweet Waters of Europe, the workmen are mainly Armenians. They come from the eastern part of the Empire to earn bread for their families left in the devastated villages of the highlands. On the north shore of the Golden Horn the Armenian workmen at these brick-works were nearly all killed. But on the south side they were carefully protected by the soldiers guarding the Imperial Fez Factory. In one case an Armenian clerk in a European store in Galata was returning to the store, ignorant of what had taken place, an hour or two after the attack on the Bank commenced. The mob was in full control of the streets of the region which he was approaching, and he would infallibly have been killed had he gone on. But a Turkish gentleman, who had often bought goods of him, met him, took him to his own house, and kept him three days, until it was again safe for him to be seen on the streets. In Stamboul a mob was chasing two harmless Armenians, when a Mohammedan teacher, one of those white-turbaned gentlemen whose general tribe is known to foreigners indiscriminately as the Softas, placed himself between the mob and the fugitives. The bludgeon-men held back from the holy man, but demanded that he allow them to seize the Armenians. "No," said the Turk, "they are unarmed and harmless." "But we have permission to attack the Giaours, for the people of their kind have killed many Turks." "I tell you, you shall not attack these men," said the teacher. The mob appealed to a passing patrol. The officer in command heard the story, and commanded the white-turbaned gentleman to mind his own business, since he had no authority to interfere in the management of the city. But the teacher still refused to let the mob take the Armenians, who were cowering behind his flowing robes. A loud altercation ensued, which drew one and another of the Softas to the side of their teacher. The patrol, seeing that the affair was likely to be a thorny one,



Water-side Loafers.

finally withdrew, pleading urgent business elsewhere. Then the teacher took the grateful Armenians into his seminary, and the next day escorted them himself in safety to their homes. It may be added that the dreaded Softas, in general, had nothing to do with the massacres; their chiefs having early taken measures to keep them out of the way of temptation in this direction. Similar cases of interference of Turks to protect Armenians occurred at some of the villages on the Bosphorus. No explanation appears of such differences in treatment of Armenians, except that some of the Turks are humane men, and some are more enlightened than those who devised the massacre. It is also true that a large part of the more educated Turks of Constantinople had a firm belief that the European Powers would at once send in their fleets to punish the slaughter of Armenians. In that case they preferred to be on the right side, and loudly condemned the whole proceeding. Weeks having passed, no harm having befallen any of the murderers, and the European Powers having limited their action to mere Platonic denunciation, some of these gentlemen, it must be confessed, have now changed their minds, and bitterly regret their failure to have a share in the plunder. If another outbreak occurs such men will not let any fear of Europe lead them to repeat the experiment of saving the lives of Christians.

Two spectacles upon this Friday and the succeeding Saturday greatly moved the hearts of Europeans in Constantinople. One was the families of pillaged Armenians, coming for shelter from Hasskeuy and Samatia, where the looting had included the utmost shred of their household possessions. They came in numbers to the Galata Bridge, on their way to take refuge with relatives in other parts of the city. Pitiful, broken-hearted groups they were; weeping widows huddling their orphaned children together; old men, feeble with the weight of years, yet trying to hold themselves erect as becomes a man suddenly placed in the office of protector to a younger brood; and here and there a young man who had escaped the mob by some miracle of agility. All were in their night-clothes; the women and girls cov-

ered with some faded shawl or some pitiful fragment of quilt, as with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks they hastened to the steamers, where they might hide themselves from the curious gaze of the public. A dressing-gown or a tattered work-day coat formed the outer garment of the men, and both men and women had only slippers upon their bare feet. These people stood before us just as they had escaped from their houses when the bludgeon-men broke in the doors; and they wore all that remained to them from the furnishings and comforts of their homes.

The other moving spectacle of these days was the spectacle of the rows of dead cast headlong into the Armenian cemeteries from the scavenger carts of the municipality, and left for the Armenians to bury in long trenches, filled with uncoffined and mangled victims. The corpses lay upon the ground in the worn garments of poverty; they were to be counted by the hundred, and every one was bruised and hacked and mutilated. No one who went to one of these cemeteries on those days came away without the feeling that men who will linger to beat and batter and mangle in this manner those whom they have killed, have reached a depth of degradation such as the inhabitants of Christian lands have never suspected.

There will never be any trustworthy report of the number of Armenians killed during the thirty-six hours of the massacre of Constantinople. Some of the officials seem to have two sets of records—both equally wrong. One report was prepared for the Sultan's eyes. In the hope of commendation for zeal in repressing rebellion, actual and possible, it places the total of Armenian dead at more than eight thousand. The other report was made out for consumption in Europe, in the hope of convincing the world that nothing has occurred worthy of condemnation. It declares the number of Armenians dead to be eleven hundred. The actual fact, probably, is that between four thousand and six thousand persons were killed from sheer hate of race, besides any few scores of actual revolutionists who may have fallen through their own folly. Of Turks, 'itary and civilian, their own authorities that less than one hundred and fifty w ere killed. Nevertheless the official documents declare that the whole of these disorders were the work of Armenians. So far as the Turkish official utterances are concerned, not one particle of regret, or shame, or remorse is felt for the destruction of these thousands of helpless creatures.

These disagreeable subjects now being disposed of, let us return to the illuminations prepared for the anniversary of the Accession of the Sultan. Accession Day fell on the Monday after the massacre. Thousands of people in the city were yet sitting dazed by the double blow of national and personal bereavement in this blood-curdling manner. Thousands of others were hungry and half-naked, paralyzed by the loss of all that they possessed. Tens of thousands were white with terrible expectation of the renewal of these dreadful scenes within a few hours. The hasty burial of the dead was hardly completed; the most diligent washing had not yet removed the blood-stains from the houses, the pavements, and the planking of the bridge. A natural gloom, which invited compassion, rested upon the whole Christian population of the city. Upon that day the police, with eyes like saucers, reported to the palace that the ambassadors were not preparing to illuminate their dwellings as usual. Straightway the palace worthies sent to remind the embassies that the celebration of the accession was to take place that night. Beyond measure these gentlemen, too, were astounded to learn that the ambassadors partook of the feelings of that large part of the population of the city which was plunged in grief, and regarded the time as one for mourning, not for rejoicing. The idea that any one not a confessed sedition-monger can feel, much less express, sorrow for the slaughtered Armenians, and sympathy for the survivors, had never entered the heads of the men at the management of affairs. But they chose to deem the answer of the ambassadors as one of those incomprehensible vagaries of European feeling and action which so often blight the comfort of true believers. So they proceeded with their rejoicings. In order to prevent misunderstanding by the ignorant Mohammedan populace, who might mistake, the proclamation said, the explosion of rockets for the sound of fire-arms or bombs,

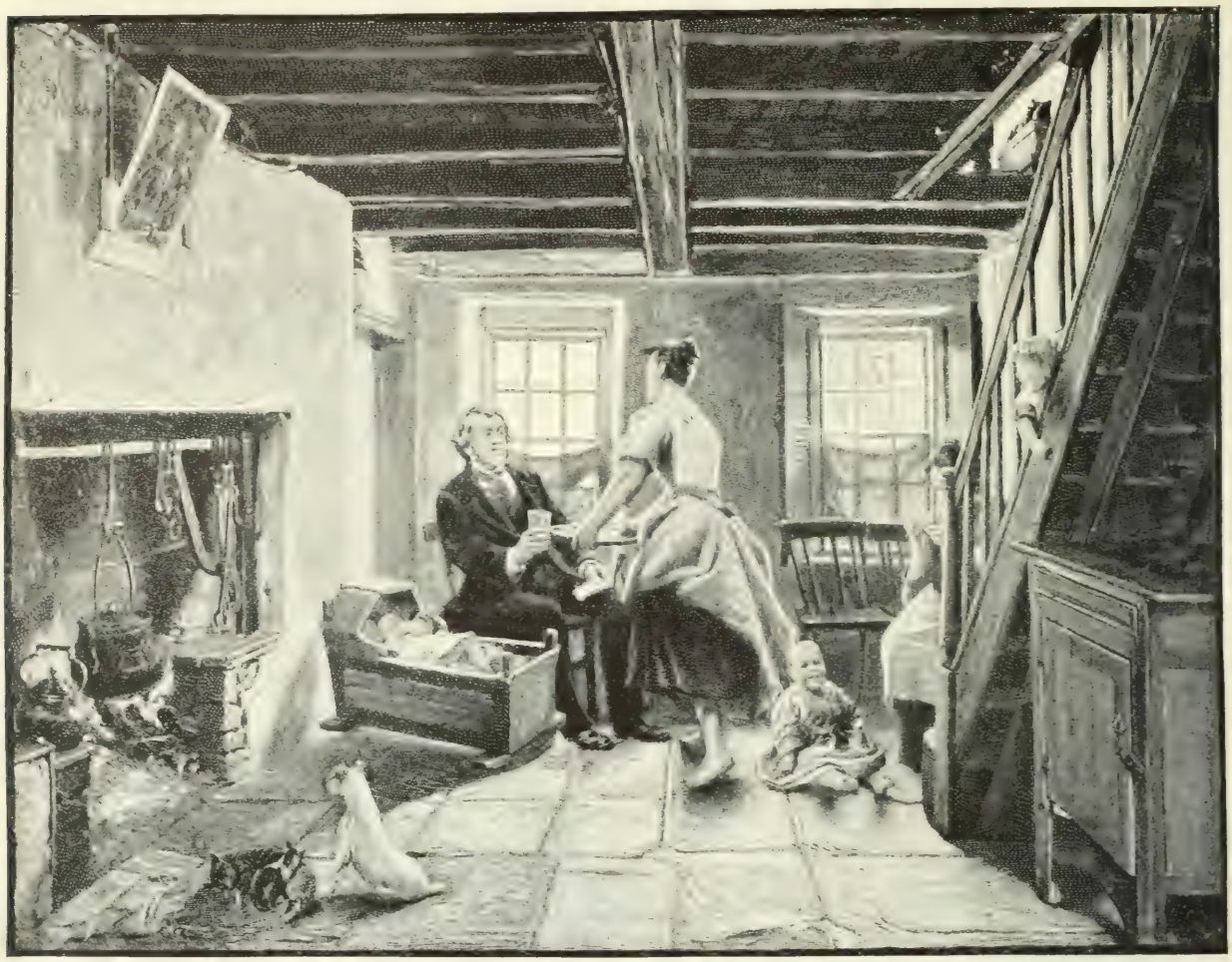
the Government prohibited the use of rockets on that day. In order to prevent these same gentlemen of the lower orders from undertaking further pillage or massacre under cover of the night, it prohibited all people from leaving their houses after sunset that evening. Under these circumstances, throughout the city, and through the whole length of the Bosphorus, the houses of Turkish officials and grandees, and the houses of such Christians as make their bread by serving the Turks, were brilliantly decorated with thousands upon thousands of candles. But the candles burned themselves out in the dead silence of vacant streets, or wasted their light on the waters of the equally silent and empty Bosphorus. There was no one to see the illuminations. Even the gentle swishing of the current of that stream which no steamer and no steam-launch and no smallest mite of row-boat disturbed on that night, seemed to be a sighing in harmony with the sorrows and the terrors of the silent city. And so was celebrated the Nineteenth Anniversary of the accession of Sultan Abd ul Hamid Second, the Conqueror.

Snap-shot on Galata Bridge.



THACKERAY and "PEG OF LIMAVADDY" in the bar-room of the bait-house described in the ballad in his "Irish Sketch-Book."

From photograph of picture by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. Copyrighted by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.



THACKERAY'S HAUNTS AND HOMES

By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.

With Illustrations from Sketches by the Author

THACKERAY struck the true keynote, as regards the surroundings of the illustrious among us, when he said, in one of his "Roundabout Papers" of the year 1860: "We all want to know details regarding men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or knowledge." Wit, eloquence, and knowledge may fairly be said to be comprised in the compass of his literary powers. While, therefore, it is still possible to do so, I have undertaken to garner a sheaf of sketches giving the outward look of his habitations, before the inevitable house-wrecker sweeps away these literary vestiges. As he has pointed out, a few rough strokes of the pencil will be more helpful in this respect than the most elaborate descriptive sentences can be. While following in approximate chronological sequence the connecting links, omitting the Charter-House School, which has been ably illustrated beforehand, I give, without further comment, the sketches, worked out *in situ*.

Thackeray's first tentative effort at the mastery of a liberal profession was that of becoming a pupil of a special pleader, then the recognized method of mastering the intricacies of legal practice, since gone out ot date. He chose a successful master of the craft, Taprell, and enrolled

himself as pupil. His chambers were on the ground floor of *No. 1 Hare Court.*

Through the courtesy of Mr. Shackleton Hallett and Mr. William T. Raymond, the present tenants of Taprell's chambers at No. 1 Hare Court, I was allowed to make the sketch on p. 73. It enables one to realize the scene of the grateful pupil's endeavors to master the intricacies of law, as he sat in that same room upward of sixty years ago; staying till nigh six o'clock in the afternoons with his master. The panel-oak wainscot, into which numerous book-shelves are inserted, holding convenient folios for reference in search of precedents, is still here, helping the thick brick walls, which withstood the Great Fire of London, further to deaden all sounds but that of the postman's knock on the oaken door. It is whispered that in former days, "after office Hoirs in the evening," much merriment, including dancing, took place in this capacious apartment. The guitar, which may be noticed ensconced in a top-shelf recess, reminds one of the old Queen Anne days, as recorded in Dick Steele's "Spectator," when the musically inclined barrister used to wake the Temple echoes with the sonorous hautboy, ending by piteous appeals to the Benchers to stop the noise. Briefs, bound in official red tape, strew the tables, at which you notice the most comfortable arm-chairs, inviting careful perusal. This is in accordance with modern ideas of comfort and with the dignity of the legal aspirant; but in Thackeray's letters he seems to dwell with semi-splenetic humor on the fact that backs to seats were not encouraged in his days. In a letter to his mother he sketched himself as sitting on a high stool; he adds, "the high stools do not blossom and bring forth buds"—in Taprell's chambers. He had his own residential chambers, I believe, in Hare Court, but he probably shared them with another, as did Pendennis with Warrington; so his name doesn't appear in the Taprell list of residents in 1831–32. The glimpse through the windows shows the chambers of Pump Court, which in summer-time are screened from sight by the green leafage.

He soon left Hare Court altogether, and bid good-by to wig and gown, for student days in Paris. His biographers say he lived in the Latin Quarter.

The actual atelier in which Thackeray worked in Paris is at present only conjecturally to be guessed at. In his admirable paper on the "French School of Painting," first published in *Fraser*, and afterward incorporated in his "French Sketch Book," he says: "There are a dozen excellent schools in which a lad may enter here, and under the eye of a practised master learn the apprenticeship of his art at an expense of about ten pounds a year." The tradition is that he joined the ranks of *Gros's atelier*, the nursery of many famous painters. When David was banished from France, as his favorite pupil, Gros continued his work and maintained his master's traditions. He came every morning at nine o'clock, and remained for two hours giving loud *viva voce* hints, so that what was a lesson to one, became the property of the remainder, thus multiplying daily for the benefit of all his individually expressed remarks.

One rule, however, was insisted upon at the outset. This was to copy in chalk a study from the antique, the work of Gros himself as a student at Rome, to be worked out in one sitting. This was the representation of "Ajax Lifting the Body of Patroclus."

One can fancy the grim sense of irony suffusing the features of the great Titmarsh, who, in many passages, has derided this academical practice as time wasted, when invited to fulfil this uncongenial task. Be this as it may, he wrote to his kind mother: "I go to the atelier steadily every day," and with a cheery note to say he felt he was improving in his practice.

He describes, in the above-mentioned essay, "the score of companions he met with, all merry and poor, working in a cloud of smoke, amid a din of puns and a choice French slang and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea who has not been present at such an assembly."

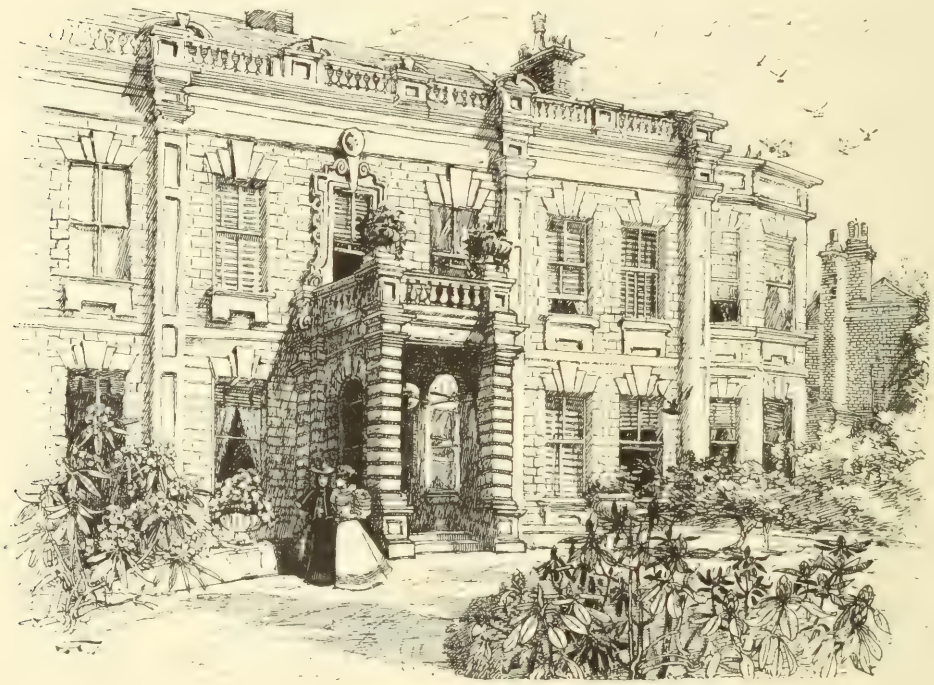
How vivid this is! and it is true to this day. The modest pay remains at the same low figure; but the master visits the school at rarer intervals; the modern notion being that the pupil is

best left more to his own resources, aided, it may be, by kindly advice from his co-workers, when nonplussed in his endeavors. Gros's atelier, it may be added, was situated, at that date, in the inner court of the Institute, the entrance to it being next to that of the Mazarine Library, familiar to most art lovers for containing the famous small sketch-books of Leonardo da Vinci, as well as the almost anatomical sculptural figure of Voltaire by Pigalle, which so scandalized Voltaire's admirers, as a questionable tribute of affection to their yet living philosopher and friend.

The class hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till one in the afternoon. After a brief interval for lunch, throwing off the atelier blouse, the students, then as now, crossed the Bridge of Arts, and wound up the day in the practise of copying the old masters in the Louvre Gallery. Here it was, in the waning hours of the summer noon, that I recollect seeing Thackeray making very deft and pretty water-sketches, alike from the Dutch and French masters.

In the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1848, appeared a review of "Vanity Fair." The article was written by Mr. Hayward and states that "he remembered ten or twelve years ago finding Thackeray day after day engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre, in order to qualify himself for his profession." The time mentioned should have been put earlier by two or three years, as he was writing for the *Constitutional* up to July, 1837, having married, and given up the brush practice, with a view to a profession, a year before that time.

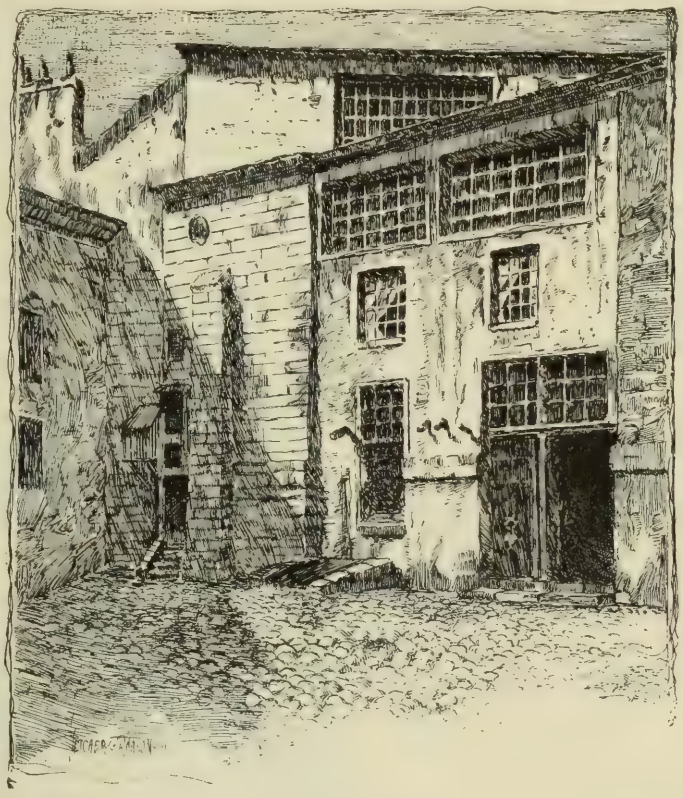
Thackeray's common-sense was manifested here by the fact that his copies were not the usual lengthy ponderings over one canvas, with the comparatively tedious superposition of coats of oil paint one on top of the other, but rapid seizure in water-colors, and in small compass, of the salient features of the old masters before the eye became dulled by labored effort. He shifted his easel often, and really took in a great store of art knowledge of effects, of schemes of composition, and an insight into technique, giving him wonderful advantage when he enlisted his keen perceptive



Thackeray's Last House at No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington.

powers in art criticism. The peaked wide-awake hat, the long, dishevelled hair, and the attire of painters at this time gave him capital bits of character to study from, and were pictorial digressions he largely indulged in.

It was in August, 1836, that Thackeray was married to Miss Shawe, at the British Embassy, by Bishop Luscombe, who was chaplain of that place. He took apartments for himself and his wife in the *rue Neuve St. Augustin* (p. 75). He was then correspondent of the *Constitutional*, and a reference to its columns at this date show Titmarsh as a most violent anti-Louis-Philippist. I give a sketch of the exterior of the street, though unable to point with exactness to which of the two structures was the real abode, whether the one on the extreme left, to which I incline, or that next to it. My apology must be the great length of time since then—half a century ago. Still vivid, however, is the impression of the charming grace and modesty of the hostess, who was lithe in figure, with hair of the tinge Titian was so fond of depicting, bordering on redness. This pleasant time of newly married folks, which is so touchingly found hinted at with delicate hand in the "Bouillabaisse" ballad, has not been chronicled in the short lives of the author hitherto published. The day's work over they would stroll off by the arched entrance, and through that lively thronged Passage Choiseul, at the far end of which they would emerge on the street of the Little Fields. At No. 16 was the now immortalized restaurateur. I find in the old Paris Guide-book of that date: "Terré Jeune, Restaurateur; house noted for Spanish dishes, and for good wines, and more especially for the Marseilles dish, 'Bouillabaisse.'" Those curious as to its exact ingredients will find them enumerated in Larousse's Dictionary—some of them so scarce as to require a journey to Marseilles itself.



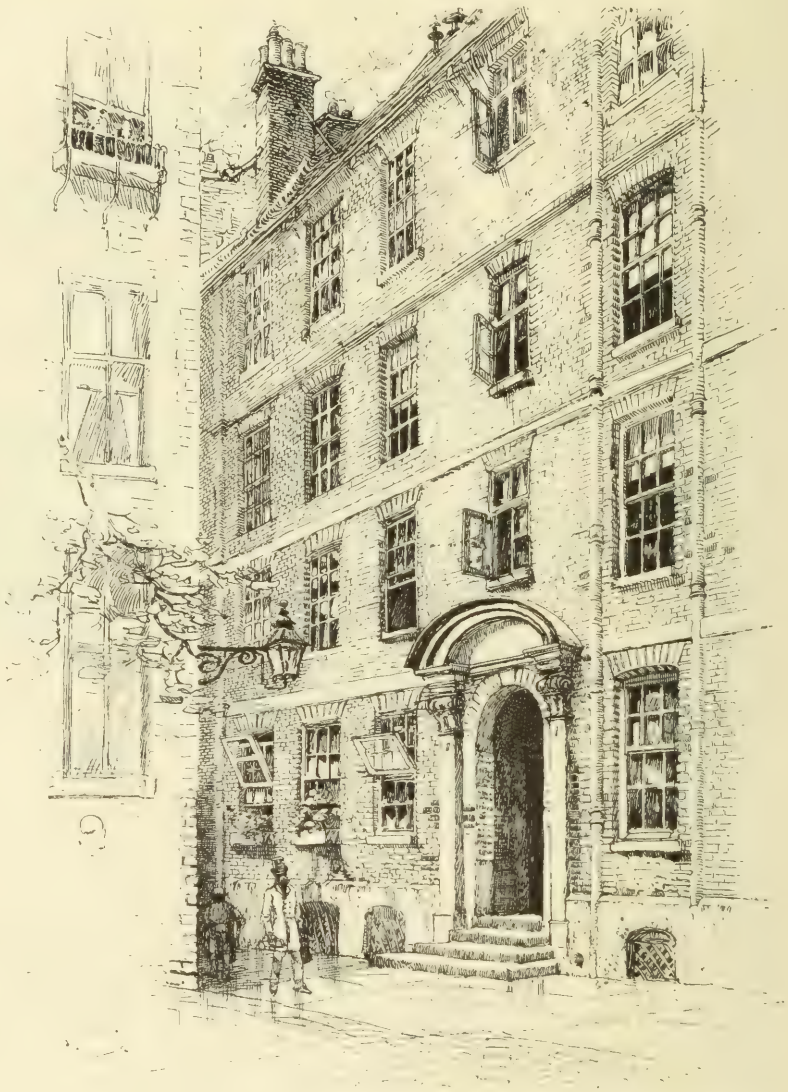
Atelier of Baron Gros, Paris, 1834, in the Court of the Institute of France on the Quay.

Drawn from a print.

Some months passed, when I recollect frequently having the privilege of meeting the gentle and modest wife of Thackeray. She could sketch, too, but the brimming humor of Thackeray's pencil caused us, in boyish selfishness, to look preferably over his shoulders whenever he took a fancy to evolve pictorial drolleries on paper. The *Constitutional* having ceased to exist as a newspaper, and Paris correspondence lapsing in consequence, Thackeray and his wife left for England. They settled again at *No. 18 Albion Street*, Hyde Park, for a brief while (p. 76). Here, it may be mentioned, was born Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, their eldest daughter. The unpretending household has therefore a double interest as their home, first, and secondly, as the nursery of two generations of romance writers.

Forsaking Tyburnia and leasing a new residence at *No. 13 Great Coram Street*, Brunswick Square (p. 74), Thackeray found himself anchored in London for about four years. My visit there in the early years of 1839 was one of the delights of this boyish time. He had ample store of portfolios full of sketches made in Paris, and would, to my great amusement, send me whichever I chose to carry off and copy. I had come to stay

with Andrew Doyle, of the *Morning Chronicle*, afterward its editor, who kindly asked me over to see London life. With Doyle I used to spend some pleasant moments at the prandial hour here; Mrs. Thackeray having our welfare at heart, was quite delightful at her own fireside. Thackeray talked of possible contributions of his own to the *Chronicle*, at that time a power in the land, under Black's editorship. But the sentences which caught my juvenile ear were Thackeray's noble acknowledgment of the great powers of "Boz," whose *nom de plume* covered the walls of London at that time. Without acerbity, but as plain matter-of-fact, Thackeray added plaintively, "he sells thousands of copies to my small hundreds." If the remembrance of the past is connected with the sprightly, cheerful time I now speak of, the present aspect of it causes a melancholy revulsion of feeling. In former days John, the red-breeched butler, used to usher you to warm welcome and good cheer; he was the old retainer of whom so much has been said, who found a niche in a vignette of Pendennis, where he is seen hugging a basket of Madeira with a grin suggestive of mirth to come. He opened the parlor door, which has a gentle elliptical turn just to avoid the angle of the room. There it is to this day. The house now is parcelled out into lodgings, the door has a weather-worn aspect, the area is full of waifs blown in by the gusts and not removed, even the railing requires adventitious sustenance of wire ties. As I sit on the stairs sketching the hall I ask the friendly interlocutor looking over me the cause of the general aspect of decrepitude of this tenement and that of its companions. He answers that a murder next door, about twenty years ago, has acted as a spell on the place, which has not survived the ban. This brings back to one the wonderful description Thackeray has given in *Fraser* of the night spent in this very house in July, 1840, as he tossed on his pillow, thinking all night of the wretch Courvoisier, the Swiss valet, whose exit is described in "Going to see a Man Hanged."



Taprell's Chambers, No. 1 Hare Court, Temple, where Thackeray studied law in 1832.

Of course the lodging-houses of *Margate* (p. 77), whither Thackeray went in the later summer months of 1840 in search of fresh air, are delightful when peopled with the vivacious characters which have been assembled in the wonderful "Shabby Genteel Story," written there at this time. Here, therefore, the characteristic appearance of one out of numberless specimens

of the same type and construction may suffice. But how vapid they look! In the absence of Fitch, the *h*-dropping painter, we get so fond of, in spite of this blank in his vocabulary, or the widow Carrickfergus, Thackeray's lodgings are untraceable—they may be demolished—as is also the little arbor, three miles out, where he ensconced himself to write his review of Fielding's works, which appeared in *The Times*.

For reasons which need not here be told, as they are well known, the family home was now broken up, and Thackeray spent the coming winter months of 1840 in Paris. He used to stroll into the Louvre, where I often saw him, although he had dropped the pencil and brush, for mere copying purposes, in this year. At the close of it came the exciting time causing much preliminary speculation, when the remains of Napoleon I. were brought back to Paris. Of course every one has read the stirring account Thackeray gave of this "Second Funeral of Napoleon." The small sale of that effusion, which was coupled with the "Chronicle of the Drum," was always to me a matter of surprise; as great as my wonderment, on seeing an original copy of its first edition, to discover it only measured 4 by 6½ inches. On this famous 19th December I did not accompany him to the interior of the Invalides church, but I stood on one of the numerous sloping platforms, to which you were admitted by privileged tickets. They commanded a full view of the line of procession from the Quai to the church itself. Two salient facts dominate his graphic description of the pageant—first, the intensity of the cold inside the noble fane; and the mastery of hunger over the usual proprieties in a church. The cold I can vouch for, as I felt it when pinned motionless for such a length of time in the open air. My companion had the laudable foresight to carry a mysterious handbag with him from the Hôtel Mirabeau (the "Mirabew" of James Delapluche), which was a source of speculation as to its contents all that morning. But at the appointed time he told me to squat down on the floor, upon which he spread and carved a chicken; that, and a gulp of sherry from a flask, made us objects which no doubt would have been coupled with the groups



Interior of Taprell's Chambers, No. 1 Hare Court, Temple.

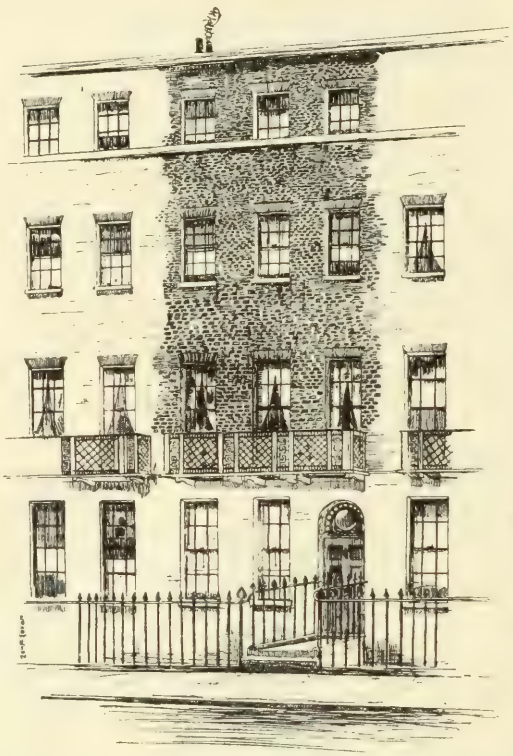
of hungry soldiery, emptying their pouches of provender, as chronicled in Thackeray's letters to Miss Smith on the same occasion.

Thus fortified, in spite of deprecatory glances from less fortunate wights near us, we presently saw a general stir in the crowd, and heard cries of "Vive la Vieille Garde;" Polish lancers, Roustam, Napoleon's Mameluke orderly, who had survived for the occasion, naval and military dignitaries, kept filing between the rows of National Guards, till at last the beflagged monument of gold and velvet, the catafalque, topped by the Napoleonic sarcophagus, came in sight, and as soon had passed out of view, as it was brought into the church, there to join the remains of the other great French warrior, Marshal Turenne.

At four the whole pageant was over, and the dispersing crowds gave way to mingled admiration and jeering comments at the life-sized plaster-casts of imperial heroes lining the road of march, some sculptors having nearly come up to the occasion, others the reverse. Of the whole series, as far as memory serves, only one figure, the dominant one of that day, the bronze effigy of Napoleon I., by Baron Bosio, has been preserved to us. It stood at the end of the Invalides esplanade, and a short time afterward was hoisted up to the top of the column on the Boulogne cliffs.

The veteran whose achievements dwell uppermost in the memory of English sojourners at Boulogne is Colonel Newcome. Thackeray, while evolving his noble figure in his mind, dwelt in an old château called *Brequerecque*, which lies on the outskirts of the town, pleasantly nestled in trees and shrubberies, and surrounded by a wall high enough to screen it from the gaze of the profane public without (p. 77). The resources of the furnishing part of it seem to have been somewhat scanty, as Thackeray complained, when paying a visit to Dickens, living the same year at the Villa du Camp de Droite—close to Napoleon's Column, that the landlord, a baron, had only allowed one milk-jug as sufficient crockery for the whole establishment.

Like Pendennis, Thackeray used to make the *Hôtel des Bains* his head-quarters (p. 78). He liked to peer out from any one of its fifty windows looking toward the bustling Quai, watching the groups of fishing folk, wistfully looking at the smoking steamer's funnels, and packing up his traps, would go off to his equally liked quarters at the Folkestone "Pavilion." The latter had the great advantage of being so near his home; he could go and return, interview his publisher, revise his proofs, and then seek the restful nook over placid seas once more.



Thackeray's Residence at No. 13 Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, from 1837 to 1841.

In 1842 Thackeray went to Ireland. His book is still an admirable guide to the Emerald Isle, affording at once a helping descriptive comment by a shrewd observer on places seen, and a means of testing the great improvements which have taken place during the lapse of half a century.



Entrance Hall of House at No. 13 Great Coram Street.

We take the train to Belfast, and without stopping go on to *Newtown - Limavaddy*, and the first anxious search is to find the home of "Peg," the humble bait-house immortalized by Thackeray. Here is the cheery interior with the simmering pot of murphies, and the indwellers, as the wonderful verses described—drawn by him who pens these lines, who can only record his delight at the discovery of this country tap-room quite unchanged (p. 68).



Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris, A.D. 1836.

Thackeray, in the "Sketch-Book," revels in the beauties of Glengariff. Here is the etching of the cheery *Eccles's Hotel*. The views from the windows are a delight, as you look out on the island-dotted bay (p. 78).

Thackeray's footsteps bring us to his next book of travels, in the East. Whilst writing its finishing chapters, on his way homeward, at Rome, Thackeray wrote his ballad "The Three Sailors of Bristol City," to be found in Mr. Samuel Bevan's discursive "Sand and Canvas." That author sent Thackeray a rough copy of these verses, asking permission to publish them in his book. With his astonishing *bonhommie* and anxiety to humor a friend's wish, Titmarsh consented, repairing the vocabulary where faulty, and making a present of what is the gem of that work. This was not done without a feeling of compunction, as may be gathered from an exclamation of his, blurted out to me to this effect: "He might just as well have let me publish the verses myself, when I should have pocketed the fiver, to which I felt entitled." The generosity was genuine; the lament whispered in mock gravity.

Not liking to perform the slow task of transferring his intended illustrations of Eastern life, which were to be woven with the text, on to the wood-blocks for the cuts, he confided the task to me. I used to go early in the morning, and to work away under his directions in his Jermyn Street lodgings. I had nearly finished the whole set, when a sudden happy thought struck the author; he would have his own portrait drawn to be placed upon the book cover. He pulled out from a drawer a bright new costume he had purchased at Cairo, and soon appeared in full Oriental garb. With the red fez cap and blue tassel on his head, a crimson silk caftan round his body, and sleeves pendent, baggy breeks and red papouche slippers, he ensconced himself on a low divan, grasping a long cherry stick, and crossing his legs sat immovable till I had finished my outline.

Father Prout happening to call, Thackeray, still thus attired, pulled out a portion of his MS., and read out to us "The White Squall." The last lines, expressed with tearful accents, elicited a subdued but sincere, "That'll do," from Mahony.

Soon divesting himself of his grand

Cairo costume, Thackeray asked us to go with him and have a look at his new chambers, which he had just taken at *No. 88 St. James's Street.* We did so, and we found these more spacious, airy, and



Thackeray's House at No. 18 Albion Street, Hyde Park.

brighter than those he was leaving. Mr. Rideing, in his pleasant gossipy pages called "Thackeray's London," has adopted the statement, first made in "Thackerayana," that the house has been pulled down since. This is premature; the house, on the contrary, stands secure enough. The post-office is on the ground floor; men of letters are all over the place, not to mention the immediate vicinity haunted by ghosts of these; next door used to be the St. James's Coffee-House, where Swift wrote his "Stella" correspondence; Gibbon died a few doors off; Hood used to issue from his house in Cleveland Row to go into Club-land, and so the air seems a genial one for wits.

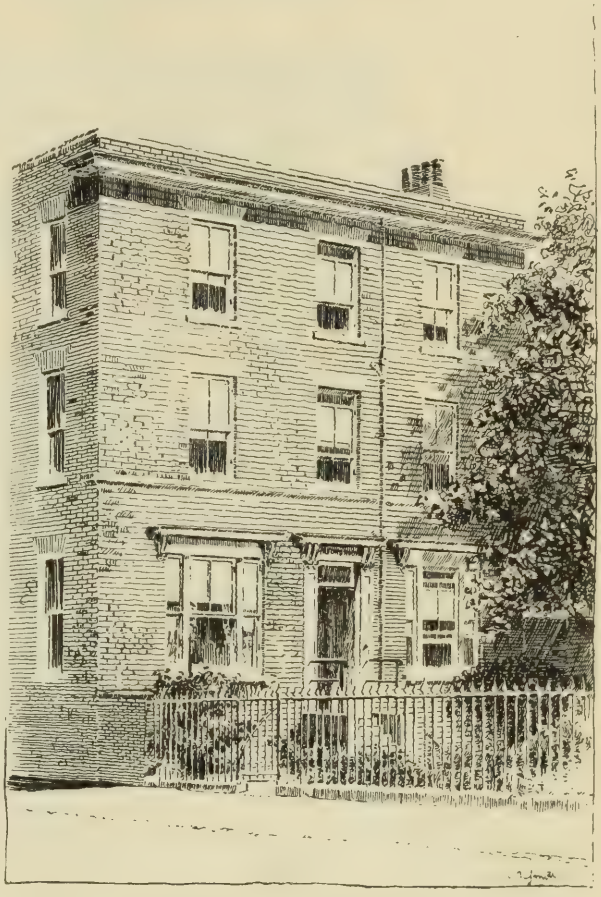
Very quiet and restful were these chambers. Besides original authorship Thackeray undertook the sub-editorial business of the *Examiner*, consisting mainly in scissors' clipping from the daily papers, which then strewed the floor. Here Thackeray wrote his amusing note to Macvey Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, protesting against his too liberal use of the shears when cutting out well-pondered jokes of Titmarshian humor.

Thackeray next removed to *No. 13 Young Street, Kensington* (rechristened now No. 16) (p. 79). His family came over from Paris to keep house for him. His Boston friend, Mr. James T. Fields, has given an amusing account of his first visit to it, when Thackeray playfully told him to go down on his knees, as "Vanity Fair" was written there. My first glimpse of the structure was before this time, on his taking possession and when that famous book was still in embryo. On turning to the left, coming from a walk along the Parks, out of High Street, into Young Street, and suddenly catching sight of the two bulging half-towers which flank the central doorway, he thought the house had the air of a feudal castle, and exclaimed, "I'll have a flagstaff put over the coping of the wall, and I'll hoist a standard up when I'm at home!"

It is needless to describe in detail the interior arrangements of this household. The study has been made the subject of pictorial treatment by Ward, R.A. Some little time back the kindly tenants of the house, Mr. O'Neil, the well-known painter, and his wife, allowed me to renew my old impressions of the place. The first floor bedroom, where Thackeray lay dictating "Esmond" all day, while whiffing his cigar, had been enlarged with the window for a studio; otherwise it was scarcely altered.

I might recall the strange imbroglio caused by an irate gentleman, who fancying a relative had been maligned in some satirical description, sent to Thackeray to come over and settle the business, else he threatened to castigate him publicly. In pursuit of revenge he wrote that he had taken a room opposite, and that he would await his arrival on a certain day and hour. The appointment to meet him was made. On that day Thackeray thought fit to take the precautionary measure of inviting a brawny-armed ar-

tist, Alexander Christie, Head Master of the Edinburgh School of Design, an ever-welcome boon companion, as well as myself, to assist at the meeting so far as to be on the watch for fisticuffs, should matters come to that pass. Presently Thackeray rose up from the dinner-table, armed himself with a small rattan stick, and walked across the street. Christie rapidly divested himself of his coat, tucked up his sleeves revealing, I was glad to note, a good biceps, and looking anxiously out of the front bay-window, squared his elbows and clenched his fists in true pugilistic trim, ready for the signal to rush across. I did the same. After awhile, to our relief, we noticed our host emerging from the doorway unscathed, cool and erect. What had happened? we inquired. He replied that he at first found the gentleman in a state of suppressed fury, thinking some relative of his had been slandered, and he wanted reparation. Thackeray seems to have proved easily the groundlessness of the charge to his opponent's satisfaction. So the matter ended, without indiscreet divulging of any names. In Anthony Trollope's "Life" of our friend, he fastens the incident upon the quaint Hibernian mixing up of Catherine Hayes, the famous singer, with the character of the murderess of the same name whom Thackeray wrote about; but that story, as told by the supposititious Ikey Solomons, Esq., Jr., appeared more than half a dozen years before this time; the solution must be traced to the license often taken by the romance writer, rather than to possible history.



Milford House, Northumberland Road, a Typical Second-rate Margate Lodging and Boarding House. Like home of the Ganns in "Shabby Genteel Story."

Besides works of comparatively slow growth he produced the weekly illustrations for *Punch's* pages, which charm as a rule by their natural ease, suggestive of spontaneous rapid conception. That this was not always the case was once made clear, when at the appointed time for collecting manuscript, the printer's boy was announced and was told to wait in the hall. Thackeray, pacing the room in which the brain-cudgelling was taking place, exclaimed: "Well,



Château de Brequerecque, Boulogne-sur-Mer, where Thackeray lived in 1854.

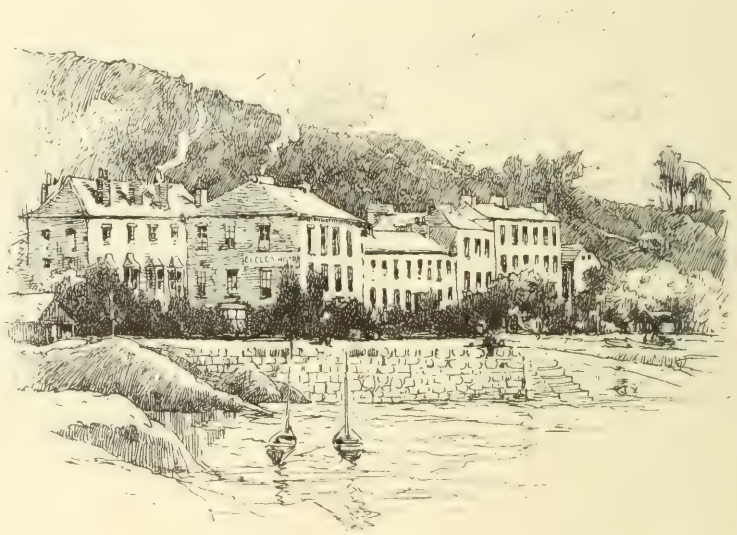
I must be funny in five minutes." With pluck he sat down at his desk and shortly after the printer's devil was off with the needed copy.

"The Snobs of England, by One of Themselves," papers which appeared in the same favorite periodical, were not thrown off with any such perfunctory despatch, and week after week they were clutched at with avidity from February, 1846, to the same month in 1847. When they were completed and were on the point of issue as a separate volume, Thackeray, ever on the alert for an appropriate dedicatory preface, thought of his old friend W. G. Lettsom, whom he had known as Embassy Attaché at Weimar, Munich, and other places. It was, however, owing to earlier association as undergraduate at Cambridge, that he was deemed fit recipient for a dedicatory notice, as Lettsom with Thackeray was one of the writers in the short-lived university paper called *The Snob*. We can imagine the sparkling sentences which would have surged up as a record of that old time. But strange to say the honor was declined, and this spurning of immortality became a personal loss to most people. There is no dedication to the "Book of Snobs" in consequence.

I was in Paris when the first numbers of "Vanity Fair" came out, and like the equally immortal "Pickwick Papers," the preliminary chapters were not accepted with the enthusiasm accorded to the future developments. Toward the closing months, on my return to England, and in rambles in the evening from Young Street, accompanied by Thackeray, and others, the talk was generally not alone about the prodigious success already achieved, but as to the probable *denouement* of the story. It was Thackeray's humor to baffle enterprising inquisitiveness by evolving different lines and modes of winding up the career of Becky, Dobbin, and the others, having doubtless already well settled mentally how they were finally to be allotted their dues. One exceptional instance I remember in which a suggestion was accepted as

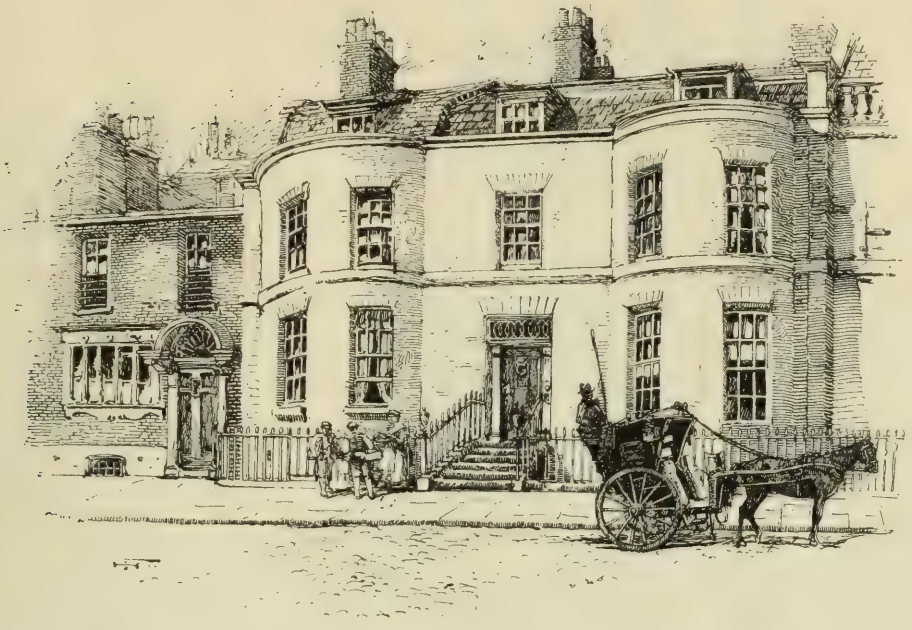


Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne-sur-Mer. Entrance in Rue Victor Hugo.



Eccles's Hotel, Glengariff.

See "Irish Sketch-Book," Chapter IX.



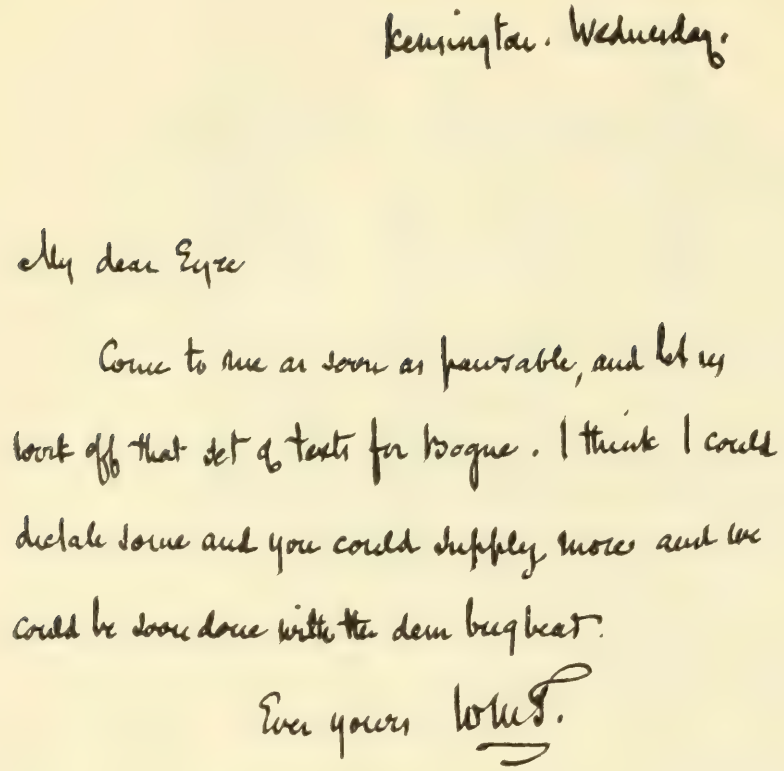
Thackeray's Home at No. 13 Young Street, Kensington, from 1846 to 1853.

valuable. It occurred in June, 1848, one day when Thackeray came at lunch-time to my father's Hampstead house. Torrens McCullagh, happening to be one of the party, said, across the table to Thackeray, "Well, I see you are going to shut up your puppets in their box!" His immediate reply was, "Yes; and, with your permission, I'll work up that simile." How skilfully that chance phrase was worked up in the prefatorial "Before the Curtain," all his readers well know.

About this time—it may be two or three months previous—De Noé, the illustrator of French manners and customs, came over to England, and was hospitably entertained at Young Street. Though I didn't meet him here at this time, he was an old chum at the Delaroche atelier. Like Thackeray, though assiduous for awhile at the class for drawing, he only assimilated enough skill for carrying out his fertile grotesque delineations chiefly in the pages of *Punch's* precursor, the French *Charivari*. His parody of the annual salons was always delightfully comic, and the recipients of his good-humored chaff were the first to join in the laugh.

Quite the opposite in character was M. Louis Marvy, who was welcomed to Thackeray's home at Kensington during his short sojourn, as related in the "Landscape Painters of England," the materials for which he got together here. These were a score of mezzotint etchings executed in the manner known in France as *vernis mou*, in which he was an adept. Thackeray had obtained the permission of noble owners of galleries to single out specimens of English masters from their collections, and when done, offered the prints to a publisher. The latter only consented conditionally on Thackeray himself furnishing the text for them. A severe illness at this critical time laid Thackeray prostrate, and the "Pendennis" monthly issues were stopped for four months by a bilious fever. When he rallied, however, with wonderful powers of recuperation, we were delighted to note that his former vigorous appetite had returned. He even went so far as to declare that the dish of roast-pig with its crackle coating, of which he with relish partook at my father's table, had given the finishing touch to his convalescence.

His first benevolent thought on recovery was to fulfil his contract with the printer, so as to endeavor to help the replenishing of Marvy's coffers. With this object he wrote to me, on November 7, 1849, the following letter:



Kensington. Wednesday.

My dear Eyre

Come to me as soon as pawsable, and let us work off that set of texts for Bogue. I think I could dictate some and you could supply more, and we could be soon done with the dem bugbear.

Ever yours W. M. T.

Come in the earliest morning you can to breakfast; bring the plates with you & let us go to work.

KENSINGTON, Wednesday.

MY DEAR EYRE

Come to me as soon as pawsable, and let us work off that set of texts for Bogue. I think I could dictate some and you could supply more, and we could be soon done with the dem bugbear.

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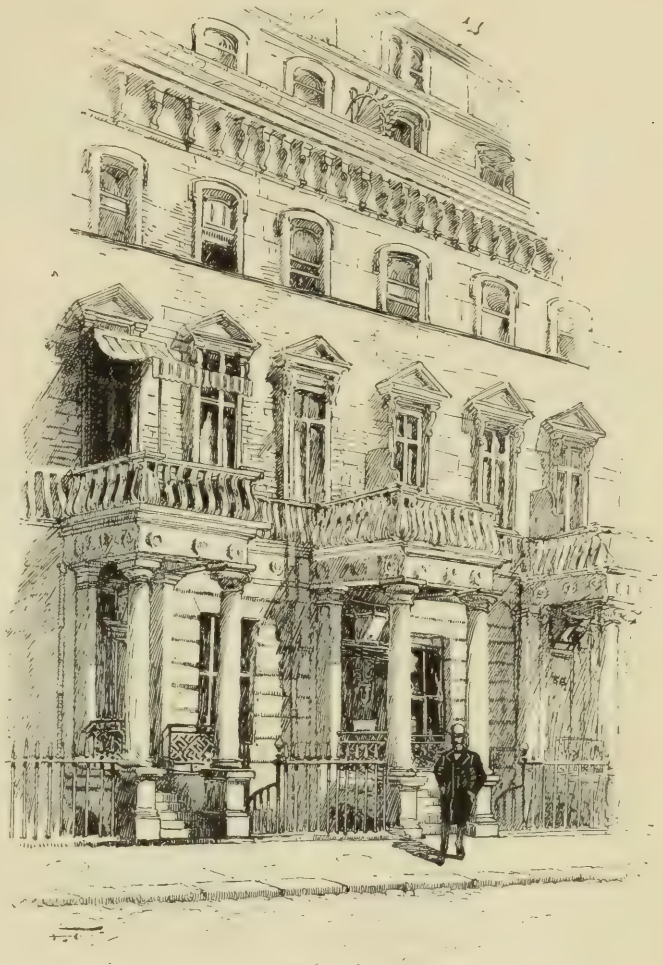
I went next morning as requested. Thackeray began with the first plate, that of Turner (also the most important one), preparing paragraphs full of discriminating phraseology, with a dash of banter at the later phases of the painter's career, which seems to me even now the perfection of a brief summing up of noble qualities, and equal to the subject in hand. As the others followed, it afforded me an opportunity of assisting at the welding operation, by which fragmentary sentences of my own became fluent prose and mere matter of fact was enlivened as if by a magic pen.

When I recently finished my drawing of the Kensington house, I strolled down the well-known street in search of rest in the greenery of Kensington Gardens—a grateful relief to the eyes after dwelling upon the sullen colors of old brick-work. Vast piles have arisen in the neighborhood, forming a medley of stores, houses, and hotels which cater to the wants of the ever-increasing population of the once courtly suburb.

Following this period, *No. 36 Onslow Square*, for ten years or more, was the next of the author's homes; and there, on the second floor, was the study, in which so many well-known tales, essays, romances, lectures, etc., were written. They are all enumerated in Mr. Shepherd's useful Bibliography of the author. The house, with its portico, its balcony, iron framed, even the smaller top windows near the coping, recalls structurally those found in older London squares, which doubtless served as models for these later imitations. A recently published volume, Dr. Shirley's pleasant "Table Talk," tells us of an interview in this "den" with the writer, at that time looking worn and ill. The den, so called, was a most cheerful one; its windows commanded a view of the old avenue of elm-trees. The walls were decked with woodland water-color scenes by his favorite, Mr. Bennett, and quite in a central place was the beautiful mezzo-

tint print of Sir Joshua's "Little Girl in the Snow," a playful terrier and robin redbreast as her companions. As a change he would at times prefer the ground-floor room, and dictate while lounging on an ottoman — too often battling with pain in later days. The little bronze statuette of George IV. on the mantelpiece had the look of an ironical *genius loci*, when the work of hammering out the lectures of the Four Georges was on the anvil.

Connected with these a little digression may be here permissible. He gave these lectures at Cupar, Fife, among other localities. Happening to stroll along one of the principal thoroughfares of that town—Cross Gate—he was tickled at seeing an emblematic picture over the doorway of the "Battle of Waterloo" Inn.



House at No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton.

"What," he exclaims, in his "Small Beer Chronicle," in the *Cornhill Magazine* of July, 1861, "what do you think the sign is? The 'Battle of Waterloo' is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broadsword." Happening to be in Cupar I sketched it, as shown on page 82. Local tradition has it that a veteran Highlander, of the name of Kennedy, Sergeant in the Seventy-ninth Regiment, who survived the slaughter of that day, sat for the portrait here reproduced. He was for many years the Governor of Cupar jail. I was mortified, on seeing the sign at a later date, to find that panel painting altered, as shown in another outline on page 83.

In the year 1861 the firm of Jackson & Graham built for Thackeray the beautiful brick house at *No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington*, which alone of all his homes has the privileged Society of Arts oval commemorative tablet inserted in its wall, announcing that he here lived and died (p. 70). An old house stood on its ground when he purchased the site; but after mature consideration he wisely gave up the notion of patching that up with additions, and instead razed the old walls and built up the new. I recollect with what mingled feelings I trod upon its mortar- and brick-bestrewed floors for the first time; it seemed so much too vast for comfort; and how this impression was reversed, when on its completion he invited friends to a housewarming. These warm admirers had to be divided into two sections, as the rooms, though as yet barely furnished, couldn't hold all the invited guests in one lot. This housewarming took place on February 24 and 25, 1862, when our host's play of the "Wolves and the Lamb" was admirably acted by amateurs, those I recollect being the daughters of Sir Henry Cole, Mrs. Caulfield, Follett-Synge, Quinten Twiss, and Thackeray himself; he, in dumb show, dressed as a pastor blessing the assembled actors

at the close of the performance, which was much applauded. My modest contribution was a painting of Mrs. Milliken as she leans upon her harp, an adaptation from an outline illustration in "Lovel the Widower," the novel founded upon this two-act play afterward.

In this house Thackeray was actually placed astride the two parishes of Westminster and Kensington; the boundary line of both running discreetly into the lawn at the back, where a stone denoting the division has been placed.



John Kennedy, Sergeant in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders. This portrait was the original sign over Waterloo Tavern.

Thackeray was always a great lover of bric-à-brac shops, the glitter of old silver enticing him to look in at the windows; and ample scope was given in this house for gathering together valuables to fill his rooms.

Not satisfied always with the places assigned to his antiquated pottery, it was one of his fitful hobbies to search for fresh nooks to store them in—a glittering vase ornamented with cauliflowers being given special attention. Two Sèvres sauce-boats also were favorites, and were purchased at the sale of his effects, on April 1, 1864, for the South Kensington Museum. A large gilt Italian mirror was purchased at the same time for the museum.

As I look at this handsome dwelling I not only think of the author's noble presence, so soon snatched away after a too brief realization of its comforts. It also keeps alive the fond memory of a sister, Amy, whom he so nobly befriended, who was married from this home to Thackeray's kinsman, Colonel Edward Thackeray, V. C. She succumbed to the trying Indian climate.

Besides his own immediate homes Thackeray, as all know who follow his descriptive peregrinations, sought relaxation in what might be called his second homes, the clubs—of which the Garrick and the Reform Club and the Athenæum were the three principal favorites. The immortal Foker has been singled out as a well-known figure at the first-named one, and others doubtless recognized their photographic likenesses in "Club Snobs;" but the banter was always playful, and added to the popularity of the realistic limner whenever he merely gossiped or dined or joined the evening smoking-groups.

An instance of his kindness of thought, among many, occurs to my mind. Professor Fawcett, not yet M.P., but evidently contemplating a proximate election for some lucky borough, took the initiative step for a



Waterloo Tavern, as described by Thackeray in the "Cornhill Magazine" of July, 1861.

Liberal candidate, and joined the Reform Club. He was sitting solitary at lunch-time, and, in his blindness, only hearing an indistinct hum of voices around him. Thackeray, seeing this, beckoned to Bernal

Osborne, asking him to come and cheer him up. "I don't know him," was the reply; but soon the three notable and quaintly contrasted personalities were to be seen forming an interesting group. On another occasion Thackeray had invited a young friend to dine with him at the Reform, a day or two before departing for India. His guest appeared emerging out of a cab, without a hat, which he considered an encumbrance, and stated he had gone about London all day without head-gear. This amused our host, who grinned and muttered at the end of our repast, "Hatless," as if this would work up as a future character in a novel.

I recall several curious slips of the pen which repeated editions of Thackeray's works have failed to correct. These only prove that he, too, was mortal. An instance may be cited from the "Irish Sketch-Book." In the middle of Stephen's Green stands the equestrian statue thus described in Thackeray's pages: "In the whole of Stephen's Green I think there were not more than two nursery-maids to keep company with the statue of George I., who rides on horseback in the middle of the garden, the horse having its foot up to trot, as if he wanted to go out of town too." Of course Thackeray's remonstrance is here directed at the exclusive shutting up of the gardens. But everybody can now enter, and this enables you to read the inscription on the statue, *Giorgio Secundo*. Why not alter the number in Thackeray's book now that we can do so?



Present Sign over Waterloo Tavern.



Waterloo Tavern as it is To-day.
Drawn from photograph.

On Tuesday, December 21, 1863, Thackeray attended as a mourner at the last rites of a relative, Lady Rodd. He came afterward and sat down, possibly to write words of condolence, at a favorite seat at the writing-table of the Lower Room of the Reform Club. His extreme pallor struck me as unusual with him, as in spite of pain his face seldom appeared bloodless. Thus seen, with his silvery locks, against the sombre array of Parliamentary volumes behind him on the shelves, his noble, massive countenance took on the air of a classical antique bust. For nearly twenty-three years (he having been elected a member in March, 1840) he had often sat down here grasping the pen which was so soon to drop from his hands. Three days after, on the day before Christmas, came the announcement of his death, terrible in its suddenness to those, like myself, who had only his countless benefactions to dwell upon.

A post of honor was afterward assigned, in what is called the "Strangers' Room" of the Reform Club, to an admirable likeness of him done by his friend Samuel Laurence, from studies made

when he was making his famous crayon life-size drawings. This portrait was appropriately placed between busts of two of his distinguished Parliamentary friends, Sir William Molesworth and the Hon. Charles Buller. Immediately beneath is to be seen the accessory, so usual in old days, of a sarcophagus-cellaret — in its empty condition suggestive of bygone festivity and hospitalities of his own, of which this room was often the actual scene.

Stranger's Room, Reform Club, London, showing portrait of Thackeray by Samuel Laurence in 1880, and busts of Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller.



PERVERSENESS

By Rupert Hughes

Voluminously silent was the night:
Then was I mad for song and toil and light.

The day breaks forth like pealing mouths of bells:
And finds me homesick after dreamland fells.

On opportunity my plans are drawn:
When chance looms big—my lazy spirits yawn!

STORY OF A SECOND MATE

By John R. Spears



HE good ship Celestia C., of Bath, one of the old-fashioned clippers whose handsome models, lofty spars, and bright and hardy masters carried the fame of the Stars and Stripes to the uttermost parts of the earth, was lying beside Pier 11, East River, with the lines that held her fast singled up ready to be let go at a moment's warning. A half-dozen stevedores, the remnant of a host that had been at work, were stowing away, in the main hatch, the last barrel of flour and the last packages of merchandise of the general cargo. Her mate, a tall, lean, somewhat humped, but powerful, man, with his moist brown flannel shirt open at the throat, his sleeves rolled above his elbows, and his trousers supported by a stout black leather belt, was at one moment on the rail bawling in hoarse tones to a set of riggers who were bending on the maintopsail and at the next was leaning over the open hatch and expressing the hope that his soul might go to everlasting perdition if there would not be a "purty mess atween decks" once the ship was in deep water and started "some of that ere dunnage adrift."

Alongside the ship was a fat side-wheel tug bringing to, with the intention, plainly, of taking a line whenever any one was ready to pass it over the rail to her—bringing to with the ding and the dong of the flat bell in the engine-room, the snort and puff of escaping steam, and the slapping and chugging of revolving paddle-wheels.

Over on the pier two big truckmen, each on his own huge carrier, were anathematizing each other in loud and sulphurous language because of a difference of opinion as to the right of way and the probability that one of them would be obliged to "smash hell out of the ship's gangway" to the pier before he could drive clear of "the bloody ape what's blockin' the way," while everybody and everything about the whole pier seemed to partake of the stir and life that animated the ship and her immediate vicinity and belongings.

In the midst of it all a brawny, full-bearded, aggressive-looking man, dressed in a white shirt and other shore clothes, came up the companion-way at the rear end of the cabin and walked a step or two out toward the rail. There he stopped, shoved his hands into his trouser's pockets and looked away forward over the deck, where the mate was driving the work. Next he gave a keen glance aloft and then scowled on the blatant teamsters upon the pier. Even a landsman might have guessed from his bearing, as well as from his actions, that this was the master of the ship, Captain Jonathan Vance of Newburyport, as he always wrote his name.

But before he had quite finished his survey of the ship and its surroundings something down the companion-way attracted his attention, and bending over it with a smile, he helped a handsome young lady up to the deck—a young lady who, in spite of her almost girlish beauty, had something in her looks and bearing that suggested the stalwart man by whose side she took her place.

A student of human nature would have found the two most interesting during the next few minutes, for there is a fashion peculiar to seafaring fathers who find themselves, after a long interval, in the presence of grown-up daughters—unexpectedly grown-up daughters, so to speak—and it is a fashion in which there is an alternation of the dictatorial, the deprecatory, and the companionable that can rarely be found in other families.

But this pleasing little comedy was of short duration. The snarl between the trucks on the pier suddenly untangled itself, and then, as if from the midst of it, appeared a young man coming up the slight incline of the ladder to the ship's rail.

He was a well-built youth, but he was light-haired and so nearly smooth-faced—he really had a mustache, if one looked closely—and was in every way so boyish-looking that only a careful observer would have noticed that his chest was lifting his shirt-bosom each time he drew a breath, or that the bend of his arm filled the upper part of his coat-sleeve. His dress was particularly interesting, for it was of stylish cut and of rich material, while a fine Panama hat was on his head, fine kid gloves on his rather large hands, and patent-leather shoes on his particularly small feet. And all this is to say that he was a notable figure in that part of town, though common enough in the fashionable part of Broadway.

Captain Vance's attention was just at that moment directed to the riggers on the topsail-yard, but the daughter, Miss Louisa, was looking down at the pier.

A slight flush came over her face as her eye fell on the young man. Turning to her father, she said :

" My ! this sun's awful hot. My nose is beginning to peel already, isn't it ? Now look and see ; don't tell me it isn't when it is. I'm going to get my parasol, anyhow." And with that she disappeared down the companion-way.

The captain turned from her once more to the topsail-yard, and the youth walked up the ladder and stepped down into the gangway between the rail and that part of the cabin that showed above deck.

The next minute the mate, Mr. Torrington, came ploughing along aft to speak to the captain, and accidentally lurching into the youth, knocked him half over the rail.

" Look alive, boy," he said. " Don't get in a man's way at a time like this," and on he went to the captain. A minute later he was away forward again, and then Captain Vance, who had seen the collision between the two in the gangway, turned and said, in a gruff voice :

" Well, young man ? "

The youth drew an envelope from his pocket and with a civil bearing offered it to the captain, saying :

" I have a letter of introduction to you, sir, that will explain my errand, if you will please read it."

The captain took the envelope, and after a glance at the printed card on one corner drew the sheet from within and read :

DEAR CAPTAIN VANCE : This will introduce to you my young friend, Frank Bickford. He comes to apply to you for the vacant berth on the Celestia C. I am willing to go bail for him.

Very truly yours,
WILLIAM H. ROWLAND,
Managing Owner.

" Um," said the captain. " So you are a friend of Captain Rowland's, are you? "

" He has always been a very good friend to me, sir."

" And you want to go to sea, eh? "

" Yes, sir."

" On account of your health, I suppose ? "

" No, sir. My health is very good."

" So ? Well, you look like you'd just come from some sort of a school. I should think you might do better ashore than slushing around at sea, but that's your own lookout. If you want the berth, you can have it, though I don't remember telling Captain Rowland about it. Steward ! "

The last word was bawled down the companion-way. A moment later a bald-headed man with a diplomatic air came up the companion-way, hastily wiping soap-suds from his hands with the tail of a long white apron.

" Ay, ay, sir," he said, as his head caught the glint of the sunlight.

" Steward," said Captain Vance, " here's a young man from the company's office who wants to make the voyage with us as helper to you and the doctor. Think you can teach him to peel potatoes and stir up a plum-duff ? "

" Ay, sure for it, sir, if he don't put on too many airs," said the steward, with a glance at the youth.

" I beg pardon," said the young man to the captain, " you didn't understand."

" What's that ? Didn't understand what ? "

" Captain Rowland told me you needed a second mate, sir."

The captain turned square around to face the youth, and then he looked him over, with astonishment showing in every move.

" Second mate ? *You ?* Well, *I* am damned," he ejaculated.

The steward snickered and backed quickly down the companion-way. The

young man with his face unchanged looked the captain in the eyes. Just then Mr. Torrington came bowling along aft again, and as he rounded the corner of the cabin Captain Vance said:

"Look a-here, Mr. Torrington, this kid from the office has come down here to apply for the second mate's berth. Now, whatever do you think of that?"

Mr. Torrington looked the youth over with a brief glance.

"Well, sir," he replied, "I think it's time to tell the bo'sun to pipe up the fool-killer. The hatches is on an' the tug's alongside, sir. Blount says his riggers 'll be done agin we're to anchor in the bay, an' can come ashore on the tug if you want to haul out now. That soap-faced Klein has brought the crew—there they are, sir, an' I'll go for'ard an' tally 'em—an' they're the devil's own or that Klein has made a mistake. You can trust him for a liar in all watches."

"All right, Mr. Torrington," said the captain. "Off she goes." Then he turned to the youth, glanced once more at the letter, as if to make sure of what it contained, and said:

"Look me in the eye, Mr. Bickford."

The youth was already doing that, and the captain continued:

"Did Captain Rowland *send* you or did you ask him for this letter?"

"I asked him for the letter."

"Why didn't you come to me first?"

"Because you knew nothing about me."

"Did Captain Rowland tell you anything about me? Did he advise you to look for another berth?"

"He has told me a good many things about you, but he advised me that you could teach any sailor——"

"Did he tell you I was a hard man?"

"He did."

"And do you know what that means?"

The youth did not instantly reply. Instead his eyes partly closed, and his lips were compressed until only a thin red line could be seen in their place.

"I do," he replied, scarcely opening his mouth.

"And you are willing to force yourself into an officer's berth here with a letter from the owner when you haven't enough oakum and tar about you to caulk a butt."

The captain was growing excited.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Vance," said the youth, "I'm no landsman. I have done a man's work aboard ship, as Captain Rowland will tell you, and I've had the advantage of a special course in astronomy and navigation at the best school in Bos——"

"Oh-h. Now we have it," interrupted the captain. "You know your work, eh? Got it at school. You're one of them book-sailors, are you? Got any eye-glasses? You ought to have one—one of the barnacle kind—at least. I suppose you've got your books with you—the 'Epitome,' an' the 'Kedge Anchor,' an' 'Maury's Sailing Directions?'"

The youth did not seem to notice the captain's sarcasm, for he replied as if he expected to make a favorable impression.

"Why, yes, sir. I've bought and read everything printed in English and French on the subject of seamanship and ship-building that I could hear of. There are a couple of works in German I'd like to have, but I don't read that—not yet."

The captain turned away filled with disgust. As a boy of twelve he had fled from a home so poor that he had had no shoes to wear at any season. He could remember when he had gone to the stable in winter to milk the cows and felt grateful because of the warmth he found in the bedding of the cattle. The transition from that home to a life at sea, hard as the sea life was, had brought an increase of comforts. He made boast that he had not had a day's schooling from the time he climbed over a ship's rail. He had taken the hardships of life "butt end to." There was not a rope, or a sail, or a plank, a stanchion, or a spar that he had not learned by contact. He had thumped his way into the forecastle, thumped his way to the top of the forecastle ladder, and then had thumped his way aft into the captain's state-room. If there was any one man in the world that he despised, it was "the owner's pet," who, with fine clothes and "book seamanship," was able to "blow in through the cabin windows." He had been shipmates with them, but not since he was master—not much—but now here was one of them asking for the second mate's berth on the Celestia C., the clipper that for three years had carried

the broom in the Rio Janeiro trade; and he was bound to get it, too, for there was no denying the implied request of the managing owner.

Turning back to the youth, Captain Vance said:

"Young man, Mr. Torrington was right. You can have the berth, but the fool-killer ought to relieve us of the imposition."

II

THERE was a vigor in the northerly breeze that came hustling from over the Jersey hills next morning as the Celestia C. swung uneasily at her anchor off Bedloe's Island — a vigor that, though it was the month of August, made the air seem almost chilly. To some of the crew, who had been for a considerable time on shore before shipping, it seemed chilly, but there was not one of them all but came on deck barefooted and with trousers rolled up when Mr. Torrington routed them out. They all knew very well the task that was before them. If there was any one piece of work about which the mate was more careful than any other, it was the washing of the decks and keeping all parts of the ship clean and sweet.

Nevertheless, Mr. Torrington was in a most disagreeable state of mind as he drove the men to the pump and coupled on the hose and set them scrubbing and sweeping; for he himself must hold the hose-nozzle as he directed the work, when the second mate should have been there to do it.

"No fear of any owner's pet a-showin' up afore they has to," he said to himself. "But jes' wait till he has to! Maybe the Celeschy C.'ll be a soft berth for a fine hair an' maybe it won't. Maybe there'll be suthin' for him to do when he gets here—well most likely. Huh!"

And then there was the crew—as big a lot of blackguards as ever raised the devil on a Black-baller.

They finished it all after two hours of unceasing work, and the mate was watching a man go forward carrying the coil of hose when a Whitehall boat appeared around the stern of a big bark lying not far from the Celestia C.

Mr. Torrington was at the point of telling the cook to "go ahead with the grub forward" when Frank Bickford sprang over the rail, and dropping to the deck, touched his hat and said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Torrington."

The mate cocked his head a bit to one side as he looked at the youth and then returned the salute with a prolonged flourish.

"Ah, *is* it you?" he said. "I'm delighted to see you in such fine fettle, Mr.-er-what's-yer-name? We 'lowed ye'd be here in time fer breakfast, an' so we tarned to 'arly an' got her all washed down fittin' an' proper to receive ye. There isn't a thing left to worry yer mind about—lest it's the baggage you've brought. You've a few Saratogies you'd like histed in, I suppose?"

"I have quite a little dunnage," he said, respectfully, "but I shall be able to hand it all in a trice except one piece, and one of the men can lend me a hand with that, if you please."

He turned toward the group of sailors, and two men, who had not shown any amusement at the mate's remarks, both stepped forward together. Bickford's face lighted the moment he saw them.

"Hello, Nick! Well, Salem! So we're shipmates again, eh? You're partners yet, I suppose? Just pass the end of the royal halyards down to the boat. That old chest of mine's heavier than it was the other voyage."

Both men stepped forward to assist, and just then the captain came up the companion-way and called the mate, who hurried away aft. There he talked busily with the captain for a couple of minutes, when both stopped to gaze with curiosity as they saw Bickford and the sailors hoist a substantial leather trunk over the rail—a trunk that had without doubt cost more than all the other sailor-chests on board put together. Not a word was spoken by either officer at the sight, and in continued silence they saw two large leather valises, a canvas clothes-bag, that had no more of its space filled than would be occupied by oiled clothing, and sea-boots follow the trunk, while last of all came two considerable bundles of books secured with stout leather straps.

"Huh! our fine young gentleman is well found, especially in liter'chure," remarked the mate.

The captain snorted.

"If he don't get the conceit taken out of him inside of a week, then my name's not Jonathan Vance of Newburyport," he said. Then he nodded to the steward, who had come aft to ask if he should ring the breakfast-bell.

A minute later he was sitting at the head of the table in the saloon, with his daughter on his right, the mate at the foot, and the place at the left vacant. As the steward placed a platter of steak before him he looked around at the vacant chair with sour visage and then said:

"Tell Mr. Bickford to put a man on lookout and come away to his breakfast."

By the time the steak had been served young Bickford walked in. He was dressed in "sea togs" now, but they were such "togs" as were rarely seen on a second mate of a "wind jammer"—a fine blue flannel shirt with a wide collar, a pair of fine blue trousers to match, and a flowing silk handkerchief knotted loosely under the collar, which opened low in front, showing a depth of chest surprising in one whose figure was on the whole so slender. Over all was a loose silk house-coat, which had, of course, been put on for wear at the table only.

The eyes of the mate fell on the coat first of all, because he had come to the table in his shirt-sleeves, forgetting entirely that the proprieties demanded, since there was a lady on board, that he wear a coat. He at once concluded that Bickford had put on an extra fine coat for the sole purpose of emphasizing the absence of any such garment on his superior officer.

Before taking his seat Bickford bowed formally to those at the table. Miss Vance bowed without a change of face. The captain frowned slightly, but neither spoke nor bowed, while the mate relieved his feelings by bolting a piece of steak twice as large as he usually put in his mouth.

Thereafter the meal went on in silence, the men all eating rapidly, and it was soon over. The mate finished first. Pushing back his chair, he glanced at the clock and slammed out on deck. The captain leaned back in his chair with a toothpick in his mouth, while he cut the tip from a cigar with a table-knife. Then the mate came to the companion-way and said:

"Pilot coming alongside, sir."

The captain went hastily on deck at that, leaving the young lady and the second mate alone together. Their eyes met in an instant.

"What possessed you that you should come aboard here? You said you should not sail any more when I saw you last," said the girl, speaking as if vexed.

"Why, I learned that you were coming and so——"

"What nonsense! You'll wish you hadn't, soon enough—you wish so now, I guess, if you own up. And if you must come, how perfectly absurd to come dressed as you did. And you never said a word about your experience. Father and Mr. Torrington perfectly despise you now."

"I know, but they'd be overbearing to me, no matter what I said, until I showed them what I could do. Please——"

"And then there's the crew—father says they're all brutes, while you're only a boy beside them."

Bickford smiled faintly.

"Ship captains always say that, Miss Louisa. I shall get on much easier with the forecastle than with the cabin, but——"

"Well, I don't care (with increasing vexation); you had no business to come where *nobody* wanted you."

Bickford looked up appealingly.

"Miss Louisa, please——"

At that moment Captain Vance came down the companion-way. Bickford was draining a coffee-pot, but the captain saw that he had been talking to the young lady.

"What are you sojerin' here for?" he asked in a burst of temper. "D'ye think ye can shirk work as well as sneak in at the cabin windows? Get away for'ard and tell Mr. Torrington to get the anchor. And here—come back here—I want you to understand that while you're able to get yer berth by owner's influence, yer influence stops at that, an' I'm not goin' to have any namby-pamby a-speakin' to my darter, or to me either, except it's in the line of duty. You may be stylish society on shore, but you'll think yer scum aboard ship before I get through workin' of ye up. Now, get out of this."

The young lady had fled to her stateroom the moment her father appeared. Bickford, who had bowed and started forward at the first word, stopped when or-

dered to do so, gazing steadily at the floor the while, and then bowing, said, in a steady voice :

" Certainly, sir ; you will find me cheerfully obeying orders in every respect." And with that he ran forward with the word to Mr. Torrington.

III

Of all the work that fell to the lot of the man before the mast in the day of sailing-ships there was nothing so tedious as the tasks of pumping out the water from a leaking ship and getting the anchor when about to leave port. It was up and down, with all of one's strength at the end of a brake—up and down, with the hands at one moment far above the head and at the next down to the knees—up and down, while the windlass pawls fell monotonously into place, clip-clap, clip-clap, clip-clap, and every muscle was overstrained, and the back seemed breaking, and the forecastle and rigging swam before the eyes from the utter exhaustion and aggravation of it all.

But bad as it was under any circumstances, it was many times harder on the men when they had just come aboard ship, suffering from the after-effects of dissipation, as were most of the crew of the Celestia C. For the captain had selected a crew of men who were big and tough in more senses than one, and probably not less than half of them who answered the mate's bawling cry of " All hands up anchor " grasped the brake with hands that fairly trembled because of nervous weakness. Plain fare and regular diet would indeed tune those muscles in a few days, but now every stroke of the brake brought distress.

For a minute or two the brakes pumped up and down regularly, if slowly, and then the pace slackened perceptibly.

" Shake 'er up there," bawled the mate, turning in his place on the rail above the hawse pipe, where he could see the chain drag in link by link. " Shake 'er up. What the——"

The rest of the question was lost in the clip-clap of the pawls as the men spurted at the brakes. Once more the mate looked down at the chain and for a couple of minutes said nothing. Then with sullen looks, deepening into scowls, and on one or two occasions with lips turning white and eyes watering, the men let the pace slacken down slower than ever.

Instantly Mr. Torrington sprang to his feet. The " lazy dogs " must have their first lesson in the discipline of the Celestia C. sooner or later, and he'd just give it to them—with a wooden belaying pin, the handy and ever-present " billy " of the sailing-ship. He picked the pin from the deck as he jumped to his feet, but before he could make a single step toward the loitering crew a well-trained tenor voice broke into the strains of the old familiar windlass chantie :

Old Susan lived in Water Street,
Up and down
In New York town ;
Her smile was broad, her tongue was fleet,
Her nose was redder'n any beet.

Up and down
In New York town ;
Rouse 'er in an' off we go,
We're bound away for Rio.

Mr. Torrington had never sung a line in his life, so he had a feeling of contempt for singers in general. He often remarked that he " never knew a man who c'u'd sing real pretty that was worth a damn for anything else." Any kind of singing was bad enough for a man, but " of all pipin' things on airth there's nothing to ekal one o' them tenors."

The look on Mr. Torrington's face changed from vicious wrath to one of utter disgust as he heard the first line of the song—a disgust that was rendered deeper, were that possible, by the knowledge that Mr. Bickford was the singer. But the men at the brakes—it was worth while making a voyage on an old-time " wind jammer " just to see the effect of a well-sung chantie on a dispirited crew. The first line of cheerful song rang out clear and sweet as a solo, and then with a roar that was heard a mile away down wind, the men joined in the refrain.

Turning back to his post, Mr. Torrington dropped the belaying pin and sat down on the rail.

After a while the cable was up and down, and the mate plunged down among the men, snarling and yapping and sending them flying aloft to loosen the fore-and-aft

sails. Down they came again, three or four imitating the second mate in sliding on a backstay, and flocked hither and yon to halyards and sheets, and with he-yoes and wah-hoos spread the canvas to the breeze.

The clipper began to tug so hard at her cable now that she dragged it slowly over the mud. Captain Vance, from his place on the quarter-deck, put the wheel hard over while Bickford led the men in a run forward once more to the windlass. A new song was started as the men clasped the brakes, the anchor was tripped, and with her jibs rap full and her spanker hanging loose in the brails the Celestia C. swung round on her heel till the great maintopsail swelled out round and firm under the impulse of the northerly breeze, and then the sharp cutwater began to turn the ripples in the long watery trail that led to Rio.

An hour later she was crossing the lower bay with all plain sail set and the tack of the mainsail hauled up to the yard.

Bickford had made the mistake, not uncommon among ambitious and capable youngsters, of letting it be known that he knew what to do next and how to do it regardless of his superior officer. He had, indeed, on two or three occasions all but usurped the prerogative of the mate in giving orders to the men. His offending in this was rapidly rousing the mate's ire to a dangerous point, when in his eagerness to pass a line around the anchor-stock he stepped directly in front of the mate and stumbled over his foot. Torrington swung his fist in an instant.

"Damn yer impudence," he said, "tramp over me, will ye, Miss Nancy?" and struck Bickford a blow that knocked him rolling from the to'gallant to the deck, where he landed with a slump that showed he was unconscious.

"Bully!" said Salem, in a whisper to one of the other men. "When ye see the kid pay that ere back ye'll want to kiss yerself."

IV

The Celestia C. sailed from New York on August 27th with a fair breeze to waft her down the bay and through the old channel, across the bar, and off to sea. For two days the good luck followed her, and then long seas began to come, while the wind fell flat and the big ship rolled, and pitched, and flapped, and roared, and groaned. Hours passed so—five weary hours she wallowed in distress and then came the gale.

Heeling to the blast until the lee chains were buried in the smother and the white bubbling water came spurting in through the scuppers, the Celestia C. fled away on her course. She had rolled and groaned in misery before it came, but now she winged her way, screaming up the long waves and then plunged down again, her bow crashing through the black hollows with a force that drove a rolling white breaker a half-ship's length off either bow.

That was the weather and that was the night to stir the soul of Captain Vance.

"Um, where's that aristocrat of mine? It's his watch," he thought as he paced the deck. Then he walked forward to find the second mate examining the lanyards of the standing rigging to see whether there was any "give" or not; re-coiling running gear that would have to be handled quickly were any sudden increase in the gale to come, and finally going away aloft, just what for Captain Vance did not learn until long after, though it was to see whether the old-fashioned rope topgallant halyards were chafing in the sheave in the mast. Anyway, there was no finding fault with a man who was looking alive in such fashion, and so Captain Vance went back to the quarter-deck to pace to and fro and look the wind in the eye and exult in the wild flight through the driving gale.

That was a night to try the spirit of a sailorman. By midnight the music of the gale had hardened to a whiz that rasped the ear, and it would soon become an ominous roar. When the men came aft to heave the log the vicious jerk given to the man holding the reel as the chip caught in the water well-nigh threw him to the deck, for the ship's speed was undiminished. But now when she plunged into the black hollows between the great waves the thunderous white roller under her bows rose level with the topgallant forecastle deck and she struggled on with every frame and spar quivering. Not even the liveoak from Hatteras—oak that had been nurtured and toughened by Hatteras gales—

could stand that terrific strain for many hours.

Daylight came at last, but so slowly that no dawn in the east was seen. The light was diffused through the murk until the topgallant-sail became visible as the ship drove shuddering on.

"Get in that kite," said the captain to Bickford; and the sail was fisted with a will. For awhile the captain walked the quarter-deck and then went below for a look at the glass. When he came back he said:

"Topmast staysails, Mr. Bickford." The men furled them quickly, and a little later the captain had a look at the glass again, after which he came back and said:

"The jib, Mr. Bickford." That was an ugly job, for the ship was plunging her nose clear under at times. The second mate ran forward and the sail was hauled down, but the wind caught it so that the first plunge dipped it into the boiling foam.

"Come on, bullies," said Bickford, leading the way out on the boom. Three men followed. They got the sail lashed on the spar only after they had all been dipped into the sea repeatedly. Bickford came aft to report.

"Call all hands to shorten sail," said the captain. The hurricane was upon them in its might now, and there was need of haste. Bickford stripped off his useless oilskin coat and trousers and chucked them under the long-boat as he ran forward, and a minute later had the whole crew out, while Mr. Torrington came running forward, bawling out to settle away the foretopsail halyards and haul out the reef tackles.

That was in the days when whole topsails were still in use, and it was a boast of Mr. Torrington that no man had ever beaten him to the weather earring when the captain was on deck to take charge. As the men hauled out the reef tackles Mr. Torrington turned and nodded to the captain to let him know that all was ready for going aloft, and the captain, with his hands to his mouth, trumpet fashion, shouted:

"Lay aloft and close reef!"

Mr. Torrington had purposely taken time by the forelock, and was running for the weather rigging when Bickford leaped to the weather-rail, grasped a backstay and swung himself to a footing on the second ratline, as a circus athlete might have done.

Mr. Torrington, as already said, was one who despised a tenor voice, but never had such a voice filled him with such deep disgust as when, sitting astride the lee yard-arm a few moments later, he saw Frank Bickford pass the weather earring and start the old reefing chorus in a way that could be heard on deck in spite of the gale:

Way hay, hay hay,
To windwar-r-rd, ye bloody-y-y gay-lutes.

He heard the same song from the same disadvantageous position when the main was reefed, too. He thought to have a revenge when it came to furling the foresail.

As the men gathered forward to take in this sail the mate sent his favorite seaman—one who was probably the strongest man in the ship—to the tack, saying:

"Take off all but two turns and stand by."

The mate himself went to the sheet while Bickford led out clew-lines and bunt-lines for the men to man, and the mate was just easing the sheet when Bickford saw that the man at the tack would not be able to hold it fast, as the sail began to jump. With a shout to "hold fast all" he leaped to help the man, but a heavy blast struck the sail, and with a rip and roar as of a great gun the sail split and was blown smoking away from the bolt-ropes.

"What fool's that!" bellowed the mate, grabbing a pump-brake; "I'll larn ye to let go when I say stand by."

He made a rush at the man, but Bickford turned and stepped between the two, saying:

"Hold fast, Mr. Torrington. That was my fault, not his. I should have lent a hand sooner."

In spite of the gale and the work to be done it looked as if a fight were coming. Salem nudged a mate and said: "Now watch out."

"Oh-h, it was you, was it?" said Torrington, in more of a rage than ever. "Well, I'll do the two of ye."

He would have tried it, and this story might have ended there as a result, only that just then for the first time in that gale a great lump of a solid blue wave

flooded over the weather-bow and swept both mates and man, clawing and struggling for their lives, down against the lee fore-rigging.

That stopped the fight. It was such a close call for a half dozen—they were so near going overboard—that they finished their work and the mate went aft.

A little later the breakfast-bell rang. She was snug enough now to suit the captain, and both he and the mate went down to eat. What the mate said at the table was never revealed, but when Bickford came down the captain was looking very sour, and his face did not brighten even when Miss Louisa came to the table. Instead he scowled all the fiercer on Bickford and said :

" Mr. Bickford, I've logged ye for losin' the fores'l. It's a good chance for ye that ye didn't try to lie out of it, as I expected ye to do, for in that case ye'd gone for'ard. Now ye know where yer berth 'll be next time yer book larnin' fails ye."

Then, forgetting that he was leaving Bickford alone with the girl, he slammed up the companion-way to the deck.

The girl looked up with flashing eyes.

" Have you no spirit that you must let them impose on you ? " she asked.

Bickford drew his hand across his forehead, and, with his eyes on his plate, said :

" The only way to stop it is to thrash someone, and I never struck a man in my life except in self-defence. I *must* wait."

The girl's mouth twitched with vexation as she rose from the table :

" That is a good excuse to tell a girl," she said, " but it looks to me as if you were a coward."

V

Two days later and during the forenoon watch the mate, who had the deck and was working around the forecastle, saw, as he happened to look off over the lee bow, what seemed to be the stump of a broken ship's topmast that at the instant seemed to be projecting a few feet above the water two miles or so away. A moment later, however, the spar began to rise and then a great wave lifted into view a wreck lying so low in the water that the waves were making a clean sweep over all but the forecastle deck. Only the one mast remained, and that was the foremast, with its broken topmast rising perhaps six feet above the cap. A stump of a mainmast was visible, but abaft that there was no sign of a spar, while the jib-boom had been broken short off at the cap of the bowsprit and disappeared altogether.

For a moment the mate gazed at the sorrowful spectacle, and then, as she rolled, an American flag fluttered from the after shroud of the weather rigging.

" Great God ! " he ejaculated, turning and leaping to the deck, " there's someone aboard that wreck ; " and away he ran to call the captain.

A minute later both he and the captain were standing at the lee rail aft, watching intently the rise and fall of the wreck as the waves tossed it about.

" That's a hard chance," said the captain, and so it was. The heart of the cyclone had passed and the Celestia C. was braced sharp up on the starboard tack. The wind had lost somewhat of its fury and the rain had ceased to fall, but the ugly cross-sea that was running strained the buoyant clipper almost as hard as had the waves at the height of the hurricane. And yet there was a wreck not only without sail or rudder to help her, but all the after part of the hull was continually under water, while somewhere about her was crouched her crew, or a part of them, staring death in the face, but hoping against hope for help from the Celestia C.

" Keep off for the weather side of the wreck. We cannot lose much time by taking a look," said Captain Vance to the man at the wheel ; and then he and the mate went forward. Word that a wreck was in view with a distress signal flying had been carried to the forecastle and the whole crew were gathered in the wake of the rigging.

As the Celestia C. drew near it was seen that the wreck was a lumber-laden craft, but she was breaking up rapidly, for the sea was strewn with boards and planks and timbers. A little later the captain, looking through his glass, suddenly took it from his eyes and passed it to the mate.

" There's a man in the weather rigging just below the top," he said.

The mate turned the glass on the wreck.

" True for it, sir," he said. " He's

wavin' his ha—Christ! I thought he was gone that lurch. There's no more as I can see, sir."

He passed the glass to the captain again, who took another look at the wreck and then gazed around over the tossing sea and up at the sails of his own ship. Once more he looked at the sea, shifting his weight the while from one foot to the other and back again, and then turned to look at the long-boat carefully lashed over the fore-hatch. He shook his head as his eyes fell on the boat, and he turned once more to look across the waves.

"By the Lord! That's a hard chance. No boat can live in that sea," he said. "But we'll stand by for awhile and see."

They were nearly abreast of the wreck now and well to windward, so they luffed the Celestia C. up to the gale until her only progress was in sagging away before the wind.

For fifteen minutes, perhaps for half an hour, the Celestia C. lay in the wind, drifting slowly toward the wreck. They could see the man in the rigging plainly with the naked eye now. He was clinging fast to a shroud with one hand and swinging his hat with the other, but at intervals the wreck gave such a wild lurch that he threw his arms about the shrouds and held fast for his life.

"God! I can't stand and see that," said Captain Vance. "It's not in natur'. She's breakin' up hand over fist."

The mate looked around at the sea and said nothing, but the captain turned toward the long-boat again.

"It's the best of its kind—it ought to live," said he. "What do you say, Mr. Torrington?"

"She'll never get clear of the ship with this sea," said the mate; "but if ye can get the men to volunteer, I'll take the steerin' oar. I never refused orders, sir," said the mate.

"I'm not ordering anybody to a job like this."

"Well, sir," and here the mate took another look at the wreck, "you don't have to. I'm game to try."

The two turned to the crew.

"Look a-here, bullies. This is a call for volunteers," said the captain. "Are there enough of you willin' to take chances to save that poor devil in the rigging yonder? Mr. Torrington'll handle the steering oar."

Every sailor turned at the captain's words and looked first at him, then at the boat and then at him again, but not a man left his place at the rail. The captain eyed the men keenly and then looked away over the sea.

"Ye can't blame 'em," he said to the mate. "It *is* suicidin' to do it."

During all this time Frank Bickford had been standing on the rail just forward of the rigging with an arm around the swifter. He had watched every move that had been made during the talk about sending a boat, though he had neither spoken a word nor made a move save to turn his head. But the moment the men refused to listen to the appeal he leaped to the deck.

"Here you are, men," he cried; "who'll go with me to the rescue?"

To the utter astonishment of the captain and mate, every man answered with a yell and turned from the rail.

Then on an instant Salem stopped before the captain and said:

"That is, sir, we're ready if so be that *he* has the steerin' oar," and he jerked his head toward the second mate.

"The devil you say," said the captain.

"Ay, that's what I said, sir."

"Well, you're all a pack of blasted fools to trust your lives with that Miss Nancy. He's imposed on you with his books and his other nonsense. But it's your own lookout. Clear away the long-boat an' hump yerselves. There ain't no time to lose."

"Excuse me, captain," said the second mate, "you don't know me as well as a couple of my old shipmates do. If you'll let me have that dory on top of the galley, I'll make shift with two of the crew who are old Banks fishermen."

"All right," said the captain, in a surly voice, and then gave the order to the men.

In a trice the dory was on the deck. Then the second mate ran away to the cabin and returned with a keg and a box that seemed tolerably heavy.

"What the devil have ye there?" asked the captain.

"Water and food," replied Bickford.

"Bound fer the Bermudies, I suppose," said the captain. But Bickford made no reply.

The thwarts were already in place in the dory, the oars were in hand, and the kit from the cabin was stowed quickly. Then the dory was lifted to the rail and her crew of three clambered up—Salem forward at the bow, Bickford at the stern, each balancing himself and bent over, holding fast the dory, while the third man stood just behind Bickford.

For a minute or two neither one made a move, and the crew in silence looked on.

The ship rose slowly against the wind, lifting them far above the water, and Bickford half turned his head to glance aft. He saw that Miss Louisa stood with her head above the companion-way looking toward them. She made no sign of recognition, however, and Bickford instantly looked at his dory again; but if he could have been close enough, he would have seen that the girl was gripping the rail until the blood was driven from her fingers.

Then once more the ship heeled to the wind and sagged down and down till the solid blue water rose almost to his feet.

"Now," said Bickford. The two men lifted the dory from the rail and, placing it in the swelling wave, stepped in, followed by the third, and as the water sank away again the dory floated clear of all and the oars were dropped into place.

A moment later she was drifting and driving away stern first toward the wrecked ship.

VI

Scarcely was the dory out of the way when Captain Vance turned to Mr. Torrington and said:

"Down to leeward."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate. "Wear ship! Jib halyards! Hard up yer hellum!"

With a thunderous flapping the big headsail was hauled up and sheeted aft. The captain meantime had himself eased off the sheet of the close-reefed spanker, and the Celestia C., with many a heave and plunge, turned from the wind and ran away before it to take a position as close in the lee of the wreck as possible.

As soon as she was fairly on this course every eye on board was turned to search for the dory, and a moment later it was seen as buoyant as a cork on the back of a wave that had broken just beyond it. It disappeared directly, but in a moment was seen again, this time on the face of a huge sea, the men bending to the oars in a fierce effort to pass the crest before the supreme moment of danger, but bending in vain, for the next instant the dory disappeared in the bursting, curling white mass of the breaker.

"Christ!" said Captain Vance under his breath; and his daughter, who had gasped at the sight, turned to look at him in astonishment. But she instantly turned to the dory again to find, instead of three men struggling beside an overturned craft, that it was floating, but a little less buoyantly than before, and that the two men were rapidly baling, while the second mate kept its head to windward. Then, as the men began backing water once more to drift it toward the wreck, the distance and the state of the sea served to hide it altogether, and the dory was seen no more until the Celestia C. rounded-to in the wake of the wreck.

The work of heaving-to there had been but just completed when everybody saw the dory just to windward of the wreck's bow. She seemed to be almost beneath the bowsprit, as a wave lifted the wreck into the air, and in imminent danger of becoming entangled in the mass of rigging hanging about the bow.

But Bickford knew what he was doing, for while the two men rowed the dory somewhat farther from the wreck he was seen to be shouting and waving one hand at the man in the rigging. Instantly the man swung himself to the forestay and slid down hand over fist to the knight-heads. For a moment he hesitated and then crawled out over the head of the broken jib-boom to a seat astride at the cap just as a huge wave passed.

The critical moment had come. The dory was just to windward with the second mate watching for the next swell of the sea, but the swell came as a cross-wave, and would not serve. A minute more and another wave arose to windward, piling up so high that the men in the dory swung their oars with all their might to meet it. They passed its crest in safety, but it broke with its whole fury against the bow of the wreck and knocked the unfortunate seaman from his perch and left him swing-

ing by his hands just below the iron strap around the cap.

Then right on the back of this roller came the second mate with his dory, and as the trembling wreck sank into the hollow Bickford dragged the man from his peril and placed him on the bottom of the dory.

A single yell from a man in the waist of the Celestia C. was answered by a chorus of cheers from his mates, but the only comment heard on the quarter-deck was the remark of the captain, who said:

"A fool for luck."

A half-hour later the dory was fair under the lee bow of the Celestia C. A brawny sailor leaped to the ship's rail, and with one leg through the rigging hurled a heaving line across the cockle-shell boat. As it happened the line fell across the shoulder of the rescued sailor, who was sitting in the bottom of the dory with his hands full of the food Bickford had carried along. His back had been hitherto toward the ship; he had been too hungry and too busy eating to look at her, but now he turned his head. Instantly Captain Vance shouted:

"Well, by the Lord! Captain Wagoner! Is it you?"

"Right you are," replied the rescued one, "and safe at last, thanks to you."

A little later he clambered over the rail.

"And that's the Doremus?" said Captain Vance when the greeting was over. Wagoner turned and gazed at the wreck for a full minute without replying, and then very slowly turned his eyes away.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that all that's left of the Darius Doremus. She was more than home to me, and I've lost everything. The crew took to the long-boat after the masts went and she'd sprung a leak, but I couldn't leave her, captain. I'd rather stay with my ship than sneak away in a boat while she was able to float. And I'd sunk with her at last if you hadn't happened along and sent Frank after me. I couldn't ha' hung on much longer."

The two captains made their way to the cabin. They found Miss Louisa sitting at the table. Captain Wagoner looked at her in a half-puzzled way.

"You don't remember her, do you, Captain Wagoner?" said Captain Vance. "It must be nigh onto ten years since you saw her."

"Why it's Loie, as I used to call her," said Captain Wagoner. "Certainly I know her. Miss Louisa, I'm rather certain that it's to your presence on the ship that I owe my rescue. And if you won't mind my saying it, seeing your father is here, why, you've grown into the handsomest young lady I ever saw."

"That's what you used to say to all of us girls at school every time you got home from a voyage," replied Miss Louisa.

"I shall have to go through your slop chest to see if I can't find some togs to fit," Captain Wagoner said to Captain Vance. "Perhaps I can make a trade with Frank. He's about my waist, I guess, though I'm a bit taller."

"Do you know that youngster? Where's he hail from?"

"Why, don't you know who your own second mate is? He's yer owner's nephew. Captain Rowland's sister Melissa married Captain Henry Bickford of Chelsea. Guess you didn't know Captain Henry. I never saw him but once myself, but they say he was determined no son of his should go to sea. He didn't have any sons for several years—just girls only—no offence, Miss Louisa—and then Frank was born, and when he got big enough he was sent off somewhere to school, I don't know where. Anyway, the blood was in the boy, and to sea he must go, in spite of father and mother—fool like the rest of us. First he ran away and went fishing out of Gloucester, and that's where I met him. I never liked him overmuch—one of these softies that would rather sit in some parlor and read than see what fun was going along shore. 'Tain't becomin' in me to find fault with him, though, an' I don't mean to, only he ain't my kind. Did you see him handle that dory? Captain Elias Strong of the Gloucester smack Elsie told me that Bickford, as a boy of eighteen, beat any man on the Banks handling a dory, and after what I see of him this morning I'd believe it, sure pop. When did you leave New York?"

"The 27th. So he's Captain Rowland's nephew, is he? Well, I'd supposed there'd been better blood in him, then."

"Why, what's he done?"

"It's the way he got his berth, for one thing—letter from the owner, ye know. An' then he's a reg'lar coward. Torrington

knocked him galleywest off the fo'castle deck the first day aboard, an' he's been as meachin ever since as a nigger cook."

Captain Wagoner looked astonished as Captain Vance spoke of the second mate as a coward, and seemed about to say something, but he checked himself, and a minute later began describing the doings on his own ship from the time he left Bath, with lumber for Buenos Ayres, until he was rescued, going into the details of the storm and the disaster and the loss of his crew, for he observed that Miss Louisa was listening with marked attention—even with admiration for the captain who stood by the ship when his crew deserted her.

After a little Captain Vance went on deck to look after his ship. He had scarcely gone when the second mate entered the cabin and found Miss Louisa deeply interested in the story of Captain Wagoner. Wagoner turned to thank Bickford once more for the rescue, and while saying some complimentary words noted, with a feeling of satisfaction, that the girl utterly ignored the young officer.

Seeing this, he was at pains to observe what effect it had on Bickford, and was still more pleased to see what he believed to be unmistakable signs of jealousy. Bickford not only flushed slightly as he saw the girl's indifference, but he was decidedly less cordial in his reply to Wagoner's thanks than he had been when they were expressed on the dory.

VII

After the storm had passed the Celestia C. jogged on with varying luck in winds, but there was never a day when she did not make something to the good even in the horse latitudes, while on most of the days she left many a merry dancing league behind her. It was a time of steady work for the crew. For Mr. Torrington was constantly after the men during the day. It was his boast that the sun never shone on his closed eyes, though in all this, of course, there was nothing to excite gossip among the crew, for that is the way of seafaring life.

Even the fact that the second mate was on deck as many hours as Mr. Torrington and was constantly at work when there, although entitled to his watch below, was not mentioned by the men in their talk over their mess-kids. Nevertheless, they found in one feature of the young officer's doings a source of endless comment and speculation.

Up to the time of the rescue of Captain Wagoner from the wreck of the Darius Doremus, Bickford's bearing toward both Captain Vance and Mr. Torrington had been deferential. He had shown every possible disposition to please them while striving at the same time to accomplish as much and as good work as possible. But since the storm had passed away there was a change in his bearing which the quick-witted sailors instantly detected.

It was not that he showed lack of respect; on the contrary, he was rather punctilious in his observances of the forms and customs of ship life. But when in the course of the work there was anything to be done his self-confident manner of giving orders or doing the work himself was not to be overlooked.

"'Tain't that he's carrin' chips on his shoulder," explained his old shipmate Salem. "Nixie. It's his natteral way—I know him of old. He was just gettin' of his bearin's afore."

Mr. Torrington, of course, noticed the change as quickly as any one, and just what to make of it or do about it was more than he knew. He certainly didn't like it, and there was where the crew, who saw that he didn't like it, were started speculating. There was sure to be a conflict between the two officers, and what they were guessing was when and how it would come about.

Meantime Captain Wagoner had been enjoying life as never before at sea. He had found that the clothing which young Bickford put at his service was not only a good enough fit, but was of superior quality. In this he arrayed himself with becoming taste, and then turned to by day to do a deal of useful work. He was an able seaman, and, although Captain Vance protested that the ship's guest ought not to do a foremast hand's work, Wagoner was at it with marlin-spike, and serving mallet, and palm and needle, as occasion offered.

A wide awning had been spread above the top of the cabin and the poop deck, and beneath this the cloths for a new fore-

sail, that Captain Wagoner insisted on making, were measured off and the sewing began. Betimes Captain Vance himself lent a hand, and once the work was well under way Mr. Torrington, who was "a proper hand with the needle," put in a deal of his day watch below upon it.

But what was more interesting still was the fact that the needlework was so far infectious that Miss Louisa brought up a lot of embroidery and, seated in an easy-chair that was secured from slipping, passed not a little time working and chatting with the handsome sailmaker—a condition of affairs well adapted to please him.

Now it happened one morning as the Celestia C. was bowling along with more of a roll than was comfortable for the young lady, who had essayed, sitting as usual, to work under the awning and had been obliged to abandon the task, that Mr. Torrington came around to take a hand in the sewing, as was his wont. Captain Wagoner and Torrington had become very intimate over this work, for they were of like tastes in many matters, even though Captain Wagoner was considerably younger and an abler man.

The two croned away together perhaps for an hour, when Captain Wagoner put his hand into an inner pocket for some purpose, and when he drew it out a small packet, wrapped in waterproof silk, fell to the deck.

There the wind caught it and carried it forward and down to the lee, ripping off the silk-covering the while and promising to hurl it into the sea at every movement.

Both Captain Wagoner and Mr. Torrington leaped in pursuit, but all in vain, for they had been at work on top of the cabin, which stood level with the rail, and the packet was just starting on a last jump that would have carried it across the gangway and over the rail, when Frank Bickford, who had been bending over the end of a new main brace that he was pointing in the lee of the cabin, looked up, saw the package and caught it. As he arose to hand it back to Captain Wagoner the wind once more caught the wrapper and this time revealed the portrait of a handsome young woman with a baby in her arms.

He raised his eyebrows a bit as his eyes fell on the portrait. At that Captain Wagoner chuckled, and taking it from Bickford he showed it for a moment to Mr. Torrington and then re-wrapped it carefully.

Stowing it away in its place, he winked comprehensively at both of the officers, and half-turning back toward his work, said to Torrington:

"The wind has served me a pretty trick, hain't it? I didn't mean to let you or any one else know I was married. I supposed Frank there knew it till I saw his look of surprise, but that didn't worry me any, for I knew he was too much of a sailor to play tattle on a shipmate when there was a bit of gallivanting in hand, even—ahem—even when he was a gettin' cut cold by the same sweetheart. Eh, Frank?"

Salem, who was standing at the wheel, where he could see and hear all this, violently swung an arm and then kissed the back of his hand to attract the attention of some of the other sailors. The moment they had so long expected was at hand.

Bickford straightened up quickly, and both Captain Wagoner and Mr. Torrington, half-seeing his motion out of the corners of their eyes, turned to look at him.

Captain Wagoner's face paled a little instantly, but the color returned to it at once, and laughing half-heartedly, he plucked Mr. Torrington's sleeve.

"*Will* you look at the kid, once?" he said. "I'm blessed if I don't believe the green eyes has got him."

Torrington sneered, and said:

"Huh! To be sure, an' he's goin' to run an' peach on ye, the——"

There he stopped short, for Bickford had leaped to the top of the cabin, and with a light in his eyes that was unmistakable was coming for the two of them. Torrington, who was the nearer, half-crouched and swung his fist, but Bickford with a tiger spring gave him a full-weight blow that knocked him quivering to the deck of the cabin.

There was a howl from forward as the mate fell, and Captain Vance came running up the companion-way, but heedless of everything else, Bickford flashed around, drove his fist straight at the face of the loafer whose thought had insulted the girl, and the blow sent him spinning down the lee to fall headlong in the gangway. For there is no resisting the man whose whole heart is behind his fist.

A wild scene followed. Captain Vance stepped from the gangway just in time to see his second mate leap at Wagoner. Old Salem dropped the wheel and began a sparring pantomime the moment the captain's back was turned. The next instant Captain Vance was clawing his way up to stop the second mate, who, he supposed, had suddenly become insane, and then the inevitable result of dropping the wheel of a weather-helm ship like the Celestia C. attracted his attention. The half-gale from over the quarter was whirling the ship's nose up to the wind with steamer speed, and she would be flat aback in a minute more. Giving one glance aloft, he turned on Salem :

" Hard up there ! " he bawled. " What the hell have you been up to ? " He would have knocked the sailor from the wheel, but for the effect it would have had on the ship. Instead, he ran with a curse to throw off the spanker sheet, and he had almost reached the cleat to which it was belayed when he tripped and fell heavily across the cleat he was reaching for. He was on his feet in an instant and cleared away the rope just in time to save the ship from coming aback. But the work done, he put both his hands to his side, coughed and gasped for breath, and with blood oozing over his lips fell once more to the deck.

VIII

That is about all there is to tell. The mate on recovering consciousness went straight to Bickford with his hand out.

" Ye done it fair an' square, an' I can't do less 'n say I respect ye for it," he said, and that settled the trouble there; but Captain Wagoner was glad to spend the rest of his passage in the forecastle, unnoticed by any one from the cabin except the mate.

As for Captain Vance, he was more affected by the fight than either of those who had engaged in it. He had, first of all, broken a rib by his fall, and for two weeks he lay in his bunk, " well parcelled and sarved," before he felt able to go on deck again. More lasting still was the effect of the fight on his opinion of the second mate. As he said one day some time later to Miss Louisa, who was sitting beside his bunk :

" The cuss has got the makin' of a man in him, after all. *I* never saw such a clean job as he made of them two in all my time. Lord ! It was eight bells with 'em before they could catch a second breath." Here he turned his head a bit for a side-long look at the girl, and then continued :

" Terrible smart, not to tell me you'd knowed him all these years, wasn't you ? But I want you to understand that it was a breach of discipline that wasn't much short of mutiny, an' I'm goin' to have him in irons for it, do you hear, just as soon as the ship can spare him."

Whereat Miss Louisa wrinkled her nose at her father, and then, with a soft light in her eyes, turned to look up at an open port through which came the sweet breath of the tropics, vibrating to the music of one who sang in a tenor voice as he stitched away contentedly on a new foresail that was wellnigh completed.



SHORTENING DAYS

By William Cranston Lawton

I

We had forgotten, dearest, that Summer is so brief.
When the new life is throbbing in every blade and leaf,
When birds are pairing lovers, the white hills turn to green,
When brooks run full and gurgling, their flower-hung banks between,
It seems to us, belovèd, Summer will always stay;
So we forget from year to year: God grant we always may!

II

The first sharp frost has crimsoned the topmost maple-leaves;
The hills lie bare and yellow, the corn is stacked in sheaves;
Weakened by suns of August the languid rivulet flows;
Planning their fall manœuvre we hear the cawing crows;
The chill of change is in the air; we too must flit full soon.
—Between the tear and smile we say—"How quickly 'twill be June!"

III

We could not know, belovèd, that youth would seem so brief;
I fancied I could shield you from every bitterest grief;
But life is full of pain and loss, tho' never of despair:
Your rosy face has deepening lines, there's silver in your hair.
—We shrink not from the touch of change; we say in eager tone:
"How fast our boys are turning men! How tall our girl has grown!"

IV

The graybeards always warned us that mortal life is brief.
—Their eyes were dim, their voices cracked; their words were past belief.
Childhood had been an endless time: old age—how far away!
But fast the ties are breaking: far more are gone than stay.
What then? We fear no breath of change. 'Tis nature's path we fare.
—At worst, long rest and dreamless ease: at best, reunion there!

THE BASHFULNESS OF BODLEY

By Henry Gallup Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART

THOSE who know Bodley do not need to be told that he is bashful, and those who first hear of him now will be of the same opinion.

It is not worth while to go into particulars about his bashfulness. Think of almost any bashful man you know and you will have Bodley. He never spoke first to any woman except his landlady, though he got so that he could reply without embarrassment to remarks addressed to him by some of the middle-aged lady boarders. But the advent of a young and fairly good-looking woman was enough to shut him up like a trap; while once, when Mrs. Prendergast's pretty niece visited her for a week, he took all his dinners at a restaurant on the pretext of being compelled to work late at the office.

But Bodley was no milksop. He could spar, he could sail a boat, and he could swim like a duck. He went on a cruise around Long Island last summer, and one morning they ran into Great South Bay. So the boys put on their bathing-suits and rowed to Fire Island for a dip in the surf. They went in near the life-saving station, out of deference to Bodley, as there were many people of both sexes bathing in front of the hotel. But after awhile his companions led him on, under pretext of a race, to swim up opposite the bathers—though a good way out—and then made for the beach. But they could not induce Bodley to go nearer shore; and after paddling around for awhile he was about to swim back, when his attention was arrested by signs of a great commotion on the beach; people running to and fro and calling in agonized tones. Suddenly he saw a white face rise between him and the land and then sink out of sight.

He was after it like a flash, although he was near enough to see that it belonged to a beautiful, fair-haired girl. Somehow he entirely forgot that he was bashful.

He caught her just as she was going down for the third time; whereupon, in the uncomfortable fashion of drowning people, she convulsively entwined herself about him, so that he was powerless to use hand or foot, and they went down together. It was a critical moment; two lives now instead of one were at stake; time was short and explanations out of the question. There was but one thing to do and Bodley did it. He wrenched his left arm free, and planted it with some force between the lady's eyes. It raised a large lump, but it caused her to release her hold of him, and they began to come up again.

When they arrived at the surface Bodley took breath and a fresh grip and started for shore. He was soon met by the surf-boat and pulled in with his burden, whom he proceeded to resuscitate in the most approved fashion and a perfectly unconscious manner. So vigorous and



And Bodley would take the helm.—Page 102.

skilful was he that by the time shore was reached he was rewarded by signs of returning life.

Once on dry land Bodley took command and quickly had all the available forces and appliances marshalled and at work. There was a human life to be saved and he proposed to save it.

Then, at last, after no end of rubbing and rolling and artificial respiration, the human being gave a quiver and a sigh, and opened her eyes and looked at Bodley, and behold! it was a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with a black-and-blue lump as big as a hen's egg between her eyes, and Bodley fled from her like a startled fawn, or, if there is anything that gets away quicker, like that.

His absence did not cause any surprise, as the people around supposed he had gone to get something for his patient and would return; and in the meantime the too daring young mermaid having recovered sufficiently to be taken to her room, the excitement subsided, and it was not until later in the day that people began to wonder who the mysterious stranger was who seemed to have risen out of the sea to rescue the drowning girl and then to have as mysteriously disappeared.

The heroine of the occasion was especially desirous of meeting and thanking her rescuer, but he could not be found, nor any trace or clew of him. There was no guest at the hotel or cottages answering to his description, nor had any such person arrived or departed that day.

The mystery was as mysterious as any other mystery, yet it failed of its full effect, because it was so very mysterious that many of the people who came to the hotel after it had happened could not be made to believe it, and thought that it was just the stock ghost story without which no summer-resort is complete, and declared that the young woman had never been nearly drowned, and that if she had been, she had never been rescued—and this although she remained until the house closed and was in constant and lively evidence.

In the meantime the conscious and elusive Bodley had sped to the life-saving station, where he joined his companions, who had returned there after their failure to lure him among the bathers, and before they had been noticed from the shore. They had thus entirely missed the accident in which Bodley had taken so prominent a part.

Together they rowed back to the yacht and, at Bodley's suggestion, made sail at once. He said that it was important to get into the Sound before the weather changed.

They were at dinner when they left the hotel well down on their port quarter, but Bodley carried that beautiful, pale face with its halo of golden hair with him all the voyage, and right in the middle of its forehead was an ugly bruise as if made by a man's fist.

And the boys said that they would never ask Bodley to join them in another cruise—unless they couldn't handle a boat any better than they could this year. They said that something seemed to have gotten into Bodley. Something had; it was the memory of that drowning human being who had suddenly turned into a beautiful girl. And he couldn't get it out. Sometimes he wondered if he would ever see her again. Then he would remember how bashful he was, and he would picture how some fellow who didn't love her half so much as he could, but who was not afraid to speak to her, would marry her; and then he would seem very disagreeable to the boys, and they would talk among themselves about putting him ashore. And then the weather would turn nasty, and Bodley would take the helm and they would decide to give him one more chance.

After the cruise Bodley went back to New York, his business, and his boarding-house. His friends hoped that the change would do him good, and so did Bodley. He devoted himself energetically to his work, and even tried to interest himself in his fellow-boarders in the hope of driving out of his mind the thought of the girl he had saved at Fire Island. For her image kept constantly recurring to him, and he was surprised to find that the more strenuously he tried to forget her the easier it seemed to remember her.

He thought of her so much that he was afraid he was going to fall in love



And gazed at her, full in the face.—Page 104.

with her, not realizing that he had done so already, for it seemed futile to fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once, whom he had brutally assaulted then, and whom he probably should never see again. The recollection of that blow made Bodley sick every time he thought of it, and as he thought of it whenever he thought of the girl, and as he thought of her all the time, he came to regard himself as an inhuman monster. Of course he knew that he had done the only thing he could have done under the circumstances, and that his prompt action had saved her life and his own. If the drowning person had been a man, the blow would not have caused Bodley a moment's uneasiness, and if the man had complained afterward, Bodley would have told him he was an idiot, who ought to have been left to drown.

But because it was a girl, and a beautiful girl, and Bodley had fallen in love with her, he could only see that big lump on her forehead and remember that his big knuckles had raised it. After awhile, however, Bodley began to believe he might as well fall in love with a girl whom he had only seen once as with one whom he saw every day, because he would never

dare speak to her anyhow; so he began to believe that it might be as well for him never to see this particular girl again, because even if he ever got to know her, she would never have anything to do with a ruffian like himself. It never occurred to Bodley that a girl who would complain at having her life saved in the most certain, speedy, and, indeed, the only possible manner, would be an idiot who ought to have been left to drown.

But then, as has been stated before, Bodley was in love, and, as has been stated and sufficiently demonstrated, Bodley was bashful.

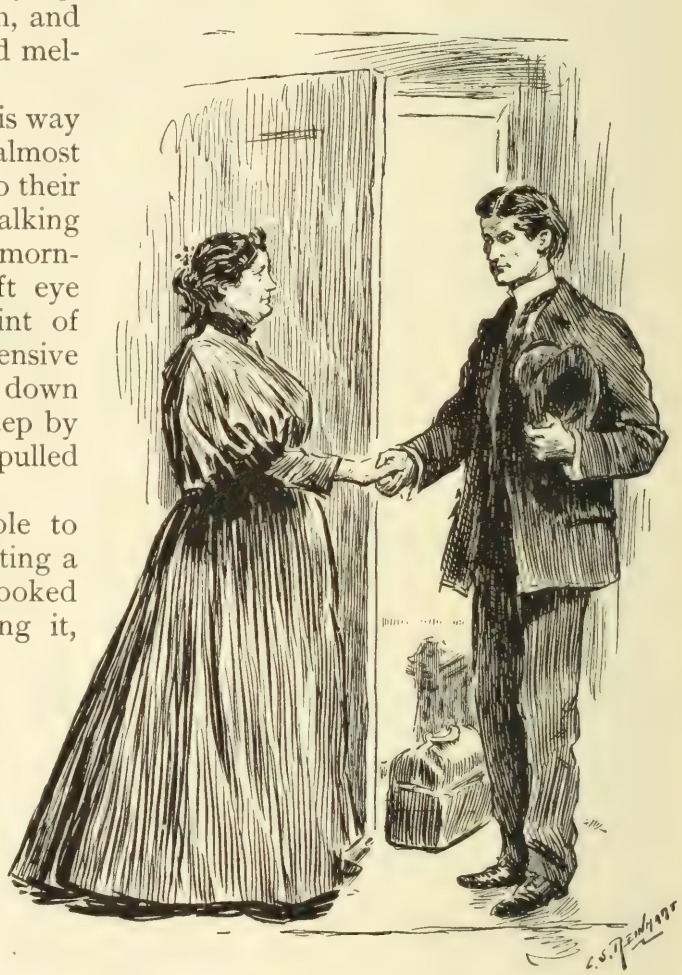
It did seem an awful pity to him, however, that so long as he was fated to fall in love under such circumstances, it must be with a girl who, if she ever thought of him at all, could only do so with loathing. He realized the triteness of the saying, that true love never did run smooth, and composed himself to a life of settled melancholy.

Things had been running on in this way for some time, and Bodley had almost succeeded in adjusting his feelings to their new conditions, when, as he was walking down the front stoop one October morning on his way to business, his left eye was suddenly attracted by the glint of golden hair, and a more comprehensive glance showed him that walking down the stoop of the adjoining house, step by step with him, was the girl he had pulled out of the water at Fire Island.

It seemed so absurdly impossible to him that he thought he must be getting a little crazy on the subject, so he looked again. No, there was no mistaking it, she was the very girl. He instantly withdrew his gaze and looked straight in front of him. Cold shivers ran up his legs and into his body, paralyzing his nerves, so that his brain lost control of his actions, though remaining dimly aware of their results. He was totally unconscious of the fact that he continued walking down the steps, although he felt that he must be, because he could see that he was approaching the level of the sidewalk. Then he began to wonder which way he would turn. His ordinary course would take him past the house next door, and his mental impulse was to turn the other way, but he began to perceive that his legs, though he had lost all sense of their existence, were turning him in the usual direction. Then he began to hope that the girl was going to turn the same way; but no, he could see that she was turning toward him and he was going to meet her face to face.

It was a terrible moment in his life. He did not know whether he should be able to live through it. No one who has not been through a similar experience can really understand what that moment was to a man of Bodley's temperament.

He tried to look away from her in order to avoid the look of contempt and horror and disdain he expected her to cast on him, but his eyes would pay no attention to his will and gazed at her, full



Wrung her hand and fled.—Page 107.

in the face, as his unresponsive legs carried him by her. He walked on for some time in this semi-conscious state, and then, little by little, the numbness

left his body and ran down his legs, and he began to feel the pavement once more under his feet, and his heart, which had been thumping like a trip-hammer, began to resume its normal beats.

Then suddenly two great facts thrust themselves upon his consciousness; the first was that the bruise on her forehead had entirely disappeared! This was not strange when Bodley came to think of it, because it was now three months since he had hit her; but such an impression had the blow made on him that it had never previously occurred to him that she would not carry that black-and-blue lump between her eyes as long as she lived. And he blessed the happy chance that had permitted him to see her once again, so that in the future he could bring up her picture in his mind without that hideous reminder of his cruelty.

The second fact was that she had not only not regarded him with horror and contempt, but that she had not apparently regarded him at all. Not that she hadn't seen him, for he remembered that as she had looked brightly about her, her glance had fallen on him, but without the slightest sign of recognition.

And after Bodley had wondered at this for awhile, he suddenly realized that she had never seen him before! For when he came to put his mind on it he perceived that she could hardly have been sufficiently conscious to notice anything when she opened her eyes for the first time after she had been taken out of the water, and that even if she had really seen him then she could scarcely be expected to recognize him now. And Bodley's heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks, and he walked all the way down town with elastic tread, which made him late at the office; and when he met a member of the firm as he was coming in, he alluded to his tardiness with a jesting remark, and seemed in so bright and pleasant a mood that the member of the firm seriously considered suggesting to him to come late every day if it were going to have so delightful an effect on his spirits. But, being a member of the firm, he did not do it.



He could reply without embarrassment to remarks . . . . of the middle-aged lady boarders.—Page 101.

Bodley floated through the day in a sort of ecstasy, floated home at night, passed the evening looking out of his window thinking happy thoughts, which he could not formulate, and floated to bed and off into dreams in which he was always meeting golden-haired angels at every turn.

Then it was morning and he woke up, took his plunge, and he was on earth again. He began to wonder if he had really seen the girl at all, or if she were not possibly a vision sent to show him the folly of his melancholy and to bring him to a better understanding of himself. Then he remembered that he was not superstitious and that he didn't believe in visions, whereupon he easily persuaded himself that it was not the same girl, but one who greatly resembled her. But he was glad, nevertheless, because his think-

ing it was she had served to clear his mind on many points. So it was with quite his old-time manner that he started off for business after breakfast.

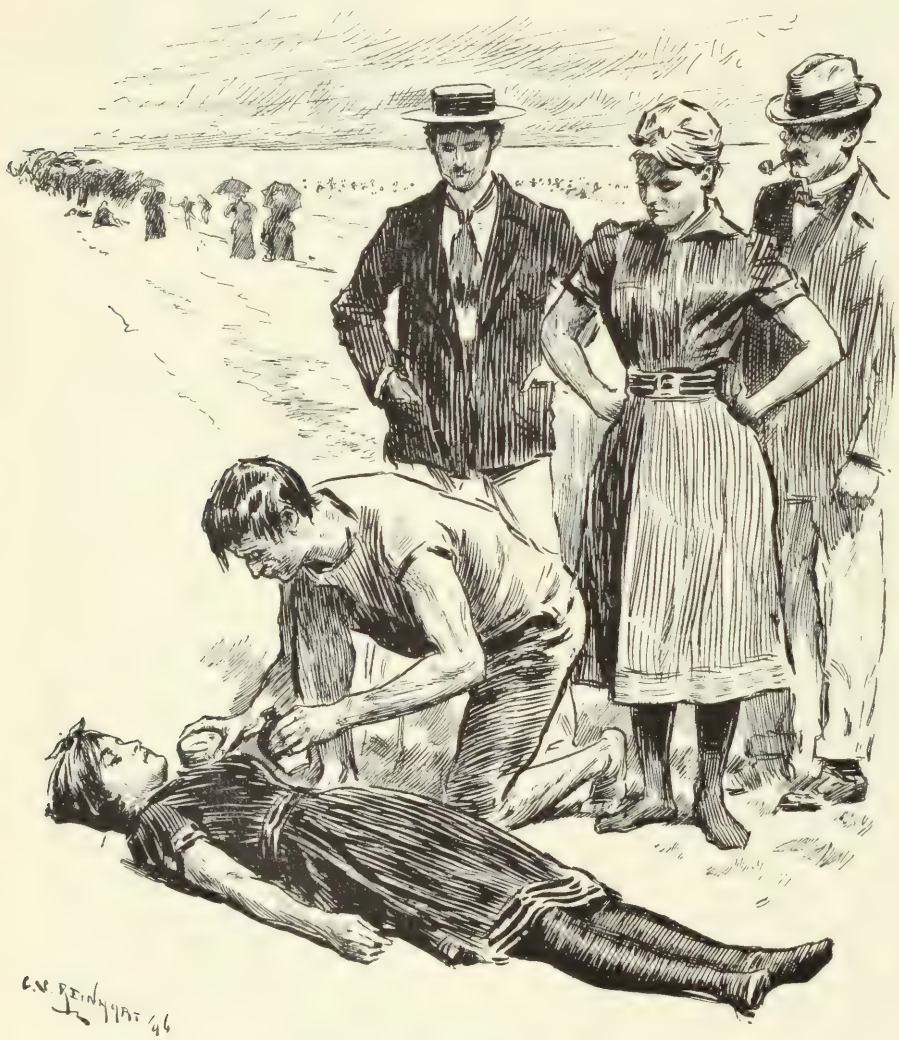
Again he caught the glint of golden hair.

This time she was several steps below him and he could observe her, unobserved himself, as she turned and walked past the house. He experienced no return of his ridiculous tremors of the day before, and was able to watch her closely and critically.

No, he had made no mistake the previous morning. She was undoubtedly the very girl whom he had pulled out of the water. He knew he could not be mistaken in that. He had carried away too vivid an impression ever to forget her. If he had only caught that one first glimpse of her pale face as she sank beneath the water he knew that it would have stayed with him forever.

If she had proved to be some other girl, Bodley would have continued in the normal condition to which he had been restored and would have lived happily ever after; but the fact that the object of his affection—he no longer had any doubt on that subject—was actually living next door to him so disturbed his mental equilibrium that he did not know whether to be glad or sorry. But he was so sorry when he failed to see her the next morning that he knew he was glad.

After this Bodley used to see her quite often—not every day, but several times a week—and the oftener he saw her the gladder he was. He was beginning to consider himself one of the most fortunate beings in the world when it gradually dawned on him how much more fortunate it would have been if she had taken board at the house where he lived instead of going next door. Then he could have seen her many times oftener; in time he might even have come to know her! The very thought made him rush up-stairs to his room and shut the door in a sudden attack of embarrassment. But by and by he became quite accustomed to the idea, and he pictured to himself how, perhaps in time, he might have mustered up courage to speak to her, and to lead the subject up to the dangers of ocean bathing, and to tell of the various ways of saving drowning people, and how, if one grasped you so as to render it impossible to swim with him, the only thing to do was to hit him, so as to render him insensible, and then save



After no end of rubbing.—Page 102.

him, or both would drown. Bodley had armed himself with numerous authorities which he would have cited to back up his case. If he could only get from her an expression of forgiveness for the unknown person who had so maltreated her, he was sure he could ask nothing more, and he cursed the fate that had tantalizingly sent her to the house next door instead of to the house next door to it.

The more he thought of it the more the possibilities of what might have happened widened, until he gasped at his temerity in even thinking of it; but the more he thought the less he gasped, and suddenly an idea struck him.

It was the old one of Mahomet and the Mountain.

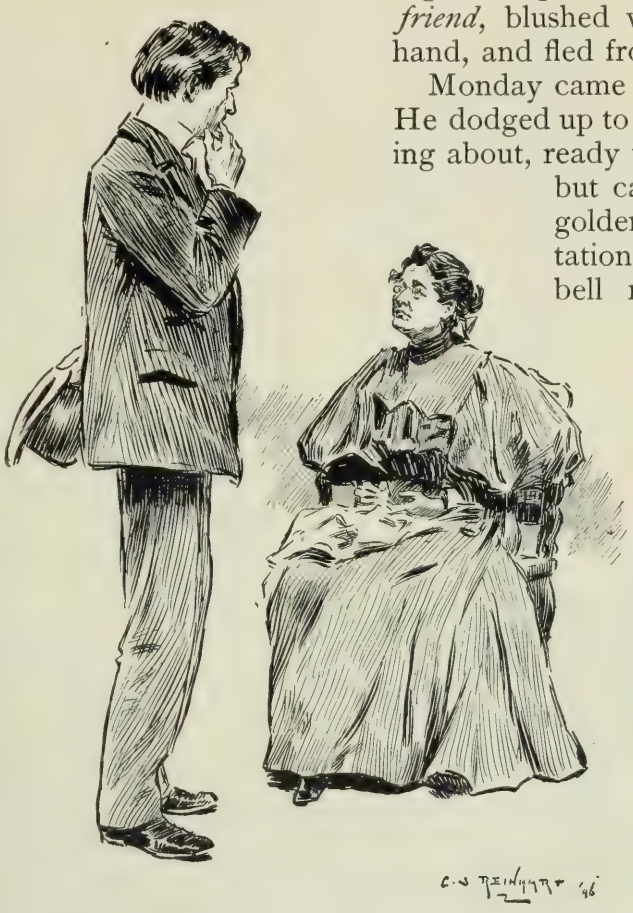
What was there to prevent his taking board at the house next door and bringing all these things to pass?

His bashfulness.

Already he was gasping again.

But in time he grew accustomed even to this idea. It occurred to him that he had been forced to change boarding-places once or twice before, and while the experiences had been trying, he had lived through them, and never before had he any such inducement as this. He resolved to do it.

Once having made up his mind it took him only about a week, in which he passed the house fourteen times, to muster up sufficient courage to ring the bell and to interview the landlady. Yes, she had a nice room that he could have Monday, so Bodley paid a week's board in advance and took it. But when it came to announcing to Mrs. Prendergast his intention of leaving the house where he had lived so long, Bodley almost wished he had been less precipitate. But he made some confused remarks about going to a place where he had a—a *friend*, blushed violently, wrung her hand, and fled from her presence.



"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month?"

Monday came and Bodley moved. He dodged up to his new room, peering about, ready to flee if he should but catch a glimpse of a golden head, and his agitation when the dinner-bell rang would have been something painful to see if there had been anyone to witness it.

He pulled himself together at last and went down and was shown to his place. A hasty glance around showed him, to his infinite relief, that the girl who owed her life to him was not there; and he blessed the happy chance that had taken her somewhere else to dine that evening. It would give him time to accustom himself a little to his new environment before meeting her. He was sorry, however, not to see her at breakfast, and when she again failed to appear at dinner, he began to be alarmed, and when his new landlady asked him if he found his room satisfactory, he ventured to inquire if the young lady—with light hair—whom he had seen—occasionally—coming out of the house—were—were ill.

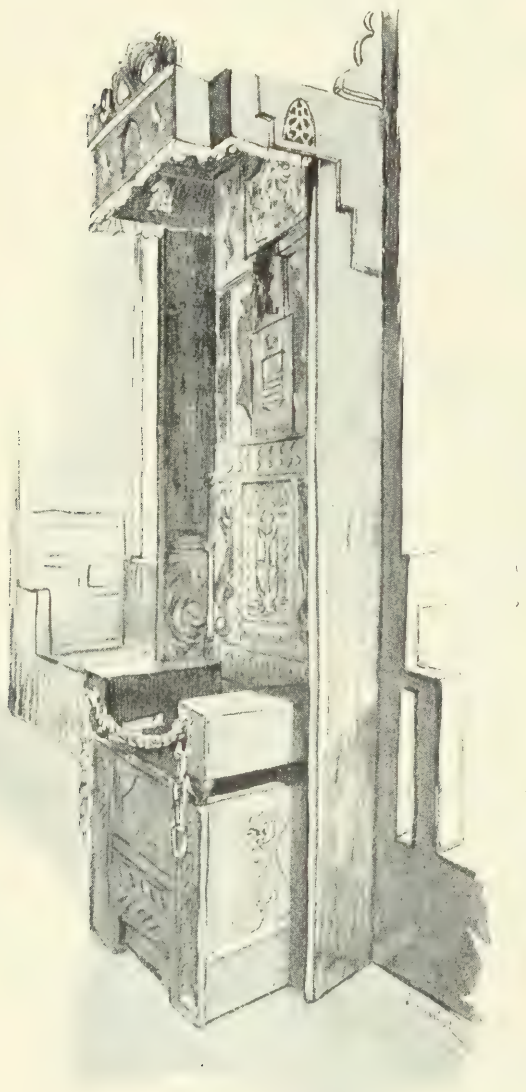
"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month getting her trousseau ready? No. She went back to Detroit Sunday night to get married. Quite a romantic story, too. The gentleman saved her from drowning last summer at Fire Island. And she never knew who it was till somebody introduced them in the fall, after she'd gone home. That's her room you've got."

VICTOR HUGO'S HOME AT GUERNSEY

By G. Jeanniot

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT seems to me extremely difficult to add anything whatever to all that has already been said on the subject of Victor Hugo and his home at Guernsey; but it will be perhaps possible to dwell once more, for the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, on the respect and admiration which take possession of one, when wandering over the celebrated places where the greatest poet of this closing century passed the most glorious years of his life, years glorious alike in their influence upon his character and fame.



The Ancestral Chair in the Dining-room.

It is already several years since I had to make some drawings for the National Edition of his works, which to-day exists complete. My subject was "Les Misérables," and I must confess that until then the only works of Victor Hugo that I knew were "La legende des siècles," "Les travailleurs de la mer," and "L'homme qui rit." The reading of this last work was one of my keenest pleasures, from an artistic point of view. The height of the conception, the firmness and breadth with which the fantastic and the real are mingled, the beauty, the pathos, the sublime eloquence of these pages had filled me with enthusiasm for the genius of their author, and it was with delight that I opened "Les Misérables." I acknowledge, however, that I still prefer "L'homme qui rit." This book remains for me a very rare type of work of art and symbolic power. "Les Misérables" is the *feuilleton* romance of a man of genius, and that accounts for its colossal success; but "L'homme qui rit" is the heart-rending cry of the people trodden under foot, the mournful plaint of humanity the bleeding victim of destiny.

All these admirable works, "Les Contemplations," "La legende des siècles," "William Shakespeare," "Les chansons des rues et des bois," were written off-hand by Victor Hugo, without a single note. He was aided only by the one passion for the good and the beautiful, by his vast intellectual resources, and the inexorable memory characteristic of great workers. I wished to see the place where these masterpieces first saw the light, and the table, a genuine relic, which witnessed their birth into the world. This table, which I have now seen and touched and leaned upon, is a

little movable desk of blackened wood, supported by a rod of iron, and is attached to the wall of a small studio enclosed by glass, which overlooks the town and the sea. Since I have passed whole hours there in solitude, with the remembrance, and, who knows, perhaps even the great soul of the dead poet hovering about me, I no longer pity Victor Hugo because of his exile. Once rid of the annoyance caused by his being successively forbidden to remain either at Bruxelles or Jersey, and once in possession of Hauteville House, with the interior decoration of his home begun, Victor Hugo must never have known ennui. Every artist possesses in himself his own universe, and all complaint and blame and outcry of revolt against a situation full of advantage seems to me to be assuming a pose not wholly unstudied. At Guernsey this genius must have lived very happily; with a brain organized as his was, with such power for work, such health, and such security in his intellectual supremacy, it is impossible that the small extent of his island and the ten square yards of his study could have been even unpleasant to him. On the contrary, it seems as if the expansive power of this volcano

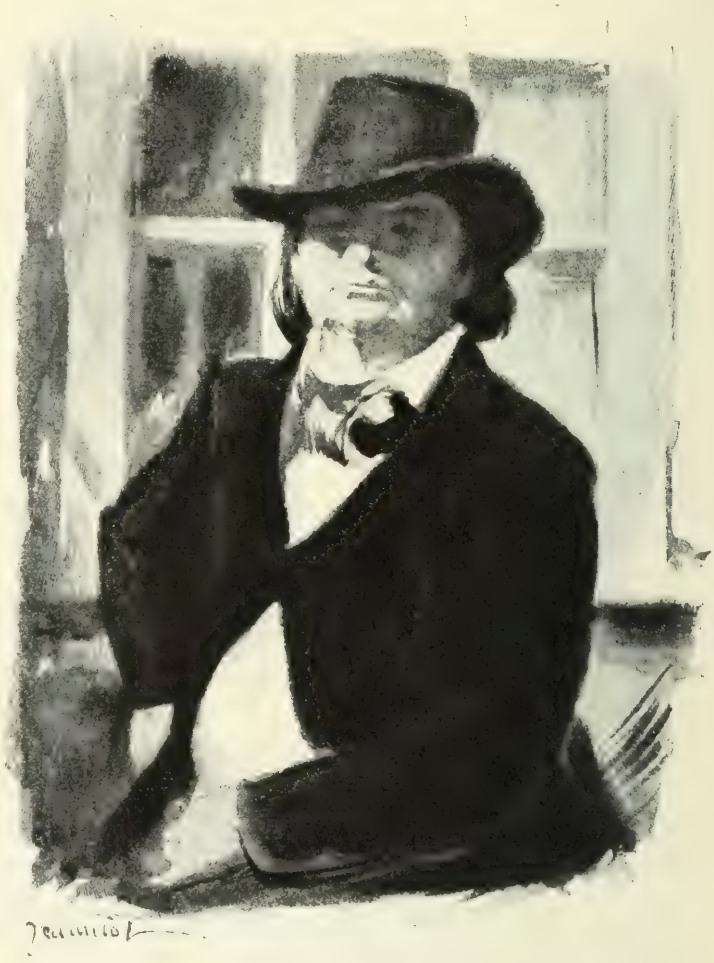


Hauteville House.

had acquired a far greater explosive force by being concentrated in so small a space. And then, seriously, what could be more charming to a lover of liberty than this abode, where the commune, the most powerful germ of the freedom of mankind, is found deep-rooted, unsullied, and living in its fulness. For Jersey and Guernsey have kept their laws, dating from the Middle Ages, their estates, their fiefs, their lords, their constables and bailiffs, and a nobility with duties and privileges. It is related that when the railway was constructed an inhabitant of Jersey discovered that his property had been injured, and on the day of inauguration, not having received justice, he planted himself across the track and cried out, "Help, help, my Prince! I have been wronged!" The train stopped, the case was examined, and the course of the line had to be changed.

Guernsey, during the winter, enjoys the temperature of spring. Thus luxury is added to comfort. The poorest houses there have the neat air of little cottages, and the flowers and shades at every window bear witness to the pure, tranquil lives within. The calm, happy faces of men sure of the morrow are to be seen there—men watching, in confidence and security, the passing of their days. The town is charming in appearance. Auguste Vacquerie, who lived at Hauteville House a long time, where he had his room, describes St. Pierre Port in a few words, thus: "Picture to yourself Caudebec on the shoulders of Honfleur. A gothic church, old narrow streets that are irregular, fantastic, cut by climbing stairways, tumble-down . . . . !" So much for the picturesque and for the broken skyline that is so essential to buoyancy of spirit.

But aside from all these pleasant things,



Victor Hugo in 1854.

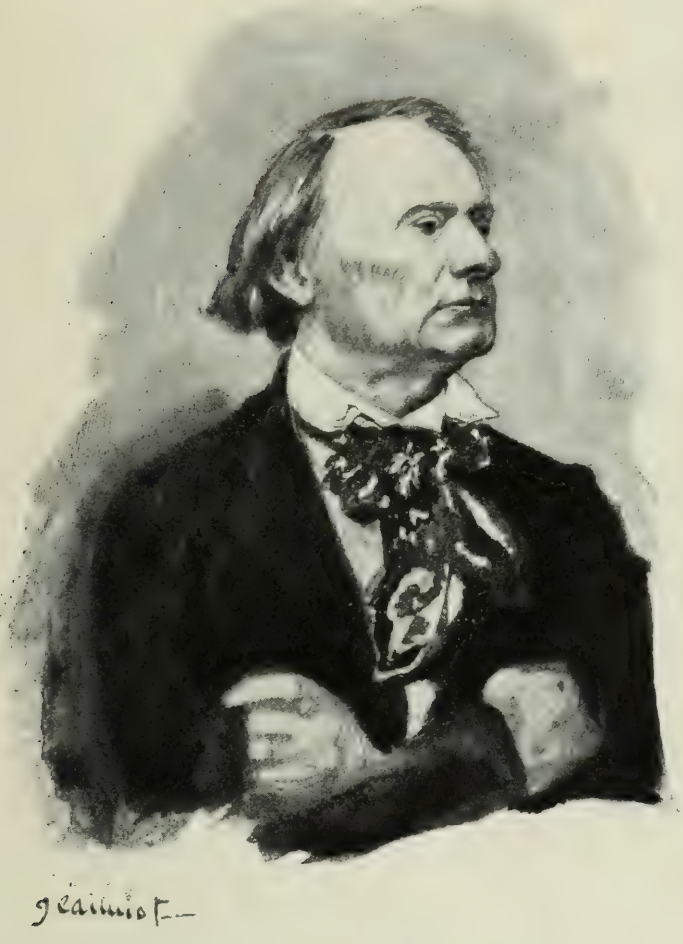
From hitherto unpublished photographs



August Vacquerie in 1856.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

what an inestimable blessing the view of the ocean is to the poet—the ocean, in whose presence man feels his energy and courage increase, and which sends him health and vigor, revery and enthusiasm in a salt breath. It has seemed to me that the mist which envelops all this archipelago of the Channel with a diaphanous halo renders the aërial perspective longer and more mysterious, while it surrounds with silvery vapor the outlines of the cliffs and wharves. This transparent, iridescent spray, falling in shifting showers upon the ever-changing world, must have been a delicious accompaniment to the songs of harmony which a man like Hugo finds in nature. It seems to me that no one at any time has painted the elements as he has. They acquire under his pen a terrible majesty, a splendid existence. The unchained sea, the hideous, dismal grandeur of the tempest, are in so great a degree under his control that the pages where he evokes them move us to real terror. And let us even go so far as to say that he never could have written the wreck of the Matutina, in "L'homme qui rit," and that of the Durande, in "Les travailleurs de la mer," elsewhere than at Guernsey, where, as a father, his heart had been stricken by the terrible catastrophe of Villequiers and his genius hallowed by grief. This corner of the Channel is known by the ominous name, Le Passage de la Déroute. It is strewn with rocks, and the ocean swell, by being forced between the archipelago and Cotentin, and counteracted by mysterious currents, gathers a savage violence. This corner appealed to the genius of Victor Hugo—here to study the dramas of the ocean. It was here upon these rocks, and nowhere else, that his soul learned to understand the all-powerful voice, and to reproduce, in all its vigor, the formidable life of the sea.

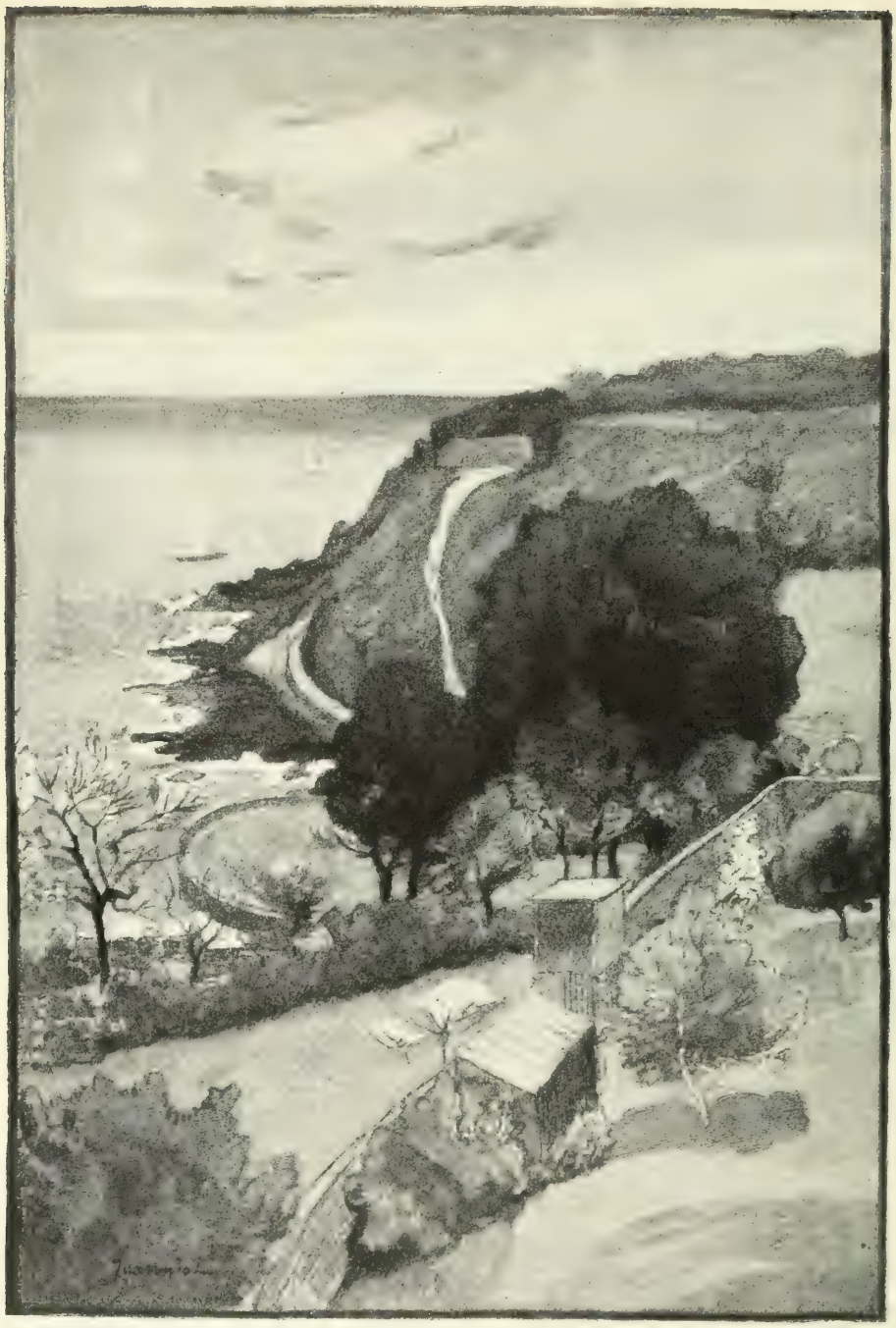


Victor Hugo in 1856.

in the possession of the family.

Poëte tu fais bien! Poëte au triste front,
Tu rêves près des ondes,
Et tu tires des mers bien des choses qui sont
Sous les vagues profondes.

As described to me by Madame Lockray, the mother of Georges and Jeanne, a charming woman, all grace and kindness, the exterior of Hauteville House resembles a huge barrack; and this is true: as seen from the street, Hauteville House has the appearance of a barrack. Two trees, evergreen oaks, are planted one on each side the entrance, and this an old English fisherman described to me by raising his hands to the sides of his face and shaking them to represent the movement of the leaves. The house, fortified by its wooden fence, stands out at the head of a street which climbs over the cliff. In appearance it is like English houses, silent and severe. The roof is flat, and

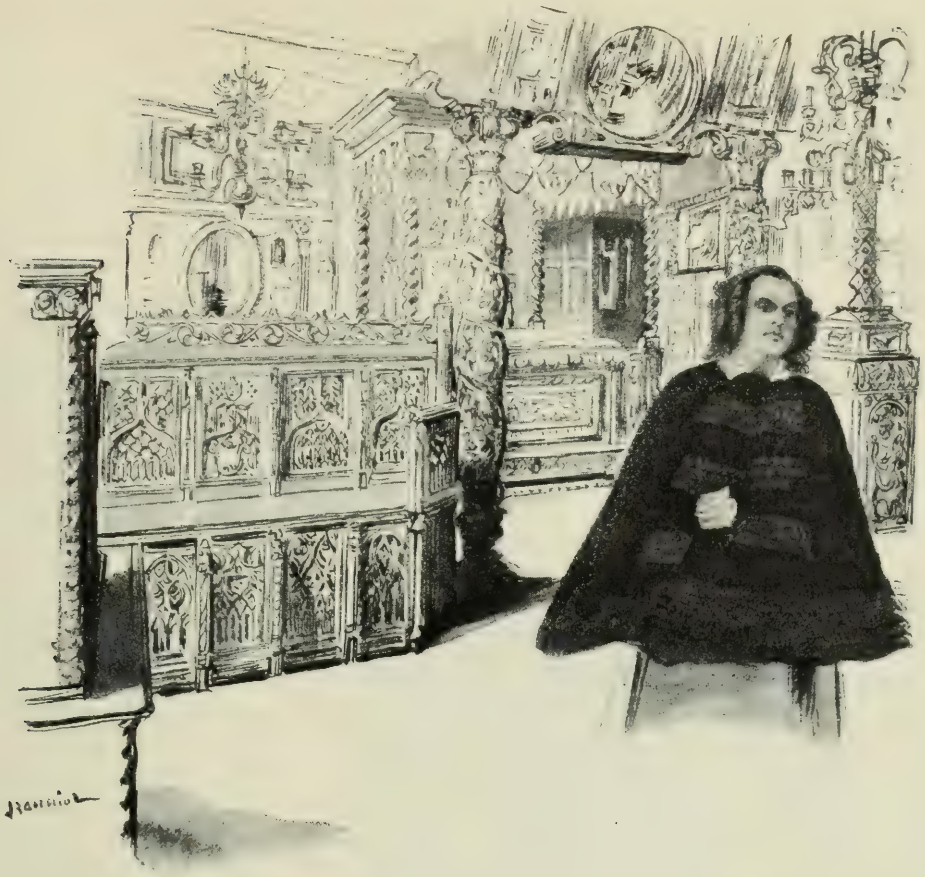


View from the Windows of the Oak Gallery.

the sash windows are far apart and narrow.

The maid no sooner opens the door than one finds himself in a vestibule which is unlike anything ever seen before. A renaissance column of delicate proportions supports a collection of gilded and painted bas-reliefs, which represent the principal scenes from "Notre Dame de Paris;" and a glass partition lets through just enough light to softly illumine the harmonious severity of the sculptured wood, and to enable the monumental door of the dining-room opposite to be seen. Among the ornaments of this vestibule is written the philosophic sentence: *Aime et Crois*, and this precept of hygiene: *Mange, Marche et Prie*, and under a small statue of the Virgin the word of welcome, *Ave*.

From the very first the interior shows what its character is throughout, and that of the man who made it; the man in love with freedom and order, who made of hygiene a kind of religion and of religion a kind of moral hygiene; the passionate



Madame Victor Hugo in the Oak Gallery.
The portrait from a hitherto unpublished photograph.

lover, too, of the past, of that past so nearly related to us, and yet more full of mystery than Rome or Greece, or even Egypt. I mean the Middle Ages, the period obscure and sublime, troubled but fertile, age of faith and conflict, when art, the anonymous product of a superstitious, highly strung society, created works of a high order, equal in splendor and conception to the most beautiful of antiquity.

Before going farther it will not be without interest to say a word or two with regard to the drawings of Victor Hugo. We shall find some excellent specimens hanging in the billiard-room. Victor Hugo drew with passionate enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm passed from his brain into the least line he drew. He had besides this an instinct for the dramatic; he found it everywhere; in the tempest, in the calm, in a tuft of grass as well as in the sidereal immensities. This perpetual consciousness of the dramatic in everything was so natural to him that, if he took a sheet of paper, a little black coffee and the end of a match, he could, by looking into his own imagination, that transformer of memory, draw in quick succession, as if from life, the dramatic pictures which followed one another there. There is only one other man who possessed to so great a degree this faculty for creating the fantastic and visionary; this was Gustave Doré; but the fantastic of Doré is commonplace and without dignity, whereas that of Hugo is superb and original. And why? Without doubt because Hugo was transmuting his own particular dreams, while Doré realized those of all the world. There is no scientific skill in the vulgar sense in Hugo's drawings, but a spontaneous creativeness, contemptuous of all rule and of everything ever seen before. It is the vigorous and pure expression of the idea predominating for the moment in his mind, the only one, because of its very intensity, and this spontaneity is carried to such a degree that almost all these drawings seem to have been done by the light of a flash of lightning; add to this that this man, so adept with his hands and persevering, brought an immense amount of concentration and skill to bear upon his

works, which gave them the air of things materially rare. These observations seem to me to explain why Victor Hugo, in his manifestations as a graphic artist, remains an inimitable master, and of power equal to that which he displayed in a literary direction.

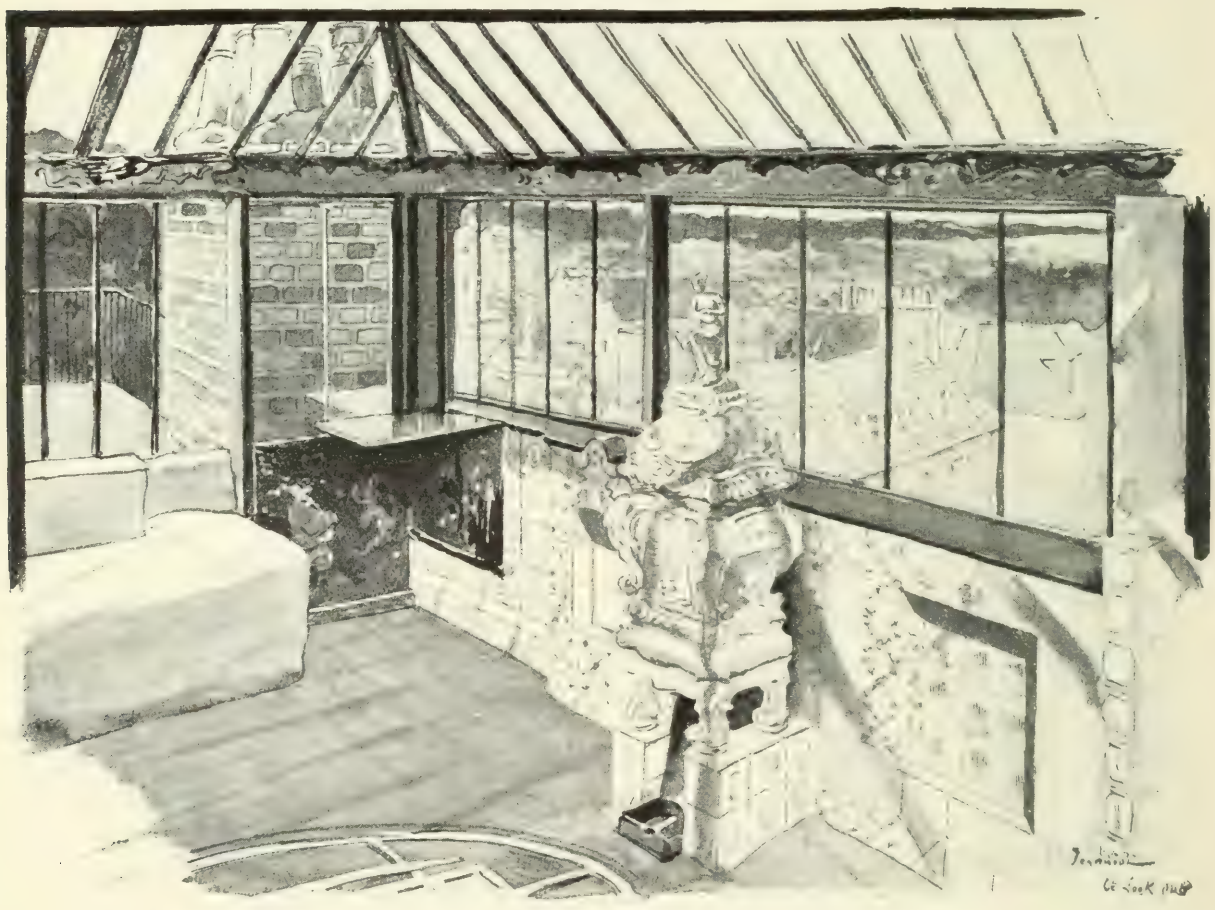
After the billiard-room comes the smoking-room, hung with tapestries and ornamented by a mantel-piece of carved wood in the form of a cathedral. It rises from the floor to the ceiling. The fireplace represents the doorway. The towers are imitated by supports very curiously carved, and the coping recalls the façades of Flemish houses. The face of a bishop is cut here, his crozier alone being gilded, and on two shields, placed one on either side, is written :

Crosse de bois, évêque d'or,
Crosse d'or, évêque de bois.

On two scrolls, representing rolled parchment, are engraved, on one the names of Job, Isaiah, Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, and Molière; and on the other, Moses, Socrates, Christ, Columbus, Luther, and Washington. All around this room are divans covered with Turkish rugs. These complete the whole and lend an air of coziness which seems to contradict the solemnity of the old oak and tapestries. A hallway decorated with Dutch, Chinese, and French china leads to the dining-room. Here the panels of the walls are composed of tiles of Delftware, representing beds of flowers and extraordinary animals, in which the spirit of the Chinese-Dutch imagination reveals itself. This mosaic work, with its blue and white ground, rests upon a base of oak which forms three massive stalls, decorated by venerable paintings on panels. The tone of this odd stand and that of the china makes gay and pleasing harmony. Between two windows stands the ancestral chair, fastened by a riveted chain and bearing this inscription :

ABSENTES ADSUNT.

In this, as in almost every room in the house, the fireplace monopolizes atten-



Victor Hugo's Study.

tion. It is very original, of regular form, with right angles, and is composed of cubes placed one above another in squares of violet and blue. Two immense H's form the central ornamentation, which is surmounted by a Virgin of porcelain holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This is unexpected enough. On either side are two beautifully shaped vases ; and above, in the old oak of the cornice, are written these lines, which seem to apply to the Virgin and to make of her a kind of Goddess of Liberty :

Le peuple est petit, mais il sera grand ;
Dans tes bras sacrés, ô mère féconde,
O Liberté sainte, au pas conquérant,
Tu portes l'enfant qui porte le monde.

This simple touch shows, better than would a long argument, the state of Victor Hugo's mind toward revealed religion, and sharply points out the foundation of his philosophic doctrine. This doctrine is again emphasized by the inscriptions on the scrolls of the Flemish paintings found in the stalls which surround the room—*Fin du soldat*, *Fin du prêtre*, *Fin du seigneur*.

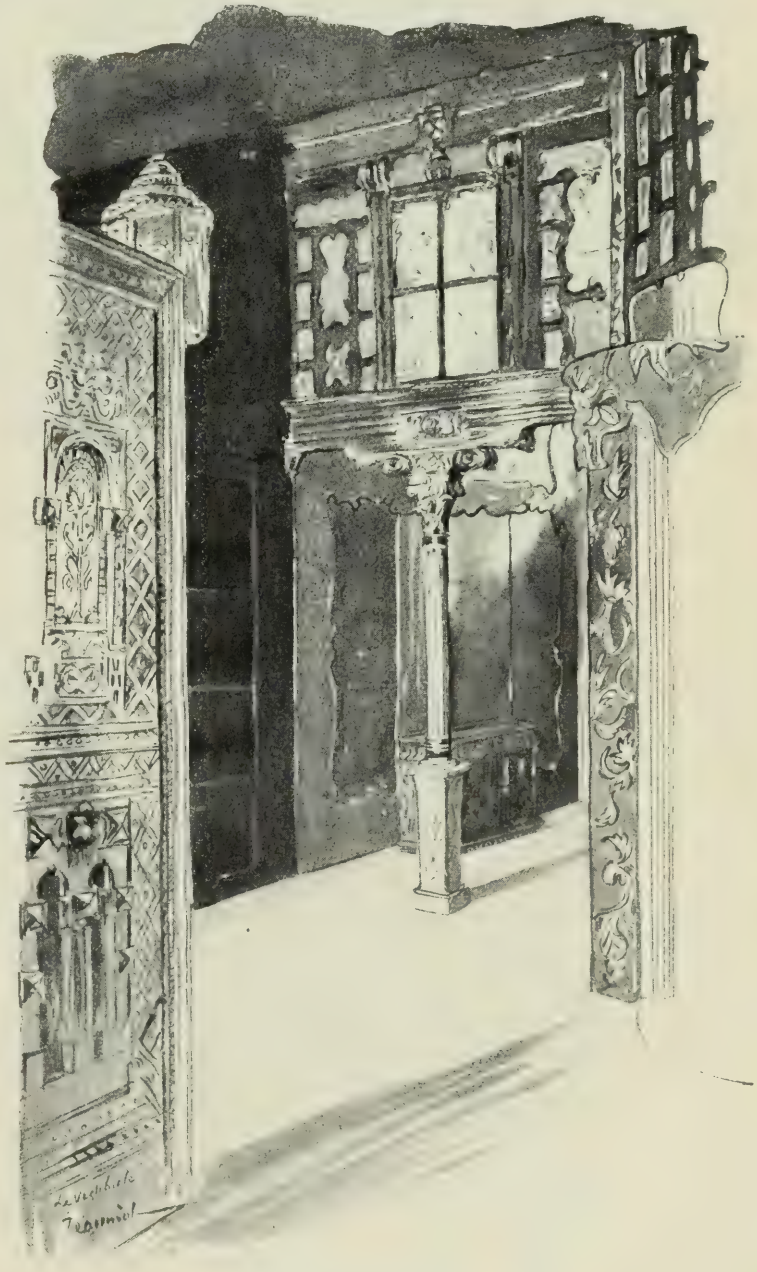
Various other inscriptions follow to complete the character of the dining-room. Thus on one side is written the word *Dieu* and on the other *Homme*, a little farther is the cry PATRIE, and then the melancholy sentence, *L'exil c'est la vie*, and finally a counsel for the soul : *Habitant des demeures périssables, pense à la demeure éternelle.* Victor Hugo loved to surround himself with this store of sentences, proverbs, and counsels. They must have formed, to his mind, a series of landmarks leading the wanderer home in safety. Here, in conclusion, are two precepts of hygiene, whose value more than one dyspeptic may have realized :

Post prandium stabis
Seu passus mille meabis
—Vale.

Lever à six, coucher à dix, diner à six, souper à dix, font vivre l'homme dix fois dix.

The stairway is simple. It is hung with dark blue cloth, and is lighted by an elliptical opening at the top, which, in its turn, is lighted from the " Lookout."

In two drawing-rooms—the one the red, the other the blue—which extend



The Vestibule.



Victor Hugo in the Little Conservatory.

The portrait from a hitherto unpublished photograph in the possession of the family.

the whole width of the house on the first floor, Victor Hugo gave vent to his love for precious stuffs and curios. He kept a place of honor here for specimens of Chinese art, for which he had always had a decided fondness. This is easily to be seen in his decorative contrivances, and even a little in his drawings of landscapes.

Two very fine Chinese panels of red lacquer are attached to the great doors which separate the two drawing-rooms. The tapestries which cover the walls and ceiling are Norwegian, and, according to Victor Hugo, belonged to Queen Christina's bedroom at Fontainebleau. They are superb, representing fantastic foliage wherein golden birds disport themselves against a white sky shot with changing colors. They give this room the appearance of the fairy interiors of legendary castles. The birds are so varied and beautiful in execution as easily to be taken for examples of the goldsmith's art. The mantel-piece is placed under a canopy, which is supported by four gilded statues, full of grace and action, representing negroes, slender and vigorous in form. These negroes, each in a different attitude, are placed two on either side of the fire-place. They stand on pedestals with cartouches of gold brocade. Between the pedestals are Japanese monsters gazing at themselves in mirrors with rockwork frames. A screen, embroidered in the Louis Fifteenth style, and an incense-burner of bronze, the gift of Alexandre Dumas, stand before the fireplace. Two tables, one of renaissance ebony-work, inlaid with metal, and one of inlaid work of the time of Louis Fourteenth, and a reclining chair of the purest Louis Fifteenth style, covered with stuff in exquisitely faded tones of the same period, complete the beautiful furnishing of this room. The blue drawing-room, which is cosier, contains the peacock tapestry. The peacock is perched on a fantastic tree spreading his tail. This tapestry, although of the same origin as the others, is superior to them in extent and beauty of design. It is beautiful in color, too, and hangs opposite the window and above a seat with legs and back of Louis Fourteenth style. The twisted columns, which are said to have adorned the bed of Madame de Maintenon, are also in this room. These two drawing-rooms are of incomparable richness, unique of its kind, and whatever the various sources of the chosen objects, it may be said that no

museum in the world can show a combination at once so ingeniously decorative and unusual. It appears that the negroes once decorated the gally of the Bucentaur, whence the doges, wedding the sea, threw their ring into the Adriatic. In the room above, which is called the oak gallery, Victor Hugo has contrived to make a strikingly original and perfectly consistent whole of sculptured wood from every conceivable source. This room, dedicated to Garibaldi (where Garibaldi never came), resembles the council-chamber of a king. It is easy to imagine a king like Francis I. living there. He would appear in the character given him by Victor Hugo in the drama where he has brought him forward. The spirit for assimilation and reorganization which Victor Hugo has shown in the creation of this interior helped him in all his written work. It happened that I heard Theodore de Banville, one of the most charming poets of the present century, talk on this subject. He called our attention to the power and absolute authority with which Victor Hugo made every idea his own which coincided with his scheme, and to the fact that it became his own property immediately that he transformed it and crystallized it to suit his need, and that it acquired, by the magic of his brain, a new form and unlooked-for majesty.



The Lookout, Victor Hugo's Work-room.

His literary materials were found almost everywhere and under the greatest difficulties. His library was entirely composed of odd books. If need were, he would resort to the immediate and often paradoxical creation of a whole series of events possessing every appearance of truth. Once, wishing himself to give the etymology of the word Sorbonne, he found it in *soror bona*, thus dispossessing, abruptly and ruthlessly at one blow, the founder, Robert de Sorbon.

Like all great thinkers, Victor Hugo was content with very little. Quiet and simple in his way of life, he had lavished about him in his works, as in the apartments reserved for special guests, the distractions, treasures, and refinements of any tendency to a spirit of luxury he might possess. He kept himself two retreats, one of them by the sea, one for work, the other for rest. The latter contains a low bed, a chest of drawers, a trunk, a few knick-knacks, and one or two chairs. The

"Lookout," where he wrote, consists of a glass cage. Its white wood floor is pierced by an elliptical hole containing a thick pane of glass, which, as I have already said, lights the stairway of the house. A gracefully shaped earthenware stove, of



In the Red Drawing-room.

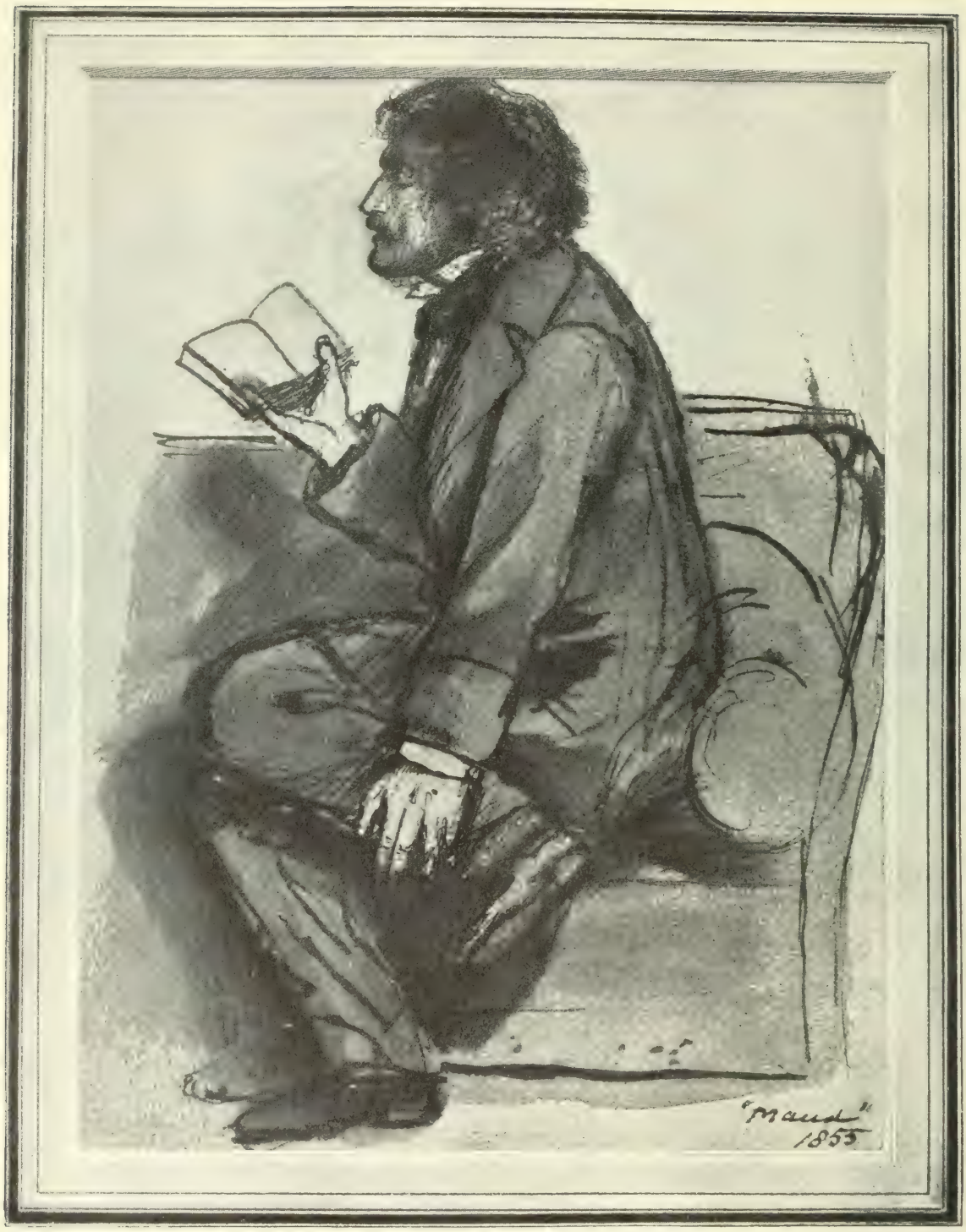
the time of Louis XV., surmounted by the small statue of a nude woman, seated and holding flowers in her hands, constitutes the sole ornament. The walls are covered breast high with Dutch tiles, simple and varied in design, and large divans are placed one above another facing the sea. The chimneys of the house rise to the right and left of this retreat, whence the thought of one of the most wonderful men of all time floated out upon the world.

In this study, then, the giant workeed In summer the sun blazed there from morning until evening; no drapery could withstand it, and one after another was discolored and burned away. Victor Hugo himself remained there for fifteen years. From this cabin, or veritable eagle's nest, overhanging space, this poet and pilot of humanity read the way in the stars. Hurricanes of snow and whirl-

winds, moonless nights and starry skies passed before him, and the squall howled about his glass cage. Thence he saw ships enter the harbor heeling over in the storm, and leaning out over the town heard the murmuring voices of men wafted toward him in the smoke from the roofs. All these sights and sounds, enriched by his soul and magnified by his genius, have become for us immortal masterpieces.

View of Port St. Pierre.





Tennyson Reading "Maud."

(See *Field of Art*, page 125.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

WE are not all as rich as we were at the beginning of the year, but we know more than we did twelve months ago. There has seldom been a year that has furnished so much instruction to American voters as the one that has drawn to its close. Just after Christmas, in 1895, came the President's message to Congress on the Venezuela matter. The subsequent agitation was painful but highly instructive. No incident connected with the foreign policy of our Government has taken hold of people in the same degree since Admiral Wilkes took Mason and Slidell off an English ship in the days of the Civil War. The average citizen, especially the citizen of less than twenty years' experience as a voter, had almost forgotten that we had a foreign policy. Suddenly he was roused from a state of comparative repose to consider whether the Monroe doctrine was worth fighting for, and whether the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain over a boundary line was a matter with which our Monroe policy was concerned. Straightway the average citizen had to clarify his rather vague conceptions of what the Monroe doctrine was and what it involved. His lesson was thoroughly spread before him. For a month the newspapers gave him Monroe doctrine morning, noon, and night, and he took it greedily. He also received full instruction as to his sentiments toward Great Britain, and Great Britain's sentiments toward him. He was told why he ought to hate England, and why it was foolish and unreasonable in him to harbor any sentiment toward her that was not friendly. The absence of any hostility on her part toward him was strenuously impressed upon him, and not without good results.

An Instructive Twelvemonth.

On Cuba also he has been compelled to bestow some attention. He has learned why her future is a concern of his, and why it is his affair to see to it that if she is able to get away from Spain no other European power shall gobble her up. He has been told that he ought to interfere between Spain and Cuba, and that he ought at least to grant the Cubans belligerent rights; but, contrariwise, he has been instructed to let Cuba and Spain settle their own difficulty, and merely be ready himself to take such action as may seem expedient when the end comes. The Cuban question, however, has not been brought home to him as the Venezuela question was, and he is not quite sure yet as to what he wants to do.

His sympathy with the Armenians has taken him in some degree out of himself and his own political concerns altogether, and made him an attentive spectator of the political drama in Europe. He has wanted to know why the Armenian massacres have been tolerated; and, stirred by indignation and pity, he has read the foreign news in the newspapers until he has gained some notion of the attitude of the powers toward one another, and of the jealousies and fears which have kept them idle lookers-on while an assassin cut a hundred thousand Christian throats in southeastern Europe.

Finally, he knows more than he did about finance. For twenty years the silver question has been bothering him and he has neglected it as a thing about which doctors disputed and would dispute, but which unlearned men ought to be excused from trying to fathom. At last the Chicago Convention made it necessary for him to understand that question as far as he could, and to form an opinion about it and express it. For four months he wrestled with it. Outside the main issue, now happily decided, he was confronted with

a multitude of questions, to the most of which he had to confess, if he was an honest man, he had hitherto taken the answers on faith alone. Whether there was really a scarcity of gold; whether the decrepitude of business was in any way due to that scarcity; what the relation of the Government should be to banking; what was wrong with our currency; to what extent financial questions were dividing us on sectional lines. For four months, from June to November, he heard all these questions continuously discussed; he read about them when he read anything, he brooded over them when not otherwise employed, wrangled over them with his fellow-voter, and dreamed of them when he had the nightmare. That on election-day he reached sound conclusions on the chief of them, does not prevent his having a sufficient number left to deal with, to which, having been once sharply aroused, he should give more than his old attention. He has had an opportunity to notice how the dragon's teeth grow up.

It has been a hard year for the voter. All his spare time he has spent at school. He is wiser than he was, but, let us hope, not sadder. His acquirements are not yet profound, but if he knows this it is the beginning of learning.

PEOPLE who interest themselves in the course of the arts in these days, particularly in the arts of expression, begin to grow apprehensive lest the passion for originality may become inveterate among us. There are critics whose chief business it seems to be to pounce upon resemblances, to establish duplicates in portraiture or fable, with an air as of one furnishing evidence of fraud. The villain in this story is pronounced to be like the villain in that other, and the author too often mistakenly wastes time to defend himself against the imputation of ugly things, forgetting that, psychologically speaking, it is a finer trait of mind to detect a difference than to recognize a likeness. He might better remind himself, by way of comfort, that in the great Elizabethan age, in the days of authors like Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Webster, men showed their wit in few things more notably than in their contented disregard of mere originality. If the matter was finely handled they were not concerned to discover who had handled it first. They were for leaving a poet free to devote himself to the proper businesses of his craft; borrowing was the order of the hour. Now and then, to be sure, somebody like Sir Philip Sidney laughs at the rhymesters who revamp "poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes," and declares that "at length stol'n goods will come to light"; yet in general the literary worker, and none more than the playwright, was at liberty, in spite of the critics, to choose where he liked. He was not obliged to waste time, as we are to-day, in a vain attempt to discover something new under the sun. He had, indeed, the benefit of a kind of specialization which we have not yet reached, for he was exempt from hunting after his raw material, and could apply himself freshly to his finished product. He was accustomed to try what his brother workmen had done before him, satisfied if he did better than they the things which they had tried to do. It is, perhaps, the undue development of individuality among us, perhaps a certain lack of discrimination, that makes us jealous of anything not entirely and obviously our own, or tolerant of indifferent art if only the subject-matter may be accounted novel. The comparison, at any rate, between ourselves and them emphasizes the disadvantages of the system we follow.

A Suggestion to Dramatists.

The drama furnishes a case in point. Nothing is more natural, for instance, than that a stage-play should address an audience quite distinct from that to which a written book makes its appeal. In days when the great number of people could read little or not at all, the drama, it is popularly supposed, was the only literary art which the great number of people could appreciate; but in our own days still we find books which everybody reads put upon the stage for everybody to go to see and hear. Seeing and hearing, after all, are different things from reading. The ear is said to be the most analytic of the senses, and the eye, in our modern world of noise, may easily be the most readily caught; the combination certainly has been able, in all times, to please people for whom the printed page, however melodiously or graphically addressing the ear or the eye of the mind, was not so potent. It is the fashion, now and then, among persons of bookish tendencies, to extol the charm of a play in the closet at the expense of the play behind the footlights; they need to be reminded that for the like of them not one of Shakespeare's plays would ever have been written. The different æsthetic fields of actual motion, color, and be-

coming utterance exert their influence in greater force than the shadows of them can do for the solitary reader. Long ago, in Tudor halls and window-seats, in the days of wandering, long-drawn-out sentences, and many-syllabled Italian names, and all the lengthy fascination of Arcadian romance, readers of Lodge and Brooke were glad enough to see real flesh and blood Rosalinds and Juliets, even if the flesh and blood were boys dressed in girls' clothes. In the same way to-day, in spite of altered conventions and defective contemporary art, Juliet and Rosalind are both read about and listened to; the pleasure in the one kind need not apparently conflict with the pleasure in the other. Why should there not as well be a distinction between two modes that produce these pleasures? Why should not the dramatist, while poets and novelists are quarrelling about who did this or that first, set them all a good example by appropriating their best ideas to his own uses?

The benefits of such an example and such practice would be two-fold: the dramatist who did appropriate would not be confined too closely to his original, and the dramatist who had constructive ability, but lacked imagination, would have an abundant source of new material opened to him. The dramatizer pure and simple would be out of a job, but that would only mean that he would have to grow more skilful or go under. Dramatizations in cold blood might become obsolete. Instead the capable playmaker, freeing himself from literal tradition, as the translator of Omar freed himself from the bonds of his Persian, might invest his version with the attributes not of a copy but of a new original. The critics, meanwhile, would not have to bother themselves about the playbook and the storybook at once, as they have often to do now, to the demoralization of themselves and their principles. Instead of dramatizations done anonymously, from sources almost as vaguely accredited in the playbills, or thrown hastily together to fill the demands of the moment, there might more frequently be reputable attempts at real dramatic workmanship. The public would have the advantage, which is perhaps its due anyway, of seeing a story on the stage told by as skilful, or at any rate as relatively important a person, as was the first teller of the story in the book. Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Bronson Howard, if by any chance their own proper ideas ran out, would be the people to whom we owed the stage Manxmen, Trilbys, and My Lady Rothas of the hour.

Once these new uses of the inexhaustible stores of fiction were realized what would not be the boon to undiscovered dramatists now undeservedly kept silent? The world, which has never insisted that a composer of music should be his own librettist, might more readily grant the same privileges to the composer in stage-craft. There is a story that the charming Mme. de Sévigné once, explaining some affair of state, forgot the terms and phrases of her exposition: "Oh well," she said, "I have forgotten the words, but I know the air!" How many airs, definite enough but unworded, may still be waiting to amuse or instruct us, and how many of them might find expression if the great glossary of English literature were more often resorted to. If stage people were more in the way of books and habits of reading, perhaps the stage might be the richer for many an effective scene. More than one unlikely looking three-decker, in its remote chapters, has stowed away some episode just ready for the dramatist with a hazy conception awaiting crystallization in his brain. Miss Burney or Miss Edgeworth, forgotten as they are, might help out; Thackeray, undramatic as he is in any technical sense of the term, would be a fruitful field; even Mr. Henry James might furnish hints, here and there, of bits of dialogue or graceful entrances and exits, and so at last get a footing in the coveted land. Contemporary fiction, it sometimes seems, has been growing constantly richer in this sort of suggestion, yet unless contemporary writers do something deliberately stagey, they have, under present conditions, little hope of gaining the double audience. Mr. Meredith's heroines, difficult as they might be to transmute, and much as some of their admirers might deprecate the attempt, would surely, in a not too adequate setting, be a rare treat for the stalls. Diana Warwick opening the door of the Crossways to Redworth on that vivid night, or arriving "r-r-eally twenty minutes late" to dinner after she had just broken with her husband for good, and was absolutely houseless in the world, would enliven any scene. Clara Middleton at the railway station, drinking brandy and water with Vernon, overheard and overseen by Mrs. Mountstuart's professor, and the whole business of the closing scenes at Patterne

Hall, seem already like some well-contrived dramatic progression of incident. Every reader probably has instances of his own that might be mentioned. Perhaps it is fanciful, perhaps only a question of time and transition, when all these may have their second embodiment. In any case, the distinction between what is novel and what is really original is worth remembering, the inconsistencies caused by the confusion of the two worth guarding against. One would lead us into an exaggerated regard for mere mechanically imagined things and the ideal of it would be something like "She"; the other would leave us without appreciation of the virtue in any second telling of the story of the Pot of Basil or of Perdita.

OFTEN in life's daily hazards I am reminded of the late Edmond de Goncourt's clever speech concerning polite society: "The well-bred persons in it are very easily recognized—they speak of what interests you." Like most sharp sayings based upon profound truth, this little two-edged blade of thought cuts both ways; since upon being turned loose among our kind for an hour or so we are bound to find them interesting, or at least to feign an interest which it may be impossible really to feel. I suppose that we all begin with some such benevolent purpose more or less definitely formulated; but pleasure is the most uncharitable of pursuits, and its devotee soon drifts almost insensibly to those who divert him, letting those who do not go to the wall. Hence come all the subdivisions, cliques, and charmed circles into which every large community splits up. How many of the consequent heart-burnings might be spared those who are left in the outer precincts if they would only bear in mind the fact that our enlightened land recognizes no barriers of caste, and that all its imaginary lines break down before one infallible countersign—the power to please!

Telling about it.

The other day, at a social function, I came upon two friends, one of whom had just returned from a luxurious voyage round the world in a millionnaire's steam-yacht. "Have you found anybody willing to sit down and hear you tell about it?" mischievously asked the other. "No," was the laughing answer; "I have not even ventured to make the attempt." And I applauded this discretion. For "telling about it" is the most dangerous indulgence possible to one who would be loved as a companion. It is the way that bores begin; and a first yielding to the enticement has often led to one of those fatal cases of self-consideration which stamp the afflicted speaker forever with a brand. He may have seen a ghost, or a murder—nay, even may have chanced to meet an emperor in his shirt-sleeves! No matter; let him be silent upon these subjects, in which his own personality must claim the lion's share. The time will come, perhaps, in some autumn twilight, at the end of a long house-party, when the whole company may gather about him and clamor eagerly for his adventures. But until then he should cling to the first precept of conversation, which commands him to leave ample room for the display of wit in others.

I belong to a dinner-club—a small one—where the only law is that there shall be no narration; a club, as one member metrically puts it:

Where no president rules and no gavel descends,
Where the best man is he who thinks most of his friends,
Who lets die on his lips that rare jest of his own,
Which King Solomon's sycophants passed round the throne,
Which tickled Belshazzar, his hooked nose his gilt glass in,
Just before that eventful "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"

The club flourishes and is well attended. Had it been formed upon the contrary basis, I fear it would have died young.

THE FIELD OF ART

A SKETCH OF TENNYSON BY ROSSETTI—ON COMPETITIONS—APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE—A CORRECTION.

MR. COSMO MONKHOUSE has kindly given SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the privilege of reproducing the sketch in his possession (see p. 120), which he describes in the following letter:

"More than forty years ago—to be precise, on the 27th of September, 1855—a small party were gathered together at 13 Dorset Street, Portman Square, London, where the Brownings were then residing. The members of the group and their occupation were alike memorable. The former consisted of Browning, Mrs. Browning, Miss Arabella Browning, Tennyson, and Rossetti, and the reason of their gathering was to hear the then Poet Laureate read the proof-sheets of his new poem of 'Maud.' According to Mr. William Sharp, in his record of Rossetti—and his authority was Browning himself—Rossetti made, 'from an unobserved corner of vantage,' a rapid but very graphic sketch of Tennyson, which he gave to Browning, by whom it was greatly prized. It is inscribed with the first line of Maud—

I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,

and differs in some respects from the sister drawing here reproduced, the history of which, though complete enough to authenticate it, cannot be given in its entirety. It was probably done by Rossetti for himself as a record of the occasion. It has the stamp of a recent and vivid impression and is (apparently) executed in ordinary ink, with a quill pen and wash, and is inscribed in his own handwriting 'Maud, 1855.'

"Both portraits were exhibited side by side at the exhibition of Rossetti's works at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1883, shortly after Rossetti's death.

"In an article which appeared during this Exhibition both drawings were described as 'caricatures' by a writer whom I admire too much to name in connection with what appears to me to be a hasty and unjust verdict, at all events with regard to my own drawing. The other bears traces of a furtive impromptu, but mine, though the curious and somewhat uncouth action of the hand and leg is retained, is treated with a juster sense of the beauty and character of the fine head. It is not less an 'impression,' but it is one of the mind, reproduced in the afterglow of memory. In case it may be thought that I write too partially of my own possession, I would refer the reader to *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1883, where the Browning sketch is reproduced.

"Of the interest of both sketches as 'documents,' I may, perhaps, be permitted to add a word. At the time they were sketched Tennyson and Mrs. Browning were both forty-six years old, Browning himself three years younger, and Rossetti but twenty-seven. Young, however, as Rossetti was, and, in comparison with the others, 'unknown to fame,' he was already a power within a small but choice circle of men of imagination. He was the life and breath of the Preraphaelite brotherhood; he had published the 'Blessed Damozel;' he had painted the 'Girlhood of Mary, Virgin.' He had also written a great proportion of the poems by which his fame as a poet was afterward established, and by the strange and infallible magnet of genius he had found out Browning, and Browning had found out him. So that I think it may be said, with

due allowance for the crudity of superlatives, that these sketches are records of the meeting of four of the greatest poets of the century to hear the greatest of the four recite his greatest poem."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE present interest in decorative art is bringing forth numerous competitions, and it must be confessed that most of them are examples of how not to do it. It may be doubted if the institution of a competition is the best method of securing a good result in any case. An artist will generally do better work if he is intrusted outright with a commission than if he is asked to compete with other artists for it. He will not have to think what other artists may do, or what a jury may like, but only what is the best thing he can do. It may be doubted if Mr. Sargent would have risked such an original scheme as that of his decoration in the Boston Public Library if he had been working in competition with others, for nothing but his successful execution of the work could convince any other than himself of its feasability. Certainly the conspicuous successes in decorative work have so far been the result of outright commissions such as those given to the decorators of the Boston Public Library and the Library of Congress.

If, however, competitions are to be held, it is evident that they should be so conditioned as to attract the foremost artists to take part in them, and it is notorious that this is not the case, and that the foremost artists are more and more declining to enter into any competitions whatever. The best form of competition is the limited competition between elected artists, who are paid for the work done, and this often produces a good result. It, however, precludes that possibility of the discovery of unknown talent which is the main reason for holding competitions at all, and its results are good, because they are practically the same as would follow from an outright commission to the best available man. It is the unlimited competition that is, therefore, most favored, and it is the best means of assuring the success of unlimited competitions that we have to consider. A set of rules for the conduct of competitions is desirable, and might be something like this :

1st. *As little work should be demanded from the individual artists as possible.*

Only two or three of the competitors can receive any compensation, and it is folly to expect first-rate artists to spend the time and labor necessary to complete working studies for nothing. Such a competition should, therefore, be limited to true sketches on a small scale, and if more finished work is desired it should be asked for from a second competition among a few artists selected from the bulk of the competitors, and these artists should be reasonably paid for the work of elaborating their first sketches. The extreme of folly was recently shown in a competition advertised by a Western city, where it was proposed that *all* submitted designs were to become the property of the city, though only one was paid for. The protest of the artists to whom this proposition was submitted compelled its immediate withdrawal.

2d. *The prizes should be worth taking.*

A Municipal Art Society should certainly know how to conduct a competition, yet the circular letter of such a society proposes a competition for an important decoration for two prizes of $200 and $100, the society reserving " the right to decide whether or not the first prize design shall be executed." This clause is doubtless inserted to provide against a poor competition in which no worthy design shall be submitted, but it will go far to insure that the competition shall be of that character. The prizes are barely sufficient to pay for the expense of executing designs, and why should an artist work for them when they carry no assurance of the commission, even in case of success? If the Society insists upon this reservation, its only course is to make the money prizes valuable in themselves, as was done in the recent Philadelphia City Hall competition. If there is not money enough for that, there is not money enough for a competition, and the Society would do better to hold none, and to give their undiminished fund as the price of a work ordered directly from a known, competent artist. Competitions are expensive, and if the result of a competition is desired it must be paid for. If the Society distrusts the method, as would seem from its reservation, why adopt it?

3d. *The Committee of Award should be thoroughly competent, and, if possible, should be known in advance to every competitor.*

If artists of merit are to be attracted to a competition it is essential that they should have confidence in the Committee of Award. One may be never so confident of one's own

ability to do well, but how if one suspects that the Committee is likely to prefer bad work to good? Rightly or wrongly, artists trust the judgment of none but artists, and the jury should, therefore, be composed, at least in majority, of professional artists of unquestioned standing. If it is impossible to announce the names of the judges in advance, it is always possible to announce that such a jury will be chosen, and to state that some competent artistic body, like the Fine Arts Federation, or the National Sculpture Society, will be asked to select it. It was, perhaps, because of the neglect of this provision that the Philadelphia competition was somewhat disappointing in quality.

4th. *All promises and implications should be rigidly adhered to, and carried out in absolute good faith.*

This might seem superfluous if it were not for the recent example of the Sherman Monument competition. Here was an unlimited competition, followed by a limited one of selected and paid artists, the whole conducted under the expert advice of the best possible committee, selected by the Sculpture Society. The ideal conditions were apparently fulfilled, but the Committee of the Army of the Tennessee ignored the advice of the experts entirely. The experts recommended two designs, and two only, for the final competition. The Committee added two other names to the list of competitors in the final trial, and then gave the commission, without asking for any expert advice on the second competition, to that one of the two added designs which had not been mentioned in any way for its merit by the committee of artists. To condemn this action it is not necessary to attribute any unworthy motives to the Committee, or even to believe that they were consciously violating any distinct promise. Neither does it matter whether or not they actually chose the best design. They certainly did not strictly adhere to their implied promise that the work should be awarded under expert advice, without which implication the artists would not have competed, and their action was a shock to the confidence of artists in the fairness of competitions. Without this confidence no good results whatever can be obtained.

There are other desiderata, such as perfect clearness in the statement of the conditions of the work to be done and the amount of money to be paid for it, but the above four rules are the essentials, without attention to which any recourse to competition will repel, rather than attract, the best artists, and will insure the worst, rather than the best, result.

INABILITY to appreciate sculpture is notoriously not confined to the United States Senate. But it is interesting to inquire why it is so universal. No such result as that of the Sherman monument competition would be possible in either a painting or architectural competition; or, if it were, it would not be so respectably defended. The various protests against the award in this case have been mainly, and very properly, directed against the treatment received by the eminent commission of experts. But the genuine preference of the judges for an exceptionally inferior to an exceptionally superior work of art here illustrated would not have been shown, I fancy, in any other than a sculpture competition. Almost everywhere, in fact, the appreciation of sculpture is less acute and intelligent than that of the painting that is to be compared with it, just as the sculpture itself is apt to be inferior to the painting. This is eminently so in Paris at the present day; and indeed if one follows the history of art in the modern world since the decline of the Greek taste for the abstract, one finds very much the same correspondence of the two arts; the roll of the sculptors is less distinguished, their accomplishment, taken in the mass, is inferior, and popular appreciation of them has always been at once less adequate and less exacting. The reason must reside in the nature of the art itself, and I venture to suggest that it consists in the fact that of all the plastic arts sculpture is necessarily the least tangible, the most impalpable, the most ethereal, and that this is so because of the exceptionally tangible, palpable, and actual character of the material object in and by which it is expressed.

Whatever art is, it is not the imitation of nature in the sense of exact reproduction of natural phenomena, which is a material impossibility. Even the most rigorously objective art is art at all in virtue of imaging the artist's idea of nature; and as nobody knows how nature really looks, we have to content ourselves with sufficient guarantees on the artist's part that in attempting to give us the illusion of nature he has really looked at her. We become more and more exacting on this point, to be sure, and at the present time are perhaps a trifle tyrannical; the license of

previous periods seems to us absurdly irresponsible. But everywhere outside of didactic circles, we may say, I suppose, that nowadays it does not take any special metaphysical expertness to perceive that an essential condition of art is illusion. I mean, of course, the illusion that is known and savored *as* illusion, and that on the one hand idealizes the actual and on the other makes dreams seem real.

Now in painting the mere representation of solids and spaces on a plane surface is itself a subtle and pleasurable element of illusion. And this the sculptor lacks; a photograph, even, has a certain artistic interest, to just this extent, that a cast from nature is without. Another that the sculptor must forego is color. Color in painting, however realistically employed, inevitably results in heightening and intensifying the illusory element—not only because for practical purposes purely local color is an abstraction, but because, this side of *trompe-l'œil*, it assists that *simulation* of reality in virtue of which a work of art appeals to the imagination instead of wholly to the perceptive faculties. The great objection to colored sculpture is that either it is insufficiently illusory or else it is *trompe-l'œil*—that is to say, deceptive illusion which is itself unrecognized, and therefore outside the realm of appreciation as an element of art. No doubt the "sure tact" of the Greeks confined color in connection with sculpture to sculpture that was mainly decorative, or used it decoratively with extreme simplicity as an appeal to the faculties not at all of reason but of sense. Ordinarily, colored sculpture is detestable.

In a certain degree, therefore, sculpture shares artistically the abstractness of architecture, and without having such important aid as the æsthetic effect produced by illustrating concretely those principles of construction to illustrate which is a province of true architecture. And at the same time that it is artistically thus abstract, its form of expression, the object it creates and through which it expresses itself, is defiantly and almost uncircumventably concrete and palpable. To take a block of marble or a mass of bronze and raise it into the realm of illusion, to imbue it with artistic interest, that is to say, is consequently one of the most intricate and difficult of technical procedures and artistic accomplishments. It must realize the model perfectly, or at least stand a comparison with it altogether more rigorous in the nature of the case than, owing to the conventions of its illusion, is imposed upon painting. And yet it must differ from it in a more abstract way than painting demands. Generalization is at once more imperative and more difficult just in proportion as the object itself—the "content" of perception—is more definite, complex, and concrete. The painter's technical problem is largely to give weight and solidity to his images by the illusions of his art. The sculptor's is to give life and lightness to his inert material object by nothing more palpable than what Bacon called "a kind of felicity." He cannot resort to vagueness for suggestiveness. He must get his suggestions through expression, through the definiteness of realization. In a word, in his appeal to the imagination itself he must state rather than suggest.

These restraints and trammels of his chosen mode of expression necessarily refine the sculptor's art in proportion as they limit its gamut of expression. Everything Venetian—all that is sumptuous, splendid, superb; everything Florentine—all that is tenuous, diagrammatic, ascetically intellectual and lineally sensuous, are equally beyond his scope. In a "table ornament" or a colossal figure, in a decorative panel or a panathenaic relief, he must give us the fact, the reality, the object; and in order to make his work a work of art he must, in spite of this drawback which is peculiar to it, endue it with that indefinable quality which takes it out of the sphere of palpability and gives it the fluency and permanent interest of what is æsthetically and abstractly conceived and executed. Is it any wonder, then, that among the great mass of æsthetic practitioners there are so few genuine sculptors—artists born for this particularly esoteric expression—and that even of these few so small a number is appreciated either by the public in general or by those who in other departments of fine art warrantably esteem themselves amateurs?

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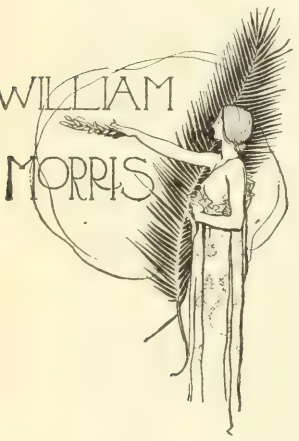
THE FORESTRY AMENDMENT



A RESULT of the November election which will be gratifying to all the people of New York State, regardless of their political leanings—and indeed to all citizens of the United States—is the decisive defeat of the last attempt made by the Legislature of New York to regain control of the Adirondack Forest Preserve. When the Constitution was adopted in 1893, it was provided by an extraordinarily unanimous vote that all public lands and wild lands, with certain small specific exceptions, in the State of New York, should constitute a Forest Preserve, and that these lands should be forever protected for the use of the people; that they should not be leased, exchanged, or sold; and that the timber on them should not be destroyed or taken away. The amendment proposed by the Legislature, and voted on last November, would have empowered the Legislature to lease to individuals lots of five acres situated in the Forest Preserve. There was also a provision for the exchange of lands for others outside the Forest Preserve, but this was clearly some error of the author of the bill, since the Forest Preserve includes all the wild lands in the State. Perhaps the Adirondack Park was confused in his mind with the Forest Preserve. The former is a definite series of tracts. But the decidedly bad feature of the bill was the authority given the Legislature to lease these five-acre lots. It would simply mean that the choicest sections of the Adirondack woods, which are so essential and necessary for the health and recreation of our greatest centres of population would be given over to private interests or corporate interests in disguise. There is not a more difficult task anywhere before the people, and not a more definitely important one, than the preservation of our forests and of our forest reservations. It is a matter about which the Philistine and the jobber can always cry out, "Sentimentality!" Wherever there is timber—all of it is growing every year more valuable—there is inevitably a political jobber or a greedy lumber king to attempt its destruction. It was a very excellent thing that this amendment was killed last November, for its operation would have affected the integrity of such Adirondack pleasures as are still open to the people; but probably the most reassuring phase of the whole affair was the clear proof that both the press and the public have been awakened by long years of work on the part of a few devoted and far-seeing men, to the fact that we must rise up in our might and protect our trees and playgrounds if we would have them remain with us. Not a single newspaper of importance failed to come out strongly against this last attack on the North Woods. Notwithstanding the intensely engrossing economic issues which were apt to overshadow any such minor considerations on November 3d, there was a clear majority of 300,000 votes against this threatened injury to the State's magnificent playground. The preservation of our game and of our forests and of our parks has always been one of the very few questions of those in which political discussion plays a part where there is but one side. The attempts to destroy legal safeguards have been all wrong; the work for them has been in principle all right. The result of the vote

last November shows that the long-continued effort of the true sportsmen, the true students of nature, and a certain number of far-seeing journalists, has at last brought about the popular attitude which will save the remnants of our woods and birds and wild animals.

MR. GLADSTONE'S cheerful readiness to vary his government of Great Britain with record-breaking exploits with the axe, with translations of Homer, or with the final word on the Future Life, has made him the wonder of his generation and the butt of *Punch's* pleasantry, but, to the elect who knew William Morris, the versatility of the Grand Old Man savored of dilettanteism beside the varied and thorough activities of the artist who has just departed. If not all things to all men, William Morris was certainly something to all men who had any consciousness of beauty, whether in romantic verse, in artistic decoration of a hundred sorts, or in the militant struggle for a less ugly organization of social and industrial conditions. Of the critics who have within the past few weeks undertaken to tell the English people of their loss, and of Art's loss, one condemns Morris's pictures, his tapestries, his stained-glass work, his books of the Kelmscott Press, and his harangues before the socialist mobs in Hyde Park—but breaks forth into mighty praise of "The Earthly Paradise," placing its author by the side of Chaucer as a narrative poet, and above Keats as an apostle of tranquil and simple beauty. Another cannot read the romantic verse-stories, not a stanza of them, but maintains that Morris has done more than any other man of the century to introduce some modicum of elemental truth in popular standards of taste by means of his "Morris Chairs," his wonderful dyes, his printing and bookbinding, and the various decorative designs which his model handicraftsmen put forth from Merton Abbey. A third considers these pursuits as absolutely naught, but lauds Morris as the champion of the oppressed, and as the one man in England who without a possibility of selfish motives, from the height of worldly prosperity, would sturdily fight the battle of the socialists along with their rank and file.



After all, the most unusual quality about these many endeavors was their uniform success. Dreamers with many-faceted sympathies are not so rare. But this "idle singer of an empty day" made a thing "go" when he put his hand to it. At Merton Abbey, where trees took the place of smoke-stacks, where the most skilful and costly workmen and workwomen toiled over Preraphaelite stained-glass designs, tapestry work of classic subjects, and dyes which would not fade into livid and hideous hues, the high ideals of labor's dignity, its proper enjoyment and rewards were actually attained; the workmen were paid the highest wages known in their trades, and their products were sold easily at prices which made the factory a very profitable venture from the stand-point of the proprietor's bank account, as well as from that of Art for Art's sake. The Kelmscott Press, with its gorgeous bindings and its new fashions in initials, borders, and types, and its hand-made paper, was a successful publishing venture, although the cost of making the books made their price too high for any but very well-filled purses. Even when Morris threw on his socialist's blouse, he displayed nothing of the incapacity of the visionary. The workmen looked on him as a man and a brother, and their leaders were glad to acknowledge his aid and his effectiveness. When it was necessary to raise funds for purposes of propagandism, Morris wrote a play—a sort of politico-social extravaganza—and himself took the part of the imaginary Archbishop of Canterbury. Both the play and the actor came off with tremendous *éclat*; the motley assembly of socialists roared with laughter, and Morris was beseeched to turn his hand to dramatic work. It was the Hyde Park phase of the poet's life, of course, which debarred him from the laureateship. He was the artist—an artist in every thought and action—who could have worn the mantle of Tennyson with grace and propriety.

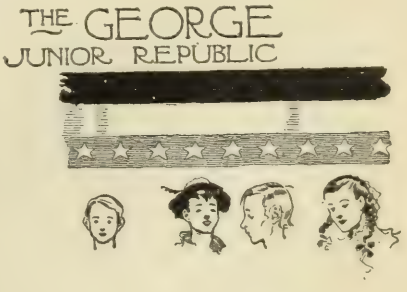
IT is a curious fact that for every dollar's worth of gold ore won from the bowels of the earth, about two dollars must be expended. At least this is the general truth in regard to the gold regions of the past; and Alaska, the newest mining country, seems to be no exception. It is true, however, that

several of the miners who have gone into this vast Northwestern territory have made large fortunes in the gold fields of the mighty Yukon River and those of the south coast. During the past year there has been quite a tide of mining migration into Alaska, and there are now no less than 4,000 white miners on the Yukon alone, with 10,000 natives. One mine of the south coast produces $500,000 annually in gold, and several others produce so much as $300,000. Alaska is in more than one sense a new country. It is, geologically, not only new, but quite an unfinished country. The scientists who visit it say that in the course of time, when nature has completed her glacial handiwork, it will be no mean possession. And, indeed, at its present point of construction, Alaska can support about four millions of people in its 577,000 square miles. But the country has not been opened up to agrarian pursuits, and not only have the natives and visitors neglected the cultivation of their sources of food, but they have come into a fair way of killing off the natural game-supply. At the Forty Mile Station on the Yukon there were 4,000 caribou killed last year alone. The white people have destroyed the seals, and the natives are too destitute to offer much opportunity for regeneration.



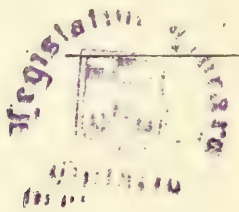
Into this hapless situation has stepped a most remarkable man, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson. He began his work as a missionary in Utah, and then extended it to Alaska, covering in each year of his peregrinations something like 25,000 miles. Dr. Jackson is intensely aware that it is necessary first to save the bodies of the heathens if he is to have a fair chance at their souls, and hence the remarkable project of his which inspires this paragraph. As the caribou could not be domesticated, and there seemed no chance to feed the number of dogs necessary to do the carrying work of the community, either for the miners or the natives, Dr. Jackson conceived the idea of introducing the reindeer into Alaska. He brought over several hundred head of reindeer from Siberia, in the face of prophecies that the scheme was impracticable from beginning to end. The United States Government appointed him its special agent after he had demonstrated the scheme was feasible, and he later added some native Siberian herders to his reindeer colony. The deer are doing wonderfully well; they have increased sixty per cent. each year, and keep fat, sleek, and healthy. Dr. Jackson has just returned from his last trip to Alaska, and is trying to secure appropriations for adding 1,500 or 2,000 more of the animals. This he considers will be sufficient to stock that section of the country. One difficulty he has had comes from the presence of the dogs used for sledding. They chase and kill the deer wherever they see them, and it is scarcely possible to maintain the reindeer in regions of the country where the dogs are still used. The latter are entirely inadequate to supply the necessary traction power of the future Alaska, or even of the present Alaska. It is already necessary to ship large quantities of dog-food from Chicago, made from the refuse of the great slaughter-houses, in order to provide food for the hungry canine population. In the half century which has seen the loss of the buffalo and of so many other valuable American animals, it is particularly notable to find this far-sighted clergyman laying what seems to be the sure foundations of an indispensably useful and very ornamental race of semi-domestic animals. There are now 1,100 reindeer doing well in Dr. Sheldon's stations, and the entire cost to the United States was $20,000, or less than $20 per head.

THOSE who have known of the McDonogh Farm School, in Maryland, will not be surprised at the brilliant success of Mr. George's Junior Republic, which has attracted so much notice this year. Indeed, any observer of children will see that wherever they are left to themselves to formulate social institutions, the result is a perfect microcosm of the organization of the human race at large. Mr. George is a thoughtful and sympathetic young man of great energy, who lives in a little town of New York State. Half a dozen years ago he brought a score of boys and girls from the slums of New York to sum-



mer in his bright and beautiful country. He found his own and his mother's work among them so successful that in two years he had over two hundred children in his summer camp, and since then the work has progressed so successfully that in this present year the institution known as the Junior Republic, with its intensely interesting organization and self-government, has come to be a permanent fact. A number of the children remain in the camp not only for two summer months, but during the whole year. Mr. George has put the entire government of this colony into the hands of the colonists. They have their Congress, an upper and lower House, and periodical elections. They have their police force, their courts, their lawyers, their juries, their system of currency, their classes of skilled workers and unskilled workers and paupers. Mr. George himself is president of the republic.

It would be well worth while, if there were space, to describe in detail the organization of this little sovereignty, which has based its civil institutions so closely on those of the United States, in such a way as to give a most perfect training to its citizens in civic duties and virtues. The boys and girls are from twelve to seventeen years old. They work at farming, landscape gardening, carpentry, millinery, sewing, and cooking. The wages of the unskilled workmen are fifty cents, of the middle class seventy, and of the highest class of workmen ninety cents, paid of course in the tin currency of the Junior Republic. From this foundation it is easy to imagine how in practical working there should be a high price set on thrift, honesty, good conduct, and energy. The fact that the pauper element must exist largely by itself in disgrace, and must eat at the expense of the community, makes a public sentiment that is very definitely and decidedly antagonistic to pauperism. Naturally the highest ambition of each boy is to become a policeman, but civil service examinations are so thorough in this department that only the very best and most efficient boys can pass them. When they do they almost invariably make good officers of the law, exhibiting a zeal, tempered with fairness, which is said to be very remarkable. There is a bank in the colony in which the members of the republic can save up their earnings. If they are careful and industrious they may have a balance of so much as $50 when the time comes for a return to the city. This $50 is given to them in clothes or provisions for their parents in the tenement-houses of New York. One can imagine the righteous pride of a youngster who can bring home such resources to his home in the East Side of New York. Mr. George's work is now supported by an association of ladies and gentlemen of New York, who have seen the value and thoroughness of the work, and it is safe to say that no rescue work of equal dimensions has ever been more valuable and successful.







SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—II.

ROWENA AND REBECCA.—*Ivanhoe, Chapter XLIV.*

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me in one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

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A GREAT HOTEL

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—SECOND PAPER)

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES

WHEN one goes to a hotel he tells his name and where he comes from, and apartments are given him for his private occupancy, and also the use of considerable space in common with other guests. He is supplied with what food he requires and the attention of a number of servants. When he has finished his sojourn he pays his bill and departs. The number of persons concerned and the variety of interests involved in that history are extensive.

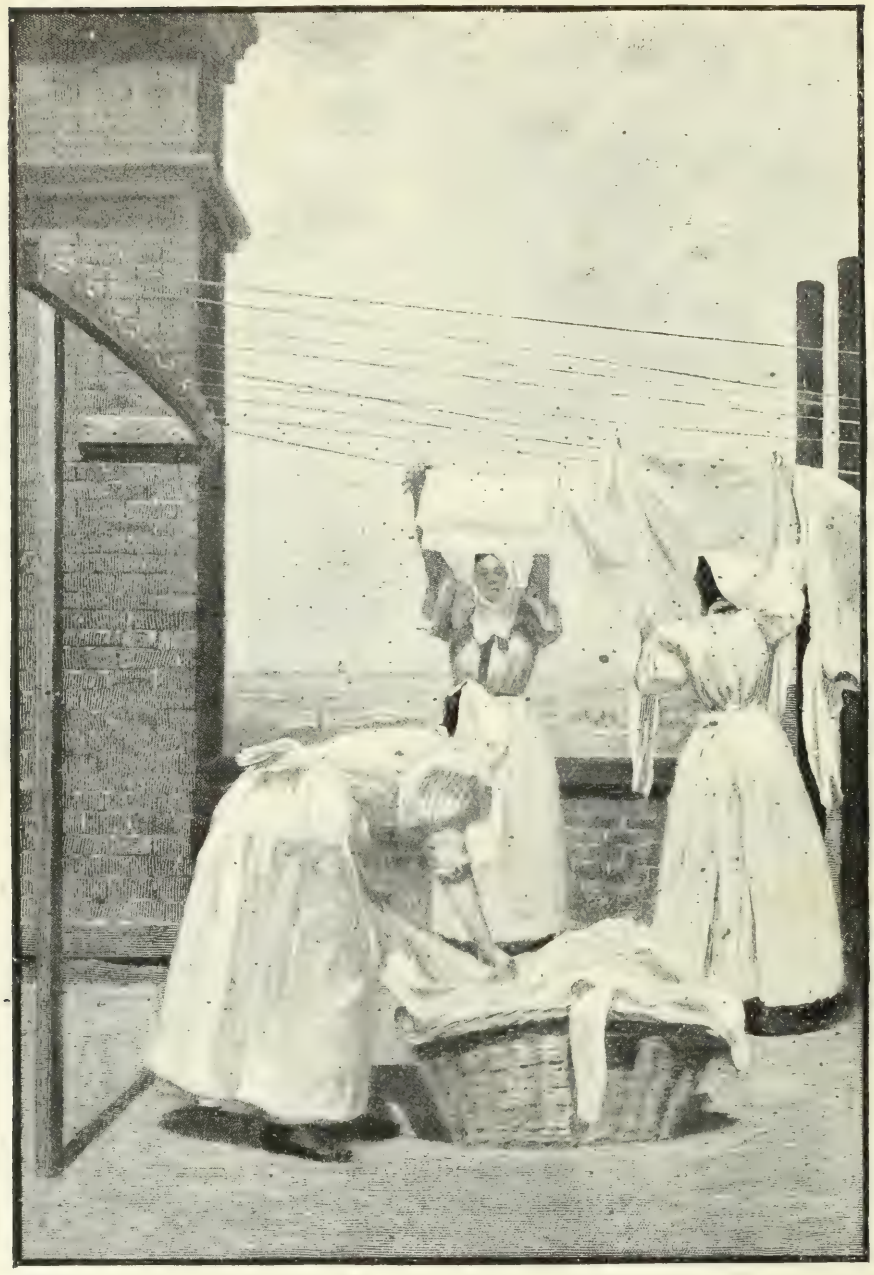
There was a room-clerk that dipped a pen in ink and handed it to the new arrival to register with, and a key-clerk rang a bell and gave a key to a bell-boy, who conducted the new arrival to one of the elevators, while a head-porter ordered a trunk-porter to take the heavy baggage up by the baggage elevator in the rear. Two elevator boys were told at what floor to stop, and the guest and his belongings were established in a room that had been put in readiness for him early in the day by a chamber-maid, who did one part of the work, and a hall-maid who did another part; and the results of their efforts had been inspected and approved, or disapproved of, by a housekeeper who had received a long list containing the number of this room as one of those that had been vacated, or "changed," as the room-clerk probably called it, who made out the list.

And when the guest had dressed and had come down-stairs again, he ordered a dinner from a menu composed by the chef and edited by the steward and printed by the hotel printer up on the top floor the day before. The dinner ordered, though perhaps not a large one, was prepared by twenty pairs of hands.

The man that opened the oysters had been doing nothing but open oysters from twelve o'clock that day, and he would keep on opening other oysters until twelve o'clock that evening. One chef superintended the broiling of the meat and another chef prepared the sauce for it, and still another pair of hands made the toast it was served on. And before the portion reached the kitchen it had been cut and weighed by the hotel butcher and then dressed and inspected and weighed again at the *garde manger*.

While waiting for his order to be filled there were scores of other human beings active in scores of other ways in the busi-

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ON THE ROOF.

No matter how large the building might be there would never be enough room to dry all the washing of a modern hotel laundry by the old-fashioned out-door process; for often there are over twenty thousand pieces to launder in one day. And there would not be time enough either; for frequently two thousand pieces of soiled dining-room linen are sent to the laundry with the order that they be returned, ready for service, within one hour. In the laundry proper, which is always at the very top or the very bottom of the hotel, are the means of drying various sorts of articles in from twelve seconds to twenty minutes.

ness of making him comfortable—from far up on the top floor, where bare-armed laundresses were singing as they folded the table-cloth that was to be spread for his breakfast in the morning, down to the coal-blackened stokers, forty feet below him, who were perspiring and shovelling from one to two tons of fine anthracite an hour under the boilers that supplied the power for making the ice in his glass as well as the light at his side and the warmth in the room. Just outside the swinging doors, where the waiters disappear, sat the "checkers" at a high desk taking note of every order that went out to the kitchen and taking equally careful note of every portion that went into the dining-room. Down-stairs a squad of men were plunging big steel cages filled with soiled plates into patent whirlpools of boiling water and lifting them out again with a small-sized derrick. Nearby the night force of silver cleaners, a dozen or more, were polishing knives and forks and making considerable din as they tossed each piece into its proper

compartment. Out in the refrigerator the head butcher with an ulster under his white apron was cutting-off single portion steaks and weighing each one to see that it was exactly thirteen ounces, while in the hot bake-shop the roll baker was reaching into his oven with a long-handled paddle and pulling out pans of Vienna rolls and tumbling them into a huge basket for to-morrow's breakfast. Upstairs, along the corridors, three or four watchmen with noses keen for the smell of fire, and eyes sharp for suspicious-looking persons, were patrolling their floors. In and out among the guests, dressed like one of them and apparently as mildly interested in everybody, strolled the hotel detective.



THE WASHING-ROOM.

In this laundry sixty persons were employed, and an average of one hundred and forty thousand pieces were laundered a week. From the washing machine (one is seen on the left) the clean wet goods were thrown into an extractor (to the right), a contrivance which takes all the water out without injury. (It is a revolving basin or tub with perforated sides and the moisture is extracted by centrifugal force. It makes fifteen hundred revolutions a minute.)



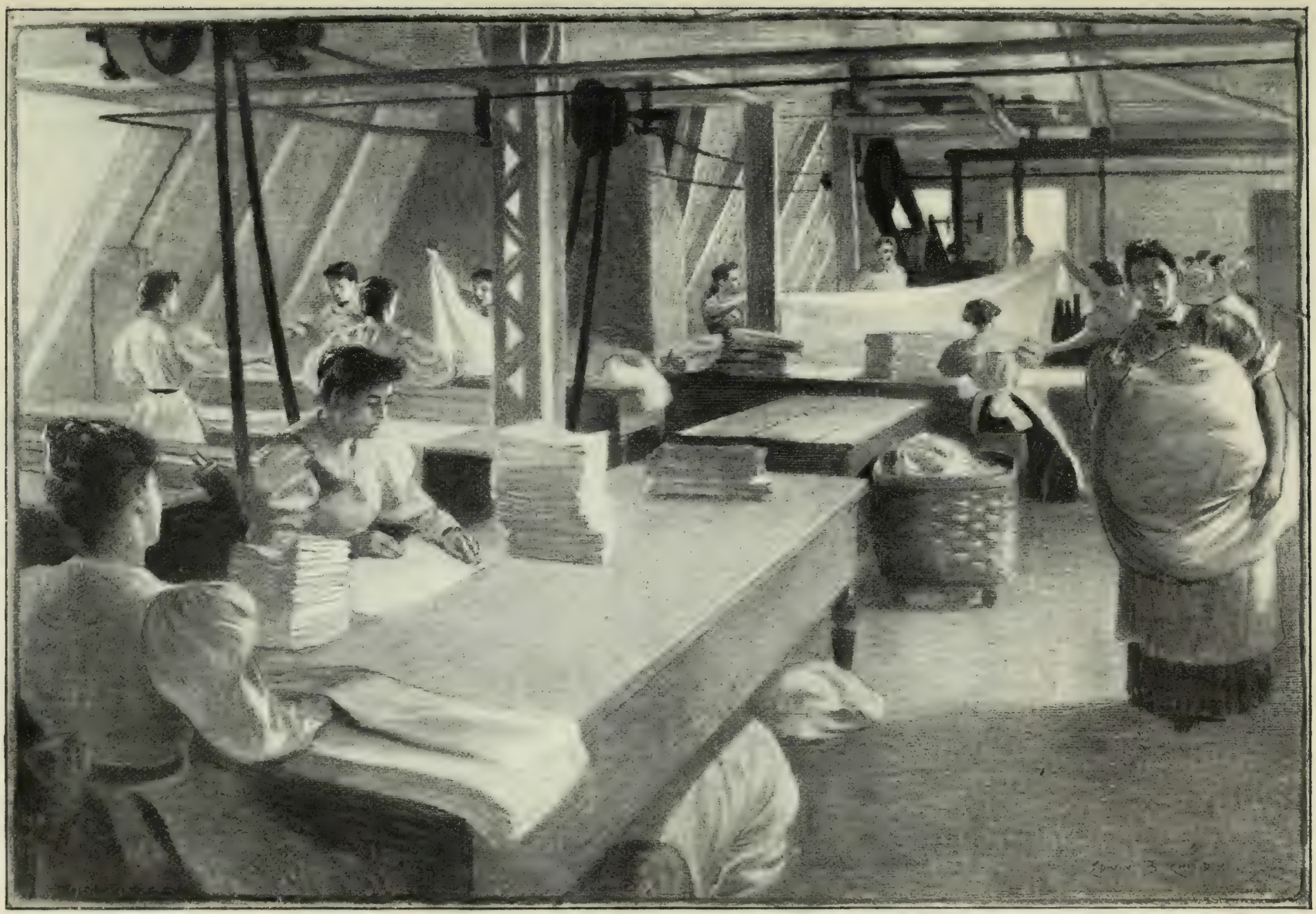
HAND-IRONING-ROOM.

These girls work under the direction of a head ironer, who notes the condition of every piece that comes in from the drying-room, and passes judgment on the finish of every piece that goes out to the delivery-room.

There were painters revarnishing chairs in the basement, and musicians were playing something from Carmen in the main-hall landing ; the tinsmith was making ash-cans, and the decorator was ordering flowers ; the comptrollers were looking for discrepancies between the checker's stubs and the cashier's bills, and the plumbers were looking for leaks in the seventh floor water-main. There were detachments of men that moved furniture, and women that made pillow-cases ; a force that did nothing but clean window panes, and a still larger force that did nothing but scrub the main floor, only these were just now asleep because they were to be called by the second assistant housekeeper as soon as the last late theatre party had left the supper-room and take the only chance they ever have to make things bright and clean and smooth, for the running of another twenty-four hours of this business, whose doors are never locked, and whose engines never stop from the day the house is opened up until it is burned or torn down.

In fact if you were to follow the matter out and count them all, from the man who spends the days of his life in winding clocks to the manager, or proprietor of the hotel, who has to think more or less about every one of these various interests, you would find that there were about as many persons employed in producing what is called hotel accommodations, as there were patrons to enjoy it, and this might prove surprising, because comparatively few of these several hundred are ever visible.

It might seem at first also that many of them must be idle a good part of the time, and that their duties would certainly overlap, and that they would get in each other's way. Their duties do not over-



MACHINE IRONING.

Only small, fine articles are ironed by hand. Napkins, table-cloths, sheets and so on are done in these "mangles." They not only iron with from one hundred to three hundred pounds pressure, but at the same time dry articles when still damp from the extractor. Without these it would not be possible to wash soiled articles, and dry, iron, and return them tidy and immaculate in forty-five minutes.

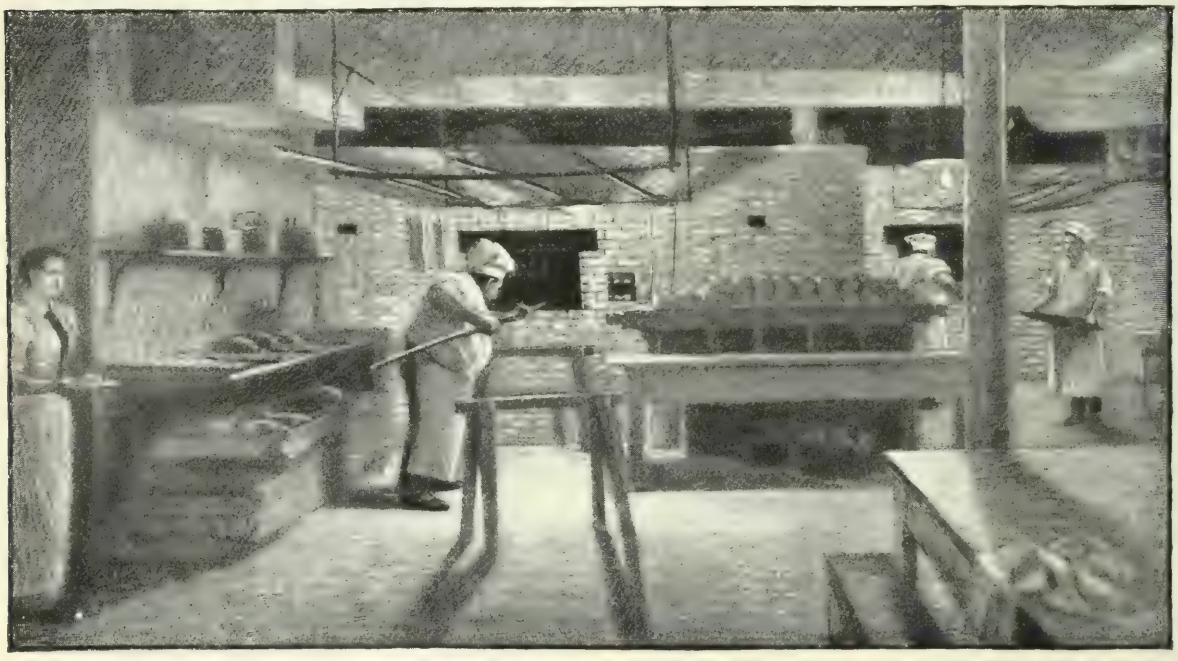
lap, and none of them has a chance to get in another's way, and each is about as busy as he can be the whole of the time he is on duty, and for the most part they are on duty on an average of ten hours in every twenty-four.

When you stop to think of a few of the practical facts involved in all this, that all these employees with their diversified functions have to be engaged, tested, and discharged, or retained, bossed, and watched, and fed, and paid, you will realize that it requires something more than the efforts of a clerk or two with nicely brushed hair to conduct successfully the affairs of a large hotel. When you further consider the increasingly sharp rivalry in this business, and the completeness and luxuriousness that modern society, or rather, modern competition, requires in hotels—in short, the amount of capital that is risked in the hotel enterprise, I think you will recognize that this is an industry requiring executive instinct in no small degree, and business talent of a very high grade, and that it is worthy of being taken seriously, and of an article in a series of articles on the management of great businesses.

Like other big enterprises involving millions of dollars and employing hundreds of men, it requires certain general business aptitudes and commercial perceptions, and like them demands a wonderful amount of specialized knowledge besides; but very likely the reason so many people think that anyone can attend to the business of a hotel is, as was hinted at before, because there seems to be so little real business to attend to.

None of the worry or friction is in sight, and viewed from the rotunda or the parlor floor it is all a simple matter. That is because it is part of the hotel business to hide all these things from view. It is not like a bank, or an importing house, where you see—and they want you to see—ever so many clerks scratching at books and the names and titles of officials on glass doors. The only place where the patron comes in contact with the business organism of the hotel is at the more or less conspicuous spot called "the office," and he is apt to think that here the hotel is run. As a matter of fact the office and three or four clerks there merely act as a mouth-piece between the hotel and the public, and the hotel is not run there at all.

There are important-looking officials and high-salaried heads of departments, and roll-top desks and stenographers



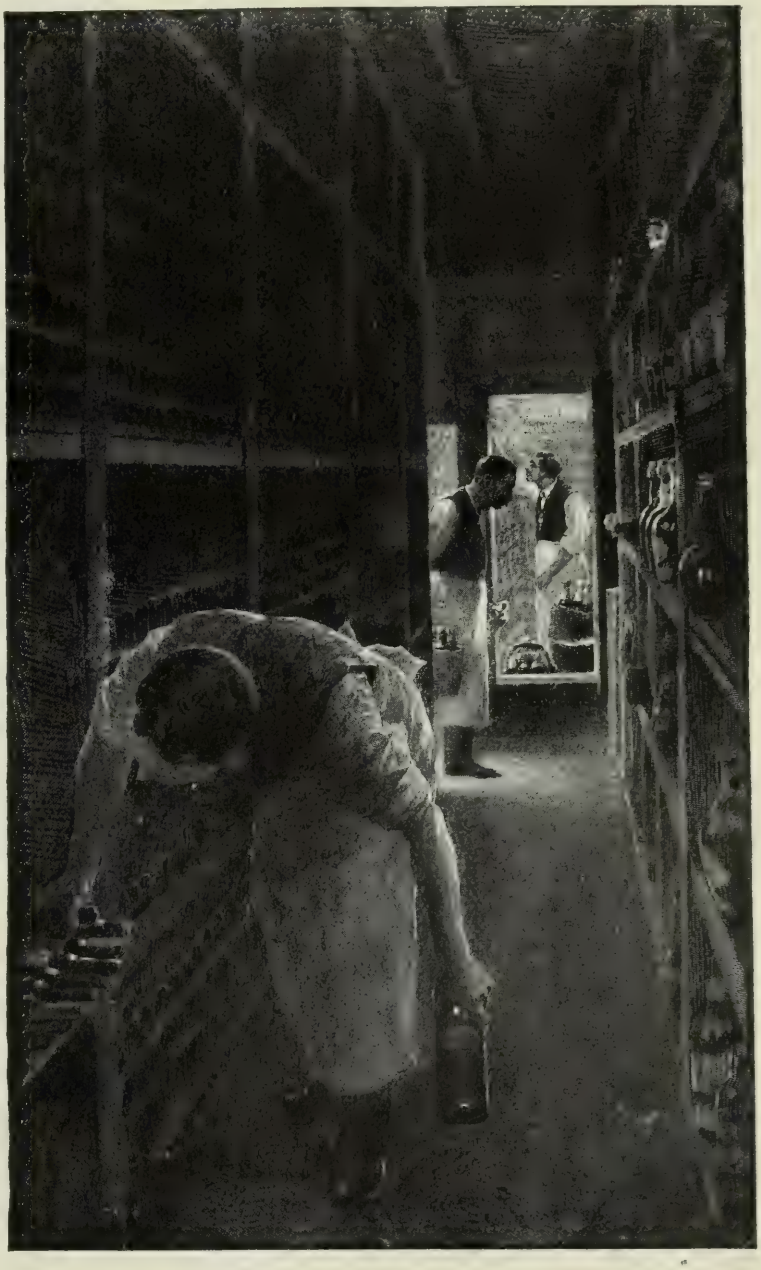
THE BAKERY.

In one day thirteen thousand rolls were baked in this oven by this one baker. That was during the week of the last Horse Show, when all the dining-rooms were overflowing. This man bakes nothing but rolls in about a dozen varieties. The Head Baker—"Bake Chef," he calls himself—bakes the bread himself, getting up every morning at one o'clock for the purpose.

that one never sees or hears of any more than the buzzing of the circular saw in the hotel carpenter shop, or the meetings of the heads of the departments to discuss with the manager the business problems for the coming month.

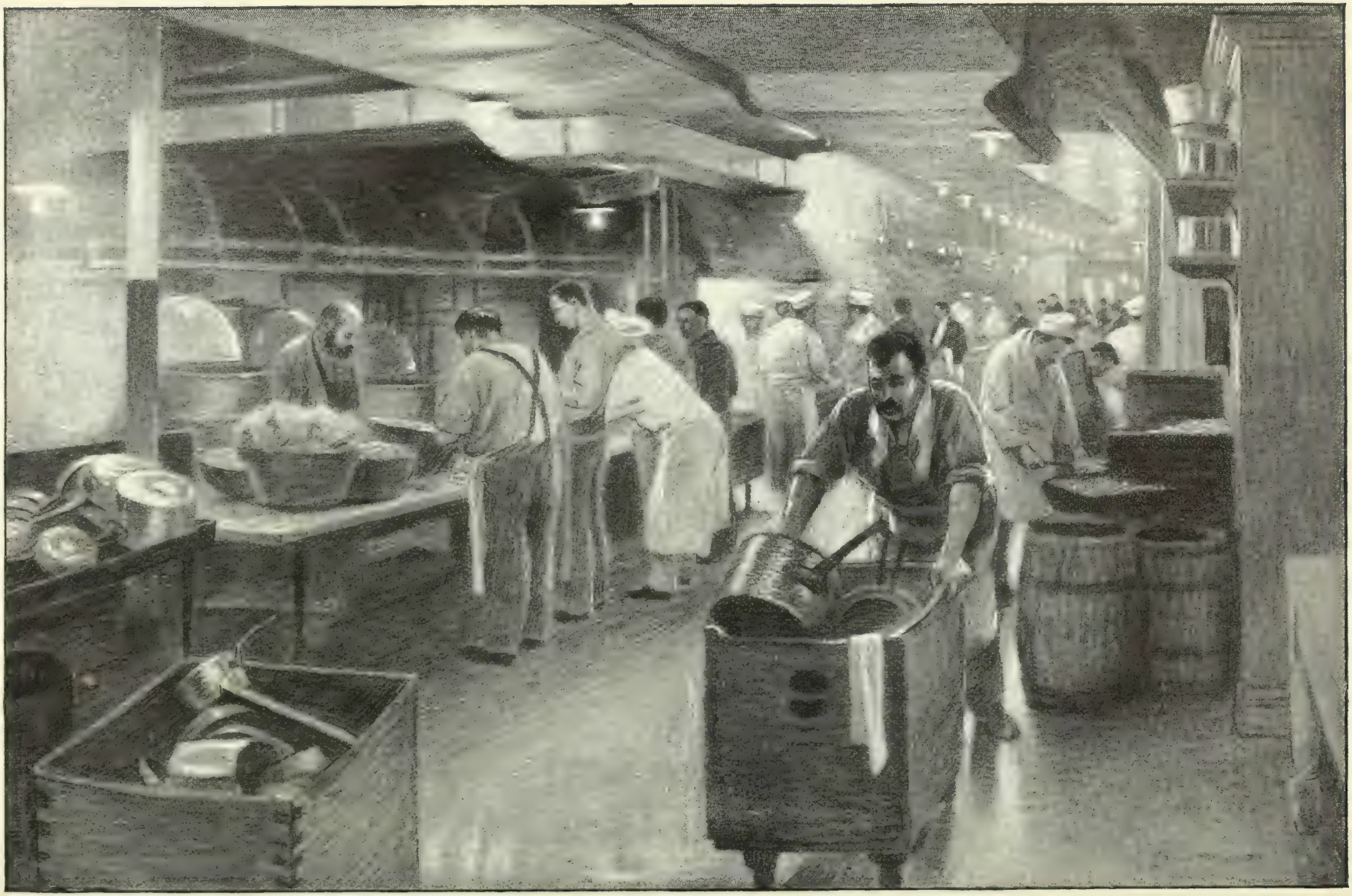
Now the success of the actual running of a hotel depends, as does the success of running a railroad, or an express company, or a department store, or any other big thing, upon the attention to little things. Obviously the way to secure the proper and proportionate attention to many little things is by system, and the system that more or less invisibly operates in a hotel is a product of many years' experience. Each hotel has methods of its own that grow up and are developed with it, though in many essential features they are all somewhat alike here in America, whether the hotel is conducted on the American plan, the restaurant, or the European plan, as it is called, or both.

In most large hotels the proprietor or manager, or whatever happens to be the title of the man at the head of the machinery that makes the commodity called hotel accommodation, has nothing at all to do with the carrying out of the details of the business. He is, of course, the guiding spirit. He is the one that originates the ideas that make up the character of the hotel. But his several heads of departments —in some hotels there are between twenty and thirty of them — when once he has chosen and tested them, carry out those ideas absolutely. The chief watches the way it is done, and when he has criticisms and suggestions to make he does so only through the heads of the departments. In a well-organized hotel the head of it considers himself to have no more jurisdiction over the routine workings of the various departments, nor of the servants that make them up, than his guests have —not as much sometimes. He does not even reserve for himself the privilege of discharging them, nor can he officially prevent the dismissal of any one of them on the part of the rightful commander of the department. For it is only by giving absolute control that absolute accountability can be got, and without a system con-



AN ALLEY IN THE WINE-CELLAR.

These vaults are under the pavement. In all there were about one million bottles in stock here, worth $175,000. The sketch was made from one of the "alleys" as the tiers (arranged something like the book-shelves of a large library) are called. Across the passage is one of the champagne-bins, where the temperature is kept at twenty-eight degrees all the year round. The claret is kept at seventy-two degrees. This cellar is kept securely locked day and night, and one must ring a bell to be admitted.



IN THE KITCHEN.

Every hotel had its own ideas about the best plans for a kitchen. This one was peculiar in that every department was in one room, which was nearly one hundred and fifty feet long, and about fifty wide. But in their workings they were all practically alike, in that every man performed but one thing.

structed upon absolute personal accountability, no big industry full of detail can be conducted as it should be. And for the head of a hotel, as for the heads of nearly all big enterprises, one of the most serious and exasperating problems is this one of securing capable and efficient men for the carrying out of ideas he knows are practicable, and which he feels mathematically certain would bring success if he could only divide his personality into a score of parts, and station one at the head of each branch of the business organism.

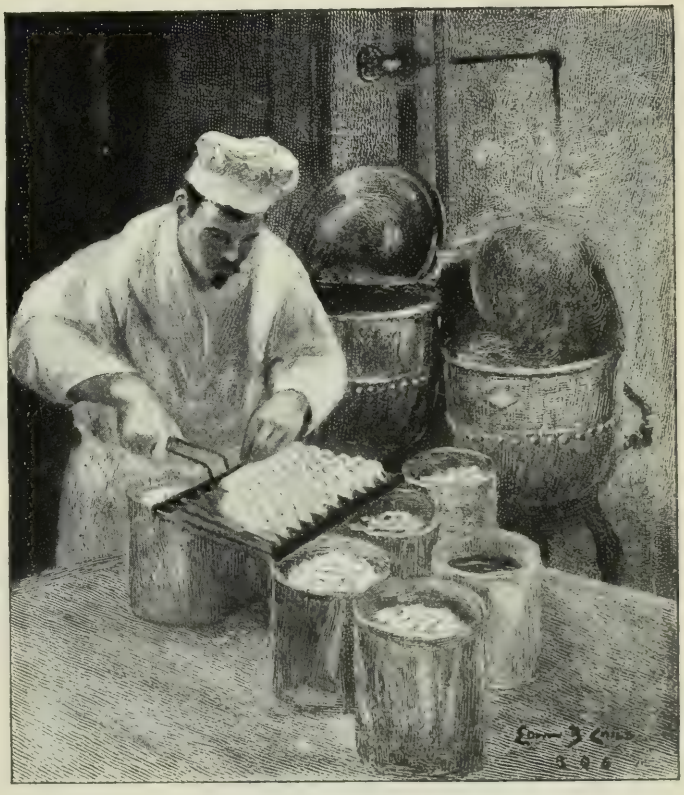
But when he does get just the men he wants, they are given not only the entire executive control, but considerable latitude is allowed them as to the ways of developing their several parts of the business; they are encouraged to originate and experiment with ideas of their own. In fact the business is their business, and they must treat it as such, and not as if they were merely paid for a certain number of hours' attention. In view of this it will not be so surprising to learn that the steward of one of the hotels in this country receives the same salary as a justice of the United States Supreme Court, $10,000. Still it may be somewhat surprising.

He is worth that much to his employer. He carries on the business of his department as it should be carried on. In fact, in this case he is more than steward, as he is the manager and practically master too of the whole "back" of the house, as it is called, the most intricate and responsible part of the mechanism, and accordingly the head of the hotel, has just that much less to worry over, and just so much more time to devote to his own pursuits, which are, briefly, first, to watch the workings of all this many cog-wheeled machine and take note on the action of its various parts, and, second, to observe how those who buy the article turned out seem to like it; and, third, to think up new schemes for making his goods still more attractive and his business still more lucrative. There is quite enough involved in that to keep a busy man very busy, but it need not be enlarged upon just now.

The work of a hotel is divided sharply into two main parts, called by those in the business the "front" and the "back" of the house. Though the front is five or six times as large as the back, the back employs five or six times as many persons.

The front includes nearly everything the guest is likely to see, except the dining-room, and one of the most important officials in this part of the machine, and certainly the most interesting one, is a woman. Most of the responsibility for the actual comfort of the guest, and consequently the reputation of the hotel, depends in great part upon the housekeeper.

Her duties are, like those of other housekeepers, to see that the affairs of the household are attended to as they should be attended to, only she has nothing to do with the meals or anything else that belongs to the back of the house.



THE "FRY" CHEF.

There was a separate chef, with one or more plain cooks under him, for each kind of cooking, and they were all under the command of *the* Chef. This sketch was made of the "fry" chef; he would not be allowed to stand by the broiling range.

But she has quite enough to do in her own department, being responsible for the order and cleanliness of every piece of furniture and every square inch of every one of the several hundred rooms in it. She must know by heart the individual character of each room, hallway, parlor, and closet in the house, and just where everything is and where it should not be. She is the one to note and report to the repair department the loosening of the threads of a tassel on the lambrequin, and stiffness of the joint of the transom-rod. She has the employing and discharging of all the servants of her department, and as there is a chambermaid to every twenty-five rooms, and hall-maids or "paint-cleaners," as they are sometimes called, on every floor, and a large force of women constantly at work in the linen-room sewing and hemming and marking, and a still larger force that constitute the scrubbing regiment, besides special window and curtain and brass-work cleaners and polishers, it can be seen that there is quite an army for this one woman to general, even with the assistance of a couple of aides.

She is by no means a graduated chambermaid, or anything of that kind. She is generally a woman of considerable refinement and of taste enough to have a say in the furnishing and decorations. One of these housekeepers who was good enough to tell about her work, kindly showed me an article she had written and published concerning the Victorian age in literature, and she said that she had formerly thought of adopting writing as a profession, but decided to try hotel housekeeping because there was more money in it, and this showed that she was a woman of capital good sense as well as culture.

Besides the house superintendent, who has the oversight of the general physical condition of this part of the house and is the employer of the bell-boys, the hall-men, the footmen, furniture-men, and all the other male service in the front of the hotel, there are other more or less important officials in this part of the house.

There is in some hotels a head decorator who has charge of the picture-hanging and furniture arranging and so forth, especially for the receptions and dances and political meetings and other gather-



THE COOK'S DINNER.

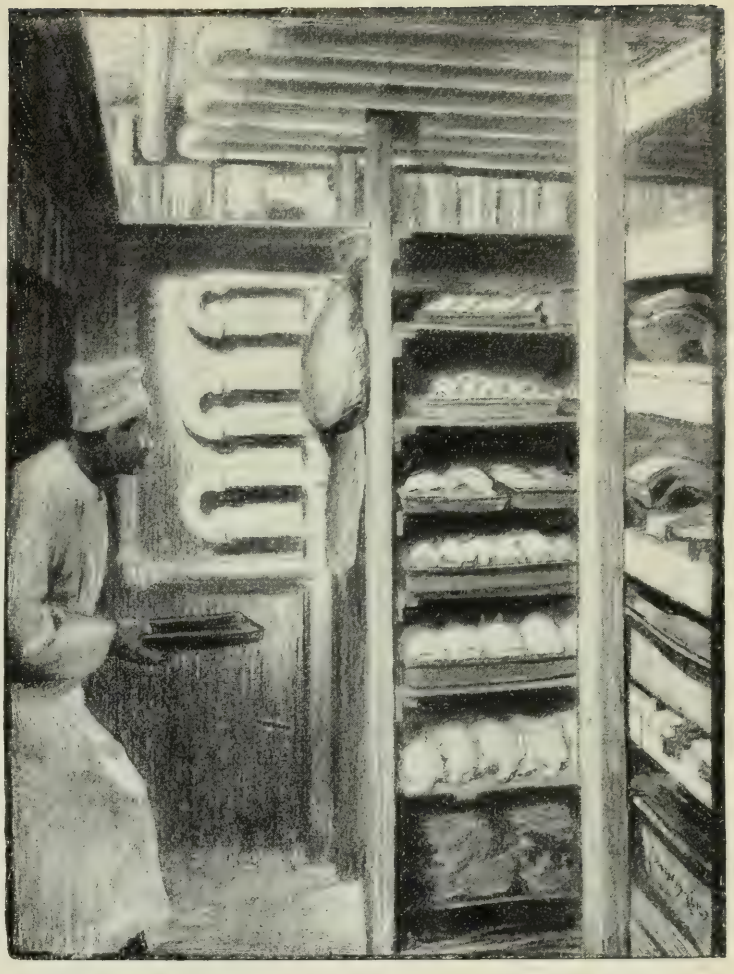
There were separate mess-rooms for most of the servants, and a different grade of table for nearly every grade of employee. The cooks, however, except the chef, ate in the kitchen. They dine just before beginning the work of cooking dinner for the hotel patrons.

ings that are daily taking place in big hotels, and he is held responsible for perfect arrangements.

There is a head porter, who has twenty or more men under him who handle, sometimes, a thousand pieces of baggage a day, and he is the one to blame if any trunk is lost or misses a train.

There is a captain of the bell-boys, whose fault it is when they are slow, and a chief of the pneumatic-tube system who can lay it to no one else if a message goes astray in any part of the house; and a head telephone clerk, and a telegraph operator, and a newsdealer, and a cigar seller.

Then there are the clerks that stand behind the counter at the office, and answer questions and keep their patience all day. There are three of these on duty most of the time. The room-clerk, the key-clerk, and the package-clerk. The cashier is near by, also. After a certain hour in the evening, the night-clerk rules alone.



IN ONE OF THE REFRIGERATORS.

This is a game corner of a refrigerator, in which birds can be kept on hand all through the close season, practically indefinitely. The large birds near the bottom are geese, next above are some canvass backs, then partridges. Each pan in each shelf around the room contains a certain number of portions, or double portions, and each cut weighs an exact number of ounces.

The room-clerk is the one that welcomes you on your arrival, and keeps track of you and every one of the other inhabitants of the hotel with wonderful exactness. His position requires unlimited tact, and a genius for remembering names and faces. It is remarkable how much suavity he cultivates, and what an extraordinary memory his duties develop. It is a peculiar memory. If the package-clerk asks him what is Mrs. Brown's room he will reply immediately "521," even if Mrs. Brown had arrived at the hotel only a few hours before. But his memory will not work backward, for if five minutes later he is asked who has room "521," he will have to look up at the schedule of names and rooms that hangs near the letter-boxes. Nor would he be able to tell who was in "350," even though the occupant had lived there for months. But he is not liable to be asked that, and this is the very reason his memory is not trained to run in that direction.

The comptrollers and book-keepers are very busy men, who work nine hours in a private office hidden away from the view of the hotel patrons. They do their day's work in an absorbed, business-like manner, and then hurry home like any other book-keepers; and if anyone sees them coming in or out of the hotel they are probably thought to be guests of the house. They know as little about some parts of the house as the guests.

But it is in the back of the house that most of the work is done, as in any other house. The majority of the whole force on the pay-roll is employed here, and the

most complicated parts of the whole business are here manœuvred. Besides that all-important branch, the kitchen and its accessories, the store-rooms and bake-shops and refrigerators and wine-cellars, the back of the house includes the engineer's department, which, for instance, in one of the latest and the most-talked-of hotels in New York City, employs thirty-five men and fifteen engines, that run seventeen elevators and supply the house with heat and water and the means of putting out fires, and of making twenty-five tons of ice and laundering twenty thousand pieces of washing in twenty-four hours, besides a large electric plant with a beautiful switch-board.

These engines—the important ones, at least—do not stop every six or eight days like the engines in an ocean steamer's hold ; they start to work on the day the hotel is opened and run as long as it does.

Then there are the repair departments, the blacksmith shop, the tinshop, the paint-shop, the cabinet-makers' and plumbers'. These all are parts of the back of the house, and so are the dining-rooms and restaurants and the bar. And so are the servants' halls, and the waiters', the mechanics', and the nurses' halls, where several hundred employees are fed from two to four meals each day in a way that will prove satisfying to them and at the same time satisfactory to the steward's employers, the company or the manager.

Of course, the chef rules the kitchen. But the steward rules the store-room, and when these two do not admire each other woe betide the hotel. The organization of the kitchen force is as thoughtfully attended to as the designing of that spacious studio itself. System is essential here, if it is in any part of the hotel, and it seems to be in every part. If you were to visit the kitchen of a large European-plan hotel at dinner-time some evening in Horse-show week, when every one of the seven hundred rooms is filled to overflowing, and the occupants all want dinner about the same hour, not to speak of a hundred additional diners from without, besides a dozen private dinner-parties in the small dinner-rooms, and a college alumni banquet in the ball-room, you would feel something of the same spirit that pervades a circus-tent five minutes after the evening performance is finished and the outfit has a fifty-mile run to make before daybreak, or in a newspaper office when the story of



ONE OF THE RANGES.

The range of every well equipped kitchen was divided into five or six departments, with a separate force of cooks at each. The sketch shows the broilers to the right, and the roasting range to the left, with a hood to catch odors, and an electric fan inside to carry them off. Eight experienced men were kept exceedingly busy here alone, during dinner hours.



THE WOMAN WHO MAKES TOAST.

In all there were fifty or sixty cooks in our largest hotels, and in the one where this sketch was made but two of them were women. They were allowed by the vegetable chef to serve vegetables, but never to cook them. They spent nearly all their time making toast, and this a woman could do better than a man. The stewards find that a man cook considers this beneath his dignity, and will not take pains with it.

the day comes in ten minutes before the paper goes to press.

It is a large, brilliantly lighted place, full of people ; cooks that shout at each other in shrill French, and perform wonderful feats with copper skillets, and waiters with their black clothes, in strong contrast to the white caps and coats of the cooks, that scud in and out, holding a tray in one hand and an order card in the other, dodging other waiters and shouting their wants to the chefs in French, who wouldn't pay any attention to them if they were not in French ; while farther down the room are vegetable preparers, mashing potatoes by the tubful, and on the other side a rabble of scullions rattling silver and scraping plates and cleaning dishes at the rate of several thousand an hour by aid of the self-drying process, which makes a cloud of steam.

The chefs of the various departments along the range snarl out directions to the under cooks, and the under cooks jerk siz-



SCENES IN THE KITCHEN BY THE "CHECKERS."

Before a waiter could get into the dining-room with his order he had to pass one or more checkers, who looked at the order and at the portion, and, if both were as they should be, checked it off on the bill. Because of theft in many hotels, the waiters cannot get out of the kitchen without passing the checkers. On the way out also were posted bulletins, in some hotels, on a large black-board. One of them reads "*Recommandez* mongrel goose, $1.00."

zling things off the fire and slap them back again with the apparent carelessness that deftness brings, reminding one of the seeming unappreciativeness of bank clerks tying up packages of bonds. And when they want another portion or two to fill a fresh order they shout across the room to the *garde manger*, and those at the *garde manger* repeat the order and shout "Bon!" and three or four of them yell in concert, sometimes. Each tries to put more spirit into it than the other. Everything is organized bustle and orderly disorder, with the chef standing calmly in the centre of the room watching everything. Occasionally he confers in a low tone with the head-waiter as to the time to send up the three hundred *casseroles* of Terrapin Maryland to the banquet-room, where these same noisy waiters will presently enter sedately and speak in whispers.

The chef is the acting commander, not only of all these scenes of activity, but of the bake-shops and sweetmeat departments, with their various heads and subheads, and he is just as important as he is generally imagined to be, and wears pearl buttons on his coat. But he himself does little more cooking than a general does shooting. His functions require the use of a lead-pencil more often than a spoon.

He has an office with a great many books and records and pigeon-holes full of papers. Out in the middle of the kitchen he has a desk also, and files of orders for future special dinners and luncheons and suppers which are to be hung on a bulletin-board near by on their appointed days.

Here he stands during meal hours and generals the workings of his white-uniformed army. He devotes much of his attention to the specially ordered dinners going on in the large and small private dining-rooms. In fact he considers these so important that he himself gives the orders for the various courses to the various head cooks along the range, he The Chef.

He knows, to the fraction of a minute,

how long it takes to prepare each dish, and he guesses pretty accurately how long it is to take each one of them to be eaten. With these data he calculates and orders accordingly. As each course goes up he scratches it off the bulletin-board and marks down the time of its departure. Sometimes he has a number of these dinners going on at once. On such occasions he is apparently little interested in the ordinary orders from the public dining-rooms, except when an important-looking waiter pushes his way through the crowd to him and whispers in his ear impressively; then the chef's eyes brighten and he steps across to the *garde manger* and calls out, authoritatively:

"Deux portions des soles pour Monsieur King, pour Monsieur King, François." That means that Mr. King has sent his name to the chef and is some one who must be served well.

The chef has an assistant chef, and he takes charge of the kitchen when his superior is not there during the day, and the *chef de nuit* rules the range during supper hours, which are sometimes extended far into the night when dances are going on upstairs. There are from forty to fifty cooks altogether along the range, in the bake-shops and confectioners' departments, and at the *garde manger* where the raw foods are prepared and the portions of meat dressed and put in readiness for the range. And all this makes it seem, no doubt, as if there certainly were enough cooks to spoil the broth, if they ever cook any. But they are all given as much as the chef, to whose interest it is to keep the expenses down, deems it possible for them to do well. During the dull hours the undercooks are polishing up their pans and things, and the head cooks are mixing up concoctions for the next meal, and the chef's duties are to take account of stock and make up the bills of fare for the next day, which is a matter for profound study and artistic contemplation, though he despises the long-named creations himself, and when very hungry, which is rare, goes home and enjoys a piece of boiled beef with horse-radish and lager beer.

The chef takes account of stock during the quiet hours of the morning, and hands in his requisition list every afternoon to the steward, who consults with him about it, makes a few revisions and hands it over to the market-boys every afternoon at five o'clock, so that every article ordered will arrive the next morning in time to begin the day with.

The problem of how much to order seems much more formidable than they find it who have to deal with it. To some degree it is a matter of clever guessing. The steward knows to an ounce how much of every one of the hundreds of different sorts of supplies he has on hand. He also knows how many guests are in the house. But he has to guess how many are going to leave to-morrow, and how many new ones are coming, and what dishes they are liable to make a run on. Long experience renders this process a sort of instinct. The steward of a fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel during the last Horse Show, when the house was filled to overflowing and there was no way of telling how many outside customers would come in for luncheon and dinner, went through the entire week without being obliged once to send up word to the dining-room that the supply of anything was exhausted, nor did the hotel suffer by an over-drug of anything perishable. With modern improvements in the way of refrigerating and the ancient knack of French cooks for utilizing everything, there are very few articles of food that are considered perishable nowadays.

In most hotels the stewards have other functions in addition to keeping the larder filled. But this matter of buying for a large hotel alone is about as important, relatively, and takes nearly as much expert knowledge as the buying for a large dry-goods store. The stewards at the more modern hotels take at least one trip a year to the continent, just as the buyers for dry-goods houses do, except that in this case they bargain for champagnes and pâté de foie gras and other foreign delicacies, instead of linens and laces and silks. They make a very careful study of the home markets too. The steward of a certain hotel in Philadelphia sends to Boston for his hot-house asparagus during one or two months of the year, and to Jersey later in the winter. His winter tomatoes come wrapped in tissue-paper from a town way up in Ontario, Canada, while

he gets the most satisfactory mushrooms and water-cress from a certain valley in his own State, and the finest quality of domestic geese from a little place up the Schuylkill, and sugar-cured hams from a famous farm in Virginia. For, as the business is carried on nowadays, they do not merely get pretty good things. They look about for the very best and go there and get them. One hotel in this country has a contract for a term of years for the maple sirup output of the manufacturer who won first medal in this product at the World's Fair in 1892. It is not advertised as such on the bill of fare. It is simply put down as maple sirup, but the steward and the hotel proprietor know that their patrons will be supplied with the real thing, and they consider this a paying policy. This contract, by the way, was made before the hotel was built.

There is not room to describe the wine-cellar and the way the wine-steward and his force of men handle the wines, or the bakery with its big ovens and floury experts, or the butcher shop, which has its head-butcher and under-butchers too, or even the workings of the dining-room, where the results of all this varied activity reach realization in finished form. But here, as in all other departments, the authority is centred in one man, the head waiter, who waits on nobody. In some of our latest hotels they are calling him *maître d'hotel.* Under him are the assistant head waiters, and under them the captains, and each captain has more or less authority over a squad of men. Half of these squads are in one watch, and half in the other. Only one of these watches is at work at a time. The first comes on at six o'clock in the morning and works until noon, and then comes back again at five o'clock and stays until midnight. or as much later as necessary. The other watch comes on at noon and leaves at five o'clock. The next day the conditions are reversed, and the watch that was on duty for nearly fifteen hours is the one to have the short five-hour day. And each of these under and over waiters speaks three languages and expects a tip that is in proportion not only to the size of your bill but his importance. One head waiter I have the honor of knowing personally owns a yacht and a place in the country, and spends his vacations abroad. Many of those who helped pay for these luxuries have neither yachts nor country places.

Now there are pantrymen and odd-job men and other sorts of employees in this department, just as there are store-keepers and receiving clerks down-stairs in the steward's department, all of whom work under a captain or a boss of some sort who is under the control of the head of that department, only they must not all be mentioned here because there is not space, and because enough has been told to indicate that the work in a hotel is very thoroughly systematized. So it is high time to consider the dollars and cents aspect of all this, looking at it from the stand-point of those who put money in this undertaking for the purpose of making more money, for it was as a business institution that this enterprise was here to be described.

Perhaps it never occurred to you that the charges at a first-class hotel are exceedingly low. Very possibly, on the other hand, it has struck you that they were high. And so they are when viewed absolutely in dollars and cents at the foot of the bill. But if you stop to calculate it practically you may reasonably leave off wondering at the largeness of the price to marvel at its smallness.

By this is meant that viewed as a business transaction you get a very great deal in return for the money invested. Perhaps you do not want some of the things you get—and pay for—but that is not the point.

In the first place you are given a home, luxuriously and more or less beautifully and expensively furnished, at least, in the most fashionable or else the most central portion of the city, or, if at a mountain resort or watering-place, on the most advantageous site ; in other words, where real estate is highest. You are given every comfort and convenience you could have thought of, and a number that you could not, from the means of telephoning while seated in your private room to friends a thousand miles away, to spring lamb raised under glass and Turkish coffee made by a real Turk in costume.

You have the finest cooks in the world to cook the finest delicacies from the best markets in the world, and a different cook for nearly every different delicacy, too. You have servants at every few feet, to open doors, and hang up your hat, and take you up-stairs, and to perform the numerous other functions already mentioned. In short, you live on a scale of ease and magnificence at the modern hotel at from $5 to $10 a day, that would cost in private life—few of us have any idea how many times more than that, and it involves no further anxiety or effort than the raising of the hand to touch a bell or the ordering of dinner from a rather long list of things that sound good.

Perhaps you prefer more privacy and less splendor. It is very possible that you do not fancy Hungarian orchestras that play Faust while you eat oysters, and perhaps the over-gorgeous display and the straining for costly effects seems vulgar to you. But that is not the point. They are costly just the same, and for the total market value of the commodities you are given, or given the use of, you pay an astonishingly small amount at the modern hotel. In fact, it seems surprisingly small even for the wholesale rate at which each of these various commodities is obtained for the individual, and if you were to study the matter for the purpose of going into the business or writing an article upon it you would wonder why even more hotels do not go into the hands of receivers.

There are some big items of expense in conducting a hotel, and some serious problems. For instance, the yearly rental for our larger hotels, or, if the proprietor owns the property, the interest on the price of it, which amounts to the same thing, may be any amount from $100,000 to three or four times that. That is a big item of expense; and one of the serious problems is that while the doors are kept open for business from one end of the year to the other no hotel is run on a paying basis for more than eight or possibly nine of the twelve months. The rest of the time they are not only not making money but steadily losing it.

The receipts during the summer and often during the winter holidays amount to almost nothing, and yet none of the big expenses are appreciably cut down. That rent, of course, goes on as steadily as the engines, a drain of $1,000 or $2,000 a week, whether there are twenty guests in the house or hundreds. The pay-roll is cut down of course, half of it sometimes, but it is the bottom half chiefly, the waiters and other cheap "help" as they call it; all the heads of the departments with salaries of from three to six or eight thousand a year, and the head cooks, the clerks, and nearly all the other high and medium salaried officials are employed by the year, and their salaries must be paid every month, in summer as well as in the busy season.

These make big items for the hotel man to think about at the beginning of the year, but he would go in debt or cut down a good many other expenses before he would begrudge these. For he knows it is good business to secure expensive property and be advertised by it, to obtain a few high-priced employees that can be trusted, and many cheap ones out of whom the high-priced heads will get much work, to buy the best food in the market and challenge competition; in short, the general policy in conducting what is commonly called a first-class hotel is to be unsparing, first, in expense in securing the outfit, and unsparing, in the second place, in the effort to work it for all it is worth, by exercising the greatest economy and carefulness, by keeping the strictest account of the disposition of every ounce of food and every ounce of energy and reducing all to a close-fitting business system.

It frequently happens that the comparatively small per cent. of difference that makes the success or failure of a hotel is determined entirely by the system employed for stopping leakage and locating extravagance.

In the first place a system of checking obtains throughout the house. In no department is anything surrendered to anybody without a proper order for it, and then the delivery is duly recorded for reference and auditing. When the kitchen sends to the store-room for supplies a requisition, countersigned by the chef, must be shown before, and, in some hotels, a receipt after, the articles are

handed over. When the chambermaid goes to the laundry for clean towels she must first hand over a corresponding number of soiled ones, and the head-laundress must take account of the transaction in her book, with the maid's number and the time of the occurrence.

In the dining-rooms, cafés, and such places the system is still more thorough. Even an order for a glass of milk or a piece of toast sets in motion considerable intricate machinery and requires the attention of three or four persons other than those directly employed in filling the order itself.

The customer's written order does not go directly to the kitchen. It must first go to one of the checkers whose desk is on the waiter's route to and from the kitchen. Here it is treated in different ways in different hotels. This is one system: He, or she, files the original order, makes an itemized copy of it on a different order blank in the form of a bill, with the waiter's number at the top, then makes a summarized memoranda on the stubs at either end of this card or bill, stamps all three of these removal parts, tears off one of them, files it, and hands the rest of the card to the waiter.

Unless the waiter has this order-blank with the checker's stamp, he cannot get what he wants in the kitchen, and even after he has filled the order, the checker must inspect it on the way to the dining-room and check each item off on the order-blank. When the meal is finished and this bill, with the separate items added up, has been presented to the guest for examination, payment is made to the cashier, whose desk is in a different place from the checker's, and who adds it all up again, receipts it, files the big part and gives the little part to the waiter with the change. This stub he pockets for reference along with as much of the change as the guest sees fit to give him.

At the end of twenty-four hours these three memoranda, along with the original order in the guest's handwriting, all come together again. This time it is in the auditing or comptroller's department, where they are compared for the purpose of disclosing possible discrepancies, and examined to bring out mistakes of overcharging or undercharging. These stubs and bills keep coming in all day long from various parts of the house. In some hotels twenty or more checkers and cashiers are employed in the dining-rooms, cafés, and dumb elevator service.

With the receipts of the cashiers and the memoranda of the amount of supplies sent out from the butcher's department, the bar, and each of the store-rooms, along with the statement of what is still on hand, it is comparatively easy to ascertain what has gone wrong and where the blame lies, though to be sure it is not always such an easy matter to discover just who is to blame. Often a hotel is drained systematically for a long period before it is discovered, for instance, what waiters are working in evil harmony with which checkers.

There is no system that is absolutely impervious to the ingenuity of dishonest employees, or that will work automatically, independent of the heads of departments. The only way a hotel can be reasonably sure of getting and keeping its own, and of using it to the best advantage, is by the further aid of aggressive watchfulness. Time-keepers are stationed at the doors to mark down the exact minute of the arrival and departure of the employees, and to observe whether they have anything bulky in their pockets; and detectives are kept busy moving in and out among them—and among the guests too; it is on an average of twice a week that the detective of a certain hotel in this country that has pretty silver is obliged to remind people that souvenir spoons are not included free of charge.

Of course it is not only with a view to detecting and preventing dishonesty that so much carefulness is exercised. A comprehensive system of account-keeping would be necessary anyway, even if the employees were as honest as cash registering machines. It would be impossible otherwise to administer with any intelligence or economy the various departments of an enterprise so complicated as this one.

Not only is every department conducted independently of every other department from the stand-point of executive control, but each is independently considered as a source of expense and, when possible, as a means of revenue.

Each keeps a set of books of its own, and "the house" keeps a set of books with each, and the individual business of the different departments is as carefully watched and thought about as though they were separate enterprises in themselves. When the income from the billiard-room falls off they try to find out why, and then build the business up by making the room more attractive or improving the service or the stock. Or perhaps it will be decided that it is useless to try to cultivate the business because the whim of the public has transferred popularity to some other place, and a better policy would be to reduce the force of attendants and cut down expenses, or, possibly, to do away with billiards entirely and give up the space to some other purpose. The effect of such a move upon the bar receipts would be seriously considered first.

And when one department deals with another it is as much of a business arrangement as if they were under different roofs and managements. At least the book-keeping in the transaction is as completely and carefully done. The housekeeper's department is charged by the steward's department at per capita rate for all the meals eaten by its chamber-maids, and the amount of coal used each day in the range is marked down in a separate column from the ones showing respectively the number of tons used in the fireplaces, in the bake-shops, and in the laundry. Farther along the page is the total number of tons used each twenty-four hours, and the price of it. And on the outside edge of the page is recorded the outdoor temperature of each day since the hotel began.

You see records and accounts of all these departments are not merely monthly or weekly averages, but daily histories. The hotel manager can take out one of his books—they are not great cumbersome ones, but small, handy affairs suitable for frequent reference—and tell how many dinners were served on March 24th, six years ago. On the next column of the same page, he can also see how large a force of men was employed in the dining-room that same day, and just how



DISH-WASHING.

Washing dishes by machinery. When working at the busiest season twenty thousand dishes in a day are cleaned. It couldn't be done if it were not for modern devices, by which cratesful of dishes were made thoroughly clean and completely dry within a few seconds without being touched by a cloth or towel.

many of each sort, and how much money each was receiving. And if, for instance, he finds they were getting along in those days with fewer omnibuses—the waiters' understudies, who fill glasses and carry out soiled dishes, and bring in clean table-cloths, and do enough other things to earn their title—to about the same number of guests, the steward's department is made acquainted with the fact, and the force is reduced, or some good reason for not reducing it is brought in.

So it is all through. They keep score on everything, from the number of dark days of each year to the yards of lint, and the price of it, used for polishing andirons and brass railings. In fact the book-keeping schemes at some hotels are models of comprehensive compactness, and the head of this department at one excellently conducted hotel in New York, is considered an authority on book-keeping and is the author of a standard work on the subject.

By reference to his books the hotel man can reckon to a penny the exact cost of every element that makes up the business, from the expenses of stationery to the average loss by breakage and theft. Then, with the number of names on the hotel register and a little simple arithmetic, he can get to a fraction of a cent the amount the guests are costing the hotel per capita. At many hotels the system of books is so complete that the head of the house can, at the end of every twenty-four hours, call for a statement that will show the total amount of business done and the exact value of stock on hand, together with all outstanding assets and liabilities. It is probably the only big business, exclusive of banking, where a balance-sheet can be made up every twenty-four hours. In some hotels it is actually done.

It might seem at first glance that they were more careful than necessary, and that in their zeal to be watchful they were loading themselves with an over-intricate system which only cost trouble and additional employees' salaries to support. But very fine figuring is necessary in a business where the slightest saving on the per capita expenses makes such a big difference in the aggregate. One evening while the material for this article was being gathered, the lower employees of a certain hotel, those that take their meals in the servants' hall, sent a delegation to the steward, saying that they thought they ought to have a hot vegetable with their supper. This is the fourth meal of the day and is served at nine or ten o'clock. The steward consulted with the proprietor and they decided to grant the request. So now every evening each servant has a little saucer of lima-beans by his plate. This was the cheapest vegetable, exclusive of potatoes, that could be supplied, and it takes just $400 off the proprietor's weekly profits.

Similarly several dark days in succession will run the cost of lighting up several hundred dollars, and if the proprietor of one hotel should refuse to allow his cooks to garnish their dishes with watercress, which many patrons never notice, he would save enough to support a family on. It costs that hotel $75 a week. There is no specific return for it either.

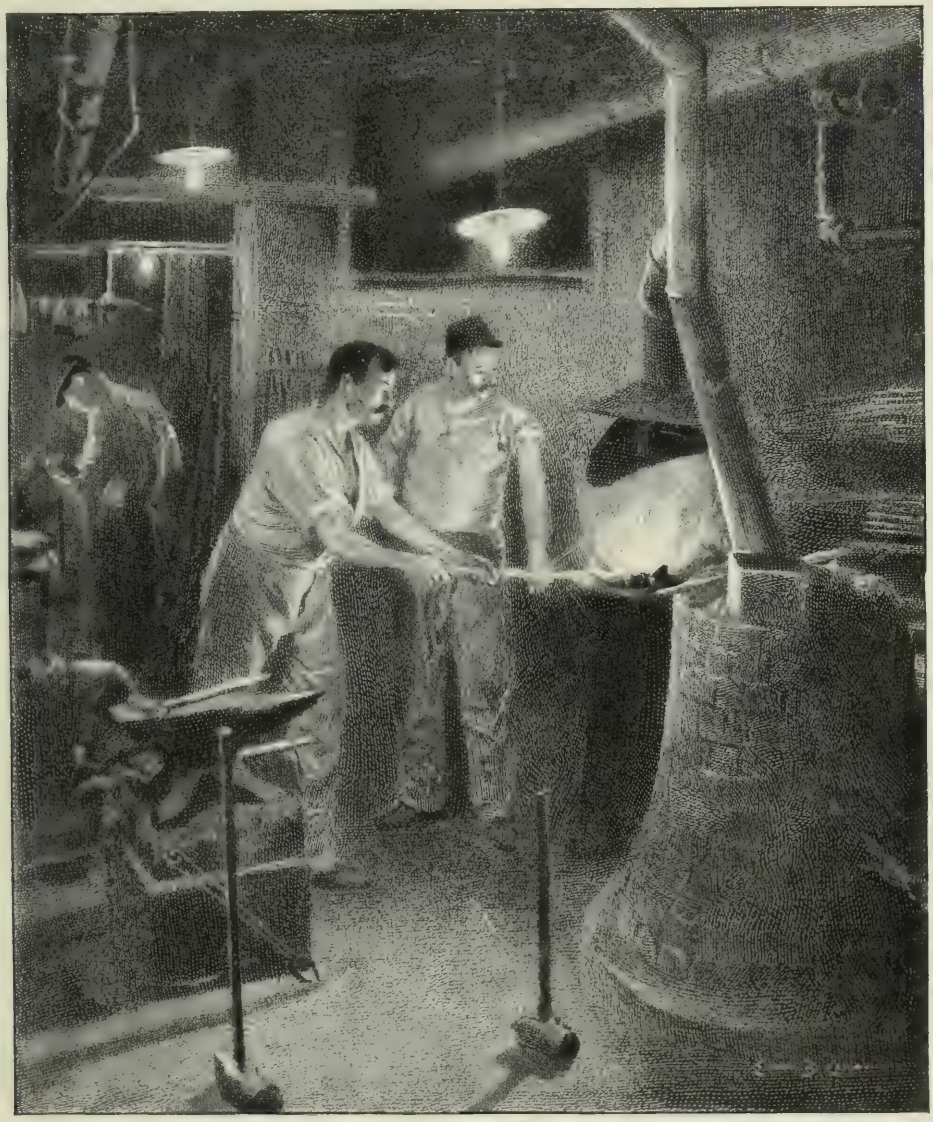
So it is no wonder that every beefsteak that is purchased is watched and kept account of from the time it is cut from the quarter of beef until it is devoured in the dining-room. Even the remnants have a business significance, for what is left on the serving-dish is relegated to the servants' halls, and what is left on the plate is put in the refuse cans, and here it has a business significance also, because it takes two men to handle that refuse, and because it is sold under contract for $1,200 a year. That, in the particular case in mind, is a comparatively small figure, as you may not know, but it is cheaper to sell at this low rate to this man from Hoboken than at a higher rate to some other man not so honest, because every Monday morning he sends back to the hotel a dozen or so oyster spoons and other small silverware, locked up in a box built for this purpose, and if he could not be relied upon to do this the hotel would have to pay wages to two men just to look through the cans for the silverware that is constantly eluding the dish-scrapers, who have to work fast to keep up with the dish-cleaners.

Likewise the steward's department saves all the grease and sells it. This brings in a revenue of four or five thousand dollars in some hotels. Similar watchfulness ob-

tains throughout all departments. The same hotel that is so fastidious about its supply of geese that it will take none but pure white-feathered ones, and in order to insure their good quality raises its own flock on a farm in Pennsylvania, is careful to save every scrap of celery left on the plates of its guests to send to those same geese. The remnants of the potatoes that have been cut into fantastic shapes for the guests are saved to make into homely mashed potatoes for the servants' halls, and the towels upstairs that begin to look frayed the housekeeper sends down to the second officers' washroom, and from there they are passed on down through various grades of employees until they finally end their existence as rags for the scrubbers to clean the floors with.

Now this shows something of the way the business is managed, and how the money is made thereby. That is only one part of it. How to get and keep the customers necessary to make it live, is quite another matter.

Naturally, the heads of different hotels have just as different ideas in regard to the best policy for success in their business as the heads of other enterprises have in regard to theirs, and the circumstances that condition those ideas are about as various also. Some hotels are for a transient trade only, and would have to be dominated by very different



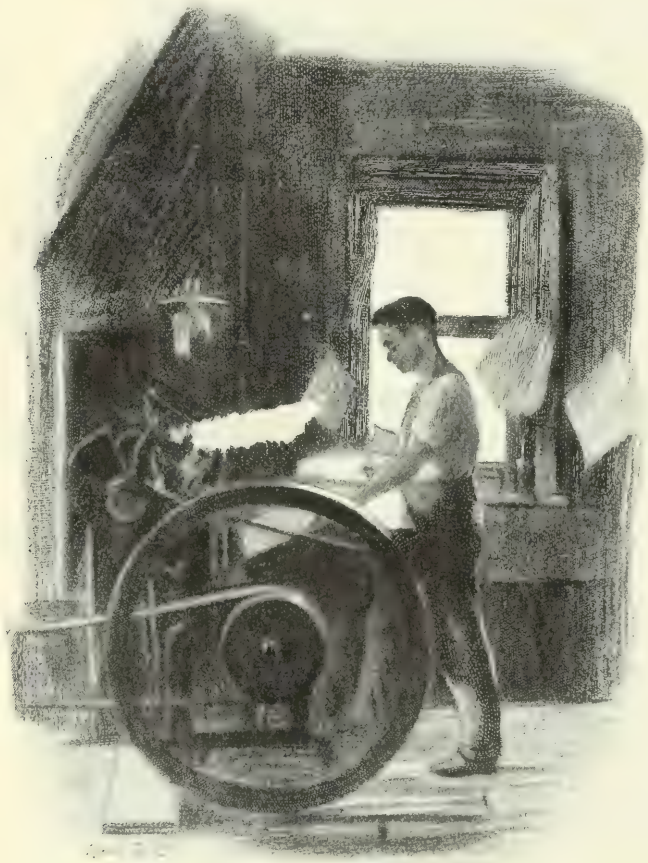
THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Two to four blacksmiths were kept busy down under the ground for ten hours a day like any other union laborers, and then went home with the steam-fitters, plumbers, tinkers, cabinet-makers and others, who seldom if ever saw the upstairs parts of the hotel where the guests were. And doubtless the guests never saw them.



MENDING.

This was only one of the departments controlled by the Head House-keeper, and there were from six to twelve women kept busy here all the time, hemming, sewing, marking, and repairing.



PRINTING.

Although all large hotels have their private and public stationery printed or engraved by outside contract, a printing office is necessary for the daily bills of fare, menus for private dinners, bill-heads, pass-blanks, notices, check-blanks, and enough other work to keep busy a practical printer, who in this case has an assistant besides.

ideas from others that cater to a family business, or those that set up as fashionable stopping-places.

But there is one motive that inspires every kind of hotel so universally that it is a sort of axiom in the business. It is this : " It always pays to please the guest at any cost."

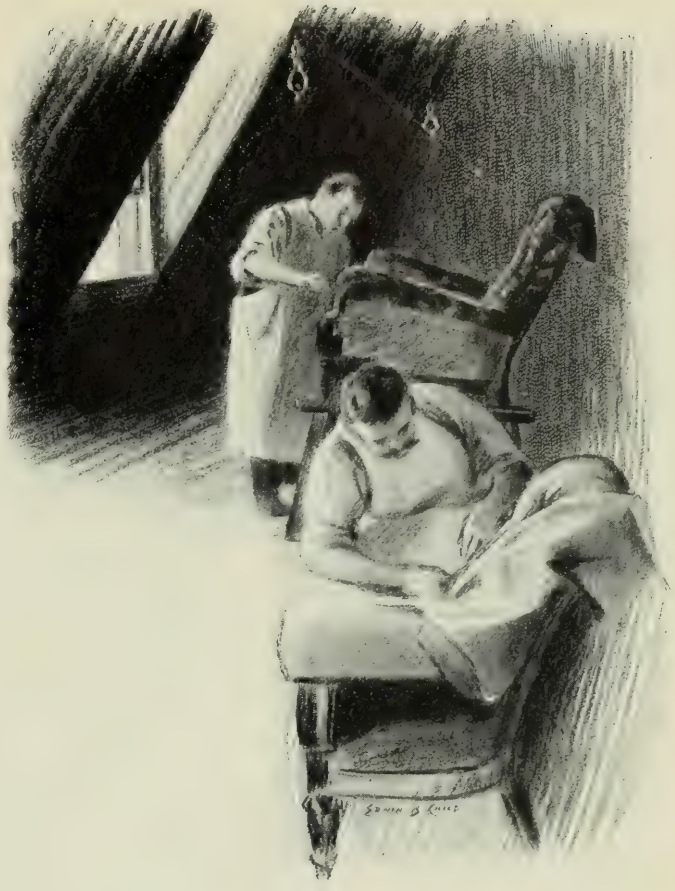
This business is as directly built up and torn down by the opinions of its patrons as any other one could name, and the head mind of a hotel enterprise stays awake at nights thinking up schemes to please his customers. His days he spends in seeing to it that they are not displeased.

If pleased, they are likely to come again. If they are especially pleased they are liable to say something to somebody that will bring in other patrons, who in turn may bring in still more friends. But if they are displeased, exactly the opposite effect is likely to be brought about. That is the hotel man's situation. He would rather lose

the profits on a dozen of his patrons than the good-will of one of them.

They do all sorts of things to make their patrons contented. And they take all sorts of means to find out how their efforts are succeeding.

In many hotels the bell-boys are instructed to report to the room-clerk after "taking a guest up," what comment he made, or what his face expressed when he entered the room. Sometimes they only say "Huh," and the bell-boy comes down and reports "he said 'Huh' sir." If it sounds like a "huh" of disapprobation, the clerk sends word immediately, if possible, that there is a room with an eastern exposure on the floor below that he thinks may meet his requirements better, sir. Even if he does not accept the offer to change the guest is liable to appreciate the solicitude on the part of the hotel management.



UPHOLSTERING.

Six or eight men were kept busy all the time repairing and re-upholstering furniture.

And it is perfectly natural to suppose that when a country politician comes to town he will prefer to put up at the hotel where he can count on the clerk's remembering his name, and hailing him with it and his Christian name too, perhaps, when he approaches the desk to register. In a famous old-fashioned hotel in St. Louis the bell-boys, and, in fact, all the hall and room servants, are made to learn the name of every guest on their particular floor and to address each one by it as often as possible. "Good-morning, Colonel So and So," has, they say, made many life-long friends for the hotel.

And certainly a woman coming to a hotel tired by a hard day's travel will appreciate it if she finds the rooms she has telegraphed for already lighted up, with a cheerful fire burning, her letters and telegrams waiting on the table as well as pins and hairpins on the bureau, and a maid there in readiness to help her unpack. All these little things count.

On the same principle of pleasing the guest at any cost there are hotels where it is a rule that in case of a difference of opinion between guest and servant, no matter how irascible or untruthful the guest may show himself, the manager of that department must take the guest's side and the servant must take his departure. The hotel cannot afford to lose servants; there are plenty more of them to be had, but it cannot afford to lose the good will of its patrons, which means everything. In short, the hotel management is willing and eager to give the public everything it wants — elephants in the court-yard even, if it would please or attract patrons.

And attract them he must. This is another point.

Simply pleasing them is all well enough as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. There are, as the hotel man well knows, a score of other large hotels not far off with many floors full of many rooms that other hard-working hotel men are striving to keep full, and he has to do something more than merely give satisfac-



THE VALET'S ROOM.

Valet service is a comparatively recent importation to our hotels, and is of course not as popular as in London hotels.

tion to get success in modern hotel competition.

So they try not only to satisfy all wants, but they create other wants to satisfy. They spend large amounts of money to introduce a[illegible]ate and unnecessary telephone sy[illegible]ughout the house, or they secure [illegible]famous oil-painting to hang up in [illegible]ng-room, or spend a great deal of [illegible]ney and ingenuity on some other means of drawing attention to the hotel and make it talked about. It might be said that another axiom is "Every dollar spent in such a way that it will show is money well invested."

And it is along this very line that our American hotels are most open to criticism. They are so taken up with the desire to dazzle us that they sometimes make us uncomfortable. It is very fine and impressive to have one's card handled by two men and a big boy and then a little boy when calling upon friends at a great hotel, but it is fatiguing nevertheless to wait thirty minutes and then have the little boy come down and tell you they are not at home. Though most of us cannot abide some of the petty nuisances of the foreign system, such as being charged extra for soap and service, yet many travelling Americans, who are sufficiently unpatriotic, say that our big glittering hotels are not quite up to the standard of the best ones on the other side in the small details of making one peacefully and restfully happy. The inn-keeper's instinct for knowing exactly what is wanted without being told is more highly developed over there. They have been at it for so many more generations.

The swellest hotels in England and on the Continent are considerably more economical and a great deal less lavish. But they put on "lugs" of another sort, and some people think that they are a more enjoyable sort. For instance, at two or three hotels that set up as the finest in the West End in London, one does not have a bird's-eye maple upright piano in one corner of a 15 × 12 room and an impressionist's cornfield on a gilded easel in the opposite one, but his newspaper is warmed before it is handed to him in the morning and he finds his evening clothes pressed and laid out for him when he returns to his room in the afternoon.

Still, the men that conduct our swell hotels probably know best what the average rich American wants. If a lot of gilt and glitter attracts him, then no one can blame the hotel owner for sticking it on. If people go to fashionable hotels in order, as the very successful proprietor of one of them explained, "To see and be seen," then it is good business to use plate glass instead of opaque partitions wherever possible; and that is just what the hotel man that made this observation is doing in the main floor of the wonderful new hotel he is now erecting, and he

is called in the Hotel Men's Association "the originator of the plate-glass age" in hotel construction.

In other words, after all, the problem here, as in the case of most big enterprises, in one form or another is one of advertising. And advertising is the simple answer to the question people often ask in regard to the apparently unreasonable and disproportionate degree of sumptuousness in modern American hotels. It is simply part of the big game of business.



EMPLOYEES LEAVING THE HOTEL ON THEIR WAY HOME.

As in every large establishment where several hundred men are on the pay-roll, each employee has a number, and his time of arrival and departure from the hotel is kept track of by registering his number by means of an automatic time machine, in which he sticks a key on which his number is stamped.



"They don't even know 'Tommy Atkins!'" (see page 168)

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

III

THE Langhams were to arrive on Friday, and during the week before that day Clay went about with a long slip of paper in his pocket which he would consult earnestly in corners, and upon which he would note down the things that they had left undone. At night he would sit staring at it and turning it over in much concern, and would beg Langham to tell him what he could have meant when he wrote, "See Weimer," or "clean brasses," or "S. Q. M." "Why should I see Weimer," he would exclaim, "and which brasses, and what does S. Q. M. stand for, for heaven's sake?"

They held a full-dress rehearsal in the bungalow to improve its state of preparation, and drilled the servants and talked English to them, so that they would know what was wanted when the young ladies came. It was an interesting exercise, and had the three young men been less serious in their anxiety to welcome the coming guests they would have found themselves very amusing—as when Langham would lean over the balcony in the court and shout back into the kitchen, in what was supposed to be an imitation of his sister's manner, "Bring my coffee and rolls—and don't take all day about it either," while Clay and MacWilliams stood anxiously below to head off the servants when they carried in a can of hot water instead of bringing the horses round to the door, as they had been told to do.

"Of course it's a bit rough and all that," Clay would say, "but they have only to tell us what they want changed and we can have it ready for them in an hour."

"Oh, my sisters are all right," Langham would reassure him; "they'll think it's fine. It will be like camping-out to them, or a picnic. They'll understand."

But to make sure, and to "test his girders," as Clay put it, they gave a dinner, and after that a breakfast. The President came to the first, with his wife, the Countess Manueleta, Madame el Presidente, and Captain Stuart, late of the Gordon Highlanders, and now in command of the household troops at the Government House, and of the body-guard of the President. He was a friend of Clay's and popular with everyone present, except for the fact that he occupied this position, instead of serving his own Government in his own army. Some people said he had been crossed in love, others, less sentimental, that he had forged a check, or mixed up the mess accounts of his company. But Clay and MacWilliams said it concerned no one why he was there, and then emphasized the remark by picking a quarrel with a man who had given an unpleasant reason for it. Stuart, so far as they were concerned, could do no wrong.

The dinner went off very well, and the President consented to dine with them in a week, on the invitation of young Langham to meet his father.

"Miss Langham is very beautiful, they tell me," Madame Alvarez said to Clay. "I heard of her one winter in Rome; she was presented there and much admired."

"Yes, I believe she is considered very beautiful," Clay said. "I have only just met her, but she has travelled a great deal and knows everyone who is of interest, and I think you will like her very much."

"I mean to like her," said the woman. "There are very few of the native ladies who have seen much of the world beyond a trip to Paris, where they live in their hotels and at the dressmaker's while their husbands enjoy themselves; and sometimes I am rather heart-sick for my home and my own people. I was overjoyed when I heard Miss Langham was to be with us this winter. But you must not

keep her out here to yourselves. It is too far and too selfish. She must spend some time with me at Government House."

"Yes," said Clay, "I am afraid of that. I am afraid the young ladies will find it rather lonely out here."

"Ah, no," exclaimed the woman, quickly. "You have made it beautiful, and it is only a half-hour's ride, except when it rains," she added, laughing, "and then it is almost as easy to row as to ride."

"I will have the road repaired," interrupted the President. "It is my wish, Mr. Clay, that you will command me in every way; I am most desirous to make the visit of Mr. Langham agreeable to him, he is doing so much for us."

The breakfast was given later in the week, and only men were present. They were the rich planters and bankers of Valencia, generals in the army and members of the Cabinet, and officers from the tiny war-ship in the harbor. The breeze from the bay touched them through the open doors, the food and wine cheered them, and the eager courtesy and hospitality of the three Americans pleased and flattered them. They were of a people who better appreciate the amenities of life than its sacrifices.

The breakfast lasted far into the afternoon, and, inspired by the success of the banquet, Clay quite unexpectedly found himself on his feet with his hand on his heart, thanking the guests for the good-will and assistance which they had given him in his work. "I have tramped down your coffee-plants, and cut away your forests, and disturbed your sleep with my engines, and you have not complained," he said, in his best Spanish, "and we will show that we are not ungrateful."

Then Weimer, the Consul, spoke, and told them that in his Annual Consular Report, which he had just forwarded to the State Department, he had related how ready the Government of Olancho had been to assist the American company. "And I hope," he concluded, "that you will allow me, gentlemen, to propose the health of President Alvarez and the members of his Cabinet."

The men rose to their feet, one by one, filling their glasses and laughing and saying, "Vive el Gobernor," until they were all standing. Then, as they looked at one another and saw only the faces of friends, some one of them cried, suddenly, "To President Alvarez, Dictator of Olancho!"

The cry was drowned in a yell of exultation, and men sprang cheering to their chairs waving their napkins above their heads, and those who wore swords drew them and flashed them in the air, and the quiet, lazy good-nature of the breakfast was turned into an uproarious scene of wild excitement. Clay pushed back his chair from the head of the table with an anxious look at the servants gathered about the open door, and Weimer clutched frantically at Langham's elbow and whispered, "What did I say? For heaven's sake, how did it begin?"

The outburst ceased as suddenly as it had started, and old General Rojas, the Vice-President, called out, "What is said is said, but it must not be repeated."

Stuart waited until after the rest had gone, and Clay led him out to the end of the veranda. "Now will you kindly tell me what that was?" Clay asked. "It didn't sound like champagne."

"No," said the other, "I thought you knew. Alvarez means to proclaim himself Dictator, if he can, before the spring elections."

"And are you going to help him?"

"Of course," said the Englishman, simply.

"Well, that's all right," said Clay, "but there's no use shouting the fact all over the shop like that — and they shouldn't drag me into it."

Stuart laughed easily and shook his head. "It won't be long before you'll be in it yourself," he said.

Clay awoke early Friday morning to hear the shutters beating viciously against the side of the house, and the wind rushing through the palms, and the rain beating in splashes on the zinc roof. It did not come soothingly and in a steady downpour, but brokenly, like the rush of waves sweeping over a rough beach. He turned on the pillow and shut his eyes again with the same impotent and rebellious sense of disappointment that he used to feel when he had wakened as a boy and found it storming on his holiday, and he tried to sleep once more in the hope that when he again awoke the sun would be shining in his eyes; but the storm only slackened

and did not cease, and the rain continued to fall with dreary, relentless persistence. The men climbed the muddy road to the Palms, and viewed the wreck which the night had brought to their plants and garden-paths in silence. Rivulets of muddy water had cut gutters over the lawn, and poured out from under the veranda, and plants and palms lay bent and broken, with their broad leaves bedraggled and coated with mud. The harbor and the encircling mountains showed dimly through a curtain of warm, sticky rain. To something that Langham said of making the best of it, MacWilliams replied, gloomily, that he would not be at all surprised if the ladies refused to leave the ship and demanded to be taken home immediately. "I am sorry," Clay said, simply; "I wanted them to like it."

The men walked back to the office in grim silence, and took turns in watching with a glass the arms of the semaphore, three miles below, at the narrow opening of the bay. Clay smiled nervously to himself, with a sudden sinking at the heart, and with a hot blush of pleasure, as he thought of how often he had looked at its great arms outlined like a mast against the sky, and thanked it in advance for telling him that she was near. In the harbor below, the vessels lay with bare yards and empty decks, the wharves were deserted, and only an occasional small boat moved across the beaten surface of the bay.

But at twelve o'clock MacWilliams lowered the glass quickly, with a little gasp of excitement, rubbed its moist lens on the inside of his coat and turned it again toward a limp strip of bunting that was crawling slowly up the halyards of the semaphore. A second dripping rag answered it from the semaphore in front of the Custom-house, and MacWilliams laughed nervously and shut the glass.

"It's red," he said; "they've come."

They had planned to wear white duck suits, and go out in a launch with a flag flying, and they had made MacWilliams purchase a red cummerbund and a pith helmet; but they tumbled into the launch now, wet and bedraggled as they were, and raced Weimer in his boat, with the American flag clinging to the pole, to the side of the big steamer as she drew slowly into the bay. Other row-boats and launches and lighters began to push out from the wharves, men appeared under the sagging awnings of the bare houses along the river-front, and the custom and health officers in shining oil-skins and puffing damp cigars clambered over the side.

"I see them," cried Langham, jumping up and rocking the boat in his excitement. "There they are in the bow. That's Hope waving. 'Hope! hullo, Hope!' he shouted, 'hullo!'" Clay recognized her standing between the younger sister and her father, with the rain beating on all of them, and waving her hand to Langham. The men took off their hats, and as they pulled up alongside she bowed to Clay and nodded brightly. They sent Langham up the gangway first, and waited until he had made his greetings to his family alone.

"We have had a terrible trip, Mr. Clay," Miss Langham said to him, beginning, as people will, with the last few days as though they were of the greatest importance; "and we could see nothing of you at the mines at all, as we passed—only a wet flag, and a lot of very friendly workmen, who cheered and fired off pans of dynamite."

"They did, did they?" said Clay, with a satisfied nod. "That's all right, then. That was a royal salute in your honor. Kirkland had that to do. He's the foreman of A opening. I am awfully sorry about this rain—it spoils everything."

"I hope it hasn't spoiled our breakfast," said Mr. Langham. "We haven't eaten anything this morning, because we wanted a change of diet, and the captain told us we would be on shore before now."

"We have some carriages for you at the wharf, and we will drive you right out to the Palms," said young Langham. "It's shorter by water, but there's a hill that the girls couldn't climb to-day. That's the house we built for you, Governor, with the flag-pole, up there on the hill; and there's your ugly old pier; and that's where we live, in the little shack above it, with the tin roof; and that opening to the right is the terminus of the railroad MacWilliams built. Where's MacWilliams? Here, Mac, I want you to know my father. This is MacWilliams, sir, of whom I wrote you."

There was some delay about the bag-

gage, and in getting the party together in the boats that Langham and the Consul had brought; and after they had stood for some time on the wet dock, hungry and damp, it was rather aggravating to find that the carriages which Langham had ordered to be at one pier had gone to another. So the new arrivals sat rather silently under the shed of the levee on a row of cotton-bales, while Clay and MacWilliams raced off after the carriages.

"I wish we didn't have to keep the hood down," young Langham said, anxiously, as they at last proceeded heavily up the muddy streets; "it makes it so hot, and you can't see anything. Not that it's worth seeing in all this mud and muck, but it's great when the sun shines. We had planned it all so differently."

He was alone with his family now in one carriage, and the other men and the servants were before them in two others. It seemed an interminable ride to them all—to the strangers, and to the men who were anxious that they should be pleased. They left the city at last, and toiled along the limestone road to the Palms, rocking from side to side and sinking in ruts filled with rushing water. When they opened the flap of the hood the rain beat in on them, and when they closed it they stewed in a damp, warm atmosphere of wet leather and horse-hair.

"This is worse than a Turkish bath," said Hope, faintly. "Don't you live anywhere, Ted?"

"Oh, it's not far now," said the younger brother, dismally; but even as he spoke the carriage lurched forward and plunged to one side and came to a halt, and they could hear the streams rushing past the wheels like the water at the bow of a boat. A wet, black face appeared at the opening of the hood, and a man spoke despondently in Spanish.

"He says we're stuck in the mud," explained Langham. He looked at them so beseechingly and so pitifully, with the perspiration streaming down his face and his clothes damp and bedraggled, that Hope leaned back and laughed, and his father patted him on the knee. "It can't be any worse," he said, cheerfully; "it must mend now. It is not your fault Ted, that we're starving and lost in the mud."

Langham looked out to find Clay and MacWilliams knee-deep in the running water, with their shoulders against the muddy wheels, and the driver lashing at the horses and dragging at their bridles. He sprang out to their assistance, and Hope, shaking off her sister's detaining hands, jumped out after him, laughing. She splashed up the hill to the horses' heads, motioning to the driver to release his hold on their bridles.

"That is not the way to treat a horse," she said. "Let me have them. Are you men all ready down there?" she called. Each of the three men glued a shoulder to a wheel, and clenched his teeth and nodded. "All right, then," Hope called back. She took hold of the huge Mexican bits close to the mouth, where the pressure was not so cruel, and then coaxing and tugging by turns, and slipping as often as the horses themselves, she drew them out of the mud, and with the help of the men back of the carriage pulled it clear until it stood free again at the top of the hill. Then she released her hold on the bridles and looked down, in dismay at her frock and hands, and then up at the three men. They appeared so utterly miserable and forlorn in their muddy garments, and with their faces washed with the rain and perspiration, that the girl gave way suddenly to an uncontrollable shriek of delight. The men stared blankly at her for a moment, and then inquiringly at one another, and as the humor of the situation struck them they burst into an echoing shout of laughter, which rose above the noise of the wind and rain, and before which the disappointments and trials of the morning were swept away. Before they reached the Palms the sun was out and shining with fierce brilliancy, reflecting its rays on every damp leaf, and drinking up each glistening pool of water.

MacWilliams and Clay left the Langhams alone together, and returned to the office, where they assured each other again and again that there was no doubt, from what each had heard different members of the family say, that they were greatly pleased with all that had been prepared for them.

"They think it's fine!" said young Langham, who had run down the hill to tell them about it. "I tell you, they are

pleased. I took them all over the house, and they just exclaimed every minute. Of course," he said, dispassionately, "I thought they'd like it, but I had no idea it would please them as much as it has. My Governor is so delighted with the place that he's sitting out there on the veranda now, rocking himself up and down and taking long breaths of sea-air, just as though he owned the whole coast-line."

Langham dined with his people that night, Clay and MacWilliams having promised to follow him up the hill later. It was a night of much moment to them all, and the two men ate their dinner in silence, each considering what the coming of the strangers might mean to him.

As he was leaving the room MacWilliams stopped and hovered uncertainly in the doorway.

"Are you going to get yourself into a dress-suit to-night?" he asked. Clay said that he thought he would; he wanted to feel quite clean once more.

"Well, all right, then," the other returned, reluctantly. "I'll do it for this once, if you mean to, but you needn't think I'm going to make a practice of it, for I'm not. I haven't worn a dress-suit," he continued, as though explaining his principles in the matter, "since your spread when we opened the railroad—that's six months ago; and the time before that I wore one at MacGolderick's funeral. MacGolderick blew himself up at Puerto Truxillo, shooting rocks for the breakwater. We never found all of him, but we gave what we could get together as fine a funeral as those natives ever saw. The boys, they wanted to make him look respectable, so they asked me to lend them my dress-suit, but I told them I meant to wear it myself. That's how I came to wear a dress-suit at a funeral. It was either me or MacGolderick."

"MacWilliams," said Clay, as he stuck the toe of one boot into the heel of the other, "if I had your imagination I'd give up railroading and take to writing war clouds for the newspapers."

"Do you mean you don't believe that story?" MacWilliams demanded, sternly.

"I do," said Clay, "I mean I don't."

"Well, let it go," returned MacWilliams, gloomily; "but there's been funerals for less than that, let me tell you."

A half-hour later MacWilliams appeared in the door and stood gazing attentively at Clay arranging his tie before a hand-glass, and then at himself in his unusual apparel.

"No wonder you voted to dress up," he exclaimed finally, in a tone of personal injury. "That's not a dress-suit you've got on any way. It hasn't any tails. And I hope for your sake, Mr. Clay," he continued, his voice rising in plaintive indignation, "that you are not going to play that scarf on us for a vest. And you haven't got a high collar on, either. That's only a rough blue print of a dress-suit. Why, you look just as comfortable as though you were going to enjoy yourself—and you look cool, too."

"Well, why not?" laughed Clay.

"Well, but look at me," cried the other. "Do I look cool? do I look happy or comfortable? No, I don't. I look just about the way I feel, like a fool undertaker. I'm going to take this thing right off. You and Ted Langham can wear your silk scarfs and bobtail coats, if you like, but if they don't want me in white duck they don't get me."

When they reached the Palms, Clay asked Miss Langham if she did not want to see his view? "And perhaps, if you appreciate it properly, I will make you a present of it," he said, as he walked before her down the length of the veranda.

"It would be very selfish to keep it all to myself," she said. "Couldn't we share it?" They had left the others seated facing the bay, with MacWilliams and young Langham on the broad steps of the veranda, and the younger sister and her father sitting in long bamboo steamer-chairs above them.

Clay and Miss Langham were quite alone. From the high cliff, on which the Palms stood, they could look down the narrow inlet that joined the ocean and see the moonlight turning the water into a rippling ladder of light and gilding the dark green leaves of the palms near them with a border of silver. Directly below them lay the waters of the bay, reflecting the red and green lights of the ships at anchor, and beyond them again were the yellow lights of the town, rising one above the other as the city crept up the hill. And back of all were the mountains, grim and

mysterious, with white clouds sleeping in their huge valleys, like masses of fog.

Except for the ceaseless murmur of the insect life about them the night was absolutely still—so still that the striking of the ships' bells in the harbor came to them sharply across the surface of the water, and they could hear from time to time the splash of some great fish and the steady creaking of an oar in a rowlock that grew fainter and fainter as it grew further away, until it was drowned in the distance. Miss Langham was for a long time silent. She stood with her hands clasped behind her, gazing from side to side into the moonlight, and had apparently forgotten that Clay was present.

"Well," he said at last, "I think you appreciate it properly. I was afraid you would exclaim about it, and say it was fine, or charming, or something."

Miss Langham turned to him and smiled slightly. "And you told me once that you knew me so very well," she said.

Clay chose to forget much that he had said on that night when he had first met her. He knew that he had been bold then, and had dared to be so because he did not think he would see her again; but, now that he was to meet her every day through several months, it seemed better to him that they should grow to know each other as they really were, simply and sincerely, and without forcing the situation in any way.

So he replied, "I don't know you so well now. You must remember I haven't seen you for a year."

"Yes, but you hadn't seen me for twenty-two years then," she answered. "I don't think you have changed much," she went on. "I expected to find you gray with cares. Ted wrote us about the way you work all day at the mines and sit up all night over calculations and plans and reports. But you don't show it. When are you going to take us over the mines? To-morrow? I am very anxious to see them, but I suppose father will want to inspect them first. Hope knows all about them, I believe; she knows their names, and how much you have taken out, and how much you have put in, too, and what MacWilliams's railroad cost, and who got the contract for the ore pier. Ted told us in his letters, and she used to work it out on the map in father's study. She is a most energetic child; I think sometimes she should have been a boy. I wish I could be the help to anyone that she is to my father and to me. Whenever I am blue or down she makes fun of me, and——"

"Why should you ever be blue?" asked Clay, abruptly.

"There is no real reason, I suppose," the girl answered, smiling, "except that life is so very easy for me that I have to invent some woes. I should be better for a few reverses." And then she went on in a lower voice, and turning her head away, "In our family there is no woman older than I am to whom I can go with questions that trouble me. Hope is like a boy, as I said, and plays with Ted, and my father is very busy with his affairs, and since my mother died I have been very much alone. A man cannot understand. And I cannot understand why I should be speaking to you about myself and my troubles, except—" she added, a little wistfully, "that you once said you were interested in me, even if it was as long as a year ago. And because I want you to be very kind to me, as you have been to Ted, and I hope that we are going to be very good friends."

She was so beautiful, standing in the shadow with the moonlight about her and with her hand held out to him, that Clay felt as though the scene were hardly real. He took her hand in his and held it for a moment. His pleasure in the sweet friendliness of her manner and in her beauty was so great that it kept him silent.

"Friends!" he laughed under his breath. "I don't think there is much danger of our not being friends. The danger lies," he went on, smiling, "in my not being able to stop there."

Miss Langham made no sign that she had heard him, but turned and walked out into the moonlight and down the porch to where the others were sitting.

Young Langham had ordered a native orchestra of guitars and reed instruments from the town to serenade his people, and they were standing in front of the house in the moonlight as Miss Langham and Clay came forward. They played the shrill, eerie music of their country with a passion and feeling that filled out the strange tropical scene around them; but Clay

heard them only as an accompaniment to his own thoughts, and as a part of the beautiful night and the tall, beautiful girl who had dominated it. He watched her from the shadow as she sat leaning easily forward and looking into the night. The moonlight fell full upon her, and though she did not once look at him or turn her head in his direction, he felt as though she must be conscious of his presence, as though there was already an understanding between them which she herself had established. She had asked him to be her friend. That was only a pretty speech, perhaps; but she had spoken of herself, and had hinted at her perplexities and her loneliness, and he argued that while it was no compliment to be asked to share another's pleasure, it must mean something when one was allowed to learn a little of another's troubles.

And while his mind was flattered and aroused by this promise of confidence between them, he was rejoicing in the rare quality of her beauty, and in the thought that she was to be near him, and near him here, of all places. It seemed a very wonderful thing to Clay—something that could only have happened in a novel or a play. For while the man and the hour frequently appear together, he had found that the one woman in the world and the place and the man was a much more difficult combination to bring into effect. No one, he assured himself thankfully, could have designed a more lovely setting for his love-story, if it was to be a love-story, and he hoped it was, than this into which she had come of her own free will. It was a land of romance and adventure, of guitars and latticed windows, of warm brilliant days and gorgeous silent nights, under purple heavens and white stars. And he was to have her all to himself, with no one near to interrupt, no other friends, even, and no possible rival. She was not guarded now by a complex social system, with its responsibilities. He was the most lucky of men. Others had only seen her in her drawing-room or in an opera-box, but he was free to ford mountain-streams at her side, or ride with her under arches of the great palms, or to play a guitar boldly beneath her window. He was free to come and go at any hour; not only free to do so, but the very nature of his duties made it necessary that they should be thrown constantly together.

The music of the violins moved him and touched him deeply, and stirred depths at which he had not guessed. It made him humble and deeply grateful, and he felt how mean and unworthy he was of such great happiness. He had never loved any woman as he felt that he could love this woman, as he hoped that he was to love her. For he was not so far blinded by her beauty and by what he guessed her character to be, as to imagine that he really knew her. He only knew what he hoped she was, what he believed the soul must be that looked out of those kind, beautiful eyes, and that found utterance in that wonderful voice which could control him and move him by a word.

He felt, as he looked at the group before him, how lonely his own life had been, how hard he had worked for so little—for what other men found ready at hand when they were born into the world. He felt almost a touch of self-pity at his own imperfectness; and the power of his will and his confidence in himself, of which he was so proud, seemed misplaced and little. And then he wondered if he had not neglected chances; but in answer to this his injured self-love rose to rebut the idea that he had wasted any portion of his time, and he assured himself that he had done the work that he had cut out for himself to do as best he could; no one but himself knew with what courage and spirit. And so he sat combating with himself, hoping one moment that she would prove what he believed her to be, and the next, scandalized at his temerity in daring to think of her at all.

The spell lifted as the music ceased, and Clay brought himself back to the moment and looked about him as though he were waking from a dream and had expected to see the scene disappear and the figures near him fade into the moonlight.

Young Langham had taken a guitar from one of the musicians and pressed it upon MacWilliams, with imperative directions to sing such and such songs, of which, in their isolation, they had grown to think most highly, and MacWilliams was protesting in much embarrassment.

MacWilliams had a tenor voice which he maltreated in the most villainous manner by singing directly through his nose.

He had a taste for sentimental songs, in which "kiss" rhymed with "bliss," and in which "the people cry" was always sure to be followed with "as she goes by, that's pretty Katie Moody," or "Rosie McIntyre." He had gathered his songs at the side of camp-fires, and in canteens at the first section-house of a new railroad, and his original collection of ballads had had but few additions in several years. MacWilliams at first was shy, which was quite a new development, until he made them promise to laugh if they wanted to laugh, explaining that he would not mind that so much as he would the idea that he thought he was serious.

The song of which he was especially fond was one called "He never Cares to Wander from his own Fireside," which was especially appropriate in coming from a man who had visited almost every spot in the three Americas, except his home, in ten years. MacWilliams always ended the evening's entertainment with this chorus, no matter how many times it had been sung previously, and seemed to regard it with much the same veneration that the true Briton feels for his National Anthem.

The words of the chorus were :

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to wander or to roam,
With his babies on his knee,
He's as happy as can be,
For there's no place like Home, Sweet Home.

MacWilliams loved accidentals, and what he called "barber-shop chords." He used a beautiful accidental at the word "be," of which he was very fond, and he used to hang on that note for a long time, so that those in the extreme rear of the hall, as he was wont to explain, should get the full benefit of it. And it was his custom to emphasize "for" in the last line by speaking instead of singing it, and then coming to a full stop before dashing on again with the excellent truth that "there is NO place like Home, Sweet Home."

The men at the mines used to laugh at him and his song at first, but they saw that it was not to be so laughed away, and that he regarded it with some peculiar sentiment. So they suffered him to sing it in peace.

MacWilliams went through his repertoire to the unconcealed amusement of young Langham and Hope. When he had finished he asked Hope if she knew a comic song of which he had only heard by reputation. One of the men at the mines had gained a certain celebrity by claiming to have heard it in the States, but as he gave a completely new set of words to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green" as the true version, his veracity was doubted. Hope said she knew it, of course, and they all went into the drawing-room, where the men grouped themselves about the piano. It was a night they remembered long afterward. Hope sat at the piano protesting and laughing, but singing the songs of which the newcomers had become so weary, but which the three men heard open-eyed, and hailed with shouts of pleasure. The others enjoyed them and their delight, as though they were people in a play expressing themselves in this extravagant manner for their entertainment, until they understood how poverty-stricken their lives had been and that they were not only enjoying the music for itself, but because it was characteristic of all that they had left behind them. It was pathetic to hear them boast of having read of a certain song in such a paper, and of the fact that they knew the plot of a late comic opera and the names of those who had played in it, and that it had or had not been acceptable to the New York public.

"Dear me," Hope would cry, looking over her shoulder with a despairing glance at her sister and father, "they don't even know 'Tommy Atkins!'"

It was a very happy evening for them all, foreshadowing, as it did, a continuation of just such evenings. Young Langham was radiant with pleasure at the good account which Clay had given of him to his father, and Mr. Langham was gratified, and proud of the manner in which his son and heir had conducted himself; and MacWilliams, who had never before been taken so simply and sincerely by people of a class that he had always held in humorous awe, felt a sudden accession of dignity, and an unhappy fear that when they laughed at what he said, it was because its sense was so utterly different from their point of view, and not because they saw the humor of it.

He did not know what the word "snob" signified, and in his roughened, easy-going nature there was no touch of false pride; but he could not help thinking how surprised his people would be if they could see him, whom they regarded as a wanderer and renegade on the face of the earth and the prodigal of the family, and for that reason the best loved, leaning over a grand piano, while one daughter of his much-revered President played comic songs for his delectation, and the other, who according to the newspapers refused princes daily, and who was the most wonderful creature he had ever seen, poured out his coffee and brought it to him with her own hands.

The evening came to an end at last, and the new arrivals accompanied their visitors to the veranda as they started to their cabin for the night. Clay was asking Mr. Langham when he wished to visit the mines, and the others were laughing over farewell speeches, when young Langham startled them all by hurrying down the length of the veranda and calling on them to follow.

"Look!" he cried, pointing down the inlet. "Here comes a man-of-war, or a yacht. Isn't she smart-looking? What can she want here at this hour of the night? They won't let them land. Can you make her out, MacWilliams?"

A long, white ship was steaming slowly up the inlet, and passed within a few hundred feet of the cliff on which they were standing.

"Why, it's the Vesta!" exclaimed Hope, wonderingly. "I thought she wasn't coming for a week?"

"It can't be the Vesta," said the elder sister; "she was not to have sailed from Havana until to-day."

"What do you mean?" asked Langham. "Is it King's boat? Do you expect him here? Oh, what fun! I say, Clay, here's the Vesta, Reggie King's yacht, and he's no end of a sport. We can go all over the place now, and he can land us right at the door of the mines if we want to."

"Is it the King I met at dinner that night?" asked Clay, turning to Miss Langham.

"Yes," she said. "He wanted us to come down on the yacht, but we thought the steamer would be faster; so he sailed without us and was to have touched at Havana, but he has apparently changed his course. Doesn't she look like a phantom ship in the moonlight?"

Young Langham thought he could distinguish King among the white figures on the bridge, and tossed his hat and shouted, and a man in the stern of the yacht replied with a wave of his hand.

"That must be Mr. King," said Hope. "He didn't bring any one with him, and he seems to be the only man aft."

They stood watching the yacht as she stopped with a rattle of anchor-chains and a confusion of orders that came sharply across the water, and then the party separated and the three men walked down the hill, Langham eagerly assuring the other two that King was a very good sort, and telling them what a treasure-house his yacht was, and how he would have probably brought the latest papers, and that he would certainly give a dance on board in their honor.

The men stood for some short time together, after they had reached the office, discussing the great events of the day, and then with cheerful good-nights disappeared into their separate rooms.

An hour later Clay stood without his coat, and with a pen in his hand, at MacWilliams's bedside and shook him by the shoulder.

"I'm not asleep," said MacWilliams, sitting up; "what is it? What have you been doing?" he demanded. "Not working?"

"There were some reports came in after we left," said Clay, "and I find I will have to see Kirkland to-morrow morning. Send them word to run me down on an engine at five-thirty, will you? I am sorry to have to wake you, but I couldn't remember in which shack that engineer lives."

MacWilliams jumped from his bed and began kicking about the floor for his boots. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I wasn't asleep, I was just—" he lowered his voice that Langham might not hear him through the canvas partitions—"I was just lying awake playing duets with the President, and racing for the International Cup in my new centre-board yacht, that's all!"

MacWilliams buttoned a waterproof

coat over his pajamas and stamped his bare feet into his boots. "Oh, I tell you, Clay," he said with a grim chuckle, "we're mixing right in with the four hundred, we are! I'm substitute and under-study when anybody gets ill. We're right in our own class at last! Pure amateurs with no professional record against us. Me and President Langham, I guess!" He struck a match and lit the smoky wick in a tin lantern.

"But now," he said, cheerfully, "my time being too valuable for me to sleep, I will go wake up that nigger engine-driver and set his alarm clock at five-thirty. Five-thirty, I believe you said. All right; good-night." And whistling cheerfully to himself MacWilliams disappeared up the hill, his body hidden in the darkness and his legs showing fantastically in the light of the swinging lantern.

Clay walked out upon the veranda and stood with his back to one of the pillars. MacWilliams and his pleasantries disturbed and troubled him. Perhaps, after all, the boy was right. It seemed absurd, but it was true. They were only employees of Langham—two of the thousands of young men who were working all over the United States to please him, to make him richer, to whom he was only a name and a power, which meant an increase of salary or the loss of place.

Clay laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He knew that he was not in that class; if he did good work it was because his self-respect demanded it of him; he did not work for Langham or the Olancho Mining Company (Limited). And yet he turned with almost a feeling of resentment toward the white yacht lying calmly in magnificent repose a hundred yards from his porch.

He could see her as clearly in her circle of electric lights as though she were a picture and held in the light of a stereopticon on a screen. He could see her white decks, and the rails of polished brass, and the comfortable wicker chairs and gay cushions and flat coils of rope, and the tapering masts and intricate rigging. How easy it was made for some men! This one had come like the prince in the fairy tale on his magic carpet. If Alice Langham were to leave Valencia that next day, Clay could not follow her. He had his duties and responsibilities; he was at another man's bidding.

But this Prince Fortunatus had but to raise anchor and start in pursuit, knowing that he would be welcome wherever he found her. That was the worst of it to Clay, for he knew that men did not follow women from continent to continent without some assurance of a friendly greeting. Clay's mind went back to the days when he was a boy, when his father was absent fighting for a lost cause; when his mother taught in a little school-house under the shadow of Pike's Peak, and when Kit Carson was his hero. He thought of the poverty of those days—poverty so mean and hopeless that it was almost something to feel shame for; of the days that followed when, an orphan and without a home, he had sailed away from New Orleans to the Cape. How the mind of the mathematician, which he had inherited from the Boston school-mistress, had been swayed by the spirit of the soldier, which he had inherited from his father, and which led him from the mines of South Africa to little wars in Madagascar, Egypt, and Algiers. It had been a life as restless as the seaweed on a rock. But as he looked back to its poor beginnings and admitted to himself its later successes he gave a sigh of content, and shaking off the mood stood up and paced the length of the veranda.

He looked up the hill to the low-roofed bungalow with the palm-leaves about it, outlined against the sky, and as motionless as patterns cut in tin. He had built that house. He had built it for her. That was her room where the light was shining out from the black bulk of the house about it like a star. And beyond the house he saw his five great mountains, the knuckles of the giant hand, with its gauntlet of iron that lay shut and clenched in the face of the sea that swept up whimpering before it. Clay felt a boyish, foolish pride rise in his breast as he looked toward the great mines he had discovered and opened, at the iron mountains that were crumbling away before his touch.

He turned his eyes again to the blazing yacht, and this time there was no trace of envy in them. He laughed instead, partly with pleasure at the thought of the struggle he scented in the air, and partly at his own braggadocio.

"I'm not afraid," he said, smiling, and shaking his head at the white ship that loomed up like a man-of-war in the black waters.

"I'm not afraid to fight you for anything worth fighting for."

He bowed his bared head in good-night toward the light on the hill, as he turned and walked back into his bedroom. "And I think," he murmured grimly, as he put out the light, "that she is worth fighting for."

IV

THE work which had called Clay to the mines kept him there for some time, and it was not until the third day after the arrival of the Langhams that he returned again to the Palms. On the afternoon when he climbed the hill to the bungalow he found the Langhams as he had left them, with the difference that King now occupied a place in the family circle. Clay was made so welcome, and especially so by King, that he felt rather ashamed of his sentiments toward him, and considered his three days of absence to be well repaid by the heartiness of their greeting.

"For myself," said Mr. Langham, "I don't believe you had anything to do at the mines at all. I think you went away just to show us how necessary you are. But if you want me to make a good report of our resident director on my return, you had better devote yourself less to the mines while you are here and more to us." Clay said he was glad to find that his duties were to be of so pleasant a nature, and asked them what they had seen and what they had done.

They told him they had been nowhere, but had waited for his return in order that he might act as their guide.

"Then you should see the city at once," said Clay, "and I will have the volante brought to the door, and we can all go in this afternoon. There is room for the four of you inside, and I can sit on the box-seat with the driver."

"No," said King, "let Hope or me sit on the box-seat. Then we can practise our Spanish on the driver."

"Not very well," Clay replied, "for the driver sits on the first horse, like a postilion. It's a sort of tandem without reins. Haven't you seen it yet? We consider the volante our proudest exhibit." So Clay ordered the volante to be brought out, and placed them facing each other in the open carriage, while he climbed to the box-seat, from which position of vantage he pointed out and explained the objects of interest they passed, after the manner of a professional guide. It was a warm, beautiful afternoon, and the clear mists of the atmosphere intensified the rich blue of the sky, and the brilliant colors of the houses, and the different shades of green of the trees and bushes that lined the high-road to the capital.

"To the right, as we descend," said Clay, speaking over his shoulder, "you see a tin house. It is the home of the resident director of the Olancho Mining Company (Limited), and of his able lieutenants, Mr. Theodore Langham and Mr. MacWilliams. The building on the extreme left is the round-house, in which Mr. MacWilliams stores his three locomotive engines, and in the far middle-distance is Mr. MacWilliams himself in the act of repairing a water-tank. He is the one in a suit of blue overalls, and as his language at such times is free, we will drive rapidly on and not embarrass him. Besides," added the engineer, with the happy laugh of a boy who had been treated to a holiday, "I am sure that I am not setting him the example of fixity to duty which he should expect from his chief."

They passed between high hedges of Spanish bayonet, and came to mud cabins thatched with palm-leaves, and alive with naked, little brown-bodied children, who laughed and cheered to them as they passed.

"It's a very beautiful country for the *pueblo*," was Clay's comment. "Different parts of the same tree furnish them with food, shelter, and clothing, and the sun gives them fuel, and the Government changes so often that they can always dodge the tax-collector."

From the mud cabins they came to more substantial one-story houses of adobe, with the walls painted in two distinct colors, blue, pink, or yellow, with red-tiled roofs, and the names with which they had been christened in bold black letters above the entrances. Then the carriage rattled over paved streets, and they drove between

houses of two-stories painted more decorously in pink and light blue, with wide-open windows, guarded by heavy bars of finely wrought iron, and ornamented with scroll-work in stucco. The principal streets were given up to stores and cafés, all wide open to the pavement and protected from the sun by brilliantly striped awnings; and gay with the national colors of Olancho in flags and streamers. In front of them sat officers in uniform, and the dark-skinned dandies of Valencia in white duck suits and Panama hats, toying with tortoise-shell canes, which could be converted, if the occasion demanded, into blades of Toledo steel. In the streets were priests and bare-legged mule-drivers, and ragged ranchmen with red-caped cloaks hanging to their sandals, and negro women, with bare shoulders and long trains, vending lottery-tickets and rolling huge cigars between their lips. It was an old story to Clay and King, but none of the others had seen a Spanish-American city before; they were familiar with the Far East and the Mediterranean, but not with the fierce, hot tropics of their sister continent, and so their eyes were wide open, and they kept calling continually to one another to notice some new place or figure.

They in their turn did not escape from notice or comment. The two sisters would have been conspicuous anywhere—in a Queen's Drawing-room or on an Indian reservation. Theirs was a type that the caballeros and señoritas did not know. With them dark hair was always associated with dark complexions, the rich duskiness of which was always vulgarized by a coat of powder, and this fair blending of pink and white skin under masses of black hair was strangely new, so that each of the few women who were to be met on the street turned to look after the carriage, while the American women admired their mantillas, and felt that the straw sailor-hats they wore had become heavy and unfeminine.

Clay was very happy in picking out what was most characteristic and picturesque, and every street into which he directed the driver to take them seemed to possess some building or monument that was of peculiar interest. They did not know that he had mapped out this ride many times before, and was taking them over a route which he had already travelled with them in imagination. King knew what the capital would be like before he entered it, from his experience of other South American cities, but he acted as though it were all new to him, and allowed Clay to explain, and to give the reason for those features of the place that were unusual and characteristic. Clay noticed this and appealed to him from time to time, when he was in doubt; but the other only smiled back and shook his head, as much as to say, "This is your city; they would rather hear about it from you."

Clay took them to the principal shops, where the two girls held whispered consultations over lace mantillas, which they had at once determined to adopt, and bought the gorgeous paper fans, covered with brilliant pictures of bull-fighters in suits of silver tinsel; and from these open stores he led them to a dingy little shop, where there was old silver and precious hand-painted fans of mother-of-pearl that had been pawned by families who had risked and lost all in some revolution; and then to another shop, where two old maiden ladies made a particularly good guava; and to tobacconists, where the men bought a few of the native cigars, which, as they were a monopoly of the Government, were as bad as Government monopolies always are.

Clay felt a sudden fondness for the city, so grateful was he to it for entertaining her as it did, and for putting its best front forward for her delectation. He wanted to thank some one for building the quaint old convent, with its yellow walls washed to an orange tint, and black in spots with dampness; and for the fountain covered with green moss that stood before its gate, and around which were gathered the girls and women of the neighborhood with red water-jars on their shoulders, and little donkeys buried under stacks of yellow sugar-cane, and the negro drivers of the city's green water-carts, and the blue wagons that carried the manufactured ice. Toward five o'clock they decided to spend the rest of the day in the city, and to telephone for the two boys to join them at La Venus, the great restaurant on the plaza, where Clay had invited them to dine.

He suggested that they should fill out the time meanwhile by a call on the President, and after a search for cards in vari-

ous pocketbooks, they drove to the Government palace, which stood in an open square in the heart of the city.

As they arrived the President and his wife were leaving for their afternoon drive on the Alemada, the fashionable parade-ground of the city, and the state carriage and a squad of cavalry appeared from the side of the palace as the visitors drove up to the entrance. But at the sight of Clay, General Alvarez and his wife retreated to the house again and made them welcome. The President led the men into his reception-room and entertained them with champagne and cigarettes, not manufactured by his Government; and his wife, after first conducting the girls through the state drawing-room, where the late sunlight shone gloomily on strange old portraits of assassinated presidents and victorious generals, and garish yellow silk furniture, brought them to her own apartments, and gave them tea after a civilized fashion, and showed them how glad she was to see some one of her own world again.

During their short visit Madame Alvarez talked a greater part of the time herself, addressing what she said to Miss Langham, but looking at Hope. It was unusual for Hope to be singled out in this way, when her sister was present, and both the sisters noticed it and spoke of it afterwards. They thought Madame Alvarez very beautiful and distinguished-looking, and she impressed them, even after that short knowledge of her, as a woman of great force of character.

"She was very well dressed for a Spanish woman," was Miss Langham's comment, later in the afternoon. "But everything she had on was just a year behind the fashions, or twelve steamer days behind, as Mr. MacWilliams puts it."

"She reminded me," said Hope, "of a black panther I saw once in a circus."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the sister, "I don't see that at all. Why?"

Hope said she did not know why; she was not given to analyzing her impressions or offering reasons for them. "Because the panther looked so unhappy," she explained, doubtfully, "and restless; and he kept pacing up and down all the time, and hitting his head against the bars as he walked as though he liked the pain. Madame Alvarez seemed to me to be just like that—as though she were shut up somewhere and wanted to be free."

When Madame Alvarez and the two sisters had joined the men, they all walked together to the terrace, and the visitors waited until the President and his wife should take their departure. Hope noticed, in advance of the escort of native cavalry, an auburn-haired, fair-skinned young man who was sitting an English saddle. The officer's eyes were blue and frank and attractive-looking, even as they then were fixed ahead of him with a military lack of expression; but he came to life very suddenly when the President called to him, and prodded his horse up to the steps and dismounted. He was introduced by Alvarez as "Captain Stuart, of my household troops, late of the Gordon Highlanders. Captain Stuart," said the President, laying his hand affectionately on the younger man's epaulette, "takes care of my life and the safety of my home and family. He could have the command of the army if he wished; but no, he is fond of us, and he tells me we are in more need of protection from our friends at home than from our enemies on the frontier. Perhaps he knows best. I trust him, Mr. Langham," added the President, solemnly, "as I trust no other man in all this country."

"I am very glad to meet Captain Stuart, I am sure," said Mr. Langham, smiling and appreciating how the shyness of the Englishman must be suffering under the praises of the Spaniard. And Stuart was indeed so embarrassed that he flushed under his tan, and assured Clay, while shaking hands with them all, that he was delighted to make his acquaintance; at which the others laughed, and Stuart came to himself sufficiently to laugh with them, and to accept Clay's invitation to dine with them later.

They found the two boys waiting in the café of the restaurant where they had arranged to meet, and they ascended the steps together to the table on the balcony that Clay had reserved for them.

The young engineer appeared at his best as host. The responsibility of seeing that a half-dozen others were amused and content sat well upon him; and as course followed course, and the wines changed, and the candles left the rest of the room

in darkness and showed only the table and the faces around it, they all became rapidly more merry and the conversation intimately familiar.

Clay knew the kind of table-talk to which the Langhams were accustomed, and used the material around his table in such a way that the talk there was vastly different. From King he drew forth tales of the buried cities he had first explored, and then robbed of their ugliest idols. He urged MacWilliams to tell carefully edited stories of life along the Chagres before the Scandal came, and of the fastnesses of the Andes; and even Stuart grew braver and remembered "something of the same sort" he had seen at Fort Nilt, in Upper Burma.

"Of course," was Clay's comment at the conclusion of one of these narratives, "being an Englishman, Stuart left out the point of the story, which was that he blew in the gates of the fort with a charge of dynamite. He got a D. S. O. for doing it."

"Being an Englishman," said Hope, smiling encouragingly on the conscious Stuart, "he naturally would leave that out."

Mr. Langham and his daughters formed an eager audience. They had never before met at one table three men who had known such experiences, and who spoke of them as though they must be as familiar in the lives of the others as in their own—men who spoiled in the telling stories that would have furnished incidents for melodramas, and who impressed their hearers more with what they left unsaid, and what was only suggested, than what in their view was the most important point.

The dinner came to an end at last, and Mr. Langham proposed that they should go down and walk with the people in the plaza; but his two daughters preferred to remain as spectators on the balcony, and Clay and Stuart stayed with them.

"At last!" sighed Clay, under his breath, seating himself at Miss Langham's side as she sat leaning forward with her arms upon the railing and looking down into the plaza below. She made no sign at first that she had heard him, but as the voices of Stuart and Hope rose from the other end of the balcony she turned her head and asked, "Why, at last?"

"Oh, you couldn't understand," laughed Clay. "You have not been looking forward to just one thing and then had it come true. It is the only thing that ever did come true to me, and I thought it never would."

"You don't try to make me understand," said the girl, smiling, but without turning her eyes from the moving spectacle below her. Clay considered her challenge silently. He did not know just how much it might mean from her, and the smile robbed it of all serious intent; so he, too, turned and looked down into the great square below them, content, now that she was alone with him, to take his time.

At one end of the plaza the President's band was playing native waltzes that came throbbing through the trees and beating softly above the rustling skirts and clinking spurs of the señoritas and officers, sweeping by in two opposite circles around the edges of the tessellated pavements. Above the palms around the square arose the dim, white façade of the cathedral, with the bronze statue of Anduella, the liberator of Olancho, who answered with his upraised arm and cocked hat the cheers of an imaginary populace. Clay's had been an unobtrusive part in the evening's entertainment, but he saw that the others had been pleased and felt a certain satisfaction in thinking that King himself could not have planned and carried out a dinner more admirable in every way. He was gratified that they should know him to be not altogether a barbarian. But what he best liked to remember was that whenever he had spoken she had listened, even when her eyes were turned away and she was pretending to listen to someone else. He tormented himself by wondering whether this was because he interested her only as a new and strange character, or whether she felt in some way how eagerly he was seeking her approbation. For the first time in his life he found himself considering what he was about to say, and he suited for her possible liking. It was at least some satisfaction that she had, if only for the time being, singled him out as of especial interest, and he assured himself that the fault would be his if her interest failed. He no longer looked on himself as an outsider.

Stuart's voice arose from the farther end of the balcony, where the white figure of Hope showed dimly in the darkness.

"They are talking about you over there," said Miss Langham, turning toward him.

"Well, I don't mind," answered Clay, "as long as they talk about me—over there."

Miss Langham shook her head. "You are very frank and audacious," she replied, doubtfully, "but it is rather pleasant as a change."

"I don't call that audacious, to say I don't want to be interrupted when I am talking to you. Aren't the men you meet generally audacious?" he asked. "I can see why not—though," he continued, "you awe them."

"I can't think that's a nice way to affect people," protested Miss Langham, after a pause. "I don't awe you, do I?"

"Oh, you affect me in many different ways," returned Clay, cheerfully. "Sometimes I am very much afraid of you, and then again my feelings are only those of unlimited admiration."

"There, again, what did I tell you?" said Miss Langham.

"Well, I can't help doing that," said Clay. "That is one of the few privileges that is left to a man in my position—it doesn't matter what I say. That is the advantage of being of no account and hopelessly detrimental. The eligible men of the world, you see, have to be so very careful. A Prime Minister, for instance, can't talk as he wishes, and call names if he wants to, or write letters, even. Whatever he says is so important, because he says it, that he must be very discreet. I am so unimportant that no one minds what I say, and so I say it. It's the only comfort I have."

"Are you in the habit of going around the world saying whatever you choose to every woman you happen to — to —" Miss Langham hesitated.

"To admire very much," suggested Clay.

"To meet," corrected Miss Langham. "Because, if you are, it is a very dangerous and selfish practice, and I think your theory of non-responsibility is a very wicked one."

"Well, I wouldn't say it to a child," mused Clay, "but to one who must have heard it before——"

"And who, you think, would like to hear it again, perhaps," interrupted Miss Langham.

"No, not at all," said Clay. "I don't say it to give her pleasure, but because it gives me pleasure to say what I think."

"If we are to continue good friends, Mr. Clay," said Miss Langham, in decisive tones, "we must keep our relationship on more of a social and less of a personal basis. It was all very well that first night I met you," she went on, in a kindly tone. "You rushed in then and by a sort of *tour de force* made me think a great deal about myself and also about you. Your stories of cherished photographs and distant devotion and all that were very interesting; but now we are to be together a great deal, and if we are to talk about ourselves all the time, I for one shall grow very tired of it.

"As a matter of fact you don't know what your feelings are concerning me, and until you do we will talk less about them and more about the things you are certain of. When are you going to take us to the mines, for instance, and who was Anduella, the Liberator of Olancho, on that pedestal over there? Now, isn't that much more instructive?"

Clay smiled grimly and made no answer, but sat with knitted brows looking out across the trees of the plaza. His face was so serious and he was apparently giving such earnest consideration to what she had said that Miss Langham felt an uneasy sense of remorse. And, moreover, the young man's profile, as he sat looking away from her, was very fine, and the head on his broad shoulders was as well-modelled as the head of an Athenian statue. Miss Langham was not insensible to beauty of any sort, and she regarded the profile with perplexity and with a softening spirit.

"You understand," she said, gently, being quite certain that she did not understand this new order of young man herself. "You are not offended with me?" she asked.

Clay turned and frowned, and then smiled in a puzzled way and stretched out his hand toward the equestrian statue in the plaza. "Andulla or Anduella, the Treaty-Maker, as they call him, was

born in 1700," he said; "he was a most picturesque sort of a chap, and freed this country from the yoke of Spain. One of the stories they tell of him gives you a good idea of his character." And so, without any change of expression or reference to what had just passed between them, Clay continued through the remainder of their stay on the balcony to discourse in humorous, graphic phrases on the history of Olancho, its heroes and its revolutions, the buccaneers and pirates of the old days, and the concession-hunters and filibusters of the present. It was some time before Miss Langham was able to give him her full attention, for she was considering whether he could be so foolish as to have taken offence at what she said, and whether he would speak of it again, and in wondering whether a personal basis for conversation was not, after all, more entertaining than anecdotes of the victories and heroism of dead and buried Spaniards.

"That Captain Stuart," said Hope to her sister, as they drove home together through the moonlight, "I like him very much. He seems to have such a simple idea of what is right and good. It is like a child talking. Why, I am really much older than he is in everything but years—why is that?"

"I suppose it's because we always talk before you as though you were a grown-up person," said her sister. "But I agree with you about Captain Stuart; only, why is he down here? If he is a gentleman, why is he not in his own army? Was he forced to leave it?"

"Oh, he seems to have a very good position here," said Mr. Langham. "In England, at his age, he would be only a second-lieutenant. Don't you remember what the President said, that he would trust him with the command of his army? That's certainly a responsible position, and it shows great confidence in him."

"Not so great, it seems to me," said King, carelessly, "as he is showing him in making him the guardian of his hearth and home. Did you hear what he said to-day? 'He guards my home and my family.' I don't think a man's home and family are among the things he can afford to leave to the protection of stray English subalterns. From all I hear, it would be better if President Alvarez did less plotting and protected his own house himself."

"The young man did not strike me as the sort of person," said Mr. Langham, warmly, "who would be likely to break his word to the man who is feeding him and sheltering him, and whose uniform he wears. I don't think the President's home is in any danger from within. Madame Alvarez——"

Clay turned suddenly in his place on the box-seat of the carriage, where he had been sitting, a silent, misty statue in the moonlight, and peered down on those in the carriage below him.

"Madame Alvarez needs no protection, as you were about to say, Mr. Langham," he interrupted, quickly. "Those who know her could say nothing against her, and those who do not know her would not so far forget themselves as to dare to do it. Have you noticed the effect of the moonlight on the walls of the convent?" he continued, gently. "It makes them quite white."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Langham and King, hurriedly, as they both turned and gazed with absorbing interest at the convent on the hills above them.

Before the sisters went to sleep that night Hope came to the door of her sister's room and watched Alice admiringly as she sat before the mirror brushing out her hair.

"I think it's going to be fine down here; don't you, Alice?" she asked. "Everything is so different from what it is at home, and so beautiful, and I like the men we've met. Isn't that Mr. MacWilliams funny—and he is so tough. And Captain Stuart — it is a pity he's shy. The only thing he seems to be able to talk about is Mr. Clay. He worships Mr. Clay!"

"Yes," assented her sister, "I noticed on the balcony that you seemed to have found some way to make him speak."

"Well, that was it. He likes to talk about Mr. Clay, and I wanted to listen. Oh! he is a fine man. He has done more exciting things——"

"Who? Captain Stuart?"

"No—Mr. Clay. He's been in three real wars and about a dozen little ones, and he's built thousands of miles of railroads, I don't know how many thousands,

but Captain Stuart knows; and he built the highest bridge in Peru. It swings in the air across a chasm, and it rocks when the wind blows. And the German Emperor made him a Baron."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I couldn't understand. It was something about plans for fortifications. He, Mr. Clay, put up a fort in the harbor of Rio Janeiro during a revolution, and the officers on a German man-of-war saw it and copied the plans, and the Germans built one just like it, only larger, on the Baltic, and when the Emperor found out whose design it was, he sent Mr. Clay the order-of-something-or-other, and made him a Baron."

"Really," exclaimed the elder sister, "isn't he afraid that some one will marry him for his title?"

"Oh, well, you can laugh, but I think it's pretty fine, and so does Ted," added Hope, with the air of one who propounds a final argument.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed Alice. "If Ted approves we must all go down and worship."

"And father, too," continued Hope. "He said he thought Mr. Clay was one of the most remarkable men for his years that he had ever met."

Miss Langham's eyes were hidden by the masses of her black hair that she had shaken over her face, and she said nothing.

"And I liked the way he shut Reggie King up too," continued Hope, stoutly, "when he and father were talking that way about Madame Alvarez."

"Yes, upon my word," exclaimed her sister, impatiently tossing her hair back over her shoulders. "I really cannot see that Madame Alvarez is in need of any champion. I thought Mr. Clay made it very much worse by rushing in, the way he did. Why should he take it upon himself to correct a man as old as my father?"

"I suppose because Madame Alvarez is a friend of his," Hope answered.

"My dear child, a beautiful woman can always find some man to take her part," said Miss Langham. "But I've no doubt," she added, rising and kissing her sister good-night, "that he is all that your Captain Stuart thinks him; but he is not going to keep us awake any longer, is he, even if he does show such gallant interest in old ladies?"

"Old ladies!" exclaimed Hope in amazement. "Why, Alice!"

But her sister only laughed and waved her out of the room, and Hope walked away frowning in much perplexity.

(To be continued.)

FORGET

By Richard Hodgson

CROWNING a grave with but one word—FORGET,
Gray in the shade the granite bowlder lies.
Child's, man's, or woman's? Whose the saddest eyes
That gazed this thought upon the granite set?
Speaks the dead here? Or did the living fret
In wastes of gloomy memory's wailing cries,
Cursing this little life that lives and dies
Because its fulness was not golden yet?
Forget the living or forget the dead?
Forget the turmoil or the tenderness?
Forget the bitterest sorrow never said?
Forget the last ineffable caress?
Dear Soul! what matter now those faded embers!
How dost thou smile to know that God remembers.

A WOMAN

By William Henry Shelton

THE sun had disappeared behind the western wall of a valley where the shadows were never long. The light wagon, drawn by toiling horses, had already covered thirty miles since morning, over roads where distance is better expressed by hours than in miles, for the way had been rough and, for more reasons than one, the pace had been of necessity slow. The few level stretches of road along the streams were heavy with sand; the descents were short and sharp, and, save for the change of strain upon the jaded team, were wholly wasteful of its strength, for every foot of altitude lost had to be doubly regained on the face of the opposite acclivities which led to the greater mountain.

Besides the jolting of the wagon the increasing altitude was already telling on the invalid, to the extent that dangerous hemorrhages had occurred three times in as many miles, and the face of the woman who drove was as white with anxiety as was the man's face with suffering. Notwithstanding the approach of night the enforced halts were frequent, during which the woman tenderly nursed the man and encouraged him with brave words, for their prospective stopping-place at the foot of the mountain was near at hand.

A close observer might have detected a slight tremor in the well-gloved hands that handled the reins so professionally, but he would have found no lack of courage in the handsome face; and in the peculiar drawing of the thin upper lip across the white teeth at certain times when the woman spoke he must have noted a striking indication of determination. It was evident that the travellers were not of the country, and obvious that some consideration for the man's health had brought them there. The appearance of the woman suggested that she would be more at home decked with flowers on the box of a four-in-hand, or driving beside a groom. As a matter of fact she wore a bunch of orange rhododendrons in her belt and branches of the pink and white varieties, with big waxy flowers of the cucumber-tree, all of which had been fresh in the morning, now lay withered and trampled under their feet. In the morning the travellers had been full of hope and had rejoiced like children in the dewy freshness of the day and in the exuberance of the foliage which walled in the roads like giant hedge-rows of tenderest green flecked with blotches of fragrant coloring. Then had succeeded the heat of the day, with weariness of the prodigality of nature, and as night came on the trampled flowers on the foot-board were typical of the distress of the travellers.

No wonder the woman's face lighted up as they drew near to the house, broadly crouching in the cool shadows at the foot of the mountain. She drove through the open gateway with a burst of gratitude in her heart which was a prayer. The sound of the wheels brought a man out from the passage on to the covered porch. He was dark of face and small of stature, as he stood relieved against the vague festoons of harness under a row of horned saddles.

"Can you put us up for the night?" asked the woman.

The man was silent for a moment. Perhaps he had never heard a sweeter voice, or one more persuasive.

"No, I can't," he snapped gruffly, and as he spoke he half-turned his body, revealing the hideous deformity of a hunchback.

"How far is it to the next house?"

"Four miles," growled the dwarf, "on the top of the mountain. You can make it in two hours."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the woman, stepping out of the wagon. "My brother is dangerously ill. He must be put to bed at once." As she spoke, in her earnestness she advanced toward the house where the dwarf stood motionless in the bosky porch, and seemed to swell up like a toad under the horned saddles. Her thin upper lip was drawn firmly

across her white teeth. "Sir, you must find shelter for my brother!"

"He can stop, but you can't."

"And why cannot I stop?" said she, surprised, but in nowise daunted.

"Because you are a woman."

"Where I came from," she replied, calmly, "it is no disgrace to be a woman."

"Mebby not," growled the dwarf, "but if ye want to know my reasons, I'm a-workin' fifty convicts yer, an' I hain't got but four guards. Think I can give you one o' them?"

"I don't ask for any guard," said the woman; "only for shelter for the night and care for our horses. We will pay you any sum you require."

The small person hesitated a moment, and then, with an impatient shrug of his misshapen shoulders, he walked to the end of the porch and indicated a one-story house at a little distance from his own. He even followed the wagon with some show of alacrity, and helped to unhitch the horses, after which he led them away to the stable.

There was a clean bed in the small house of one room, and to this the woman helped the invalid. The sweet air of the mountains coming in at the open door and sliding window, and the restoratives and nourishment at hand, served to invigorate the sufferer and make both the travellers hopeful of the conclusion of their journey on the following day to a higher valley, where the fogs never came.

"You are much better now, James," said his sister, laying her hand on his moist forehead.

"Much better," he said; "but I wish the Colonel was here to look after you." He had heard the reason of the dwarf's reluctance to harbor them, but this was the first reference he had made to their peculiar situation, and he chose to say no more. He was not disposed to sleep, and his eyes followed his handsome sister as she moved softly about the room. He admired her as all men and most women did. He had unbounded faith in her tact and courage, but he was disturbed by the consciousness of his own uselessness to defend her in case of need. He wished in his heart that she was safe in her pretty home at the post, and that they had never undertaken the journey at all, or that they had brought a file of soldiers for escort.

It was such a peaceful upper world, with but two days of driving to where the Colonel had preceded them, that he knew his masterful sister would have scouted a guard, as she had already declined one that night.

The moonlight streamed in at the open window and through the door-way, outside of which that self-reliant young woman sat enjoying the cool, fresh air. In front was the greater house, bisected by an open passage, which was the throat that swallowed up the dwarf at night and discharged its unpalatable morsel in the morning. To the right were many low sheds where glittering white kaolin was drying on slatted platforms, and beyond a few dull lights shone through the grimy windows of a dark, low-browed building, which stretched along the field against the purple mass of the mountain.

The stillness of the night was only broken by the most innocent sounds—the occasional tinkle, tinkle of a copper bell, which suggested the breath of cows, and the constant murmur of a waterfall hidden somewhere behind the trees.

The woman seemed to be lost in contemplation of the luminous spaces and broad shadows on the field which stretched back from the forbidden buildings; but, really, she scarcely saw these things, so intently was she listening for the first intimation in the heavier breathing of the invalid that he was yielding to sleep. Instead, she only heard a restless shifting of his body on the bed.

"Mary," he said at last, "I wish you would come in and close the door," and then with an effort to disguise his real anxiety he coughed and complained of the dampness of the outside air. She was quick to obey his request, having no thought for herself and not suspecting his motive.

"Is there any fastening for the door?" he asked, as she closed it from within.

"Only a wooden latch, James; but if you will feel easier, I can take in the string which serves to raise it."

She drew up a chair and sat down by the bedside. For awhile she talked

cheerfully to him of the journey in the morning, and then she sang, in a low voice, some of the songs he loved to hear, until in his weakness he yielded to her stronger will, and fell into a gentle slumber. Even then she sang on, lest the breaking of the rhythm should recall him to wakefulness, and as she sang she loosened her clothing preparatory to lying down herself.

With the first touch of her bare feet to the earthen floor the last notes of the motherly lullaby ceased. She smoothed the pillow and laid her cool hand on the invalid's forehead. She was satisfied. Her brother slept easily. His face was turned toward the window, but the broad bar of moonlight lay across the foot of the bed and upon the wall at the middle of the room. In an hour at most it would disappear altogether, when the moon sank behind the mountain. As she made her last preparations to lie down she stood at the foot of the bed, a tall, white figure projecting a slender shadow on the opposite wall. She took up her watch, which lay on a table to the left with her hat and gloves. The light was strong enough to enable her to read the figures on the dial. It was just five minutes to ten. She had been standing with her back to the window, and as she extended her right hand to lay down the watch, the action naturally brought her around facing that opening.

Most women would have screamed.

Some would have fainted.

This woman calmly laid down the watch, her eyes fixed on the shaggy head which arose above the window-sill, black against the moonlight. The position indicated that the body was crouching close to the ground. The man could spring through the window at will. One coarse hand was already extended along the frame.

Of the face the woman could see nothing, but she observed that the head at the jaws was heavy, like that of an animal, and fringed with close-cropped hair and bristling beard. The great ears stood out from the head in bold relief, and the powerful arm which lay along the window-sill was encircled by broad, dingy stripes.

All this the woman saw as she drew her releasing fingers across the crystal of the watch.

All her life she had been used to control men. If she feared this dangerous visitor, it was not observable in the tremor of a muscle or of an eyelid as she stood well poised in the soft light.

She thought only of her brother, and of the crimson life-blood which had welled so easily from his lips. If he should be awakened by any disturbance, she believed the excitement would bring on another hemorrhage, which might cost his life. She heard his regular breathing on one side, and on the other the ticking of the watch on the hard board under her cold fingers. The one sound nerved her for his defence, and the other hastened her decision as to the line of action she had best pursue.

She had a peculiar faith in her power to conquer this human animal whose face she had not yet seen.

In the brief time during which these two opposing natures had confronted each other, the man outside had the advantage. He had been able to scrutinize every lineament of the woman's face. For an instant he had seen the thin upper lip drawn tightly across the gleaming teeth. In that instant she had formed a resolution. To the man's brutal instinct this was a menace. It was no longer necessary to affect any concealment of his person, and as the woman's face relaxed to a softer expression he rose boldly from his cramped position and stood at his full height before her, trembling with base passion and striped around his huge body like a hyena.

Only a quick surprise prevented him leaping through the window. If she had flinched or cried out his hands would have been on her throat in an instant.

As the man rose up, the woman walked calmly forward until her face was close to his. She was of a good height, and the slight advantage of the floor on which she stood enabled her to confront him with a level gaze, and read the full import of his evil face. She felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"Is there anything I can do for *you?*" she said.

The sweetness of the voice, coupled with the courage of the woman, was like

a knock-down blow to the man. The confidence she had so suddenly reposed in him staggered him.

As she paused for a reply she looked steadily into the burning eyes and grimy face of the convict.

The man was too surprised to speak. His face was like a face of stone, as dumb and expressionless as the face of a graven image.

"Then," said the woman, following up her advantage by laying her white hand trustingly upon the greasy-striped shoulder, "if there is nothing *I* can do for *you*, there is something *you* can do for *me*."

She turned quickly back for a bucket and passed it to the man through the window.

"You can get me some water."

The man took the bucket without uttering a word and walked away across the sparkling grass, until he presently disappeared among the shadows of the trees.

The woman stood patiently at the open window awaiting his return, as confidently as if her will had only subdued a dog or a vicious horse. When he came she thanked him, stepping slightly to one side and holding back the skirt of her robe. He understood the motion, and projecting his broad shoulders through the window, he set the measure of water carefully on the floor. Then he straightened himself and took a step backward. Before he spoke he drew his sleeve awkwardly across his mouth.

"By G—, you're a good one, you are."

After this remark, than which no lady ever received a more sincere compliment, the convict swept his eyes over the space in front of the house, and then going to the door he stretched his huge frame along the hard ground outside.

The woman stood a moment at the open window, and then, wrapping herself in a travelling rug, she lay down on the bed beside her brother and fell asleep.

They halted in the sweet morning air on a shoulder of the mountain to breathe the horses. Below them lay the house of the dwarf, the white kaolin sheds, the low-browed barracks, and the cabin of the open door and sliding window.

The light of the rising sun shone red on the distant buildings, and, coming through the branches of the trees, touched the chestnut hair of the woman who had alighted to gather a nosegay of the flowers of the locust.

"There was not much to fear, after all, from the fifty convicts," said the invalid.

"Not much," replied the woman.

THE QUEST

By H. C. Bunner

Upon my lips there fell, when first the Night
  Pales in the highest heaven, seeing Day
  Far down the fathomless Eastern depths away—
Pales with a fearful joy, a dread delight—
Upon my lips, with wakeful watching white
  There fell a kiss. One instant's space it lay
  Soft as a rose-leaf that the West-winds fray,
And then my eyes awoke to dazzled sight.

The warmth, the tender impact and the thrill
  Burnt on my lips, and the calm pulse of Sleep
    Awoke and quivered quick in soft surprise.
From that day forward knew I Love!
                And still
  By day I search, and nightly vigil keep
    For Her revealed to me in such strange wise.



Outside Morley's

LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

I.—LONDON STREETS



FIRST six days on the ocean, then a faint blue coast that gradually turns to a rich green. A little later Southampton, dry land, and England. After that a short journey through country divided by hedges into a green and gold checker-board; thatched roofs disappear, and chimney-pots take their place and flourish until you come to the Thames and black barges in mid-stream waiting for the muddy tide to turn, between banks of masts and smokestacks; then the Gothic buildings of Parliament, and "Big Ben," and Charing Cross Station; and in another moment you are in London, riding through the never-ending restlessness of its streets in a cab that you can afford, with your hat-box safe by your side and your trunk up by the driver, and London with its history on all sides of you, its wooden streets and polished side-walks and bright shop windows, and at every corner small sweeps and big policemen, providing clean and safe crossing, while push-carts dodge in and out between steaming bus-horses and hansom cabs. This is always my first impression of London.

As all Americans arrive in London with sea-legs after a week of ship's cooking, it is doubly necessary to have been there before in order to know where to go at once for an on-shore dinner and good rooms. But before you arrive at either of these you once more become a part of the city and again feel perfectly at home, as you look from your cab window at theatrical lithographs to find out what is going on for that night; and no transformation scene on the stage is more complete than your own, from standing in the companion-way waiting for the ship's run to be posted, to a few hours later sitting in a London theatre watching the stage rock from side to side.

I believe an American enjoys London more during his second visit. He is sure to be older for one thing, and with very little left of the prejudice he once had. He is not so apt to



The Ratman.



Between Tunes—Leicester Square.

wear a sensitive patriotic chip on his shoulder, and for this reason he will give London a better opportunity to know him. If it is your second visit you have the pleasure of recognizing familiar types and places. Your hotel porter may remember you, and there may be one or two of the old waiters still left in the dining-room. Nelson's Column and the National Gallery are former friends; also the recruiting sergeants, among them Sergeant Charley, the best known of all. He has stood at the corner of the National Gallery for many years, and has probably talked more country boys into Her Majesty's service, consoled more weeping mothers, and cheered more disappointed maidens than any other man in the British army. There is no better place in which Sergeant Charley can operate than Trafalgar Square—or from which the stranger can begin London.

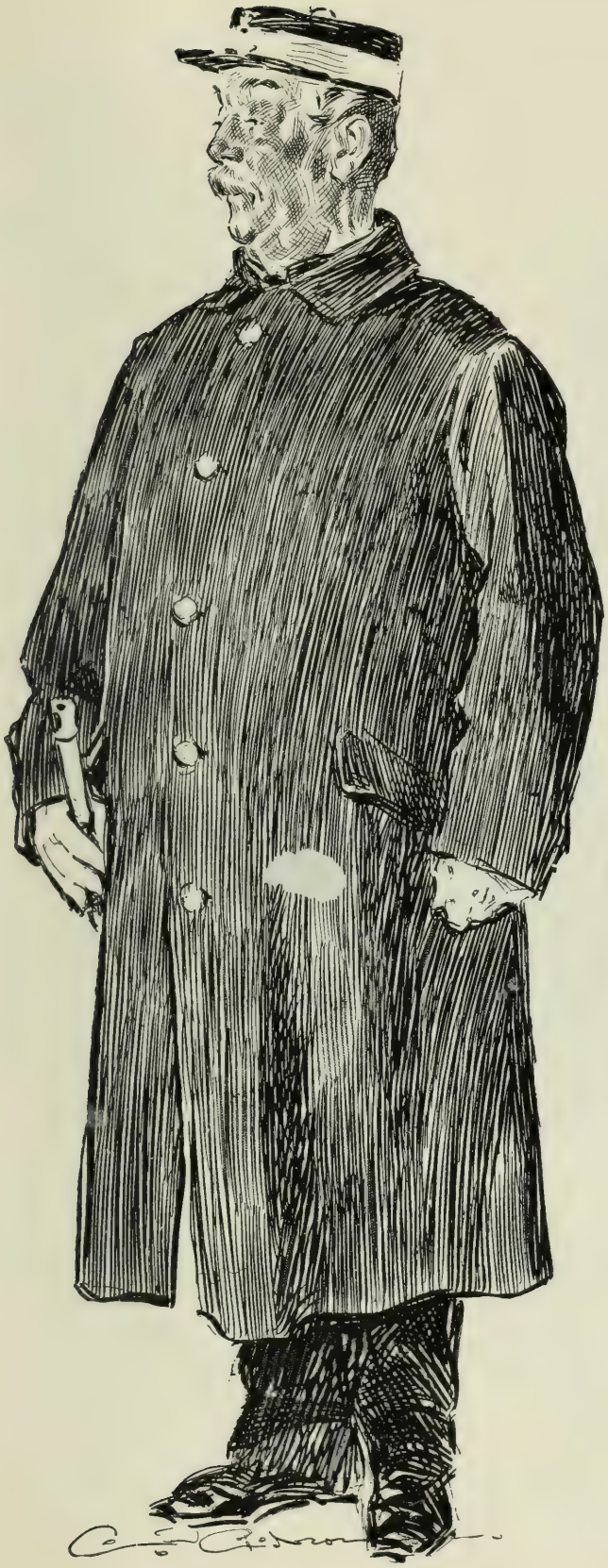
The bewildering scene always reminds me of the art student I once saw painting it from the steps of the gallery; and I thought then that if the actors on the great stage in front of her could have seen the hopeless condition of her canvas and her pale, worried face they might have stood still for a while. But the panorama has never stopped, and the only quiet figures in Trafalgar Square are its bronze statues. There you will see country boys looking, with admiring envy, at the smart uniforms of the soldiers, and with terror at the dingy army of sandwich-men shuffling through the gutter carrying advertisements of hot and cold luncheons, Turkish baths, manicure parlors, and places of amusement, serving, at the same time, as awful examples of what will happen to all those who do not take the sergeant's advice and become soldiers. Even some of the street beggars



In Bond Street.

are familiar. "The old rat-man" and his pets find Brighton too dull in the winter and come up to London for the season, to mix once more in its streets, where all kinds of horses are driven by as great a variety of men, from the pedler to the powdered-wigged coachman. Cable-cars and trolleys would be sadly out of place in London, and horseless carriages would be a calamity. There should be no need to go faster than a horse can trot, and the best way of all is to walk, for then you can enjoy shop-windows and look into the faces of the passers-by and speculate on who they are. You can go at your own speed and cross the street as often as you wish; or stand on a bridge while scows drift slowly under you, and the Embankment with all its lights, and St. Paul's in the distance sinking into the smoke and darkness, like the dissolving views of a lecturer on travel. It is quite proper that the underground railway should be used mostly for advertising purposes; but the most gaudy posters fail to





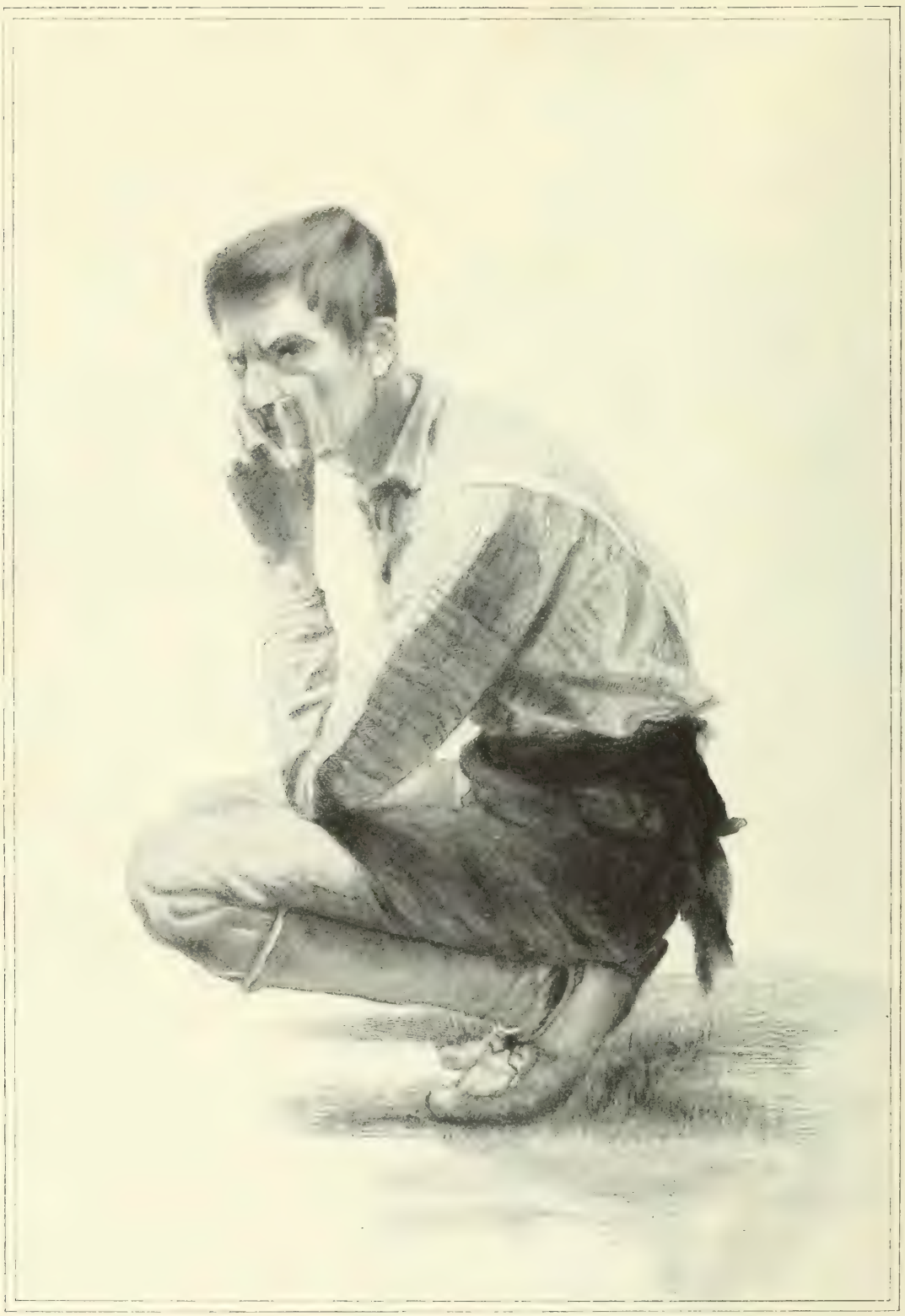
Sergeant Charley.

brighten up those dingy tunnels, and no amount of speed can compensate for the time you are away from the world over your head. London is not a place to go under.

In addition to all this, it is a part of your second visit that you may look back a few years and see *yourself* in London for the first time, with a guide-book in both hands, going from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's, and from there to the Tower, finishing every day with a high fever brought on by pure enjoyment. As you review it once again, you may possibly feel that you have lost something since then; but I do not believe it can be as bad as that. You are capable of just as much enthusiasm as ever; you have been to London before, and you are not giving up the Abbey, the Tower, and St. Paul's because you love them less, but for a much better reason—you prefer the people you met toward the end of your former visit. At least this has been my experience.

There is no reason to be lonely. No one ever knows London, and before you have been there long you are showing Londoners about their own city with the pride of a part owner in its glorious history; for, to an American, the old part of the city is his—as much so as the portraits of his ancestors. The pictures may not be on his walls, but he stands as good a chance of being like their originals as the man who owns the house in which they hang.

C. D. G.



Pial Azôn appeared in the firelight.—Page 190.

PIAL AZÔN

By C. Grant La Farge

IT was September in the Laurentides. My camp was pitched in a little clearing among tall hardwood timber, yellow and white birches, and sugar-maples, with here and there a few spruce and balsams, and the level mossy ground thickly grown with blueberry bushes, heavy laden with their sweet fruit. To the north and east lay the shining lake, deep among hills resplendent with autumnal forest. From the west ran the inlet, flowing deep and silent between green, moss-grown banks, its dark sheen patterned with the flat leaves of aquatic plants. Above, a little, pond-like opening, much grown with reeds, in which the black duck hide; then for a mile or more a winding stream through alder-ground, and beyond that a rippling, shallow brook, foaming over tumbled rocks and overhung by forest trees.

This brook came from a chain of small lakes, high up in the hills to the westward. Here was a divide between two watersheds, and the great fire which swept over it all, thirty years ago, burned some hundred square miles of it so thoroughly that now it was like a land upon which the forest had never stood. The eastern limit of the *brûlé* followed, roughly speaking, the brow of the range; so that on this hither slope of the hills was all deep woods—beyond, long bare ridges of granite, split in places into shingle by the heat, their slopes thinly grown with slender saplings, just gaining a foothold in the thin, dry soil. Between these ridges lay bogs—soft, quaking, spongy moss, green and crimson in patches—filled with waxen cranberries and dotted with deep red pitcher-plant. Fringing the bogs and climbing the low slopes was the purple bloom of the blueberries, thick as the bay on our New England shores, and indeed the spot was not unlike some places by the sea. But the view was, for miles, across long lines of hill, to far-away stretches of dark forest; here and there the gleam of a lake, and farthest of all, the faint blue tops of distant mountains—altogether a place where one felt as though high upon the summit of the world and overlooking all, though without that curious sense of an almost unfair advantage that is given by the ascent of a single peak.

Pial and I had gone up there this morning to look for caribou, but as he thought our best chance would be in approaching the high land from a more southerly point, we had turned off from the inlet and travelled through the woods and a chain of lakes.

Passing half-way through the third of these we started westward up a notch in the hills. It was a stiff climb, for there was no trail, and the woods were dense and encumbered by fallen trees. There was much thickset fir, the most exasperating growth to force through, and at the end, nearing the *brûlé*, a regular *chevaux-de-frise*. It was a grateful relief when at last I stepped into the open and felt the strong west wind blowing square upon my face out of the brilliant sunlit space. And all thoughts of past toil vanished as the Indian pointed his long, bony hand toward the bog, and on the instant I saw the gray figure of a caribou, out of range, but walking toward us. Being stalked by your game is a pretty easy way to hunt, but that was what we were in for. We crouched down among the bushes and watched the beast as he approached. A bull, with a fair head, I could see. He advanced with a somewhat lumbering gait in the soft bog, holding his head low and moving it from side to side. His branching antlers reflected the sunlight and his white muzzle showed clearly against the dark smoky gray of his heavy round body. He came along slowly, heading straight for me until within easy range, about eighty yards, when he turned slightly, and I sighted on his shoulder with my .40–82 Winchester and fired. He dropped in a heap, the raking shot killing him instantly. Then we went down and dragged him onto firm

ground, skinned him and cut him up. Pial made a pack of the hams and saddle, wrapped in the hide, and bound up with the leather "tomp-line" by which to sling the pack from his head. All this took some time; we had not started very early in the morning, and the journey had taken longer than I had expected, so that now we had to content ourselves with a short trip to windward, across the nearest ridge, from which we looked over another bog. We saw no more game, and the time had come to start for home, if we were to be sure of reaching the waters of the inlet before dark—important because the last portage was long and had a good many fallen trees across it. Pial was heavily laden as we started down hill; my own load, though lighter, was a most awkward one. Not having any tomp-line I carried the head upon my back, with the antlers sticking forward over my shoulders. With one hand I grasped an antler, and in the other carried my rifle, and thus encumbered went crashing down through the brush, catching in everything possible—and everything *was* possible—and entirely losing my temper whenever I would be suddenly brought up by some branch getting caught between one of the antlers and my neck.

I was hot, and mad as a hornet, when at last we reached the canoe; but the steady rhythm of the bow-paddle soon put me in good-humor again, and the next two portages were easy ones and short, with good paddling between.

The wind was falling, and it was almost still as we passed through the last lake of the chain. Then the longest portage was made without incident, and we came out upon the inlet just before sunset. Its glimmering surface was unbroken, save by the leaping of the trout in its dark pools, and we sped swiftly down the silent current to the open waters of the lake, where all was glowing in the wondrous light of closing day.

It was that exquisite moment of precipitation when the full quality of atmospheric clearness was revealed; when trunks of trees became shafts of luminous color, and all the little objects which reflected the light, yellow leaves against deep evergreen or scarlet berries shining in the level rays, gleamed with the liquid brilliancy of jewels. Then the tall, mottled cliffs that faced the setting sun were transfigured in its golden radiance, and the hollows of the hills, falling away on either hand, swam in a marvellous depth of hue that was neither violet nor green.

But now the last faint traces of day had vanished from the western heavens, and the cold, clear sky was ablaze with shining stars. My tent was lit up by the ruddy glow of a big camp-fire, and in its grateful warmth the balsam-boughs, piled deep within, exhaled their aromatic fragrance. A haven of delight it seemed as I came to it through the frosty air of nightfall, from my supper in the queer little cabin of the old trapper whose territory this has been for fifty years.

With fullest sense of physical well-being—wholesome fatigue and satisfied hunger—I threw myself at full length upon the springy, sweet-smelling branches and prepared for the enjoyment of tobacco and the review of our day's work until the Indian should come to plan with me to-morrow's journey, and perhaps, too, to talk over the gossip of the woods, ever the same and always new. The smoke and sparks of the fire rose straight in the still air, and its light brought out with strange distinctness the leaves and twigs of little near-by bushes, against the dark mystery of the invisible forest beyond.

I heard the door of the cabin open, back in the silent night, and the voice of the Indian calling to the old man within, and making some comment upon the weather. Then the sound of his legs brushing against the blueberry bushes as he walked, and Pial Azôn appeared in the firelight. He crouched down upon his knees in the door of the tent, in the attitude which long years of canoeing make habitual, and filled his pipe from the pouch I handed him, saying that he thought we should have frost before the morning. A man of fifty years of age, above six feet in height, and powerful, but so bony and loose-jointed as to appear almost slight; low-voiced, and in all his movements so quiet that I often wondered at his sudden, catlike agility; skilled in all the crafts peculiar to his people—the handling of axe and knife; making of canoes and snow-shoes, and dressing of hides—a good

canoeman and a hunter by instinct. We think of the Indian of our Eastern borders —faded remnant of his race—as of one from whom the picturesqueness has long since departed, from whom contact with the white man has taken away whatever of interest he once possessed, returning little else but squalor and degradation. And perhaps this is quite true of his basket-weaving families who hang about our lesser summer-resorts, with their silly bead-work and their air of unsuccessful side-shows at the country circus. But sometimes he is still the aboriginal man of the primeval forest, changed in externals, and, I have no doubt, improved in some respects, but in one essential unchanged—in that one which sets him apart from his white brethren and makes him one with the great and mysterious wilderness; a manifestation of Nature, reading her secret she knows not how, he has for me the remoteness of the wild animal with the interest of the human being.

We talked of the morrow and our plans, and of past hunts; of the country beyond us; of canoe voyages on distant strèams; of long, wind-swept lakes on the far-away Height of Land, that lie among bare, craggy, granite hills. Then of the farther slope, where, through the deep green forest, untouched by the axe of the lumberman, great unknown rivers roll their swift, strong floods down to the arctic waters of the bay; of hunting the moose in winter snows, and of long journeys, camping on his trail. Then I asked him to tell me of some winter journey; had he not sometimes gone far?

He answered, speaking slowly in his low, soft voice; his face unchanging in expression save as the fitful light cast wavering shadows upon it. His narrow idiom was of one whose course to our English language had been through the still foreign French from his congenial mother-tongue.

"Oh, yes," he began, "that's one time, 'bout ten, twelve year ago. Ah'll start for goin' headwaters main river—that's 'bout two hundred mile—where is live friend mine is workin' for Hudson Bay Company. Ah'll take small boy with me, what is belongin' my friend.

"It's month Feevruary; weather he's vary bad; he's snow most h'all the time; snow's vary deep an' soft in the woods. H'out on the lakes it's wind vary hard, an' snow is vary much drift. That's make it vary bad for walkin'. Wal, Ah'm take small tent an' some provision; flour, an' tea, an' some pork, an' Ah'm put min my ta-ba-gan. Ah'll not see nobody h'all the way because Ah'll go straight for Hudson Bay Post—that's shortest way, so Ah'll not try for go by main river at all. Ah'll travil fast I can, but it's vary slow, because it's so much storm most h'every day, so Ah'll have to make camp early h'afternoon."

"How far did you go in a day?"

"Oh, wal—some day mebbe twenty-five mile—some day not more fiftin. Wind he's blow nort', in face, an' he's make it vary hard for go much fast on big lakes. Sometimes Ah'll see some caribous, but Ah'll not try for shootum nothing—he's too much lost time."

"And the boy — wasn't he pretty troublesome?"

"Oh, no; boy is not much trouble—only heavy. You see, that's good many place is stiff hill, it's make it vary bad for drag my ta-ba-gan. Wal, you know Ah'm not want carry any more I can help, but Ah'll must take 'nough provision an' some small kettle for cookit something for h'eatum, an' that's make big load."

"Oh," said I, "you had to carry the boy, then. How old was he?"

"'Bout fiftin, sixtin year n-old."

"But couldn't he walk? How could you carry him on a toboggan?"

"Wal, Ah'll put min box. Oh, yes, he's dead; he's die on lumber-camp where is he stay, an' Ah'll take him home, me, to he's father, what is 'livin' on Tête de Boule country."

The scene changed. The tranquil beauty of the day just ended; Indian-summer haze veiling the purple distance; the near hills radiant with their mantle of gold and crimson and every shade of green; the soft murmur of crystal streams in the depths of moss-carpeted forests; the splendid glory of the evening sky; the silence of the wilderness, scarce disturbed by the gliding of our canoe, noiseless as a fish, across the polished surface of dark waters—all these disappeared and I saw the great expanse of snow-bound lakes; grim cliffs of granite, and long,

sombre lines of sable evergreens; dull, leaden skies and the whirling, driving snow, drifting before the furious breath of icy northern gales. And through it all the bowed figure of the patient Indian, the strap upon his brow, laboring against the blast and dragging behind him the vehicle upon which his ancestors from immemorial time have conveyed their belongings across the snow—our plaything—the toboggan, heavily freighted with its dread load. I saw him in his little camp, deep in the snow, within the dim recesses of the gloomy forest; the great trees cracking with the fierce cold of an arctic night. What, in this utter solitude, was in his mind? No fear of the grewsome thing that kept him company?

"Are you not afraid of the dead?"

"Oh, no, Ah'll not bin much 'fraid, me. I tell you—wan time. Ah'm go for make't hunt on headwater Vermillon.

"It's 'bout middle Novimber. Ah'm fix my camp—that's good birch camp on small lake; then Ah'm go for find some traps where Ah'm leave it year biffore. Ah'll not take my canoe because he's too much froze, but Ah'm go vary slow because ice he's not much good; he's not bin 'nough cold. Good many place Ah'll not can cross; Ah'll must walk long ways for find good strong place. He's begin git vary late—h'aftertime he's snow hard—camp, he's vary far off; sure, I not git there to-night.

"Wal, Ah'm lookin' round for find good place for sleepin', an Ah'll see small camp, Ah'll know that's belongin' some huntermans. He's vary lookin' old, an' Ah'll thought he's not much clane; but never mind, it's better I have some camp because I not got no blanket. Wal, Ah'm lookin' inside an' Ah'm can't see nothing, he's all dark. So Ah'm light some piece birch bark an' then Ah'll see inside he's got some man—dead man; Ah'll thought he's dead long time; Ah'll see white bone. Ah'll not know why is he die, Ah'll thought it's because he's not got nothing for h'eatum. Wal, Ah'll move him outside and make some fire for keep me warm, an' Ah'm sleep all night. No—dead mans can't hurt me. Ah'm vary sorry he's dead, but Ah'm not been 'fraid."

I knew just about how long I would have stayed in that neighborhood after making so grim a discovery, but it seemed that there was little in common between us on this score. Pial's manner in the narration of this experience bore every evidence of sincerity, and I concluded that to this son of Nature all her manifestations were measured by their known capacity for physical good or evil. He had volunteered the statement that he was "sorry" the man was dead—did this mean anything, or had two centuries and a half of missionary zeal so little changed the savage of New France as to leave such thoughts as human pity a stranger to his breast? I knew him for a kindly, helpful creature, intelligent and sympathetic beyond any I have met of his broken and degenerate race. But I thought of his history—for he had one. I saw his forefathers, painted and clad in skins, setting forth in the depths of winter across a hundred leagues of trackless forest upon their errand of butchery, for the greater glory of God and the salvation of their precious souls; at their head that keen adventurer and harrier of the colonists, Hartel de Rouville. Then the silence of night rent by the yells of demons, the pitiful shrieks of women and despairing cries of brave men. And then the long train of blood-stained savages leading their captives through the wilderness, from the smoking ruins of the little Massachusetts hamlet, to the distant land of Canada. History tells us how they fared, and how young children forgot their homes and native tongue, married, and became as those among whom they lived. From one of these came Pial Azôn in straight descent.

But my speculations were to receive in some sort an answer. I thought of the end of that solitary trapper; how had it come? Pial thought it was because he had nothing "for h'eatum."

"Pial, have you ever been in danger of starving?"

He rose, and raked about in the fire for a hot coal, with which he lighted his pipe, and then began, very slowly at first, between the puffs: "Oh, yes—one wintertime sure Ah'm thought I die. You see, I been makit hunt 'way up on Lake Mandonac. Ah'm stay there long time, an' all my provision is nearly gone. Ah'm not catch nothing—only some marten and some—

what you call that?—*sagwasis*—yes, weasil. No bivver 't all. Ah'll not see no caribous—can't get nothing for h'eatum. Wal, Ah'll say it's time to go 'way. Ah'll thought it's 'bout three days for git to place where is man I know got some house. So Ah'll take all what provision I got—that's not much. But Ah'll thought sure Ah'm see something—some rabbit or partridge—mebbe caribou. Wal, Ah'm got small little dog; Ah'm call it Joe. He's not vary lookin' good dog; Ah'm not know what is he call that kind dog. All my friends he's laughin' that dog. Wal, never mind; Ah'm vary much like my little dog: h'everywhere I go he's comin' wit' me, an' when Ah'm talkit him he's lookin' me an' wag his tail. Wal, soon I start he's begin for snow—he's snow vary hard all day—I can't much go far. Next day he's snow some more an' begin get warm. Snow's git vary wet—bad walkin'. Ah'm not see nothing 't all for shootum. B'mbye provision most all gone: I got nothing for give it Joe. H'aftertime he's rain; snowshoes all wet; Ah'll can't much walk. Got nothing, only some tea. That night Ah'll can't sleep; Joe he's crawl close by me an' cry. He's vary much weak. Next day Ah'll not got nothing for h'eatum. Joe he's can't walk. Ah'm carry him far I can. B'mbye Ah'll try for make some spruce tea—that's not much good. Then Ah'll thought it's best I kill Joe. Ah'm put min down on snow for kill him—I can't. Then Ah'll say *must* kill him; he's die anyway—better you kill him. So—then—I—kill—Joe. Then I h'off skin an' make some fire. Ah'll thought now you got something for h'eatum. Wal, b'mbye he's cooked; Ah'm try for h'eatum. I can't. Ah'm wait long time; try 'gain. Ah'll say *must* have something for h'eatum. I can't. Then Ah'll make hole in snow and bury Joe. Then Ah'll go on. Ah'll not go vary much far Ah'll see smoke: it's cabin. Ah'll find two huntermans—that's Injuns, my people. He's say, 'Pial, you vary lookin' sick.'

"'Oh, no,' I say, 'Ah'll been vary well.' Then he's asked me Ah'll want some supper. I say, 'Thank you, I like it vary well. Ah'll not been much hongry.'

"Then Ah'll h'eatum some supper. Next day Ah'll go on; he's asked me Ah'll want take some provision. I say no. Ah'll got plenty meat. Ah'll thought I got to where my friend he's live, biffore night an' Ah'll not want Injun mans know Ah'm not git nothing."

"Wal, sir, you' fire is low. Ah'm put min some log."

He vanished for a moment into the darkness, and presently returned with a great birch log, which he threw upon the fire. Then the black pipe was filled and lighted again, he bade me good-night, and was off to his bunk in the cabin. Had I followed him I should have seen him there upon his knees, the pipe always in his teeth, and his lips moving in prayer. Not an invocation of divine assistance in hideous deeds of blood, but a simple petition to his Father to lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil such as you and I make, who are so much his betters.

It was late, and I stepped out for one last look at the night. The pale Northern Lights were flashing, and under them the lake was a sheet of ghostly silver, between the black shadows of the slumbering hills. The frost was coming indeed, and I thought were I a bear I should be anxious about the dearly loved blueberries up yonder. Then I rolled myself in my blankets and went forth upon the journey through roaring rapids and dark still waters, by paddle and portage, across the misty unknown land of dreams.

THE MESSENGER

By Robert W. Chambers

Ins stille Land
Wer leitet uns hinüber?

I

"The bullet entered here," said Max Fortin; and he placed his middle finger over a smooth hole, exactly in the centre of the forehead.

I sat down upon a mound of dried sea-weed and unslung my fowling-piece.

The little chemist cautiously felt the edges of the shot-hole, first with his middle finger, then with his thumb.

"Let me see the skull again," said I.

Max Fortin picked it up from the sod.

"It's like all the others," he observed. I nodded without offering to take it from him. After a moment he thoughtfully replaced it upon the grass at my feet.

"It's like all the others," he repeated, wiping his glasses on his handkerchief. "I thought you might care to see one, so I brought this over from the gravel-pit. The men from Bannalec are digging yet. They ought to stop."

"How many skulls are there altogether?" I inquired.

"They found thirty-eight skulls—there are thirty-nine noted in the list. They lie piled up in the gravel-pit on the edge of Le Bihan's wheat-field. The men are at work yet. Le Bihan is going to stop them."

"Let's go over," said I; and I picked up my gun and started across the cliffs, Fortin on one side, Môme on the other.

"Who has the list?" I asked, lighting my pipe. "You say there is a list?"

"The list was found rolled up in a brass cylinder," said the little chemist. He added: "You should not smoke here. You know that if a single spark drifted into the wheat——"

"Ah, but I have a cover to my pipe," said I, smiling.

Fortin watched me as I closed the pepper-box arrangement over the glowing bowl of the pipe. Then he continued:

"The list was made out on thick yellow paper; the brass tube has preserved it. It is as fresh to-day as it was in 1760. You shall see it."

"Is that the date?"

"The list is dated 'April, 1760.' The Brigadier Durand has it. It is not written in French."

"Not written in French!" I exclaimed.

"No," replied Fortin, solemnly, "it is written in Breton."

"But," I protested, "the Breton language was never written or printed in 1760."

"Except by priests," said the chemist.

"I have heard of but one priest who ever wrote the Breton language," I began.

Fortin stole a glance at my face.

"You mean—the Black Priest?" he asked.

I nodded.

Fortin opened his mouth to speak again, hesitated, and finally shut his teeth obstinately over the wheat-stem that he was chewing.

"And the Black Priest?" I suggested, encouragingly. But I knew it was useless; for it is easier to move the stars from their courses than to make an obstinate Breton talk. We walked on for a minute or two in silence.

"Where is the Brigadier Durand?" I asked, motioning Môme to come out of the wheat, which he was trampling as though it were heather. As I spoke we came in sight of the farther edge of the wheat-field and the dark wet mass of cliffs beyond.

"Durand is down there—you can see him—he stands just behind the Mayor of St. Gildas."

"I see," said I; and we struck straight down, following a sun-baked cattle-path across the heather.

When we reached the edge of the wheat-field Le Bihan, the Mayor of St. Gildas, called to me, and I tucked my

gun under my arm and skirted the wheat to where he stood.

"Thirty-eight skulls," he said, in his thin, high-pitched voice; "there is but one more, and I am opposed to further search. I suppose Fortin told you?"

I shook hands with him and returned the salute of the Brigadier Durand.

"I am opposed to further search," repeated Le Bihan, nervously picking at the mass of silver buttons which covered the front of his velvet and broadcloth jacket like a breastplate of scale armor.

Durand pursed up his lips, twisted his tremendous mustache, and hooked his thumbs in his sabre-belt.

"As for me," he said, "I am in favor of further search."

"Further search for what? For the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked.

Le Bihan nodded; Durand frowned at the sunlit sea, rocking like a bowl of molten gold from the cliffs to the horizon. I followed his eyes. On the dark glistening cliffs, silhouetted against the glare of the sea, sat a cormorant, black, motionless, its horrible head raised toward heaven.

"Where is that list, Durand?" I asked.

The gendarme rummaged in his despatch-pouch and produced a brass cylinder about a foot long. Very gravely he unscrewed the head and dumped out a scroll of thick yellow paper, closely covered with writing on both sides. At a nod from Le Bihan he handed me the scroll; but I could make nothing of the coarse writing, now faded to a dull brown.

"Come, come, Le Bihan," I said, impatiently, "translate it, won't you? You and Max Fortin make a lot of mystery out of nothing, it seems."

Le Bihan went to the edge of the pit where the three Bannalec men were digging, gave an order or two in Breton, and turned to me.

As I came to the edge of the pit the Bannalec men were removing a square piece of sail-cloth from what appeared to be a pile of cobble-stones.

"Look," said Le Bihan, shrilly. I looked. The pile below was a heap of skulls. After a moment I clambered down the gravel sides of the pit and walked over to the men of Bannalec. They saluted me gravely, leaning on their picks and shovels, and wiping their sweating faces with sun-burned hands.

"How many?" said I, in Breton.

"Thirty-eight," they replied.

I glanced around. Beyond the heap of skulls lay two piles of human bones. Beside these was a mound of broken, rusted bits of iron and steel. Looking closer, I saw that this mound was composed of rusty bayonets, sabre-blades, scythe-blades, with here and there a tarnished buckle attached to a bit of leather, hard as iron.

I picked up a couple of buttons and a belt-plate. The buttons both bore the royal arms of England; the belt-plate was emblazoned with the English arms and also with the number "27."

"I have heard my grandfather speak of the terrible English regiment, the Twenty-seventh Foot, which landed and stormed the fort up there," said one of the Bannalec men.

"Oh," said I, "then these are the bones of English soldiers?"

"Yes," said the men of Bannalec.

Le Bihan was calling to me from the edge of the pit above, and I handed the belt-plate and buttons to the men and climbed the side of the excavation.

"Well," said I, trying to prevent Môme from leaping up and licking my face as I emerged from the pit, "I suppose you know what these bones are. What are you going to do with them?"

"There was a man," said Le Bihan, angrily, "an Englishman, who passed here in a dog-cart on his way to Quinper about an hour ago, and what do you suppose he wished to do?"

"Buy the relics?" I asked, smiling.

"Exactly—the pig!" piped the Mayor of St. Gildas. "Jean Marie Tregunc, who found the bones, was standing there, where Max Fortin stands, and do you know what he answered? He spat upon the ground and said: 'Pig of an Englishman, do you take me for a desecrator of graves?'"

I knew Tregunc, a sober, blue-eyed Breton, who lived from one year's end to the other without being able to afford a single bit of meat for a meal.

"How much did the Englishman offer Tregunc?" I asked.

"Two hundred francs for the skulls alone."

I thought of the relic-hunters and the relic-buyers on the battle-fields of our civil war.

"Seventeen hundred and sixty is long ago," I said.

"Respect for the dead can never die," said Fortin.

"And the English soldiers came here to kill your fathers and burn your homes," I continued.

"They were murderers and thieves—but they are dead," said Tregunc, coming up from the beach below, his long sea-rake balanced on his dripping jersey.

"How much do you earn every year, Jean Marie?" I asked, turning to shake hands with him.

"Two hundred and twenty francs, Monsieur."

"Forty-five dollars a year," I said. "Bah! you are worth more, Jean; will you take care of my garden for me? My wife wished me to ask you. I think it would be worth one hundred francs a month to me. Come on, Le Bihan—come along, Fortin—and you, Durand. I want somebody to translate that list into French for me."

Tregunc stood gazing at me, with his mouth open and his blue eyes dilated.

"You may begin at once," I said, smiling, "if the salary suits you."

"It suits," said Tregunc, fumbling for his pipe in a silly way that annoyed Le Bihan.

"Then go and begin your work," cried the Mayor, impatiently; and Tregunc started across the moors toward St. Gildas, taking off his velvet-ribboned cap to me and gripping his sea-rake very hard.

"You offer him more than my salary," said the Mayor, after a moment's contemplation of his silver buttons."

"Pooh," said I, "what do you do for your salary except play dominoes with Max Fortin at the Groix Inn?"

Le Bihan turned red, but Durand rattled his sabre and winked at Max Fortin, and I slipped my arm through the arm of the sulky magistrate, laughing.

"There's a shady spot under that cliff," I said; "come on, Le Bihan, and read me what is in the scroll."

In a few moments we reached the shadow of the cliff and I threw myself upon the turf, chin on hand, to listen.

The gendarme, Durand, also sat down, twisting his mustache into needle-like points. Fortin leaned against the cliff, polishing his glasses and examining us with vague, near-sighted eyes, and Le Bihan, the Mayor, planted himself in our midst, rolling up the scroll and tucking it under his arm.

"First of all," he began, in a shrill voice, "I am going to light my pipe, and while lighting it I shall tell you what I have heard about the attack on the fort yonder. My father told me; his father told him."

He jerked his head in the direction of the ruined fort, a small, square stone structure on the sea-cliff, now nothing but crumbling walls. Then he slowly produced a tobacco-pouch, a bit of flint and tinder, and a long-stemmed pipe fitted with a microscopical bowl of baked clay. To fill such a pipe requires ten minutes' close attention. To smoke it to a finish takes but four puffs. It is very Breton, this Breton pipe. It is the crystallization of everything Breton.

"Go on," said I, lighting a cigarette.

"The fort," said the Mayor, "was built by Louis XIV., and was dismantled twice by the English. Louis XV. restored it in 1739. In 1760 it was carried by assault by the English. They came across from the island of Groix—three shiploads—and they stormed the fort and sacked St. Julian yonder, and they started to burn St. Gildas—you can see the marks of their bullets on my house yet—but the men of Bannalec and the men of Lorient fell upon them with pike and scythe and blunderbuss, and those who did not run away lie there below in the gravel-pit now—thirty-eight of them."

"And the thirty-ninth skull?" I asked, finishing my cigarette.

The Mayor had succeeded in filling his pipe, and now he began to put his tobacco-pouch away.

"The thirty-ninth skull," he mumbled, holding the pipe-stem between his defective teeth, "the thirty-ninth skull is no business of mine. I have told the Bannalec men to cease digging."

"But what is—whose is the missing skull?" I persisted, curiously.

The Mayor was busy trying to strike a spark to his tinder. Presently he set it aglow, applied it to his pipe, took the prescribed four puffs, knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and gravely replaced the pipe in his pocket.

"The missing skull?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, impatiently.

The Mayor slowly unrolled the scroll and began to read, translating from the Breton into French. And this is what he read:

ON THE CLIFFS OF ST. GILDAS,
April 13, 1760.

On this day, by order of the Count of Soisic, General-in-Chief of the Breton forces now lying in Kerselec Forest, the bodies of thirty-eight English soldiers of the 27th, 50th, and 72d Regiments of Foot, were buried in this spot, together with their arms and equipments.

The Mayor paused and glanced at me reflectively.

"Go on, Le Bihan," I said.

"With them," continued the Mayor, turning the scroll and reading on the other side, "was buried the body of that vile traitor who betrayed the fort to the English. The manner of his death was as follows: By order of the most noble Count of Soisic, the traitor was first branded upon the forehead with the brand of an arrow-head. The iron burnt through the flesh and was pressed heavily so that the brand should even burn into the bone of the skull. The traitor was then led out and bidden to kneel. He admitted having guided the English from the island of Groix. Although a priest and a Frenchman he had violated his priestly office to aid him in discovering the password to this fort. This password he extorted during confession from a young Breton girl who was in the habit of rowing across from the island of Groix to visit her husband in the fort. When the fort fell this young girl, crazed by the death of her husband, sought the Count of Soisic, and told how the priest had forced her to confess to him all she knew about the fort. The priest was arrested at St. Gildas as he was about to cross the river to Lorient. When arrested he cursed the girl, Marie Trevec——."

"What!" I exclaimed—"Marie Trevec?"

"Marie Trevec," repeated Le Bihan—"the priest cursed Marie Trevec and all her family and descendants. He was shot as he knelt, having a mask of leather over his face, because the Bretons who composed the squad of execution refused to fire at a priest unless his face was concealed. The priest was l'Abbé Sorgue, commonly known as the Black Priest, on account of his dark face and swarthy eyebrows. He was buried with a stake through his heart."

Le Bihan paused, hesitated, looked at me, and handed the manuscript back to Durand. The gendarme took it and slipped it into the brass cylinder.

"So," said I, "the thirty-ninth skull is the skull of the Black Priest."

"Yes," said Fortin; "I hope they won't find it."

"I have forbidden them to proceed," said the Mayor, querulously; "you heard me, Max Fortin."

I rose and picked up my gun. Môme came and pushed his head into my hand.

"That's a fine dog," observed Durand, also rising.

"Why don't you wish to find his skull?" I asked Le Bihan. "It would be curious to see whether the arrow brand really burnt into the bone."

"There is something in that scroll that I didn't read to you," said the Mayor, grimly; "do you wish to know what it is?"

"Of course," I replied, in surprise.

"Give me the scroll again, Durand," he said; then he read from the bottom:

I, l'Abbé Sorgue, forced to write the above by my executioners, have written it in my own blood, and with it I leave my curse. My curse on St. Gildas, on Marie Trevec, and on her descendants. I will come back to St. Gildas when my remains are disturbed. Woe to that Englishman whom my branded skull shall touch.

"What rot!" I said; "do you believe it was really written in his own blood?"

"I am going to test it," said Fortin, "at the request of Monsieur le Maire. I am not anxious for the job, however."

"See," said Le Bihan, holding out the scroll to me, "it is signed: 'l'Abbé Sorgue.'"

I glanced curiously over the paper.

"It must be the Black Priest;" I said. "He was the only man who wrote in the

Breton language. This is a wonderfully interesting discovery, for now at last the mystery of the Black Priest's disappearance is cleared up. You will, of course, send this scroll to Paris, Le Bihan ?"

"No," said the Mayor, obstinately, "it shall be buried in the pit below, where the rest of the Black Priest lies."

I looked at him and recognized that argument would be useless. But still I said: "It will be a loss to history, Monsieur Le Bihan."

"All the worse for history then," said the enlightened Mayor of St. Gildas.

We had sauntered back to the gravel-pit while speaking. The men of Bannalec were carrying the bones of the English soldiers toward the St. Gildas cemetery, on the cliffs to the east, where already a knot of white-coifed women stood in attitudes of prayer; and I saw the sombre robe of a priest among the crosses of the little grave-yard.

"They were thieves and assassins; they are dead now," muttered Max Fortin.

"Respect for the dead," said the Mayor of St. Gildas, looking after the Bannalec men.

"It was written in that scroll that Marie Trevec, of Groix Island, was cursed by the priest—she and her descendants," I said, touching Le Bihan on the arm. "There was a Marie Trevec who married an Yves Trevec of St. Gildas——"

"It is the same," said Le Bihan, looking at me obliquely.

"Oh," said I, "then they were ancestors of my wife."

"Do you fear the curse ?" asked Le Bihan.

"What ?" I laughed.

"There was the case of the Purple Emperor," said Max Fortin, timidly.

Startled for a moment, I faced him, then shrugged my shoulders and kicked at a smooth bit of rock which lay near the edge of the pit, almost embedded in gravel.

"Do you suppose the Purple Emperor drank himself crazy because he was descended from Marie Trevec ?" I asked, contemptuously.

"Of course not," said Max Fortin, hastily.

"Of course not," piped the Mayor, "I only—hello ! what's that you're kicking ?"

"What ?" said I, glancing down, at the same time involuntarily giving another kick. The smooth bit of rock dislodged itself and rolled out of the loosened gravel at my feet.

"The thirty-ninth skull !" I exclaimed. "By jingo, it's the noddle of the Black Priest ! See ! there is the arrow-head branded on the front !"

The Mayor stepped back. Max Fortin also retreated. There was a pause, during which I looked at them, and they looked anywhere but at me.

"I don't like it," said the Mayor at last, in a husky, high voice. "I don't like it ! The scroll says he will come back to St. Gildas when his remains are disturbed. I—I—don't like it, Monsieur Darrell——"

"Bosh !" said I, "the poor, wicked devil is where he can't get out. For heaven's sake, Le Bihan, what is this stuff you are talking in the year of grace 1896 ?"

The Mayor gave a look.

"And he says, 'Englishman.' You are an Englishman, Monsieur Darrell," he announced.

"You know better. You know I'm an American."

"It's all the same," said the Mayor of St. Gildas, obstinately.

"No, it isn't !" I answered, much exasperated, and deliberately pushed the skull till it rolled into the bottom of the gravel-pit below.

"Cover it up," said I; "bury the scroll with it too, if you insist, but I think you ought to send it to Paris. Don't look so gloomy, Fortin—unless you believe in were-wolves and ghosts—hey ! what the—what the devil's the matter with you, anyway? What are you staring at, Le Bihan——"

"Come, come," muttered the Mayor, in a low, tremulous voice; "it's time we got out of this; did you see—did you see, Fortin?"

"I saw," whispered Max Fortin, pallid with fright.

The two men were almost running across the sunny pasture now, and I hastened after them, demanding to know what was the matter.

"Matter!" chattered the Mayor, gasping with exasperation and terror, "the skull is rolling up hill again!" and he burst into a terrified gallop. Max Fortin followed close behind.

I watched them stampeding across the pasture, then turned toward the gravel-pit, mystified, incredulous. The skull was lying on the edge of the pit, exactly where it had been before I pushed it over the edge. For a second I stared at it, then a singularly chilly feeling crept up my spinal column and I turned and walked away, sweat starting from the roots of every hair on my head. Before I had gone twenty paces the absurdity of the whole thing struck me. I halted, hot with shame and annoyance, and retraced my steps.

There lay the skull.

"I rolled a stone down instead of the skull," I muttered to myself. Then, with the butt of my gun, I pushed the skull over the edge of the pit and watched it roll to the bottom. And as it struck the bottom of the pit, Môme, my dog, suddenly whipped his tail between his legs, whimpered, and made off across the moor.

"Môme!" I shouted, angry and astonished, but the dog only fled the faster and I ceased calling from sheer surprise.

"What the mischief is the matter with that dog!" I thought. He had never before played me such a trick.

Mechanically I glanced into the pit, but I could not see the skull. I looked down. The skull lay at my feet touching them.

"Good Heavens!" I stammered, and struck at it blindly with my gun-stock. The ghastly thing flew into the air, whirling over and over, and rolled again down the sides of the pit to the bottom. Breathlessly I stared at it, then, confused and scarcely comprehending, I stepped back from the pit, still facing it, one, ten, twenty paces, my eyes almost starting from my head as though I expected to see the thing roll up from the bottom of the pit under my very gaze. At last I turned my back to the pit and strode out across the gorse-covered moorland toward my home. As I reached the road that winds from St. Gildas to St. Julian, I gave one hasty glance at the pit, over my shoulder. The sun shone hot on the sod about the excavation. There was something white and bare and round on the turf at the edge of the pit. It might have been a stone; there were plenty of them lying about.

II

When I entered my garden I saw Môme, sprawling on the stone doorstep. He eyed me sideways and flopped his tail.

"Are you not mortified, you idiot dog?" I said, looking about the upper windows for Lys.

Môme rolled over on his back and raised one deprecating fore-paw as though to ward off calamity.

"Don't act as though I was in the habit of beating you to death," I said, disgusted. I had never in my life raised whip to the brute. "But you are a fool dog," I continued. "No, you needn't come to be babied and wept over; Lys can do that if she insists, but I am ashamed of you, and you can go to the devil."

Môme slunk off into the house and I followed, mounting directly to my wife's boudoir. It was empty.

"Where has she gone?" I said, looking hard at Môme, who had followed me. "Oh, I see you don't know. Don't pretend you do. Come off that lounge! Do you think Lys wants tan-colored hairs all over her lounge?"

I rang the bell for Catherine and 'Fine, but they didn't know where "Madame" had gone, so I went into my room, bathed, exchanged my somewhat grimy shooting-clothes for a suit of warm knickerbockers, and, after lingering some extra moments over my toilet, for I was particular now that I had married Lys, I went down to the garden and took a chair out under the fig-trees.

"Where can she be?" I wondered. Môme came sneaking out to be comforted, and I forgave him for Lys's sake, whereupon he frisked.

"You bounding cur," said I, "now what on earth started you off across the moor? If you do it again I'll push you along with a charge of dust-shot."

As yet I had scarcely dared think

about the ghastly hallucination of which I had been a victim, but now I faced it squarely, flushing a little with mortification at the thought of my hasty retreat from the gravel-pit.

"To think," I said aloud, "that those old woman's tales of Max Fortin and Le Bihan should have actually made me see what didn't exist at all. I lost my nerve like a school-boy in a dark bedroom."

For I knew now that I had mistaken a round stone for a skull each time, and had pushed a couple of big pebbles into the pit instead of the skull itself.

"By jingo!" said I, "I'm nervous; my stomach must be in a devil of a condition if I see such things when I'm awake. Lys will know what to give me."

I felt mortified and irritated and sulky, and thought disgustedly of Le Bihan and Max Fortin.

"My digestion must be in an awful state," I thought; "Le Bihan is a braying jackass."

After awhile I ceased speculating, dismissed the Mayor, the chemist, and the skull from my mind, and smoked pensively, watching the sun low dipping in the western ocean. As the twilight fell for a moment over ocean and moorland, a wistful, restless happiness filled my heart, the happiness that all men know—all men who have loved.

Slowly the purple mist crept out over the sea; the cliffs darkened; the forest was shrouded.

Suddenly the sky above burned with the afterglow and the world was alight again.

Cloud after cloud caught the rose-dye, the cliffs were tinted with it; moor and pasture, heather and forest, burned and pulsated with the gentle flush. I saw the gulls turning and tossing above the sand-bar, their snowy wings tipped with pink; I saw the sea-swallows sheering the surface of the still river, stained to its placid depths with warm reflections of the clouds. The twitter of drowsy hedge-birds broke out in the stillness; a salmon rolled its shining side above tide-water.

The interminable monotone of the ocean intensified the silence. I sat motionless, holding my breath as one who listens to the first low rumor of an organ. All at once the pure whistle of a nightingale cut the silence and the first moonbeam silvered the wastes of mist-hung waters.

I raised my head.

Lys stood before me in the garden.

When we had kissed each other we linked arms and moved up and down the gravel walks, watching the moonbeams sparkle on the sand-bar as the tide ebbed and ebbed. The broad beds of white pinks about us were atremble with hovering white moths; the October roses hung all abloom, perfuming the salt wind.

"Sweetheart," I said, "where is Yvonne? Has she promised to spend Christmas with us?"

"Yes, Dick, she drove me down from Plougat this afternoon. She sent her love to you; I am not jealous. What did you shoot?"

"A hare and four partridges. They are in the gun-room. I told Catherine not to touch them until you had seen them."

Now I suppose I knew that Lys could not be particularly enthusiastic over game or guns; but she pretended she was, and always scornfully denied that it was for my sake and not for the pure love of sport. So she dragged me off to inspect the rather meagre game-bag, and she paid me pretty compliments and gave a little cry of delight and pity as I lifted the enormous hare out of the sack by his ears.

"He'll eat no more of our lettuce," I said, attempting to justify the assassination."

"Unhappy little bunny—and what a beauty! Oh, Dick, you are a splendid shot, are you not?"

I discreetly evaded the question and hauled out a partridge.

"Poor little dead things," said Lys, in a whisper; "it seems a pity, doesn't it, Dick? But then you are so clever——"

"We'll have them broiled," I said, guardedly; "tell Catherine."

Catherine came in to take away the game, and presently 'Fine Lelocard, Lys's maid, announced dinner, and Lys tripped away to her boudoir.

I stood an instant contemplating her blissfully, thinking, "My boy, you're the

happiest fellow in the world, you're in love with your wife."

I walked into the dining-room, beamed at the plates, walked out again, met Tregunc in the hallway, beamed on him, glanced into the kitchen, beamed at Catherine, and went up-stairs, still beaming.

Before I could knock at Lys's door it opened, and Lys came hastily out. When she saw me she gave a little cry of relief, and nestled close to my breast.

"There is a man peering in at my window," she said.

"What!" I cried, angrily.

"He is disguised as a priest, and he has a mask on. He must have climbed up by the bay-tree."

I was down the stairs and out of doors in no time. The moonlit garden was absolutely deserted. Tregunc came up, and together we searched the hedge and shrubbery around the house and out to the road.

"Jean Marie," said I, at length, "loose my bull-dog, he knows you, and take your supper on the porch where you can watch. My wife says the fellow is disguised as a priest, and wears a mask."

Tregunc showed his white teeth in a smile. "He will not care to venture in here again, I think, Monsieur Darrell."

I went back and found Lys seated quietly at the table.

"The soup is ready, dear," she said; "don't worry, it was only some foolish lout from Bannalec. No one in St. Gildas or St. Julian would do such a thing."

I was too much exasperated to reply at first, but Lys treated it as a stupid joke, and after awhile I began to look at it in that light.

Lys told me about Yvonne, and reminded me of my promise to have Herbert Stuart down to meet her.

"You wicked diplomat," I protested. "Herbert is in Paris and hard at work for the Salon."

"Don't you think he might spare a week to flirt with the prettiest girl in Finistère?" inquired Lys, innocently.

"Prettiest girl! Not much!" I said.

"Who is, then?" urged Lys.

I laughed a trifle sheepishly.

"I suppose you mean me, Dick," said Lys, coloring up.

"Now I bore you, don't I?"

"Bore me? Ah, no, Dick."

After coffee and cigarettes were served, I spoke about Tregunc, and Lys approved.

"Poor Jean, he will be glad, won't he? What a dear fellow you are!"

"Nonsense," said I, "we need a gardener; you said so yourself, Lys——"

But Lys leaned over and kissed me, and then bent down and hugged Môme, who whistled through his nose in sentimental appreciation.

"I am a very happy woman," said Lys.

"Môme was a very bad dog to-day," I observed.

"Poor Môme," said Lys, smiling.

When dinner was over and Môme lay snoring before the blaze — for the October nights are often chilly in Finistère —Lys curled up in the chimney corner with her embroidery and gave me a swift glance from under her drooping lashes.

"You look like a school-girl, Lys," I said, teasingly; "I don't believe you are sixteen yet."

She pushed back her heavy burnished hair, thoughtfully. Her wrist was as white as surf-foam.

"Have we been married four years? I don't believe it," I said.

She gave me another swift glance and touched the embroidery on her knee, smiling faintly.

"I see," said I, also smiling at the embroidered garment; "do you think it will fit?"

"Fit?" repeated Lys. Then she laughed.

"And," I persisted, "are you perfectly sure that you—er—we shall need it?"

"Perfectly," said Lys. A delicate color touched her cheeks and neck. She held up the little garment, all fluffy with misty lace and wrought with quaint embroidery.

"It is very gorgeous," said I—"don't use your eyes too much, dearest. May I smoke a pipe?"

"Of course," she said, selecting a skein of pale blue silk.

For awhile I sat and smoked in silence, watching her slender fingers among the tinted silks and thread of gold.

Presently she spoke: "What did you say your crest is, Dick?"

"My crest? Oh, something or other rampant on a something or other——"

"Dick!"

"Dearest?"

"Don't be flippant."

"But I really forget. It's an ordinary crest; everybody in New York has them; no family should be without 'em——"

"You are disagreeable, Dick; send Josephine upstairs for my album."

"Are you going to put that crest on the—the—whatever it is?"

"I am—and my own crest, too."

I thought of the Purple Emperor and wondered a little.

"You didn't know I had one, did you?" she smiled.

"What is it?" I replied, evasively.

"You shall see; ring for Josephine."

I rang, and when 'Fine appeared, Lys gave her some orders in a low voice and Josephine trotted away, bobbing her white-coifed head, with a "Bien, Madame."

After a few minutes she returned bearing a tattered, musty volume, from which the gold and blue had mostly disappeared.

I took the book in my hands and examined the ancient emblazoned covers.

"Lilies!" I exclaimed.

"Fleur-de-lis," said my wife, demurely.

"Oh," said I, astonished, and opened the book.

"You have never before seen this book?" asked Lys, with a touch of malice in her eyes.

"You know I haven't—hello! what's this? Oho! So there should be a *de* before Trevec? Lys de Trevec? Then why in the world did the Purple Emperor——"

"Dick!" cried Lys.

"All right," said I, "shall I read about the Sieur de Trevec who rode to Saladin's tent alone to seek for medicine for St. Louis, or shall I read about—what is it? Oh, here it is, all down in black and white!—about the Marquis de Trevec who drowned himself before Alva's eyes rather than surrender the banner of the Fleur-de-lis to Spain? It's all written here. But, dear, how about that soldier named Trevec who was killed in the old fort on the cliff yonder?"

"He dropped the *de*, and the Trevecs since then have been Republicans," said Lys; "all except me."

"That's quite right," said I; "it is time that we Republicans should agree upon some feudal system. My dear, I drink to the King!" and I raised my wine-glass and looked at Lys.

"To the King," said Lys, flushing. She smoothed out the tiny garment on her knees, she touched the glass with her lips; her eyes were very sweet. I drained the glass to the King.

After a silence I said: "I will tell the King stories. His Majesty shall be amused."

"His Majesty," repeated Lys, softly.

"Or Hers," I laughed—"who knows?"

"Who knows?" murmured Lys, with a gentle sigh.

"I know some stories about Jack the Giant-killer," I announced. "Do you, Lys?"

"I? No, not about a giant-killer, but I know all about the Were-wolf, and Jeanne-la-Flamme, and the Man in Purple Tatters, and—oh, dear me! I know lots more!"

"You are very wise," said I; "I shall teach his Majesty English."

"And I Breton," cried Lys, jealously.

"I shall bring playthings to the King," said I; "big green lizards from the gorse, little gray mullets to swim in glass globes, baby rabbits from the forests of Kerselec——"

"And I," said Lys, "will bring the first primrose, the first branch of aubepine, the first jonquil, to the King—my King."

"Our King," said I, and there was peace in Finistère.

I lay back, idly turning the leaves of the curious old volume.

"I am looking," said I, "for the crest."

"The crest, dear? It is a priest's head with an arrow-shaped mark on the forehead, on a field——"

I sat up and stared at my wife.

"Dick, whatever is the matter?" she smiled. "The story is there in that book. Do you care to read it? No? Shall I tell it to you? Well, then, it happened in the Third Crusade. There was a monk whom men called the Black Priest. He turned apostate and sold himself to the enemies of Christ. A

Sieur de Trevec burst into the Saracen camp, at the head of only one hundred lances, and carried the Black Priest away out of the very midst of their army."

"So that is how you come by the crest," I said quietly, but I thought of the branded skull in the gravel-pit and wondered.

"Yes," said Lys. "The Sieur de Trevec cut the Black Priest's head off, but first he branded him with an arrow-mark on the forehead. The book says it was a pious action, and the Sieur de Trevec got great merit by it. But I think it was cruel, the branding," she sighed.

"Did you ever hear of any other Black Priest?"

"Yes. There was one in the last century, here in St. Gildas. He wrote in the Breton language. Chronicles, too, I believe. I never saw them. His name was the same as that of the old chronicler, and of the other priest, Jacques Sorgue. Some said he was a lineal descendant of the traitor. Of course, the first Black Priest was bad enough for anything. But if he did have a child it need not have been the ancestor of the last Jacques Sorgue. They say this one was a holy man. They say he was so good he was not allowed to die, but was caught up to heaven one day," added Lys, with believing eyes. I smiled.

"But he disappeared," persisted Lys.

"I'm afraid his journey was in another direction," I said, and thoughtlessly told her the story of the morning. I had utterly forgotten the masked man at her window, but before I finished I remembered him fast enough, and realized what I had done as I saw her face whiten.

"Lys," I urged, tenderly, "that was only some clumsy clown's trick. You said so yourself. You are not superstitious, my dear?"

Her eyes were on mine. She slowly drew the little gold cross from her bosom and kissed it. But her lips trembled as they pressed the symbol of Faith.

III

About nine o'clock next morning I walked into the Groix Inn and sat down at the long, discolored, oaken table, nodding good-day to Marianne Bruyère, who, in turn, bobbed her white coif at me.

"My clever Bannalec maid," said I, "what is good for a stirrup-cup at the Groix Inn?"

"Schist?" she inquired, in Breton.

"With a dash of red wine then," I replied.

She brought the delicious Quimperlé cider, and I poured a little Bordeaux into it. Marianne watched me with laughing black eyes.

"What makes your cheeks so red, Marianne?" I asked. "Has Jean Marie been here?"

"We are to be married, Monsieur Darrell," she laughed.

"Ah? Since when has Jean Marie Tregunc lost his head?"

"His head? Oh, Monsieur Darrell—his heart you mean."

"So I do," said I. "Jean Marie is a practical fellow."

"It is all due to your kindness—" began the girl, but I raised my hand and held up the glass.

"It's due to himself. To your happiness, Marianne," and I took a hearty draught of the schist. "Now," said I, "tell me where I can find Le Bihan and Max Fortin."

"Monsieur Le Bihan and Monsieur Fortin are above, in the broad room. I believe they are examining the Red Admiral's effects."

"To send them to Paris? Oh, I know. May I go up, Marianne?"

"And God go with you," smiled the girl.

When I knocked at the door of the broad room above, little Max Fortin opened it. Dust covered his spectacles and nose, his hat with the tiny velvet ribbons fluttering was all awry.

"Come in, Monsieur Darrell," he said, "the Mayor and I are packing up the effects of the Purple Emperor and of the poor Red Admiral."

"The collections?" I asked, entering the room. "You must be very careful in packing those butterfly cases; the slightest jar might break wings and antennæ, you know."

Le Bihan shook hands with me and pointed to the great pile of boxes.

"They're all cork-lined," he said,

"but Fortin and I are putting felt around each box. The Entomological Society of Paris pays the freight."

The combined collections of the Red Admiral and the Purple Emperor made a magnificent display.

I lifted and inspected case after case, set with gorgeous butterflies and moths, each specimen carefully labelled with the name in Latin. There were cases filled with crimson tiger-moths, all aflame with color; cases devoted to the common yellow butterflies, symphonies in orange and pale yellow; cases of soft gray and dun-colored sphinx-moths, and cases of garish, nettle-bred butterflies of the numerous family of Vanessa.

All alone in a great case by itself was pinned the Purple Emperor, the Apatura Iris—that fatal specimen that had given the "Purple Emperor" his name—and quietus.

I remembered the butterfly and stood looking at it with bent eyebrows.

Le Bihan glanced up from the floor where he was nailing down the lid of a boxful of cases.

"It is settled, then," said he, "that Madame, your wife, gives the Purple Emperor's entire collection to the city of Paris?"

I nodded.

"Without accepting anything for it?"

"It is a gift," I said.

"Including the Purple Emperor there in the case? That butterfly is worth a great deal of money," persisted Le Bihan.

"You don't suppose that we would wish to sell that specimen, do you?" I answered, a trifle sharply.

"If I were you I should destroy it," said the Mayor, in his high-pitched voice.

"That would be nonsense," said I—"like your burying the brass cylinder and scroll yesterday."

"It was not nonsense," said Le Bihan, doggedly, "and I should prefer not to discuss the subject of the scroll."

I looked at Max Fortin, who immediately avoided my eyes.

"You are a pair of superstitious old women," said I, digging my hands into my pockets; "you swallow every nursery tale that is invented."

"What of it," said Le Bihan, sulkily, "there's more truth than lies in most of 'em."

"Oh," I sneered, "does the Mayor of St. Gildas and St. Julian believe in the loup-garou?"

"No, not in the loup-garou."

"In what then; Jeanne-la-Flamme?"

"That," said Le Bihan, with conviction, "is history."

"The devil it is," said I; "and perhaps, Monsieur the Mayor, your faith in giants is unimpaired?"

"There were giants—everybody knows it," growled Max Fortin.

"And you a chemist," I observed, scornfully.

"Listen, Monsieur Darrell," said Le Bihan, "you know yourself that the Purple Emperor was a scientific man. Now, suppose I should tell you that he always refused to include in his collection a death's-messenger?"

"A what?" I exclaimed.

"You know what I mean—that moth that flies by night—some call it the death's-head, but in St. Gildas we call it 'death's-messenger.'"

"Oh," said I, "you mean that big sphinx-moth that is commonly known as the 'death's-head moth.' Why the mischief should the people here call it death's-messenger?"

"For hundreds of years it has been known as death's-messenger in St. Gildas," said Max Fortin. "Even Froissart speaks of it in his commentaries on Jacques Sorgue's Chronicles. The book is in your library."

"Sorgue? And who was Jacques Sorgue? I never read his book."

"Jacques Sorgue was the son of some unfrocked priest—I forget; it was during the crusades——"

"Good heavens!" I burst out, "I've been hearing of nothing but crusades and priests and death and sorcery ever since I kicked that skull into the gravel-pit, and I am tired of it—I tell you frankly! One would think we lived in the dark ages. Do you know what year of our Lord it is, Le Bihan?"

"Eighteen hundred and ninety-six," replied the Mayor.

"And yet you two hulking men are afraid of a death's-head moth."

"I don't care to have one fly in at the

window," said Max Fortin; "it means evil to the house and the people in it."

"God alone knows why He marked one of His creatures with a yellow death's-head on the back," observed Le Bihan, piously; "but I take it that He meant it as a warning. And I propose to profit by it," he added, triumphantly.

"See here, Le Bihan," I said; "by a stretch of imagination one can make out a skull on the thorax of a certain big sphinx-moth. What of it?"

"It is a bad thing to touch," said the Mayor, wagging his head.

"It squeaks when handled," added Max Fortin.

"Some creatures squeak all the time," I observed, looking hard at Le Bihan.

"Pigs," added the Mayor.

"Yes, and asses," I replied; "listen, Le Bihan, do you mean to tell me that you saw that skull roll up hill yesterday?"

The Mayor shut his mouth tightly and picked up his hammer.

"Don't be obstinate," I said, "I asked you a question."

"And I refuse to answer," snapped Le Bihan; "Fortin saw what I saw; let him talk about it."

I looked searchingly at the little chemist.

"I don't say that I saw it actually roll up out of the pit—all by itself," said Fortin with a shiver; "but—but then how did it come up out of the pit if it didn't roll up all by itself?"

"It didn't come up at all; that was a yellow cobble-stone that you mistook for the skull again," I replied. "You were nervous, Max."

"A—a very curious cobble-stone, Monsieur Darrel," said Fortin.

"I also was a victim to the same hallucination," I continued, "and I regret to say that I took the trouble to roll two innocent cobble-stones into the gravel-pit, imagining each time that it was the skull I was rolling."

"It was," observed Le Bihan, with a morose shrug.

"It just shows," said I, ignoring the Mayor's remark, "how easy it is to fix up a train of coincidences so that the result seems to savor of the supernatural. Now last night my wife imagined that she saw a priest in a mask peer in at her window——"

Fortin and Le Bihan scrambled hastily from their knees, dropping hammer and nails.

"Wh-hat—what's that?" demanded the Mayor.

I repeated what I had said. Max Fortin turned livid.

"My God," said Le Bihan, "the Black Priest is in St. Gildas!"

"D-don't you—you know the old prophecy?" stammered Fortin; "Froissart quotes it from—from Jacques Sorgue:"

> When the Black Priest rises from the dead,
> St. Gildas folk shall shriek in bed;
> When the Black Priest rises from his grave,
> May the good God St. Gildas save!

"Aristide Le Bihan," I said, angrily, "and you, Max Fortin, I've got enough of this damned rot. Some foolish lout from Bannalec has been in St. Gildas playing tricks to frighten old fools like you. If you have nothing better to talk about than nursery legends I'll wait until you come to your senses. Good-morning." And I walked out, more disturbed than I cared to acknowledge to myself.

The day had become misty and overcast. Heavy wet clouds hung in the east. I heard the surf thundering against the cliffs, and the gray gulls squealed as they tossed and turned high in the sky. The tide was creeping across the river sands, higher, higher, and I saw the sea-weed floating on the beach, and the lançons springing from the foam, silvery thread-like flashes in the gloom. Curlew were flying up the river, in twos and threes; the timid sea-swallows skimmed across the moors toward some quiet, lonely pool, safe from the coming tempest. In every hedge field-birds were gathering, huddling together, twittering restlessly.

When I reached the cliffs I sat down, resting my chin on my clenched hands. Already a vast curtain of rain, sweeping across the ocean, miles away, hid the island of Groix. To the east, behind the white semaphore on the hills, black clouds crowded up over the horizon. After a little the thunder boomed; dull, distant, and slender skeins of lightning unravelled across the crest of the coming storm. Under the cliff, at my feet, the surf rushed foaming over the shore, and

the lançons jumped and skipped and quivered until they seemed to be but the reflections of the meshed lightning.

I turned to the east. It was raining over Groix, it was raining at Sainte Barbe, it was raining now at the semaphore. High in the storm-whirl a few gulls pitched; a nearer cloud trailed veils of rain in its wake; the sky was spattered with lightning; the thunder boomed.

As I rose to go, a cold raindrop fell upon the back of my hand, and another, and yet another on my face. I gave a last glance at the sea where the waves were bursting into strange white shapes that seemed to fling out menacing arms toward me. Then something moved on the cliff, something black as the black rock it clutched — a filthy cormorant, craning its hideous head at the sky.

Slowly I plodded homeward across the sombre moorland where the gorse stems glimmered with a dull metallic green, and the heather, no longer violet and purple, hung drenched and dun-colored among the dreary rocks. The wet turf creaked under my heavy boots, the black-thorn scraped and grated against knee and elbow. Over all lay a strange light, pallid, ghastly where the sea-spray whirled across the landscape and drove into my face until it grew numb with the cold. In broad bands, rank after rank, billow on billow, the rain burst out across the endless moors, and yet there was no wind to drive it at such a pace.

Lys stood at the door as I turned into the garden, motioning me to hasten; and then, for the first time, I became conscious that I was soaked to the skin.

"However in the world did you come to stay out when such a storm threatened?" she said. "Oh, you are dripping! Go quickly and change; I have laid your warm underwear on the bed, Dick."

I kissed my wife, and went upstairs to change my dripping clothes for something more comfortable.

When I returned to the morning-room there was a driftwood fire on the hearth, and Lys sat in the chimney-corner, embroidering.

"Catherine tells me that the fishing fleet from Lorient is out. Do you think they are in danger, dear?" asked Lys, raising her blue eyes to mine as I entered.

"There is no wind and there will be no sea," said I, looking out of the window. Far across the moor I could see the black cliffs looming in the mist.

"How it rains," murmured Lys, "come to the fire, Dick."

I went and threw myself on the fur rug, my hands in my pockets, my head on Lys's knees.

"Tell me a story," I said. "I feel like a boy of ten."

Lys raised a finger to her scarlet lips. I always waited for her to do that.

"Will you be very still then?" she said.

"Still as death."

"Death," echoed a voice, very softly.

"Did you speak, Lys?" I asked, turning so that I could see her face.

"No, did you, Dick?"

"Who said 'death?'" I asked, startled.

"Death," echoed a voice, softly.

I sprang up and looked about. Lys rose too, her needles and embroidery falling to the floor. She seemed about to faint, leaning heavily on me, and I led her to the window and opened it a little way to give her air. As I did so the chain-lightning split the zenith, the thunder crashed, and a sheet of rain swept into the room, driving with it something that fluttered, something that flapped and squeaked, and beat upon the rug with soft, moist wings.

We bent over it together, Lys clinging to me, and we saw that it was a death's-head moth, drenched with rain.

The dark day passed slowly as we sat beside the fire, hand in hand, her head against my breast, speaking of sorrow and mystery and death. For Lys believed that there were things on earth that none might understand, things that must be nameless forever and ever, until God rolls up the scroll of life and all is ended. We spoke of hope and fear and faith, and the mystery of the saints; we spoke of the beginning and the end, of the shadow of sin, of omens and of love. The moth still lay on the floor, quivering its sombre wings in the warmth of the fire, the skull and ribs clearly etched upon its neck and body.

"If it is a messenger of death to this house," I said, "why should we fear, Lys?"

"Death should be welcome to those who love God," murmured Lys; and she drew the cross from her breast and kissed it.

"The moth might die if I threw it out into the storm," I said, after a silence.

"Let it remain," sighed Lys.

Late that night my wife lay sleeping and I sat beside her bed and read in the chronicle of Jacques Sorgue. I shaded the candle, but Lys grew restless, and finally I took the book down into the morning-room, where the ashes of the fire rustled and whitened on the hearth.

The death's-head moth lay on the rug before the fire where I had left it. At first I thought it was dead, but when I looked closer I saw a lambent fire in its amber eyes. The straight shadow it cast across the floor wavered as the candle flickered.

The pages of the chronicle of Jacques Sorgue were damp and sticky; the illuminated gold and blue initials left flakes of azure and gilt where my hand brushed them.

"It is not paper at all—it is thin parchment," I said to myself; and I held the discolored page close to the candle-flame and read, translating laboriously:

I, Jacques Sorgue, saw all these things. And I saw the Black Mass celebrated in the chapel of St. Gildas-on-the-cliff. And it was said by the Abbé Sorgue, my kinsman; for which deadly sin the apostate priest was seized by the most noble Marquis of Plougastel, and by him condemned to be burnt with hot irons, "until his seared soul quit its body and fly to its master, the devil," the Marquis said. But when the Black Priest lay in the crypt of Plougastel, his master, Satan, came at night and set him free, and carried him across land and sea to Mahmoud, which is Soldan or Saladin. And I, Jacques Sorgue, travelling afterward by sea, beheld with my own eyes, my kinsman, the Black Priest of St. Gildas, borne along in the air upon a vast black wing, which was the wing of his master Satan. And this was seen also by two men of the crew.

I turned the page. The wings of the moth on the floor began to quiver. I read on and on—my eyes blurring under the shifting candle-flame. I read of battles and of saints, and I learned how the great Soldan made his pact with Satan, and then I came to the Sieur de Trevec, and read how he seized the Black Priest in the midst of Saladin's tents and carried him away and cut off his head, first branding him on the forehead. "And before he suffered," said the chronicle, "he cursed the Sieur de Trevec and his descendants, and he said he would surely return to St. Gildas. 'For the violence you do to me, I will do violence to you. For the evil I suffer at your hands, I will work evil on you and your descendants. Woe to your children, Sieur de Trevec!'" There was a whirr, a beating of strong wings, and my candle flashed up as in a sudden breeze. A humming filled the room—the great moth darted hither and thither, beating, buzzing, on ceiling and wall. I flung down my book and stepped forward. Now it lay fluttering upon the window-sill, and for a moment I had it under my hand, but the thing squeaked and I shrank back. Then suddenly it darted across the candle-flame; the light flared and went out, and at the same moment a shadow moved in the darkness outside. I raised my eyes to the window. A masked face was peering in at me.

Quick as thought I whipped out my revolver and fired every cartridge, but the face advanced beyond the window, the glass melting away before it like mist, and through the smoke of my revolver I saw something creep swiftly into the room. Then I tried to cry out, but there were fingers at my throat, and I fell backward among the ashes of the hearth.

. . . . . .

When my eyes unclosed I was lying on the hearth, my head among the cold ashes. Slowly I got on my knees, rose painfully, and groped my way to a chair. On the floor lay my revolver, shining in the pale light of early morning. My mind, clearing by degrees, I looked shuddering at the window. The glass was unbroken. I stooped stiffly, picked up my revolver and opened the cylinder. Every cartridge had been fired. Mechanically I closed the cylinder, and placed the revolver in my pocket. The book—the Chronicles of Jacques Sorgue—lay on the table beside me, and as I started to close it I glanced at the page. It was all splashed with blood, and the lettering had run, so that the page was merely a confused blur of gold and red and black. As I stumbled toward

the door I cast a fearful glance over my shoulder. The death's-head moth crawled shivering on the rug.

IV

The sun was about three hours high; I must have slept, for I was roused by the sudden gallop of horses under our window. People were shouting and calling in the road. I sprang up and opened the sash. Le Bihan was there, an image of helplessness, and Max Fortin polishing his glasses. Some gendarmes had just arrived from Quimperlé, and I could hear them around the corner of the house, stamping and rattling their sabres and carbines, as they led their horses into my stable.

Lys sat up, murmuring half-sleepy, half-anxious questions.

"I don't know," I answered. "I am going out to see what it means."

"It is like the day they came to arrest you," Lys said, giving me a troubled look. But I kissed her and laughed at her until she smiled too. Then I flung on coat and cap and hurried down the stairs.

The first person I saw standing in the road was the Brigadier Durand.

"Hello!" said I, "have you come to arrest me again? What the devil is all this fuss about, anyway?"

"We were telegraphed for an hour ago," said Durand, briskly, "and for sufficient reason, I think. Look there, Monsieur Darrell."

He pointed to the ground almost under my feet.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "where did that puddle of blood come from?"

"That's what I want to know, Monsieur Darrell. Max Fortin found it at daybreak. See—it's plashed all over the grass too. A trail of it leads into your garden, across the flower-beds to your very window, the one that opens from the morning-room. There is another trail leading from this spot across the road to the cliffs, then to the gravel-pit, and thence across the moor to the forest of Kerselec. We are going to mount in a minute and search the bosquets. Will you join us? Bon Dieu! but the fellow bled like an ox. Max Fortin says it's human blood, or I should not have believed it."

The little chemist of Quimperlé came up at that moment, rubbing his glasses with a colored handkerchief.

"Yes, it's human blood," he said, "but one thing puzzles me. The corpuscles are yellow. I never saw any human blood before with yellow corpuscles. But your English Doctor Thompson asserts that he has——"

"Well, it's human blood, anyway—isn't it?" insisted Durand, impatiently.

"Ye-es—" admitted Max Fortin.

"Then it's my business to trail it," said the big gendarme, and he called his men and gave the order to mount.

"Did you hear anything last night?" asked Durand of me.

"I heard the rain. I wonder the rain did not wash away these traces."

"They must have come after the rain ceased. See this thick splash, how it lies over and weighs down the wet grass-blades. Pah!"

It was a heavy, evil-looking clot, and I stepped back from it, my throat closing in disgust.

"My theory," said the Brigadier, "is this: Some of those Biribi fishermen, probably the Icelanders, got an extra glass of cognac into their hides and quarrelled on the road. Some of them were slashed and staggered to your house. But there is only one trail—and yet—and yet how could all that blood come from only one person? Well—the wounded man, let us say, staggered, first to your house, and then back here, and he wandered off, drunk and dying, God knows where. That's my theory."

"A very good one," said I, calmly. "And are you going to trail him?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"At once. Will you come?"

"Not now. I'll gallop over by and by. You are going to the edge of the Kerselec forest?"

"Yes—you will hear us calling. Are you coming, Max Fortin? And you, Le Bihan? Good; take the dog-cart."

The big gendarme tramped around the corner to the stable and presently returned mounted on a strong bay horse;

his sabre shone on his saddle, his pale yellow and white facings were spotless. The little crowd of white coifed women with their children fell back as Durand touched spurs and clattered away, followed by his two troopers. Soon after Le Bihan and Max Fortin also departed, in the Mayor's dingy dog-cart.

"Are you coming?" piped Le Bihan, shrilly.

"In a quarter of an hour," I replied, and went back to the house.

When I opened the door of the morning-room, the death's-head moth was beating its strong wings against the window. For a second I hesitated, then walked over and opened the sash. The creature fluttered out, whirred over the flower-beds a moment, then darted across the moorland toward the sea. I called the servants together and questioned them. Josephine, Catherine, Jean Marie Tregunc, not one of them had heard the slightest disturbance during the night. Then I told Jean Marie to saddle my horse, and while I was speaking Lys came down.

"Dearest," I began, going to her.

"You must tell me everything, you know, Dick," she interrupted, looking me earnestly in the face.

"But there is nothing to tell. Only a drunken brawl—and some one wounded."

"And you are going to ride—where, Dick?"

"Well, over to the edge of Kerselec forest. Durand and the Mayor and Max Fortin have gone on, following a—a trail."

"What trail?"

"Some blood."

"Where did they find it?"

"Out in the road there." Lys crossed herself.

"Does it come near our house?"

"Yes."

"How near?"

"It comes up to the morning-room window," said I, giving in.

Her hand on my arm grew heavy. "I dreamed last night——"

"So did I—" but I thought of the empty cartridges in my revolver and stopped.

"I dreamed that you were in great danger, and I could not move hand or foot to save you, but you had your revolver, and I called out to you to fire——"

"I did fire," I cried, excitedly.

"You—you fired?"

I took her in my arms. "My darling," I said, "something strange has happened—something that I cannot understand as yet. But of course there is an explanation. Last night I thought I fired at the Black Priest."

"Ah!" gasped Lys.

"Is that what you dreamt?"

"Yes—yes—that was it. I begged you to fire——"

"And I did."

Her heart was beating against my breast. I held her close in silence.

"Dick," she said at length, "perhaps you killed the—thing."

"If it was human I did not miss," I answered, grimly. "And it was human," I went on, pulling myself together, and ashamed of having so nearly gone to pieces. "Of course it was human! The whole affair is plain enough. Not a drunken brawl, as Durand thinks, it was a drunken lout's practical joke, for which he has suffered. I suppose I must have filled him pretty full of bullets, and he has crawled away to die in Kerselec forest. It's a terrible affair—I'm sorry I fired so hastily, but that idiot, Le Bihan, and Max Fortin, have been working on my nerves till I am as hysterical as a school-girl," I ended, angrily.

"You fired—but the window-glass was not shattered," said Lys, in a low voice.

"Well—the window was open then. And as for the—the rest—I've got nervous indigestion, and a doctor will settle the Black Priest for me, Lys."

I glanced out of the window at Tregunc waiting with my horse at the gate.

"Dearest, I think I had better go join Durand and the others."

"I will go too."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, Dick."

"Don't, Lys."

"I shall suffer every moment you are away."

"The ride is too fatiguing, and we can't tell what unpleasant sights you may come upon, dearest — you don't really think there is anything supernatural in this affair?"

"Dick," she answered, gently, "I am a Bretonne." With both arms around my neck, my wife said, "Death is the gift of God. I do not fear it when we are together. But alone—ah, my husband, I should fear a God who could take you away from me."

We kissed each other soberly, simply, like two children. Then Lys hurried away to change her dress, and I paced up and down the garden waiting for her.

She came, drawing on her slender gauntlets, I swung her into the saddle, gave a hasty order to Jean Marie, and mounted.

Now to quail under thoughts of terror, on a morning like this, with Lys in the saddle beside me, no matter what had happened or might happen, was impossible. Moreover, Môme came sneaking after us. I asked Tregunc to catch him, for I was afraid he might be brained by our horses' hoofs if he followed, but the wily puppy dodged and bolted after Lys, who was trotting along the high-road.

"Never mind," I thought, "if he's hit he'll live, for he has no brains to lose."

Lys was waiting for me in the road, beside the shrine of Our Lady of St. Gildas, when I joined her. She crossed herself. I doffed my cap, then we shook out our bridles and galloped toward the forest of Kerselec.

We said very little as we rode. I always loved to watch Lys in the saddle. Her exquisite figure and lovely face were the incarnation of youth and grace, her curling hair glistened like threaded gold.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the spoiled puppy Môme come bounding cheerfully alongside, oblivious of our horses' heels. Our road swung close to the cliffs. A filthy cormorant rose from the black rocks and flapped heavily across our path. Lys's horse reared, but she pulled him down, and pointed at the bird with her riding-crop.

"I see," said I, "it seems to be going our way. Curious to see a cormorant in a forest, isn't it?"

"It is a bad sign," said Lys. "You know the Morbihan proverb: 'When the cormorant turns from the sea, death laughs in the forest, and wise woodsmen build boats.'"

"I wish," said I, sincerely, "that there were fewer proverbs in Brittany."

We were in sight of the forest now; across the gorse I could see the sparkle of gendarme's trappings, and the glitter of Le Bihan's silver-buttoned jacket. The hedge was low and we took it without difficulty and trotted across the moor to where Le Bihan and Durand stood gesticulating.

They bowed ceremoniously to Lys as we rode up.

"The trail is horrible—it is a river," said the Mayor, in his squeaky voice; "Monsieur Darrell, I think perhaps Madame would scarcely care to come any nearer——"

Lys drew bridle and looked at me.

"It is horrible," said Durand, walking up beside me; "it looks as though a bleeding regiment had passed this way. The trail winds and winds about there in the thickets; we lose it at times but we always find it again. I can't understand how one man, no, nor twenty, could bleed like that!"

A halloo, answered by another, sounded from the depths of the forest.

"It's my men; they are following the trail," muttered the Brigadier. "God alone knows what is at the end!"

"Shall we gallop back, Lys?" I asked.

"No, let us ride along the western edge of the woods and dismount. The sun is so hot now, and I should like to rest for a moment," she said.

"The western forest is clear of anything disagreeable," said Durand.

"Very well," I answered; "call me, Le Bihan, if you find anything."

Lys wheeled her mare and I followed across the springy heather, Môme trotting cheerfully in the rear.

We entered the sunny woods about a quarter of a kilometre from where we left Durand. I took Lys from her horse, flung both bridles over a limb, and, giving my wife my arm, aided her to a flat, mossy rock which overhung a shallow brook, gurgling among the beech-trees. Lys sat down and drew off her gauntlets. Môme pushed his head into her lap, received an undeserved caress, and came doubtfully toward me. I was weak enough to condone his offence, but I made him lie down at my feet, greatly to his disgust.

I rested my head on Lys's knees, looking up at the sky through the crossed branches of the trees.

"I suppose I have killed him," I said. "It shocks me terribly, Lys."

"You could not have known, dear. He *may* have been a robber, and—if—not— Did—have you ever fired your revolver since that day, four years ago, when the Red Admiral's son tried to kill you? But I know you have not."

"No," said I, wondering. "It's a fact, I have not—why?"

"And don't you remember I asked you to let me load it for you that day when Yves went off, swearing to kill you and his father?"

"Yes, I do remember. Well?"

"Well, I—I took the cartridges first to St. Gildas's chapel and dipped them in holy water. You must not laugh, Dick," says Lys, gently, laying her cool hands on my lips.

"Laugh, my darling!"

Overhead the October sky was pale amethyst and the sunlight burned like orange flames through the yellow leaves of beech and oak. Gnats and midges danced and wavered overhead, a spider dropped from a twig halfway to the ground and hung suspended on the end of his gossamer thread.

"Are you sleepy, dear?" asked Lys, bending over me.

"I am—a little; I scarcely slept two hours last night," I answered.

"You may sleep if you wish," said Lys, and touched my eyes caressingly.

"Is my head heavy on your knees?"

"No, Dick."

I was already in a half doze; still I heard the brook babbling under the beeches and the humming of forest flies overhead. Presently even these were stilled.

The next thing I knew I was sitting bolt upright, my ears ringing with a scream, and I saw Lys cowering beside me, covering her white face with both hands.

As I sprang to my feet she cried again and clung to my knees. I saw my dog rush growling into a thicket, then I heard him whimper and he came backing out, whining, ears flat, tail down. I stooped and disengaged Lys's hands.

"Don't go, Dick!" she cried. "O God! it's the Black Priest."

In a moment I had leaped across the brook and pushed my way into the thicket. It was empty. I stared about me, I scanned every tree-trunk, every bush. Suddenly I saw him. He was seated on a fallen log, his head resting in his hands, his rusty black robe gathered around him. For a moment my hair stirred under my cap; sweat started on forehead and cheek-bone; then I recovered my reason and understood that the man was human and was probably wounded to death. Ay, to death, for there, at my feet, lay the wet trail of blood, over leaves and stones, down into the little hollow across to the figure in black, resting silently under the trees.

I saw that he could not escape, even if he had the strength, for before him, almost at his very feet, lay a deep, shining swamp.

As I stepped forward my feet broke a twig. At the sound the figure started a little, then its head fell forward again.

Its face was masked.

Walking up to the man I bade him tell where he was wounded. Durand and the others broke through the thicket at the same moment and hurried to my side.

"Who are you who hide a masked face in a priest's robe?" said the gendarme, loudly.

There was no answer.

"See—see the stiff blood all over his robe," muttered Le Bihan to Fontin.

"He will not speak," said I.

"He may be too badly wounded," whispered Le Bihan.

"I saw him raise his head," I said; "my wife saw him creep up here."

Durand stepped forward and touched the figure.

"Speak," he said.

"Speak," quavered Fortin.

Durand waited a moment, then, with a sudden upward movement he stripped off the mask, and threw back the man's head.

We were looking into the eye-sockets of a skull.

Durand stood rigid, Fortin groaned, the Mayor shrieked. The skeleton burst out from its rotting robes and collapsed on the ground before us. From between the staring ribs and the grinning teeth

spurted a torrent of black blood, showering the shrinking grasses, then the thing shuddered and fell over into the black ooze of the bog. Little bubbles of air, iridescent, appeared from the mud; the bones were slowly engulfed, and as the last fragments sank out of sight, up from the depths and along the hand crept a creature, shiny, shivering, quivering its wings. It was a death's-head moth.

. . . . . .

I wish I had time to tell you how Lys outgrew superstitions—for she never knew the truth about the affair, and she never will know, since she has promised not to read this book. I wish I might tell you about the King and his coronation, and how the coronation robe fitted. I wish that I were able to write how Yvonne and Herbert Stuart rode to a boar-hunt in Quimperlé and how the hounds raced the quarry right through the town, overturning three gendarmes, the notary, and an old woman. But I am becoming garrulous—and Lys is calling me to come and hear the King say that he is hungry. And His Royal Highness shall not be kept waiting.

GIUSEPPE SEGANTINI

By Alfredo Melani

ITALIAN landscape painting has but lately become recognized in the European art centres. It is especially from Giuseppe Segantini that the landscape of Italy, so varied and beautiful, so grand and yet so intimate in its appeal, has received its first adequate interpretation in some of its most characteristic aspects. While the rest of the peninsula produced almost exclusively historical, religious, and *genre* paintings, Piedmont and Lombardy long had a monopoly of the painting of landscape; and for this reason these noble provinces, fountain-head of modern united Italy, were considered, until within some thirty years, very low in the art scale by the cold and formal pseudo-classicists of the rest of the country, who looked with contempt upon such lowly subjects as the fields and nature. The fashion in æsthetic circles ran before that exclusively toward the depicting of semi-nude heroes of antiquity, set in backgrounds built up according to strict and narrow academic formulas. Until quite our day these pseudo-classicists were considered absolute authorities, possessors of the one creed outside of which there was no salvation.

Yet in spite of lack of appreciation the Northern Italians kept stubbornly painting what appealed to them. The examples of Cabat, Dupré, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot in France, made a great impression upon and gave a strong impetus and a new direction to their school; Carcano and Gignous in Lombardy, Fontanesi and Calderini in Piedmont, were the best men brought out by the Frenchmen of 1830. Their works are little known outside of their country. Among their pupils, the men who have succeeded them, no one has won such European recognition as Segantini, and no one deserves it more. Though some of his confrères, Ciardi, Carcano, Fragiacomo, L. Rossi, have given us some charming and intimate revelations of the fertile plains and lake scenery of northern Italy,



THE ALPINE PASTURE (1895).

Segantini stands apart from them by the authority and robustness of his performance. Indebted to his masters for opening his eyes to nature and putting the necessary tools in his hand, Segantini's best qualities are yet peculiarly his own. His selection of subjects, his view of nature, his composition, his way of looking at as well as his selection of a subject are thoroughly individual and original. Like all true artists he makes every one feel that he is above all himself, and that the school where he was trained, and the master under whose influence he first worked may have helped, but that they have not made him.

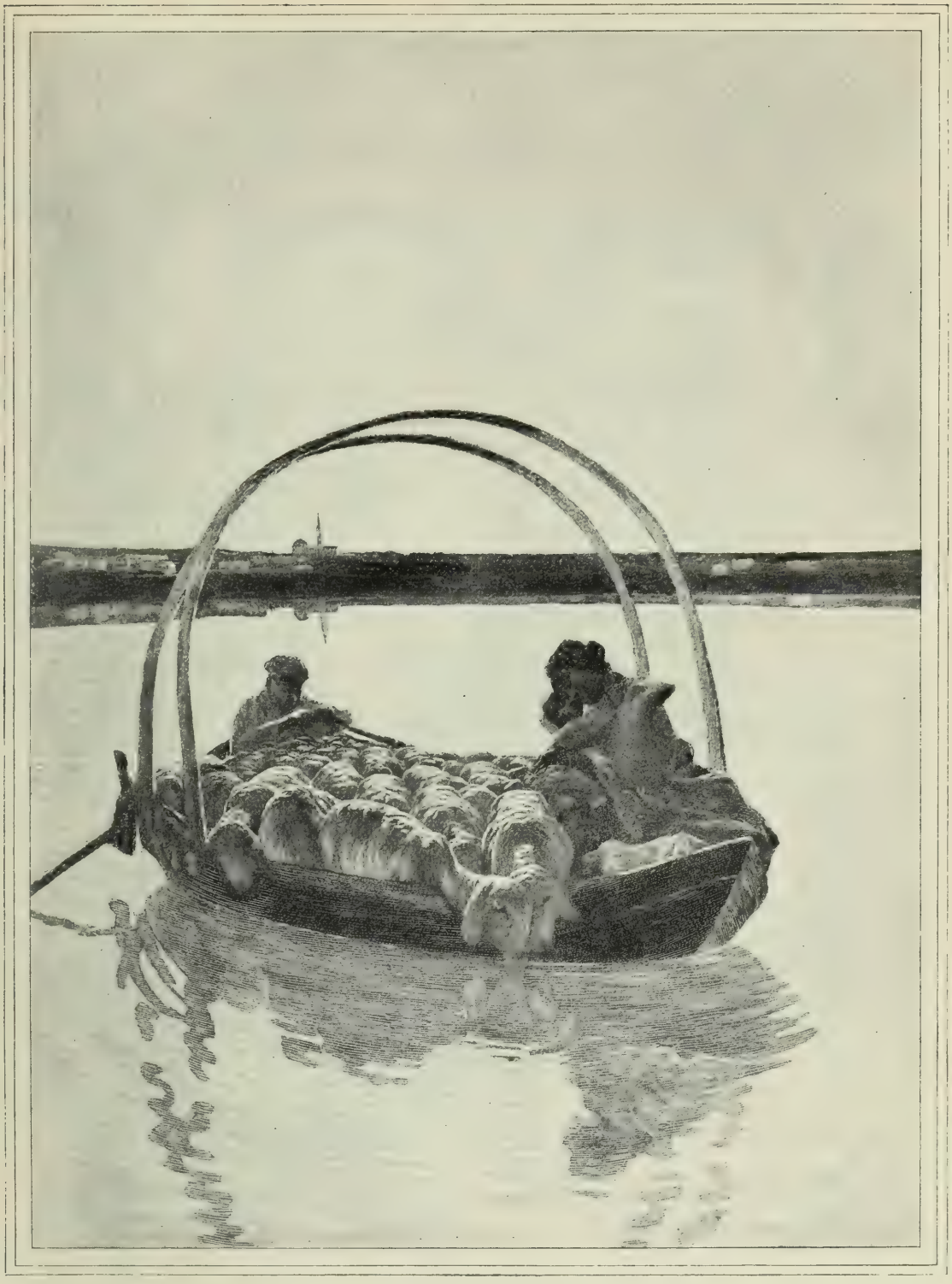
Born at Arco in Trent, in 1858, Segantini's first impressions were of the mountains. His earliest experiences were of the saddest, the child moving from Arco to Trent, then for awhile to Milan and back to Arco again, until, the fortunes of his family growing harder, he was sent to work on a farm. The world of art opened for him in the studio of the Milanese Tettatamanzi, a painter of church banners and drop curtains; and his friends delight in telling how, when his master, who thought himself an artist of the rarest merit, asked him: "What wouldst thou do, my friend, if thou wert an artist like me?" The little fellow straightway blurted out: "I! I would throw myself out of the window," which answer brought his apprenticeship to a sudden end. Afterward Segantini distinguished himself by winning prizes at the Milan school of fine arts, the Brera Academy.

However, those early days of the artist in the capital of Lombardy, where he supported himself while studying by giving lessons and painting signs and pictorial advertisements, were full of pathetic experiences and hardships, which his sturdy, uncompromising, intensely personal attitude toward art tended to increase. He was always blamed by his compatriots for what precisely gives him his place in the eyes of the foreign public—his individuality; and until great honors were bestowed upon him in Holland, France, Germany, and England, his works were misunderstood, unjustly treated, and pointed out as examples of what Italian painters would come to should they abandon the honored traditions of their national school. In no

G. SEGANTINI.



AT THE CLOSE OF DAY (1888).



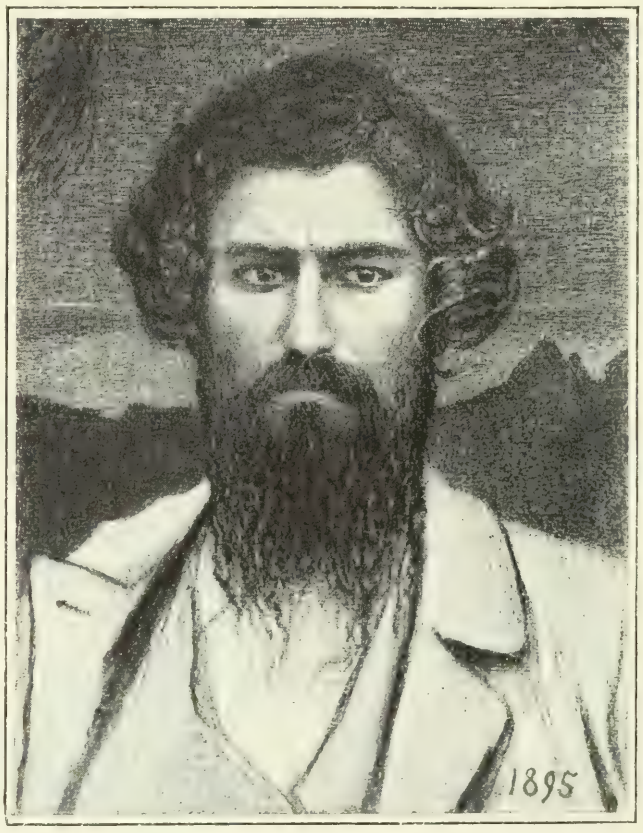
AVE MARIA (1883).

other country of Europe has the past left such profound roots as it has in Italy, where, with a few exceptions, it seems as if even now there was place only for the Academic traditions on one side, and the cult of the pretty and trifling on the other.

Segantini's first paintings—figures and still lifes—reveal an independence of rendering of which there is no parallel at the time. "The Hero," the first in date, with its firm, quiet drawing, already gives the peculiar individuality of the man. Although tentative, these first works made it evident that the artist, having a personal vision of things, wanted to walk over a path of his own where his ideas and conceptions could expand and be set forth freely. He knew that the path he chose

would not be a smooth one, and it was not. Public and artist found him too radical, and like Monet, and scores of artists as distinguished, he had the honor of having the doors of exhibitions systematically closed against his paintings.

But a small circle of appreciative friends, Mæcenases in generous feelings but poorly endowed with this world's goods, formed around Segantini.



Portrait of Segantini by himself.

As soon as he achieved his first success and sold some pictures at most modest prices, he abandoned the artificial and noisy life of the towns for that of the country, returning to the beloved mountains, where, as he said, "the tumult of the world below does not reach, and where one can continue his dreams uninterruptedly."

These Alpine mountains have been his constant inspiration ever since. And with them as a setting he has depicted the lowly life of the peasants of the Alps with some of the same directness, some of the same profound sympathy, with which Millet had painted the peasants of the forest of Fontainebleau. This name of Millet always comes to one's mind in looking at Segantini's works, and yet the man is every inch himself. His motto is "Art without ideal is like nature without life;" and he loves to speculate on his art. "A work of art ought to be the incarnation of one's self with nature, and never the incarnation of anybody else's thought with a nature of convention," is one of his favorite sayings. Zola has expressed the same idea in a clearer way: "The work of art is a corner of creation seen through a temperament." Segantini moreover adds that he has never had a master but nature. He is convinced that the teaching of art is impossible. "Understand," he says, "that I do not speak of drawing. On the contrary, I would wish the teaching of drawing to be more thorough and complete, and more *en rapport* with the character of nature." Of course, one may be instructed in the art of painting in the same way that one is taught to play an instrument; but the teaching of painting ought to be considered outside of art, for it invariably has a bad influence on those who have enough temperament to be able to do without it, and therefore Segantini believes that we are at the beginning of an important evolution in art, and, like Morris and Walter Crane, thinks that the evolution will be complete only when the social evolution is completed also. Whatever may be fundamentally true in these radical cogitations they are interesting to me in showing that, like Millet, he works with the head and heart as well as with the hand. He may theorize in his talk; but surely he has acquired such a thorough command of technique that in spite of the symbolism of his last pictures they are as solidly established and carried on as his earlier and more realistic works. His first great picture was his "Ave Maria," which won the gold medal at the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1883. The reproduction on page 215 cannot give an idea of its luminosity; very simple in color, and not forced in effect, it palpitates with light.

"The Alpine Pasture" (page 213) was the first to win the admiration of the Milanese public. There is a great charm of



SORROW FINDING COMFORT IN FAITH (1896).

calm simplicity in the composition, and the mere painting side of the work, interesting though it be, disappears before the impression of the heavy intensity of noonday heat on an Alpine plateau.

"Ploughing" (page 218) and "The Watering-trough" (page 219), pages of the calm, resigned life of the mountaineer, are bathed in the cool, brilliant, attenuated atmosphere of great altitudes. The denuded, pale gray mountains in the background have the weird vividness of those



PLOUGHING (1890).

abrupt medleys of rocks and snow which one finds on the horizon of the highlands of Lombardy and the Tyrol. And the skies—almost colorless in their imperceptible gradation of tones of extreme tenuity and delicacy—are as local. The scenery and the life of these regions have made their formal entrance into the world of art with Segantini.

A series of interiors, "The Sheepfold," "My Models," etc., little every-day incidents of the mountain-folk life, are treated with the same realism; and these commonplace themes are dignified—idealized, the artist would say—by his sympathy and directness. Loving insight characterizes them.

In these bare solitudes of his mountain home, in the contemplation of these solemn, primitive spectacles, Segantini has dreamed the later-day, purely symbolistic, compositions, which are as different from his first realistic manner as possible. A reproduction of one of these pictures, "Sorrow Finding Comfort in Faith," is given on page 217. It is also the latest of the painter's works, having been completed a few months ago.

The very conception of the painting is a protest against conventional composition. It is clearly divided into two parts; in the lower part a woman is kneeling on the grave of her child at the entrance of a little mountain cemetery. Another woman leans against the low wall. Outside are two or three figures of old women; and the snow covers the whole plain, bound by its barrier of high and steep mountains under a pale sky startlingly clear and opalescent. In the upper half of the picture two angels carry the child to heaven. The painting is a marvel of luminosity. The artist's thought is to unite in a mystic sentiment, entirely modern, the unity of universal life; the woman embodying the spiritual faith in the future, tenderly gives to the sorrowful mother, to help her support her loss, the comfort of one who, seeing outside of this mortal life, serenely looks forward to the final reunion. That painting represents the last ideas of Segantini. His ideals of man have changed, but he remains as true to them as he was to his early ones; and his technique is as conscientiously considered and studied as ever.

G. SEGANTINI.



THE WATERING-TROUGH (1889).



MORNING SCENE IN A CITY MAGISTRATES' COURT
(ESSEX MARKET).



A Trial for "Fake" Burglary at the Essex Market Police Court.

THE CITY MAGISTRATES' COURTS

By Robert C. Cornell

WITH SKETCHES MADE IN THE NEW YORK POLICE COURTS BY KENNETH FRAZIER

MORE than a year has elapsed since the new courts of inferior criminal jurisdiction have been established in New York, and we have had a fair opportunity to test their value and usefulness.

They are essentially the courts of the poor, and many unfortunates know of no other place in which to seek aid, advice, and relief. For many of the poorer class of our citizens, they are the only tribunals, and therein is obtained their sole notion of justice and mercy. In these courts are settled nearly all tenement-house disputes and neighborhood quarrels, and we Magistrates have opportunities of studying all phases of human nature in a way not to be gained by any other means. Our courts cover a broader field than this, however, for the law exacts that *every* person who is arrested in this city must be taken in the first instance before a City Magistrate, who has power to discharge or to hold for trial, or, in certain classes of cases, to fine or imprison. Every grade of crime and misdemeanor, from murder to a violation of a corporation ordinance, must be considered in these courts. The summary jurisdiction of the Magistrates includes by far the largest majority of cases brought before them. Out of the total arrests for the year ending October 31, 1895, amounting to 112,719, the Magistrates heard and finally disposed of 82,494.

In the city of New York, with nearly two millions of inhabitants, there are but six of these courts, and only nine Magistrates to man them. The territory covered by each is enormous; for instance, the boundaries of the First City Magistrate's Court are as follows: North River, Canal Street, Broadway, Bleecker Street, Bowery, Catharine Street, and East River, containing the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Tenth, part of Seventeenth, Thirty-sixth, and part of Thirty-seventh Police precincts. This is but an example of the extent of these large districts.

The First District Court was formerly

the old Tombs Police Court, and few old New Yorkers are unacquainted with its outward appearance at least. Of late years the place has been in a most unsanitary condition, and the removal of the court to its present excellent quarters across the street to the New Criminal Court Building was a great relief to the Magistrates. It was my lot to hold court for three weeks in August, 1895, in the old Tombs, and during that time 1,835 prisoners were brought before me. The pens for the prisoners were in the court room, and were daily crowded with an evil-smelling assortment of humanity. The benches were filled with witnesses or friends of the accused. The ventilation was bad, the plumbing defective; add to this the sultry heat of August and the result was almost intolerable. Happily all this is changed, so far as the First District Court is concerned, and our quarters now are about the best in the city.



The Loafer on the Court-steps.

The Second District is Jefferson Market Court, a busy and active centre. More cases of felony and other important matters are treated in the First and Second districts than in all the others combined.



The Deaf and Dumb Bootblack (Essex Market).

Next comes the Essex Market, or Third District Court, which is the bugbear of the Board. It covers the most thickly populated part of the town, and is a perfect cesspool of crime and debauchery. Low-class Jews from all nations of the earth file in and out all day, both in winter and summer, and there is never a moment's rest within its walls. It seems as if the scum of Europe has been dumped within the territory covered by this tenement district, and the term of service in this particular court may well prove a disheartening one. At all the others it does appear as if some good might be accomplished and some headway made against the tide of criminal offences, but in Essex Market the currents of depravity run too strong, and one leaves it with the discouraging conviction that things are never going to be much better. The Fourth District is in Yorkville, and is notable for being the "Woman's Court;" here we have more cases of abandonment and non-support than in any other.

The Fifth is the Harlem, and is situated in a fine new building; the neighborhood is quiet, and it is quite a model of its kind.

The Sixth, or Morrisania, Court has for its house an old bank building, utterly unfit for the purpose for which it is used. It is situated on the corner of 158th Street and Third Avenue, where the clanging of the trolley-bells, the rush of the elevated road, joined to the rumbling and jar of heavy carts on the granite pavement, are very trying to the nerves, and at times make it wellnigh impossible to hear what is said at a distance of four feet from the bench.

It is the opinion of those who are familiar with the workings of these courts that it would be expedient to redistrict the city, and that several more Magistrates' Courts should be established in the thickly populated vicinities. This would of necessity involve an increase in the number of Magistrates and clerks, a matter which calls for legislative action. At present, even, the work is very heavy, and if the tremendous influx of immigration continues (as to which some figures are given later), without more stringent restrictions against the

illiterate thousands who arrive weekly on our shores, the present number of these courts will be totally inadequate. In the twelve months since their establishment each judge has had before him over 13,000 prisoners; which means that more cases are treated by us than by any other magistrates in the world in the same length of time.

The law prescribes that each Magistrate Court be open from nine o'clock till five on every day of the year, with the exception of Sundays and holidays; on holidays the court adjourns at 12 M., but on Sundays it sits until the business of the day is disposed of. Only those who have had the experience can appreciate the effort of this Sunday labor. In London no magistrate has any duty to perform on this day; but with us, as a rule, more arrests are made on Saturday night than upon any other night of the week, and as the prisoners must be arraigned and tried as speedily as possible, the necessity arises for these Sunday sessions.



Italian (Harlem).

Some information about the London Magistrates' Courts may be of interest, as ours are in a measure modelled after them. In London there are fourteen police courts; to serve these there are twenty-four magistrates, and the law requires that each court be open every week-day in the year except Christmas Day and Good Friday. On the average, each magistrate sits four days a week, and is in attendance from 10.30 A. M. to 5 P. M. He is paid £1,500 a year, and is entitled to a retiring pension according to his length of service.

Now let us see what a day's work in one of our busy down-town courts amounts to. Promptly at nine o'clock the Magistrate takes his seat upon the bench without any formality, and the work begins at once. The hearings are public, and from one to a dozen reporters are in attendance to listen to the proceedings and to make notes of more or less accuracy concerning what is done or said. Some of the court-rooms are uncomfortably crowded, and it is necessary to have them occasionally cleared of morbid curiosity-seekers. This sort of crowd is particularly objectionable at the Sunday sessions, when the court-room becomes a sort of lounging-place for those idlers who seem to be suddenly and spontaneously generated out of space like so many ants—whose industry, however, they do not imitate.

The business, each day, is conducted in the following order:

1. Disposition of Precinct Returns.
2. Hearing Returns on Warrants and Summonses.
3. Hearing and Disposing of Complaints.
4. Examinations Involving the Commitment of Children.
5. Examinations Generally.

When a prisoner is arraigned before a Magistrate he is informed, in the first place, of his rights under the law, and the charge against him is read. He is told of his right to the aid of counsel, or that he may have an examination at once before the Magistrate. In felony cases, if he prefers, he may waive examination and be held for trial in another court. The majority of prisoners, however, are in favor of an immediate examination, and are not represented by counsel. The hearings are necessarily brief, and the decisions must be promptly given. A



A Scorcher (Yorkville).

hitch or delay means a congestion of the work of the day, and all possible speed consistent with fairness to the accused is essential when from eighty to a hundred cases per diem must be decided. The precinct returns, or "the watch," being disposed of, the returns of warrants and summonses are next in order. This is followed by the hearing and disposing of complaints. The complainants are formed in line, and approach the bench one at a time. The Magistrate must listen to all manner of grievances, some frivolous, but most of them well taken, and he should be ready with advice and to suggest the proper remedy in each case.



Patrolman (Essex Market).

A very important part of our duties are the cases involving the commitment of children, or when they appear as complainants; in these we are materially aided by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose agents are constantly in attendance. After all these matters are disposed of, examinations are held, usually in felony or excise cases, where the defendants are represented by counsel; and the hearings sometimes continue for several days.

It is most interesting to observe the many different types and various nationalities seen daily in our courts—Chinese, negroes, Italians, Greeks, Russians, Syrians, and people from nearly every part of the civilized world. The representatives of these nations are most frequently found in the courts of the particular districts in which they have settlements. For instance, the Chinese predominate in the First District Court, which covers Mott, Pell, and Doyers Streets, the "Chinatown" of New York. The Italians herd together in two localities—in Mulberry and Baxter Streets, and in East 111th Street to East 116th Street, from the East River nearly to Third Avenue, where another "Little Italy" is situated. The low-class Italians are prone to commit acts of violence, and they crowd the First and Fifth District courts with perpetual assaults and acts of vindictive revenge.

The class of Hebrews who live packed together in the tenements of the East Side are very litigious, and are constantly flocking to Essex Market Court with their complaints. They seldom commit crimes of violence or bloodshed, but are guilty of all manner of misdemeanors. The Second District has to deal with more negroes than any other, as the large colonies of colored people are found in the vicinity of Jefferson Market. As for the Germans and Irish, they are everywhere.

From my own observations in our courts, I believe that the class of immigrants who flock to our shores and settle in our towns are a serious menace to our institutions as well as a danger to our city.

The statistics of the Commissioner of Immigration show that an inferior class arrived at this port during the past fiscal year, and that the proportion of illiterate immigrants was greater, as the following table will show:

Of 66,445	from Italy,	30,728	were illiterate.	
" 39,859	" Russia,	7,482	"	"
" 23,415	" Hungary,	8,739	"	"

From Turkey and Greece, one-third were illiterates.

In contrast to the above the succeeding table is instructive:

Of 24,957	from Ireland,	1,430	were illiterate.	
" 24,230	" Germany,	410	"	"
" 22,978	" Norway and Sweden,	217	"	"

The average amount of money per capita brought by the immigrants was as follows:

Germans	$38.31
Irish	12.39
Hungarians (lowest of any)	5.89

There were 72,781 more arrivals last year than in the preceding year, and the total number of immigrants was 263,709. Out of this vast horde only 2,624 were deported for failure to meet the immigration requirements. We want no more illiterates from any nation, and it is high time that the exclusion law should be vigorously enforced for our protection. Our public schools are overcrowded by the offspring of these aliens, often to the exclusion of American-born children, as in the case of a decent citizen whose daughter, aged ten, had passed through the primary department of her school, but could not be promoted to the higher grade because there was literally not a seat for one more child in the higher classes. She was forced to return to the primary and go over the same ground again, as her parents could not legally put her to work, nor did they wish to curtail her education.



Sunday Morning Prisoners (Jefferson Market).

It is most interesting to observe the conduct of the prisoners when brought to

the bar. One gets to know the old "rounders," their indifference and general slouchy appearance indicating that they are fit subjects for Blackwell's Island. An excellent law, entitled "the Cumulative Sentence Act," as amended by the last Legislature, is of much service in disposing of the "old-timers" arrested again and again for being drunk and disorderly.

Under this law any person convicted of public intoxication or disorderly conduct may be committed to the Workhouse, or may be fined an amount not exceeding $10.

It is provided that the Commissioner of Correction keep books in which shall be recorded the names of all persons committed pursuant to this act. It is the duty of the Commissioner of Charities to make a written order specifying the date at which such persons shall be discharged. In the case of a first offense, if the fine be not paid, the defendant must be discharged at the expiration of five days from the date of his commitment; second offenders must serve twenty days at the Workhouse, and for each subsequent offense the period of detention is doubled until one hundred and sixty days is reached, and after that each commitment means six months on "the Island."

A fine, therefore, of $3 often means a six months' term at the Workhouse, but this can only happen after at least five previous convictions.

A majority of the cases which we deal with daily are pathetic or dramatic, but there is a humorous side to the work as well, and some of the most ludicrous incidents conceivable come up in our courts. The most common cause of complaint by one woman against another in tenement-house quarrels is that "She called me out of me name." A woman told me that she wanted a warrant against a female acquaintance because, as she said, "Judge, your Honor, she called me a name out of me place, and I want her to prove it."

These petty broils must be given a hearing and settled by such good advice as the complaint suggests.

"He treats me something ridiculous," was the complaint of one much-abused wife against her husband. The man being brought up to answer the charge, and perhaps explain it, answered: "This is a dead piece of jealousy, your Honor; don't mind her."

An old Irish woman came before me at the Harlem Court and wanted her "*boy*" arrested for misbehaving himself in her house. It came out that her "boy" was thirty-eight years old, and when I said to her that he was a pretty old boy, she remarked: "Sure he's not a gu'rl, and I count a boy a man only when he's married." A German with a very much battered head complained that the defendant had made a "dinge" in it, and described the assault about as follows: "He do me a crack on de kopf, like dis, and I do nodings by him."

Many of these people seem to feel that when they make a complaint in court they must use all the high-sounding words they know, regardless of their meaning. The result is sometimes amusing enough to upset the dignity of the bench. One woman



First and Second Generation of Russian Hebrews (Essex Market).

who displayed a bruised and battered appearance finished her complaint by saying: "He left marks of viol*ations* upon me arm, as your Honor can see for yerself." A man whose truthfulness was questioned said: "Does your Honor doubt me *vo*racity?" Another wanted a barber arrested because he had cut his hair in an unbecoming style; and a father brought his son, fifteen years of age, to complain that another barber who had cut his boy's hair had had the impertinence "to shave his virgin lip and chin." I must not forget the case of a complainant who wanted another man arrested for "*definition*" of character, and when told that his remedy must be sought in a Civil Court, he said he had already been to the "Jewdical" Court, and had got no relief there. When one has to do with this style of grievance it is easy to see how a hundred or more cases might come before a single magistrate between nine in the morning and noon of the same day.



Push-cart Types (Essex Market).

Some extraordinary certificates from doctors are produced, chiefly in cases of assault. Here is one handed to me at Essex Market:

NEW YORK, October 2d.

This is to certify, that Mrs. Tiny Rothstein was insulted with involence, and is suffering now from a fracture of the left side rips and blood congession on the lungs.

One witness, on cross-examination, gave, as an evidence of insanity, that the defendant "sometimes laid crosswise of the bed."

A very decent workingman was brought before me at Yorkville charged with intoxication. His excuse was novel and ingenuous. "Judge, your Honor," he said, "I admit I did take a drink or two and it *leant* on me." Another man told me the reason he was picked up helpless in the street was that "Me head ain't good and me feet's bad." A curious expression used most frequently in our courts is, "I did have some drink taken," but men rarely acknowledge that they are unable to take care of themselves.

The pathetic cases far outnumber the humorous ones, but for most of them we find a solution. There are excellent institutions to which we send neglected and abused children, and in many instances we are able to reconcile unhappy families, and obtain needed relief in worthy cases from well-organized charitable societies. There is no lack of charity in New York; when deserving cases for help are known, the remedy is usually at hand. Some of the most desperate examples of cruelty are those to children brought before us as victims of the drunken fury of vicious parents.

"Who did this to you, my boy?" I asked of a frail child of seven, literally covered with bruises.

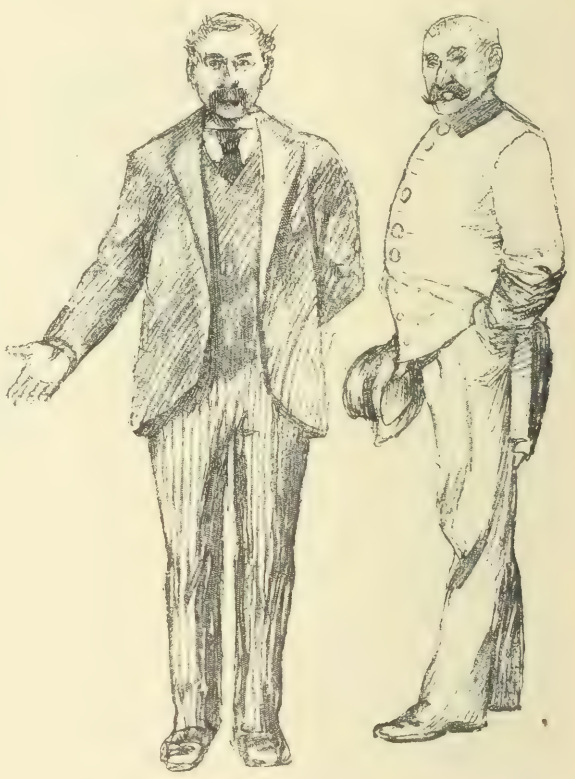
"My Poppa did it," was the reply. When that father was brought up for examination, he maintained that he had every right to beat his own child, if he pleased. For such a parent, and for brutal wife-beaters, the whipping-post is not too severe a punishment.

A sad feature in the life of our overcrowded tenement districts is always the condition of the children. Those belonging to the most ignorant foreigners soon learn the language of the country, or, more properly, of the streets, and it is not unusual to see a little boy or girl brought into court by the parents to act as interpreter. They are very precocious and

familiar with every form of evil and misery. Living as they must, huddled together in squalid houses and with almost no privacy, it is a marvel that there is any modesty or virtue left among them. At present not a day passes when children are not brought into our courts charged with the most serious offences. The fault is largely due to their environment and the bad example of older persons with whom the young are brought in too close relations; and when we realize that many of these juvenile culprits are systematically taught to steal and cheat, and are applauded for lying when it reverts to the interest of those to whom they must look for support, it is like punishing the blind man for tumbling into the pitfalls he cannot see. It is a project for the conception of greater minds than have yet been brought to bear upon the subject, to suggest some better methods of reform for young criminals. To commit them to the reform schools is the best we can do, but scarcely a year elapses without an outbreak of crime in some form in these institutions themselves. To send them back to the wretched homes and vicious surroundings which have inculcated these low tastes and habits is to insure a repetition of the same or similar offences at no distant date. Some of the better class of children, who are sent regularly to school, and who try to make the best of their circumstances, or who come under the influence of our charitable visiting societies, may become good citizens, but until such barracks of tenements as are still standing cease to exist, the chances for any marked improvement, moral or physical, among the very poor are indeed discouragingly small.

A movement in the right direction has been set on foot by the Tenement-house Commission, and there is a hope that this evil will one day be removed from among us; but there may still be found in our East Side districts such crowded blocks of swarming humanity as cannot be exceeded, in the figures of their population, by either London or Constantinople. When we have finally abolished the rear tenement, and when charity gives out *soap* as well as coal and ice, we may look for some signs of improvement in the younger generation of our city poor.

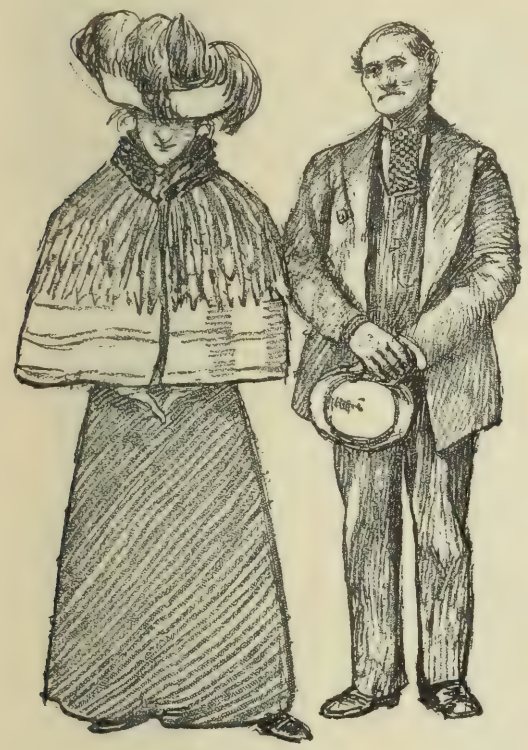
There seems to be no end to the number of push-cart pedler cases. I believe an injustice is often done to the poor Greeks who are chiefly engaged in this business. To be within the law it is necessary for a pedler to procure a license, to wear a metal badge, to have a printed card



Cabby and Fare
(Jefferson Market).

upon his cart, and never to stand for more than ten minutes in one place while disposing of his wares. Daily raids are made upon them for standing over time, and it is not an unusual thing to have twenty-five of these poor creatures arraigned at once. The officers always swear that they timed the men for over ten, and perhaps twenty, minutes, and that they did not move one step in that time. The defendants usually know enough English to say "Five minits, five minits," but that is about all. Now we all know that these people are often a nuisance and greatly in the way, and that it is hardly a legitimate business, but they pay their money for permission to engage in it, and should be allowed to do so as long as they fulfil all the requirements of the law. The police say that the arrests are made because of the constant complaints of storekeepers and householders,

who object to having the pedlers in front of their premises for *any* length of time, and I am inclined to think that the legal allowance is not always accurately measured. The fault lies in licensing these people so freely and indiscriminately. I am informed that there are men who procure



A Cabby's Complaint (Yorkville).

a large number of licenses in which they trade, by renting them out with the badges and push-carts which they own, to the ignorant foreign immigrant with his "five minits' " knowledge of our language.

From a daily contact with the New York Police I am glad to be able to testify to the general good work of the force. I believe the great majority are honest and conscientious in the discharge of their duty; there is no question or doubt as to their courage. The suppression of beggars and tramps is no small part of their work, and in this they are materially aided by the officers of the Charity Organization Society, who are employed to arrest these pests of the city. Such cases appear daily in our courts, and a strong argument was made against a notorious begging-letter writer by one of the agents of the Society. I committed him to the workhouse, but immediately on his release he wrote me a letter, of which the following is a characteristic extract:

NEW YORK Aug. 20th 1896

HON. ROBERT C. CORNELL

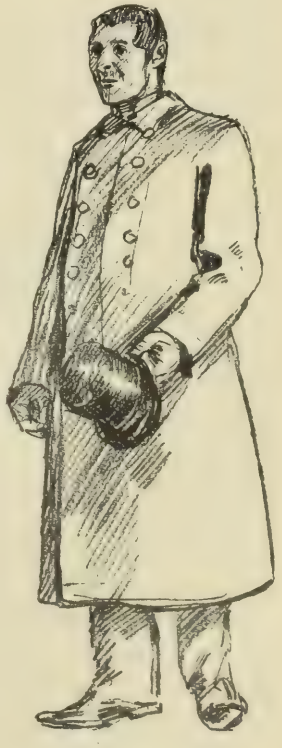
RESPECTED SIR:—As I dont want to resort to the mean & contemptible vocation that I was prosecuted by you for & as all my Relatives have turned their Backs upon Me I ask of you Most Noble & upright *Hon;* Judge as a Man & My blieveing you to be in Your heart *a* Man of humanity to your fallen fellow Man to use You own discretion in You reply to this Letter Wether You think Me Worthy of some temporary help from you in order to sustain Myself for a few days

I Remain Hon. Sir
Very Subserviently Your

Since 1888 this man is known to have lived by writing letters of this sort. Many prominent people have received them written in his rare style and signed at times with his own name, and again with various aliases.

It is refreshing to turn from the contemplation of such a worthless specimen of humanity and to observe what can be accomplished by an industrious and honest man, although brought up in the crowded tenement district and handicapped as well by being born with a serious natural infirmity.

Such a case is that of the deaf-and-dumb bootblack who makes his headquarters at the Essex Market Court, and who is one of the features of the place. I do not know his name, nor am I sure that he has one, but I feel on quite intimate terms with him, and he is a universal favorite with the court and clerks, the police, and the reporters. He does not even understand the usual sign language, but his intelligence is so keen that he seems to



A Cabby (Jefferson Market).



A Push-cartman (Essex Market).

know what is going on about him all the time. He is honest and industrious, and is reputed to have made quite a sum of money at his trade.

The work of the city Magistrate does not cease by any means at the hour for adjournment of court. Many calls are made upon him at his residence, and often he must go at night to Police Headquarters or to station-houses to take bail in cases of arrest for felonies after hours. This is, of course, part of the Magistrate's duty, and is accepted as such, but many of the unnecessary cases are extremely vexatious.

One night after I had gone to bed and was asleep, I was aroused by a servant who told me that a man wished to see me on important business. I interviewed him in the hall, and on asking him what he wanted he said that his brother had been arrested for intoxication. Supposing that he wished to have him released on bail, I advised him that the sergeant at the station-house had the power to take it in such a case. "Oh! no," he said, "I don't want him bailed out; I only called to say to your Honor that I wish you would give him a good talking to for being drunk, when he comes before you in the morning." It is needless to say which of the two brothers got the "good talking to."

Not the least, too, of the petty annoyances connected with this position is the constant intrusion of the reporter, who invariably selects the hour of dinner, or even breakfast, to solicit an interview. On one occasion I was pursued by a man, at intervals of an hour, from seven until ten o'clock in the evening, only to be asked what I intended to do in a certain case which was to come up the next day. He was told that he could go to the court and find out, and to be kind enough not to disturb me again at dinner-time. The following morning his paper contained an article holding me up to ridicule for dining at what he considered unseasonable hours.



Suburban Vagrant (Morrisania).



Types (Jefferson Market).

Although the city Magistrate has summary jurisdiction only in certain cases, it is nevertheless a charge of great responsibility, and to the man who tries to do his duty is fraught with many perplexing situations. In most cases he is judge, jury, and prosecutor, all in one; he must decide all questions both of law and fact promptly upon the presented evidence. The prisoner, of course, has the right of appeal, but in most instances the cases are summary ones and discharged or committed

at once. In Russia the country landowners and lesser magistrates are termed "Little Fathers;" "Bench Father" would seem to be a not unfitting title for the city Magistrate. It is more often in this capacity that he acts. Advice and reconciliation is frequently the summing up of many complaints.



Laundrymen
(Centre Street).

A VALENTINE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

AGAINST this thorny Present shows
  Your memory like the dew;
Each maid a wrinkled Beauty goes,
  When I do think of you.

Folded away in the deep grass,
  What is it can befall?
Nor Clouds that fade, nor Gusts that pass,
  Nor any Grief at all.

Now lovers write their verses brave;
  Now buds start on the tree;
But Love went with you to the grave,
  The sere leaf bides with me.

I have not any word save this;
  My tears are all my store;
The fairer that the weather is
  I miss you but the more.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET

By Henry Cabot Lodge

SOMEONE has said that "the youth of England take their theology from Milton, and their history from Shakespeare." Whether the first proposition is true or false, there can be no doubt that the second holds good, not only as to the youth of England, but as to all who speak or read the English tongue. The history of England which Shakespeare wrote is the history we really know, and the kings he put upon the stage are those who are real and vivid to English-speaking people today. Whatever these sovereigns may have been in reality, we think of them now as Shakespeare drew them. His conception has become that of the English-speaking world, and will so remain.

Life-like as all these royal portraits are, however, there is one that stands out with peculiar vividness. This is the last Plantagenet, Richard III. Some of the historical plays are never acted, and others seldom and irregularly. But "Richard III." is always upon the stage. The tragedy which bears his name goes far beyond the circle of those who read, and passes easily out of the range of occasional "runs" and scattered performances, which are the lot of its companions. It is intensely popular as a play. It packs theatres, it thrills audiences, it stirs the ambition of every aspiring tragedian, and it is ever before the public. Shakespeare's Richard is the best-known ruler England has ever had, for he is as familiar to the shoeblack and the newsboy, innocent of all learning and shouting applause from the gallery, as he is to the patient scholar in his closet, giving laborious days and nights to the mending of a corrupt line, or the settlement of a doubtful reading for some vast *Variorum* edition of the great dramatist.

It is not a hold upon posterity, however, which anyone need envy. Lord Lyndhurst said that the knowledge that Lord Campbell would write his biography added a new terror to death. If Richard could have known that his story would have been told solely by his enemies, and would then have passed into the hands of the mightiest genius among men, to be depicted with all the resources of consummate art and all the prejudices of a servant of the Tudors, he might well have felt that there was a new pang added even to the terrors of a mediæval death-bed. Yet such has been his fate. Shakespeare took the statements of one of the king's bitterest enemies, and from them developed the Richard that we know. In the light of recent discoveries, it is possible now, in some measure, to see how near the great poet came to the historic truth. Richard is so distinct to us in the work of the dramatist that his career is always interesting, and has found many writers who have devoted to it much time and study. With the new materials, however, which modern research has discovered, the subject has risen from the level of a merely curious inquiry about an interesting character and the events of a dark period, to a plane where the great forces of English history are disclosed, and something more than a mere bloody struggle for personal power is revealed.

The first step is to define the Richard we know; the second is to compare this Richard and the supposed events of his life with the facts which the centuries have spared, and which now, after long hiding, have been brought to light. But few words are needed to set forth Shakespeare's Richard, so well is he known to us all. He appears in three plays—the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," as well as in the one that bears his own name and is depicted with that force of drawing and warmth of color of which only one man in all literature is capable. He is drawn with the utmost care and precision of definition, and his career is worked out with unsparing logic. From his first utterance to his last, there is not a break or a slip to mar the artistic completeness of the whole. The man stands before us with all his tendencies, motives,

and passions laid bare, and their consequences are worked out with the relentless force of a syllogism.

Richard makes his first appearance in the second part of "Henry VI.," when York summons his sons to back him in his claim to the crown.

Queen Margaret.—His sons he says will give their words for him.
York.—Will you not, sons?
Edward.—Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Richard.—And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

This first sentence defines him at once as the fighter and the man of action. Then he bandies words with Clifford, who cries :

Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

Thus he is immediately stigmatized as physically hideous, and the first prejudice, that of the eye, is roused against him. The battle of St. Albans follows. Richard kills the Duke of Somerset, and apostrophizing the body, exclaims :

Sword, hold thy temper; heart be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

The last line marks sharply the man whose theory of life is to kill all who cross his purposes, while, as the play closes, his prowess in the battle is also especially emphasized.

In the third part of "Henry VI." Richard figures largely. He is always the great soldier of the Yorkists, the foremost in fight, the most bloodthirsty, and the one who is ever eager for action and for blows. It is he who rallies the army at Towton when both Warwick and Edward give way. It is he who rescues Edward when Warwick imprisons him, and it is Richard who leads the van at Barnet and Tewkesbury. In this play his character is developed, and in the great speech which begins :

Ay, Edward will use women honorably,

his qualities and purposes are minutely set forth.

The play ends with the great scene in the Tower, which Cibber tacked on to his version of "Richard III.," and which is therefore familiar to everyone. Richard kills Henry, and with a cynical jest upon his lips goes his way.

In the tragedy which bears his name there is no need to trace him, for everyone knows it well. It is easy to sum up his character, although an infinity of touches have gone to make the finished picture. In his full and final development, Shakespeare's Richard is a complete monster, physically and mentally, without a redeeming moral trait, except a courage that knows no fear. He is a great soldier, a man of the highest ability —cold, determined, relentless. He is subtle, hypocritical, ingenious, with an iron will and an address which bends all things to his purpose. He is devoured by an ambition for the crown. In this he is the man of one idea, and never for a moment loses sight of his object. He has a savage wit, a biting sarcasm, a brutal frankness, and, at the same time, a smooth, persuasive tongue in time of need. His most marked trait, perhaps, is the cynicism with which he meets every event, and which does not spare even himself or his ambition. There is no softer side, there are no periods of remorse. Moments of superstitious fear occur, but these have no flavor of repentance, and, as soon as he can catch his breath, these shadowy terrors are trampled under foot. The qualities which are especially emphasized in Shakespeare's Richard are savage cruelty, indifference to bloodshed, ability, and a reckless fighting spirit, which finally brings him to his death.

Let us turn now to the facts of history, cold and lifeless, with none of the glow of genius upon them, and see how far the real Richard was like the Richard of the poet. At the outset, be it said that Shakespeare, with his marvellous insight into human nature, could not be the mere reproducer of what Horace Walpole calls "mob stories and Lancastrian forgeries," however much he may have followed them. With the sure intuition of genius he saw much that he could not find in the books he read, and all this came out in the picture. For example, the ambi-

tion of Richard as Shakespeare shows it was in the main true. He came of a race who, for generations, had been occupied in getting and holding thrones; and his whole life had been absorbed, and all his immediate family had been concerned, in a struggle to seize and keep the crown. It is no wonder that to him, so born and so bred, the one thing worth having in life was the royal crown of England. In like manner Shakespeare portrayed truly enough the man's ability, his military capacity, his reckless personal courage, and his strong personal influence over everyone with whom he came in contact. These qualities, admitted alike by friend and foe, we may take as undoubted. All that remains is to see how far the other features of Richard's character, as drawn by Shakespeare, can be sustained by solid and trustworthy historical evidence.

Shakespeare relied for his story upon the account of Richard written by Sir Thomas More, and the slightly varying versions of the same narrative given by Hall and Holinshed. Sir Thomas More's account is now known, and is admitted by all recent authorities to be, so far as the incidents go, the work of Morton, Bishop of Ely, the one whom Richard sends in the play to get strawberries from his garden in Holborn. Morton was one of Richard's bitterest enemies, and a Lancastrian. Even if his narrative had been perfectly clear and consistent, the attitude of the author to the subject would prevent its being accepted on any point adverse to Richard without outside corroboration. But it is not even consistent with itself, and can be pulled to pieces by a critical examination almost without reference to other authorities. Yet it was received for a long time as final, and is still adhered to, even by modern writers, to a surprising degree. The story gained its authority chiefly from the fact that it passed through the hands of Sir Thomas More, who wrote it in a dignified style, and in language which was an immeasurable improvement on any English prose that had then appeared. It was this that gave it weight and acceptance; and as Dr. Mahaffy says of Thucydides, it is astonishing how a solemn manner and a noble style will carry unsupported and unfounded statements without dispute for generations. The work was left a fragment by its reputed author, and was not published in his lifetime. It was not an age of historical research. Sir Thomas More made, and could have made, no investigation in the modern sense. He simply took the tale as it was told him by his patron, dressed it in a fine style, and left it to posterity, who, receiving it through Shakespeare, has found it sufficient to damn Richard with for all time.

Rather more than a hundred years elapsed, and then Richard found a defender in Sir George Buck, an old antiquarian who died in 1623. After his death what he had written about Richard was published, and he was set down as an untrustworthy lover of paradoxes, and passed unheeded. A century and a half went by, and then came another defender in the person of Horace Walpole with his "Historic Doubts." The author's wit and reputation gained fame for the book, which showed much critical acumen, and which fatally discredited the received accounts. But it failed of its purpose, for it was regarded rather as the fanciful recreation of a literary epicure than as the serious historic criticism which it really was.

The present century has produced many painstaking and elaborate histories of Richard III.—notably Miss Halsted's and Sharon Turner's, both favorable to the King, and Jesse's on the other side. None of these writers, however, had access to the vast mass of state rolls and records which have lately been brought to light, and therefore they wrote at a disadvantage. Since then there have been two large works of authority on Richard—Mr. Gairdner's "Life," and Mr. Legge's "Unpopular King." Mr. Gairdner, a specialist on the period, an expert, and a trained historian, with the new material before him and completely master of it, has done more for Richard than anyone else. He has adopted the adverse view, and has undertaken to sustain the traditional and Shakespearian account by the new evidence at his command. As he is perfectly candid, his failure to make the new and unimpeachable testimony bear out the old case is better for Richard's cause than any defence. For, if in his skilled hands the best testimony, beside which the traditional accounts have no standing, is unable to sustain the Shakespearian view, the break-

down is fairly complete, and the time has arrived for the acceptance in history of a view of Richard and his reign very different from that popularly held.

Last of all comes Mr. Legge, as accurate and painstaking as Mr. Gairdner, with all the latter's material at his command and some further new and important matter, which he himself has discovered. Mr. Legge takes what may be called the modern and more favorable view, and supports his case strongly, although in his eagerness he falls into the very natural error of going too far, and of trying to show that Richard was right in all points and clear of blame in many cases where it is impossible to prove his innocence, and where, in the broad historical view, it is not very essential to the general theory to show anything of the kind.

Now, let us consider the facts in Richard's case, not the various theories—for that would occupy volumes, and one hypothesis differs from another not in value, but in ingenuity. For the purpose of this brief study, the undisputed and reasonably certain facts are all we can deal with. Indeed, we have no right to go beyond the story they tell to reach a just conclusion.

Richard III. was the eleventh child and eighth son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and Cicely, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, of the great house of the Nevilles. His father was descended through the female line from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., and thus held an unimpeachable hereditary title to the throne as against the Lancastrians, who derived from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III.

Richard was born at Fotheringay Castle on Monday, October 2, 1452. After his defeat and death, it was stated that his mother was pregnant with him for two years, that he was brought into the world feet foremost by the Cæsarean operation (an experience which his mother, in a manner highly creditable to the surgery of that period, seems to have survived for more than thirty years), and that at his birth he had a full set of teeth and long hair down to his shoulders. These are unusual circumstances—all the more unusual when we reflect that no one noted them at the time, that there is not a scintilla of contemporary evidence to support them, that they were never hinted at until forty years after the event, and that they are absurd on their face. Yet this silly fable has been made part of the traditional Richard, most of it has been gravely used by Shakespeare, and historians have seriously discussed it. It is, of course, only fit, historically speaking, to be consigned to the dust-heaps so much spoken of by Carlyle.

Let us deal with the rest of the physical horrors of Richard, and be rid of them all at once. His deformity is a great feature in Shakespeare, and is used with all Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature to explain much of what would be otherwise incredible. It is the bitterness of the deformed which makes Richard hate the world, which hardens his cruelty, and sharpens his already keen-edged ambition with the desire to overcome the scorn of mankind for defects he could not help, by reaching a place where he could put the world under his feet. Yet there is but little better evidence of his deformity than there is of his having been born with teeth.

The cheerful originator of both legends was one Rous, a monkish writer of Guy's Cliff. He wrote a eulogy of Richard while Richard reigned, and an invective against him after Henry VII. was on the throne. This fact alone disqualifies Rous as an authority, and it is not easy to understand why anyone should take anything he wrote as by itself trustworthy testimony. Yet even Rous, with all his worthlessness, only said that Richard had the left shoulder a little lower than the right. The work of Morton and Sir Thomas More says the right shoulder was lower than the left, and Polydore Vergil, who was not contemporary, says there was an inequality, but does not mention which shoulder was the higher. This conflicting evidence is all there is on the subject, and it only proves that, if there were any deformity, it was so trifling that no one could tell exactly what or where it was.

It is hardly necessary to call witnesses to disprove such triviality as this, but it is easily done, and the refutatión is complete. No contemporary other than Rous even alludes to Richard's deformity, and these others who are silent are the only writers of real authority. Fabyan, the Londoner, who must have seen Richard often, and who was a Lancastrian,

says nothing of any deformity. The Croyland Chronicler, a member of Edward IV.'s council, is equally silent, and so, too, is Comines, although he twice speaks of Edward as the handsomest prince he had seen, thus showing that he noted physical appearance. Stowe said he had talked with old men who had seen Richard, and they declared "that he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." Even Rous himself in his portrait of Richard indicates no deformity. The portraits indeed—and there are several authentic examples—show us a man without any trace, either in expression or feature, of bodily malformation. The face is a striking one, strong, high-bred, intellectual, rather stern, perhaps, and a little hard in the lines, but not in the least cruel or malignant, and with a prevailing air of sadness.

The only other point to be considered in this connection occurs in the famous scene at the council board, where Richard, denouncing Hastings, bares his arm, shrunk and withered as it always had been, according to Morton, and says that it was due to the sorcery of the Queen and others. If it always had been withered, it is difficult to see how Richard could have been so dull as to suppose that, even in that superstitious age, he could make anyone believe that his arm had been lately crippled by the machinations of the Queen and Jane Shore. The thing was in fact impossible. He very probably accused Hastings of witchcraft or conspiracy, or anything else, when he wished to sweep him from his path, but he bared no withered arm, because the King, who at Bosworth unhorsed Sir John Cheney, cut down Sir William Brandon, forced his way through ranks of fighting men nearly to Richmond himself, the general who led the van at Barnet and Tewkesbury, could not have been maimed in this way. The man who performed these feats of daring and of bodily strength must have been quick, muscular, and adroit, a vigorous rider, and skilled in the use of weapons. That he performed these precise feats is proved and unquestioned, and they were not performed by a man with a withered, shrunken, useless arm.

In the way of positive evidence we have the statement of the Countess of Desmond, quoted by Hutton, that Edward, who was notorious for his beauty, was the handsomest man present on a certain occasion, and that Richard was the next. So we may leave the deformity. There is a little poor evidence that it existed in a very trivial form. There is a great deal of good evidence that it did not exist at all. As a physical horror, an index to a black soul, which filled the onlooker with repulsion, the tradition of Richard's deformity is as idle a myth as that about his monstrous birth, and like that may be dismissed to the limbo of historical rubbish.

So far as the facts go, Richard was born much like other people, and did not differ from them in appearance by any malformation. We know nothing of his early childhood, except that he was with his mother in England. During that time his father first took up arms for the redress of abuses, then asserted his claim to the crown, was constituted heir to the throne by Henry VI., and finally was killed in the battle of Wakefield. At this time Richard was eight years old, and all the scenes of the play in which he appears with his father as a full-grown fighting-man of savage temper are necessarily pure invention.

After Wakefield, George and Richard were sent by their mother for safety to the court of Philip the Good, of Burgundy, whence they returned to find their brother, victor in the battles of St. Albans and Towton, firmly seated on the throne as Edward IV. George was created Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester and Admiral of the Sea, and large estates were conferred on both. Richard then appears to have been placed, for training and education, under the guardianship of the great Earl of Warwick. By the time he was fifteen he was out of tutelage, and we hear of him as chief mourner at the ceremonies incident to the reinterment of the bodies of the Duke of York and the Earl of Rutland. A little later we hear of him again with the army upon the Scottish border, and we know that he was then leading an active military life.

Meantime Edward IV. made his foolish marriage with Elizabeth Woodville; the Woodville, or Queen's faction, rose to power, and a series of quarrels ensued with Warwick, which resulted in the great Earl going over to the Lancastrians.

With him went the Duke of Clarence, moved thereto by hatred of the Woodvilles and by the temptation of becoming heir to the crown of Henry VI. The uprising which followed was completely successful. Edward was dethroned and deserted. He fled the kingdom to France, accompanied by Richard, who, boy as he was, remained faithful in the dark hour, while Clarence betrayed his brother, assisted in his overthrow, and plotted to get the throne himself.

Early in the next year, 1471, Edward and Richard landed in England with a mere handful of men, got possession of York, and thence marched rapidly on London, gathering strength as they advanced. Clarence now abandoned Warwick and came over to his brother's side —according to later authorities, induced to do so by the diplomacy of Richard. London received Edward favorably, and on Easter Eve the brothers marched out and met Warwick at Barnet. In the hard-fought battle of the next day Richard, only nineteen years old, led the van and bore the brunt of the fighting. The Yorkists won and Warwick was killed. Meantime Queen Margaret and her son had landed with a powerful army, and less than a month later, on the fourth of May, Edward met and defeated them at Tewkesbury. Again Richard was given the most responsible post; again he led the van, and, storming the Duke of Somerset's intrenched camp, won a quick and decisive victory.

We have now come to the first of his stage murders, in which Shakespeare represents him as a leading participant, the killing of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. Mr. Gairdner, though he does his best by it, honestly admits that this affair is "a tradition of later times," which is a mild way of putting it. There is no contemporary evidence to sustain the charge that the King and his brothers stabbed young Edward. The Croyland Chronicle, the Fleetwood Chronicle, Dr. Warkworth, and two manuscript contemporaries, all say Edward was slain "in the field." It is a distinct affirmative statement. Fabyan later, and Lancastrian, says the King, before whom Edward was brought, struck the Prince with his gauntlet, and that the boy was then slain by the "Kynge's servants." On this statement the fable was built, and even this later writer makes no shadow of accusation against the royal brothers, who were certainly not the "Kynge's servants." But the inferior and later evidence must give way to the higher. The statement of the five contemporaries, who agree with each other, of whom one was present and another a Lancastrian, by all rules of historical evidence must be accepted as final. They say Edward was slain in the field, and give no hint that he was ever brought before the King at all. The whole scene is an invention, but, even if it were not, there is not a suggestion, even in the later writer with whom the tale originated, that Richard had anything to do with the killing of the young Prince.

We now come to the second stage murder, that of Henry VI., which Richard in the play commits single-handed. Henry VI. was confined in the Tower and, after the battle of Tewkesbury, the bastard Falconbridge, who had command of the fleet, came to London to liberate him and renew the struggle. Falconbridge was repulsed by the citizens and retired to Kent, while Edward marched rapidly to London on hearing the news of the revolt. He arrived there May 21st, and passed that night with his court in the Tower, where were held a cabinet council and a great banquet. The next day Richard set out for Canterbury in pursuit of Falconbridge. On the night of May 21st, while all these affairs of business and pleasure were in progress, Henry VI. died or was killed in his neighboring prison. The Fleetwood Chronicle, Yorkist, says he died of "pure displeasure and melancholy" at the disaster which had befallen his family. As he was nearly, if not quite, imbecile, this story seems unlikely on its face. The Croyland Chronicle says that King Henry was found lifeless, and that the "doer thereof deserves the name of tyrant," which though vague can fairly point at only one person, the King, Edward IV. Dr. Warkworth says that Henry was put to death, the "Duke of Gloucester and many others being then at the Tower." Fabyan simply says the King "was stykked with a dagger." The later writers all tell different stories varying from Sir Thomas More, who of

course says that Richard killed Henry with his own hand, to Habington, who blackens Richard in every possible way, but on this occasion defends him and charges the murder direct to Edward and his cabinet council.

That Henry was murdered there can be no reasonable doubt. The rising of Falconbridge had sealed his fate and had shown that, imbecile though he was, he was still a source of danger. How he was killed no one but those directly concerned knew, and they did not tell. The manner of his death was unknown, but there is no evidence whatever of the first class to fix the actual killing on Richard, and a good deal to fasten the responsibility on the King. Apart from the evidence, it is absurd to suppose that the King's brother should have played the part of an executioner. The Tower was swarming with the victorious Yorkists, soldiers of desperate character, inured to bloodshed, and the King's brother-in-law, Earl Rivers, was in command. Henry was a danger and in the way, and it was not an age of scruples. But while generally for the interests of the House of York to be rid of him, it was the especial interest of Edward, and not of Richard, who was then too remote from the throne to be affected at all by Henry's existence. The natural explanation is the one best supported by such evidence as is worth considering, that Henry was put to death by Edward's order or with his sanction. That Richard approved the step it is reasonable to suppose. Most persons appear to have accepted it as a painful but necessary political action, for politics at that time were of that pleasant cast. But that Richard was more responsible than the rest of his family, there is no reason to suppose ; and that he himself went sword in hand and stabbed Henry is not sustained by any good evidence, nor can it be accepted by any fair rules of reasoning.

In any event the House of York was now firmly established, and the last Lancastrian of the legitimate line was gone. For twelve years Edward was to rule England undisturbed. There is no need here to give any account of his reign. It is enough simply to bring together the known facts about Richard during that period. In the first hours of triumph he received his share of the spoils, made larger by the fidelity which he had shown when Clarence played Edward false. He was appointed Lord Chamberlain and steward of the Duchy of Lancaster, and received the forfeited estates of Oxford, a portion of Warwick's, and the whole of divers others. He also received the thanks of Parliament, which indicates that he was popular. Soon after this began the contest about his marriage with Anne Neville. The famous wooing scene in Shakespeare, and his treatment of Richard's marital relations, are pure invention. At the time of the Shakespearian wooing, which must have been May 22, 1471, Richard was in Kent quelling an insurrection, and Anne, who had not yet completed her fourteenth year, was a prisoner in the Tower, having been captured at Tewkesbury with Queen Margaret. She was never married to Prince Edward, and is spoken of as "puella" in the Croyland Chronicle. It is probable that she was betrothed to the Lancastrian Prince, although there are doubts even on this point.

The historic facts are, that Richard and Anne were cousins and had been brought up together, and that after the final settlement of Edward upon the throne Richard sought her in marriage. Anne, however, was the sister and co-heiress of Isabella, daughter of the great Earl of Warwick and wife of Clarence. The Duke of Clarence wished to get all the Warwick estates, and having no mind to divide them with his brother, abducted Anne and hid her in London in the disguise of a kitchen-maid. Richard discovered her, took her away with her own apparent good-will, and put her in sanctuary. Then came a fierce dispute between the brothers, who argued the case before the council, and it was even feared that they would take up arms. Finally the decision went in Richard's favor, the King sustained him, he got half of the Warwick estates, and married Anne, probably in 1473. There is no evidence to show that they lived together otherwise than happily, or that Richard ever neglected her. On the contrary, they were constantly together, she bore him children—one of whom became Prince of Wales ; and the intimation of Shakespeare that Richard had a hand in her death is sustained by no evidence worth considering.

The four years succeeding the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard, who was Warden of the Marches and High Constable, spent almost entirely on the northern borders. It was a difficult position, for there was much disaffection in that region. Richard governed wisely and well, and proved himself a strong administrator. He achieved a popularity in the north which never failed him, and even after his death the people there defended his memory.

In 1475 Edward, after burdening his subjects with terrible taxation, raised a fine army and invaded France. Once there, instead of fighting and winning, as he undoubtedly could have done, he came to a treaty with Louis, and for money down and an assured tribute, withdrew. All the great nobles and courtiers about him were bribed largely and openly, and gave their assent. Richard alone stood out, refused all bribes, and denounced the treaty as shameful. His attitude was as well known as it was exceptional, and established his strength and popularity with the people of England, who, wrung with taxation for a war, resented bitterly the conclusion of a sordid peace.

Soon after the King's return from France the trouble with Clarence culminated. Edward had never been on good terms with his brother George since the latter's double treachery to himself and Warwick. He treated him coldly, and discriminated against him in exemptions and gifts. Clarence sulked and withdrew from court. He was rich and popular, he began to talk about the bastardy of Edward's children, in which case he was the next heir to the throne he had already tried to reach, and finally, on the death of his wife, he set about to marry the daughter of Charles of Burgundy. In a word, he became dangerous. He was arrested, tried publicly, and condemned. The King gave the order for his death, urged thereto by the Woodville faction, but to save a public execution the Duke was assassinated in the Tower in 1478. There is not only no proof, or even hint of proof, that Richard had anything to do with it, but the only fact we know is that Richard endeavored to prevent extreme measures. Even Sir Thomas More admits that Richard's guilt was doubtful, and merely surmises that he really desired Clarence's death, while he openly opposed it. Mr. Gairdner says that there is nothing in the original sources (which clearly prove Clarence's death to have been wholly of the King's doing) to connect Richard with the crime. Yet none the less, and this is a fair example of the way Richard has been treated, he endeavors to throw suspicion on him by showing that he received some advantages from Clarence's death in the way of an estate, and he hints that Richard's religious foundations at that period might have been works of repentance for his brother's execution. The plain truth on all existing evidence is that Richard had nothing to do with the death of Clarence, except to try vainly to prevent it

The year before Clarence's assassination there were indications of difficulties with Scotland, which were fomented by France, and which culminated in war in 1481. Richard, as Lieutenant-General in the north, was in command of the army. He took the town of Berwick, marched on Edinburgh, and entered the city, making a treaty or arrangement with the Lords in control which satisfied the English claims. He then marched back to the borders, besieged and took the castle of Berwick, and thus restored to England the powerful fortress which Margaret and the Lancastrians had surrendered to Scotland twenty-one years before. Throughout he showed the military ability and the administrative capacity for which he was distinguished, and he was thanked again by Parliament.

The following year, on April 9, 1483, Edward IV., worn out by dissipation, died of a surfeit. Long years after, Tudor historians, who felt it necessary to attribute all the current mortality of that period to one source, insinuated a suspicion that Richard, who had not been in London for some time, and who was then at his government in the north, was in some way responsible for the King's death. The story is so silly that it is not worth considering, and is abandoned even by those writers who take the traditional view of Richard. What concerns us here is to trace Richard's subsequent course.

Edward had endeavored to bring about some arrangement before his death which should prevent the war of factions and secure the peaceful accession of his son, Ed-

ward V., then in his thirteenth year. It was in vain. The breath was hardly out of his body before the struggle was begun by the Woodville faction to get possession of the person of the young King and of the government. The Marquis of Dorset, young Edward's half-brother, seized the treasury, and began illegally to equip a navy. The others undertook to raise an army to escort the King from Ludlow, and were only prevented from doing so and compelled to cut the retinue down to two thousand men by the efforts of Lord Hastings, one of the most powerful nobles in the country, and a bitter enemy of the Woodville faction. All these movements were distinctly treasonable, for Richard had been constituted by the will of Edward IV. guardian of his son, and Protector of the realm. The contest, therefore, at the start was between the lawful authority and a powerful faction headed by the Queen.

Richard, on his side, was as prompt as his adversaries. With a small following, and accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, he started for London and succeeded in intercepting the Prince's retinue at Northampton, the Prince himself having been hurried on to Stony Stratford. Briefly stated, Richard arrested Earl Rivers and Lord Grey, the King's uncle and half-brother, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, sent them to prison at Pontefract Castle, and then went on to Stony Stratford. Masters of the young King's person, Richard and Buckingham then marched to London and established their charge in the Tower, which, it should be remembered, was at that period a palace quite as much as a prison. Meantime the Queen, the rising which she had projected having failed, had taken sanctuary with her daughter and her second son, the Duke of York, at Westminster. Then followed six weeks of plotting and intrigue. The Woodville faction held one council in the Tower, Richard another in Crosby Place. Lord Hastings, who had helped Richard against the Woodvilles, had no mind to sustain him in power as Protector—still less as King—and Richard, acting with the suddenness and determination which were part of his character, arrested Hastings for high treason at a council meeting, and had him executed without even a form of trial that very afternoon. At the same time Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, after due trial, were executed at Pontefract.

With the death of Hastings, Richard had swept his last powerful opponent from his path and was master of the situation. From this point he moved rapidly to the throne, which we cannot doubt he had intended from the moment he heard of his brother's death. Into the management by which it was brought about, it is not necessary to enter. He based his claim on the bastardy of Edward's children, owing to the latter's pre-contract with Lady Eleanor Butler. This, although worthless in point of mere justice and according to the ideas of the present day, was at that period a perfectly good technical ground, and Richard produced direct evidence amply sufficient for his purpose. His case was considered so strong that, after his death, Henry VII. ordered all the petitions of the city of London, asking Richard to be King and setting forth the reasons for the bastardy of his nephews, to be destroyed. The accidental preservation of one or two of these petitions has alone enabled us to know on what grounds Richard made his claims. By these it is also proved that the later historians falsified them in saying that they set forth a pre-contract between Edward and his mistress, Elizabeth Lucy, as given by Shakespeare, which was idle on its face, and in suppressing the real pre-contract with Lady Eleanor Butler, which was witnessed by Stillington, Bishop of Bath. Richard was unscrupulous, but he was not fatuous, and he did not attempt to impose on the public so feeble a story of the bastardy as that set forth by Shakespeare.

The city of London petitioned him to assume the crown. After a feigned declination, he consented. The council confirmed the action. Parliament, which had been summoned, and then by a writ of supersedeas—issued probably by the Woodville faction—postponed, met nevertheless and confirmed Richard's title, which was later confirmed again by a Parliament formally brought together. If the bastardy of Edward's children is not admitted, Richard, according to the ideas of that day, was, like Henry IV. and Henry VII., a usurper. According to modern theories he was a constitutionally

chosen King, with the election of lords, commons, council, and city, as much so as any ruler who ever sat upon the throne.

He secured the throne with far less bloodshed than marked any of the changes of the crown from the accession of Henry VI. to that of Henry VIII. He executed three noblemen representing the Woodville faction at Pontefract, and one, Lord Hastings, in London. His action in regard to the Woodvilles was popular and is so admitted by all historians, for that faction was hated as oppressive and luxurious. Hastings's death was regretted, but regarded as a political necessity. Richard's management of the city and of his own claim to the throne was perfectly open, and he became King by the assent of every branch of the government and of the popular voice. Whatever his purposes—and they were no doubt as ambitious and selfish as his methods were violent and unscrupulous—it could not have been otherwise, for Richard did not have the usual weapon of usurpers, an army. It was reported that his forces from the north were coming, twenty thousand strong, to his support. These troops did not arrive until after Richard had assumed the crown, been proclaimed and accepted King, and taken the royal oath. When they came, there were only four or five thousand, according to Fabyan, raw levies in rusty armor and unfit really for service. They remained until after the coronation, but played no part and were not considered as of any importance by the Londoners.

Richard, therefore, reached the crown in eight weeks with no army at his back, and but trifling opposition. He could have effected this on only one condition. The community wanted him. If they had not, he would have been helpless and defeated at the start. It was natural enough, if we look at it without traditional prejudice. Richard was recognized as the ablest man in the kingdom, both as general and administrator. He had opposed the French peace, conquered Scotland, and brought peace to the borders. He was a strong man, capable of rule. On the other side was a boy king whose accession meant a period of violence and disorder as factions struggled for control, and that worst of all tyrannies, the rule of contending nobles. Richard offered the best chance of law, order, and strong government, and that is the sole reason that he was able to carry his adroit schemes to such quick success.

The coronation took place almost immediately, on July 6th, and was performed with great splendor. The new King signalized his accession by a general pardon, extending his clemency even to some of the most bitter enemies of himself and his house. He then set out on a progress through the kingdom. Everywhere he was received with acclamation, and many of the towns voluntarily offered him gifts of money to defray the expenses of his journey, which is the strongest proof of his popularity. Such offers were rare, but Richard declined them all. Every sign that we can now discover points to the fact that he himself was very popular, and that among the masses of the people his accession to the throne was regarded as the best thing that could have happened.

While he was on this progress the report went out that his nephews, the Princes, had died by foul means in the Tower. Thus we come to the deed which has formed the darkest stain on Richard's character, and which has done more to damn him with posterity than all else. Yet, curiously enough, we know less about it and have less evidence concerning it than any other event in his career. The narrative of Sir Thomas More, which has always been the accepted version, carries in itself its own refutation. No outside evidence is needed. Careful criticism of the story, as More or Morton tells it, shows it to be full of contradictions and impossibilities. It falls to pieces on examination. Let us put together what we actually know. The young King Edward V. went to the Tower as soon as he arrived in London, in the spring of 1483. Late in June, just before Richard became King, the Queen-mother gave up the second boy, the Duke of York, and he likewise went to the Tower. Early in the following autumn it was rumored that the royal children were dead. Two of the contemporary chroniclers are entirely silent on the subject. The third merely mentions the report of their death. Nothing was known clearly at that time beyond the fact that a rumor to that effect was abroad. Richard preserved absolute

silence. He never denied the rumor. He never declared the Princes dead as a means of perfecting his title. After his death he was attainted, and in the bill of attainder no mention is made of the murder of the princes. His bitterest enemies did not then number that among his crimes. Not until seventeen years after Richard's death, not until Perkin Warbeck had attempted to personate the Duke of York, and it had become the direct interest of Henry to establish the death of the Princes, did anything like a definite account of their taking off appear. It was then said that Tyrrel and Dighton had confessed to smothering the two boys in the Tower.

Sir James Tyrrel, who had been Master of the Horse under Edward IV. and Richard, and subsequently trusted and advanced by Henry VII., was then in prison for complicity in aiding the Duke of Suffolk, for which he was subsequently executed. Dighton, also in prison, was released and rewarded by Henry VII., because "his statement pleased him." What they really confessed, if anything, is unknown, for all we have is what the King "gave out;" and what the King "gave out" we know only by hearsay and report. This sums up all the meagre evidence in regard to the death of the Princes; for the bones dug up in the reign of Charles II., and honored by royal burial, are worthless as testimony. They might have been the bones of anyone, even of an ape whose skeleton found in a turret passed for a time as that of Edward V., and the place where they were found does not agree with the accepted story, or indeed any other.

All that we actually know, therefore, is that the Princes went into the Tower in the summer of 1483, and though it was generally believed, by their mother among others, that one escaped, there is no proof that they were ever seen again alive outside the Tower walls. We also know that it was rumored in the autumn of 1483 that they had been murdered, and there knowledge stops. They may have been murdered by Richard's order, or have died, being delicate boys, of neglect and confinement. They may have survived Richard and died or been murdered under Henry, whose interest in having them dead was greater than Richard's, for Henry could not, without destroying his wife's title, admit their bastardy. One conjecture, so far as proof and contemporary evidence go, is just as good and almost as well supported as another. We can only fall back on general reasoning. There is no proof that they survived Richard, the rumor of their death started in his time, and it was to his interest to have them out of the way, as movements were on foot among the nobles to assert Edward V.'s claim to the crown. The fairest inference is that they were put to death by Richard's order, and in the darkness that covers the whole business, an inference is all we have. The murder of the Princes is the blackest crime charged to Richard, and although direct proof of it seems impossible, he cannot be relieved from it unless new and positive evidence to the contrary is discovered.

At the time when this sinister rumor started, Richard was confronted with a much more practical danger. The Duke of Buckingham, whom Richard had declined to make too powerful, went into open rebellion, influenced largely by Morton, Bishop of Ely, who had been committed to the Duke's charge as a prisoner. This revolt was the signal for like movements by Lancastrians, the remnants of the Woodvilles, and the Earl of Richmond. It was a formidable situation for a King scarcely three months on the throne. Richard met it with his accustomed courage and capacity. He raised forces, moved with his usual quickness, and struck hard. The risings in the south were crushed, Richmond was repulsed from the coast, while by great floods in the west Buckingham's army was broken and dispersed, and he himself made a prisoner and promptly and justly executed for high treason.

This display of power brought quiet and gave Richard opportunity to enter on the public work of his short reign. It is only possible here to give a summary of what he accomplished, but that is sufficient to show, not only his wisdom and ability, but that he had a strong new policy which ran consistently through every act. It was this policy vigorously carried out which makes good Richard's place as the harbinger of the new epoch,

which vindicates his ability as a statesman, and which at the same time wrought his destruction.

In the first place he had two Parliaments in his short reign. The Plantagenets as a race were not afraid of Parliament, and in their struggles for power they were fond of appealing to the Commons and seeking a parliamentary title. There was nothing of the huckstering spirit which the Tudors showed, and still less of the quarrelsome timidity and bad faith of the Stuarts in the relations of the Plantagenets to their Parliaments. They were quite ready to fight with or domineer over a Parliament, but they were equally ready to meet with it and seek its assistance. Richard was conspicuous for this, and he was equally marked in his regard for the courts. Almost his first act was to take his seat with the judges on the King's Bench, and he devoted himself to re-establishing and strengthening the administration of justice between man and man, and to the enforcement of the laws for the protection of life and property. He abolished Benevolences, the most oppressive form of wringing money from individuals in the form of gifts. It was a cruel system, harsh, unequal, and indeterminate in the amounts demanded. For it he substituted, or rather relied on taxation, which, if burdensome, was at least determinate in amount, and was imposed with some regard to equality and justice.

He prohibited the wearing of any badges or cognizances but those of the King. This was a fatal blow to the private armies of the great nobles, and meant the end of private wars and a check upon constant insurrection. It carried in principle the overthrow of the feudal system, and the substitution of one responsible king for a multitude of irresponsible and petty tyrants.

He gave his protection and patronage to the New Learning. He was the friend of Caxton and the encourager of printing, and ordered that no obstacle should be placed in the way of the introduction of books and of all that could promote the new art in the kingdom. He devised a method of carrying despatches and news in which may be traced the first germ of the letter post. He gave liberally to the Church, after the fashion of his time, but superstitious as he was, he curbed the overgrown power of the clergy, and sought to check some of the gross abuses of the day by bringing them within the jurisdiction of the secular courts. All this, in addition to extensive relations with foreign powers and several progresses through the kingdom, represents a great work for two troubled years, work that only a vigorous mind filled with new and definite ideas could have conceived.

At the close of two years the end came. Richmond landed with a mercenary force, and gathering some of the ever-ready and discontented nobles, marched toward London. Richard rapidly raised a much more powerful army and hastened to oppose him. They met at Bosworth. The royal forces were made up on the old feudal system of bands commanded by nobles, and these bands looked for command to their immediate chief, and not to the King. If the leaders failed or were false their troops went with them, and this was precisely what happened at Bosworth. There was really hardly any battle at all, as we can see from the trivial loss of the invaders. The Stanleys, commanding two large bodies of troops, deserted the King's standard almost immediately, and then turned upon the army they had betrayed. The royal forces were thrown, of course, into panic and confusion. Richard was urged to leave the field. He had ample time and opportunity to escape, but he refused. "I will die as I have lived," he said, "King of England." The wild fighting spirit of the Plantagenets was roused. Putting himself at the head of a handful of faithful followers, he charged straight into the enemy's lines, making for Richmond himself. He unhorsed Sir John Cheney, a knight of gigantic stature. He cut down Sir William Brandon, Richmond's standard-bearer, and mortally wounded him. His desperate valor brought him nearly to his rival, and then the men of Stanley closed in around him and he was beaten to the earth and killed with a hundred blows from the hands of the common soldiers. His crown was found later in a hawthorn bush. His body disappeared. There are various accounts as to what befell it, but it is only certain that it was obscurely buried.

So fell the last Plantagenet, fittingly upon the field of battle, heading a desperate charge. So fell also the first King who saw the coming of a new time in England, and who was great statesman enough to begin a policy which would break the power of the nobles, overthrow the feudal system, and bring from the union of crown and people law and order out of chaos and anarchy. The accepted tradition is that Richard was overthrown because he was so universally hated for his cruelty and tyranny that everyone was eager to desert him and to compass his downfall at the first opportunity. For this tradition there is no solid foundation. To begin with, Richard was not a tyrant. All his legislation and his whole general policy were popular and liberal. As to his cruelty, admitting once for all every crime that can be charged against him on any reasonable evidence, the cold-blooded execution of Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey, and the murder of the Princes, there is no doubt that, according to the views of the nineteenth century, Richard was indifferent to human life, bloodthirsty, and cruel. He did not live, however, in the nineteenth but in the fifteenth century. He lived among feudal nobles in a period of constant and savage war, and in a society whose views as to the sacredness of human life and as to murder, treachery, and the like, were those of North American Indians. If Richard be tried by the only proper standard, that of his own time, he will be found to be, not more but less, cruel and bloody than either his predecessors or those who came after him. The act which has especially blackened his memory is the mysterious removal or murder of the Princes. Yet Clifford, backed by Margaret of Anjou, had killed in cold blood Richard's brother, the Earl of Rutland, a boy of sixteen, while Henry VII. imprisoned and executed the feeble-minded Earl of Warwick, the son of Clarence. In mere numbers of executions, excluding, of course, on both sides those who were taken in open rebellion, Richard has much less to answer for than Queen Margaret or Henry VII., and far less than Henry VIII., who put to death anybody who happened to be distasteful to him on political, personal, or religious grounds. There was no public opinion in that day against putting to death anyone who had played and lost in the great struggle of politics. Executions were a recognized part of the business. When the game went against a statesman in those days, as Mr. Speaker Reed once said, he did not cross the aisle and take his place as the leader of His Majesty's opposition ; he was sent to the Tower and had his head cut off. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* At every turn of the wheel in the long struggle between the Lancastrians and the Yorkists, the victorious party always executed every leader of the other side upon whom they could lay hands. Such were the rules of the society, and such the politics in which Richard was brought up, and he played according to those rules and without excess, paying the final forfeit himself with undaunted courage.

Nothing is farther from the truth than the notion that Richard was unpopular with the masses of the people. He had never injured them, and they did not care how many nobles or princes he put to death. There is no evidence that there was any popular uprising against Richard at any time, but on the contrary, all the evidence we have shows that he was supported and liked by the people, especially in the north, where he was best known. This was but natural. Richard represented law, order, and authority. All his legislation was for the benefit of the people, and they knew it. Their enemies and his were the same, and they knew that too.

Yet it is true Richard was hated. Fabyan records that there were mutterings against him on the very day of his coronation, but the men who muttered thus under their breath, according to the old chronicler, were the nobles, not the people. Now we come to the real unpopularity of Richard. He was hated by the classes, not by the masses. The nobles who had opposed him hated him because he had beaten them ; those who had supported him, because they found a master when they intended to have a puppet. All classes of the nobility soon grew to hate him with a common and bitter hatred, because they recognized in him the enemy of their order and saw that every move he made tended to destroy their power. He was fighting the battle of crown and

people against the feudal system of petty tyrants, and the nobles, who saw political and military ruin advancing upon them, rose against the King who led the march. They raised a rebellion under Buckingham and failed. They took breath, set up a claimant to the throne, supplied him with forces, and then, by treachery, wrecked the royal army at Bosworth, and slew their foe. It was their last effort; they were exhausted and, although they had changed kings, they had not changed royalty or checked the movement of the time. The feudal system fell at Bosworth with the King who had given it its death-blow and marked out the road for his successor to follow.

It is here we come on the real importance of Richard III., when we find him a part of the great movement of the time, and leading the real forces which make history. If Richard's character as a man were all, it would not be more than a matter of curiosity to inquire into the truth concerning him. But behind this personal question there rises one of real importance, which has just been indicated, and to which those who have written upon him have given but little attention. On this side we are no longer dealing with doubtful or prejudiced chroniclers, no longer delving in dark corners whence the best issue is a probability. Here we come out into the broad light of day, where our authorities are the unquestioned witnesses of laws and state records, which tell us nothing of persons but much of things. In them, as we have seen, a strong consistent policy is disclosed, and that policy reveals to us the great social and political change then in progress.

It was the period when an old order of life was dying and a new one was being born. The great feudal system of England was drawing to its unlamented close. It had worked out its destiny. It had rendered due service in its time, it had curbed the crown in the interests of liberty, but its inherent vices had grown predominant, and it had come to be a block to the movement of men toward better things. In its development the feudal system had ceased to be of value as an aid to freedom against a centralized tyranny. It had become purely a dissolving and separatist force. When it culminated under Henry VI., we can see its perfect work. The crown, the central cohesive national power, had ceased to be. The real rulers of England were the great nobles, who set up and pulled down kings and tore the country with ambitious factions. Warwick was the arch-type, and the name he has kept through the centuries of the "king-maker" really tells the story. More men wore his livery and cognizance, more men would gather to the Bear and Ragged Staff of the Nevilles, than the king himself could summon. In a less degree all the great nobles were the same. Each was practically the head of a standing army. If the king did not please them, they took up arms, set up another king, and went to war. As they were always rent into bitter factions, the king could not please more than a portion of the nobility at any time, and the result was organized anarchy or the Wars of the Roses. The condition was little better than that which led Poland to ruin and partition.

The other powers in the state were king and people. To both the situation was hateful. The king did not like to hold his crown by sufferance and lie at the mercy of two or three powerful subjects. The people, especially in the towns, began to long for peace and order, and greatly preferred the chance of one man's tyranny to the infinitely worse oppression of a hundred petty tyrants. Steadily king and people were drawing together, and the only question was when they would be able to crush the feudal nobility and break their power. Edward IV. saw what it was necessary to do, and made some spasmodic efforts in the right direction. But Edward, although a brilliant general, was no statesman. He was too sensual, too indolent, too worthless, except on the field of battle, for such work. Richard was as brilliant a soldier as Edward, but he was also a statesman, and he was neither sensual nor indolent. Short as his reign was, a great work was done, and we have seen that a clear, strong policy of maintaining law and order and of crushing the nobility runs in unbroken line through his statutes.

It was wise and able work. Unluckily for himself, although it made no difference in the result, Richard was just a little too early. The feudal nobility were dying,

but not quite dead. There were still enough of them to set up a claimant for the crown, still enough to betray Richard and kill him on the field of battle. He was their enemy, and as a class they knew it. It was not his cruelty, even if we admit as true all the Shakespearian crimes. Executions and murders of royal and noble persons were too much the fashion of the day to base a campaign on for the crown. They called Richard tyrant and murderer and "bloody boar," and he retorted with proclamations in which he denounced them not merely as traitors but as murderers, adulterers, and extortioners. There was just as much truth in one charge as the other, and neither was of any importance in the fight. Mr. Legge is right in saying that there was no national or popular uprising. Indeed the people of York mourned publicly over Richard's "treacherous murder," when such lamentation was far from safe, and quarrelled in defence of his memory six years later. There was, in reality, no reason for a popular revolt against Richard, for, as has been shown, all his legislation and public acts made for the benefit of the people as much as the crown, and, as Richard represented the new movement in politics, was bound to do so.

If Richard had been a little more thorough and a little more cruel; if he had sent Lord Stanley to the block as his successor afterward did, and as he was warranted in doing by the code of the day; if he had sent Stanley's wife along the same road and procured, as he might have done, the murder of the Earl of Richmond, all would have gone well with him. He would have died, probably, according to his sneer, "a good old man," and he would have left an immense reputation as the king who stamped out feudalism, opened the door to learning and civilization, brought crown and people together, consolidated the English monarchy, and set England on the triumphant march of modern days. His executions and cruelties would have been glossed over, and his exploits and abilities enlarged. But he struck the first intelligent blow from the throne at the anarchic nobility, and they had still strength to return the blow, kill him, and then load his memory with obloquy.

Richard's immediate vindication as a statesman lies in the fact that his successor continued his policy, and, enforcing the law against private liveries, fined heavily his great supporter, the Earl of Oxford, because on a royal visit the Earl received him with two thousand retainers wearing the cognizance of the house of Vere. The movement toward the consolidation of the monarchy and the development of the people as a force proceeded from the points fixed by the last Plantagenet. Richard came just at the dawn of the new movement, and thus marks by his reign no less than by his legislation a turning-point of momentous importance in the history of the English-speaking race.

He was the beginner of new things, but he was also the end of an old order. He was the last of a great dynasty. For four hundred years the Plantagenets held the English throne. In all history there has never been of one blood and of one lineage, unbroken and untainted, a reigning family which has shown so much ability of so high an order. They produced great soldiers and great statesmen, and these were the rule. The weaklings were only a few marked exceptions. They were essentially a royal, ruling, fighting race. Their end was coincident with that of the old feudal nobility and its system. The change was startling. The great dynasty of fighting monarchs and statesmen was succeeded by a set of bourgeois kings. Henry VII. was the grandson of an obscure Welsh gentleman, and his methods answered to his origin. He was a shrewd, able man, unscrupulous and crafty, every whit as cruel as Richard, and, as Horace Walpole says, one of the "meanest tyrants" who ever sat upon a throne. He recognized in the light of what Richard had done the true forces of the time and went with them. But the old conquering, adventurous spirit of the Plantagenets had gone, and the bourgeois monarchy had come. A bourgeois monarchy it remained, despite the false romance cast over the Stuarts, and became more so than ever when a third-rate German family was called to the throne. In the four hundred years since the Plantagenets there have been three dynasties in England, Oliver Cromwell, and William of

Orange. Among them all, since the last Plantagenet fell at Bosworth, closing a long line of statesmen and warriors, England has had but two great rulers, and one was a country squire, the other a Dutch prince. There was ability in the Tudors and common-sense, much meanness and cruelty, and highly imperfect morals. Of the Stuarts Charles II. had some sense, but the rest had neither sense nor morals, and were as worthless a family as accident ever brought to a crown. The Guelphs have answered their purpose, but it would be flattery to call them mediocre in ability. It is a picturesque contrast to the brilliant Plantagenets, and yet it must be admitted that these mediocre bourgeois sovereigns, in the main plain and sensible folk, have been best probably for England and for the marvellous development of her people.

The change in the nobles was no less sharp than in the occupants of the throne. The old feudal nobility was practically extinct when Henry VII. came to the throne, and new men took their places. This old nobility had grievous faults, and their political system was deadly. They were sunk in superstition ; not merely the superstition of the Church, but that of the necromancer and the witch, the wizard and the soothsayer. In cruelty and bloodshed they had the habits of Red Indians. They were illiterate, tyrannical, vindictive, and often treacherous. Yet, despite all this, they were brave and adventurous, a fighting, conquering, ruling class. As to the crown a bourgeois monarch, so to the dead feudal nobility a bourgeois nobility succeeded. Empson and Dudley typify at the worst the new men who rose to power under Henry VII. The new nobility was a land-grabbing, money-getting set. They plundered the Church and seized her lands ; they inclosed the commons and added them to their domains. As a class they were sharp political managers, rarely statesmen, and they had none of the bold, adventurous spirit of their predecessors. They made no wars, they sought no conquests, they engaged in no dangerous enterprises. If the old nobility had the failings usually attributed to pirates, their successors had the faults commonly given to usurers.

Last remained the people, who were not extinct nor dethroned, but who were just taking the first painful steps which were to lead them to supremacy. The abolition of military tenures and the breakdown of the feudal system wrought a great change in their condition. Villanage disappeared, and from holding land by military service they became rent-payers. Then the commons were inclosed, and the struggle for life became desperate. Some were forced down until they sank into agricultural laborers. Others remained tenant farmers ; others rose to be small squires and country gentry. Very many were forced off the land and took to the sea, to trade, to the professions. In the earlier days the daring English spirit was embodied in her Plantagenet kings and her feudal nobility. After the coming of the bourgeois monarchy that spirit deserted kings and nobles, but it was as strong and undimmed as ever in the descendants of the men who had drawn the bow and followed the Edwards and the Henrys at Poictiers and Cressy and Agincourt. While the bourgeois kings and nobles controlled England, she displayed, as a nation, none of the old spirit. We find it then only in men like Drake and Raleigh, but they came from the people, from the old fighting stock. At last crown and people clashed, and under Cromwell England rose once more to the rank of a great power able to dictate to Europe. The Plantagenet spirit came again with the man of the people. There was a brief interregnum, then the descendants of the feudal retainers consolidated and obtained control of the nation ; and, beginning with William and Marlborough, England entered on that wonderful course of conquest and extension which ran through the whole eighteenth century, and subdued new continents and old civilizations alike. The spirit of the Plantagenets and their nobles came to a new and more glorious being among the descendants of the men who had followed them, and while the bourgeois nobility produced the Duke of Newcastle, the commons of England gave her the elder Pitt.

Such was the change which began under Richard, and which modern research among rolls and records has brought to light by exhibiting to us the course and purpose of his legislation. The importance of his place in history is plain enough

to those who care to look into it with "considerate eyes." The ability of the man, his greatness as a soldier, his wisdom as a statesman are also clear. These things were his alone; while his crimes and his overmastering ambition, although his own too, were also the offspring of his times, of which he, like other men, was the child and prototype.

Yet the helplessness of history when it comes in conflict with the work of a great imagination has never been more strikingly shown than in the case of the third Richard. Historians and critics may write volumes, they may lay bare all the facts, they may argue and dissect and weigh and discuss every jot and tittle of evidence, but, except to a very limited circle, it will be labor lost so far as the man Richard is concerned. The last Plantagenet will ever remain fixed in the popular fancy by the unsparing hand of genius. To the multitude who read books, to the vaster and uncounted multitude who go to the theatre, there will never be but one Richard, the Richard of Shakespeare. There in the drama and on the stage he has been fixed for all time, and nothing can efface the image. He will be forever, not only to the English-speaking world, but to the people of Europe, to whom Shakespeare's language is an unknown tongue, the crook-backed tyrant. Always, while art and letters survive, will the last Plantagenet limp across the stage, stab Henry with a bitter gibe, send Clarence to his death with a sneer, and order Buckingham and Hastings to execution as he would command his dinner to be served. The opinion of posterity probably does not trouble Richard much since the event at Bosworth; but if it did he nevertheless has one compensation. Despite the lurid light in which he appears, it is still he, and not his rival, who has the plaudits of the countless people who have watched, and will yet watch, his career upon the mimic stage. They know that he is a remorseless usurper, a devil incarnate, for it has been set before them with the master's unerring art. But the same art has shown them the man's ability and power, his force of will, and his dauntless courage. When the supreme moment comes, the popular sympathy is not with Henry, loudly proclaiming his virtuous sentiments, but with his fierce antagonist. The applause and cheers which greet the final scene are not for the respectable Richmond, but for him who kills five Richmonds, who enacts more wonders than a man, and who dies King of England, hemmed in by enemies, as full of valor as of royal blood, desperate in courage as in all else, fighting grimly to the last like a true Plantagenet.



Sign Manual of Richard III.

W. J. Baer, pinxit.



THE MINIATURE PORTRAIT

By Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield

IF Greek legend whispers that the portrait art was discovered by affection when the potter's daughter traced the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, prosaic research proves that the miniature portrait also owes its origin to tenderness.

When the flower of French knighthood jingled away southward to the Italian wars with Charles VIII., some disconsolate lady, left behind with no defence against regrets and heartache but a needle or a novel, had an inspiration. Why not replace the image of Madonna or patron saint, which pious usage had hung around all Christian throats, by a tiny portrait of him who loved and rode away? A device so simple and so practical attained immediate popularity. There was no lack of skilled miniaturists and there was a touch of romance in the idea of having the image of the beloved always present, which appealed to a court where gallantry had inherited the language and ideals of chivalry.

The life-size portrait had an official character, it was the property of the family, of the *gens;* its place was above the hearth, between the blazoned shields; it was immovable, and counted as an item of household furniture; but the miniature, the little picture that could be

covered by a kiss or hidden in the palm of the hand had an intimate and personal quality, it was a pledge of affection, often a gage of stolen joys; it could be carried by the exile in never so hurried a flight, could be concealed in the lid of a comfit-case, in the filigree of a pomander, set under a jewel, or slipped beneath the linen and lace and worn on the heart whose beats its pressure quickened. Above all, it ministered to that desire or necessity for secrecy, dear to lovers, that manifests itself in ostrich-like subterfuges which so effectually deceive those who practise them.

Thus the miniature, that all through the Middle Ages, even when Jean Fouquet painted and Agnes Sorel posed, had been shut between the jewelled clasps of the missal was secularized by love. It still retained something of its ecclesiastical origin in the exquisite precision of its execution, and in all probability it was kissed as fervently, and contemplated as



THE HOURS.—THE PAST, THE PRESENT, THE COMING HOUR.—PAINTED IN LONDON BY EDWARD G. MALBONE IN 1801.

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THE GOLDEN HOUR, BY W. J. BAER.

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devoutly, as the holy image whose place it had usurped.

The high finish which the miniature demanded commended it to popular taste and especially to women. The lady of the Renaissance, no matter how lofty her rank, was always a most valiant needlewoman, a cunning embroideress, a worker of interminable tapestries and altar-cloths. These occupations had increased her feminine love of detail rather than of general effect, and over-developed her inborn appreciation of the pretty, the dainty, and the exquisite. This tendency, which has never failed to show itself in the arts when the influence of woman is predominant, insured the triumph of miniature.

There was still another reason for this triumph: Diderot tells us that the word miniature, originally written *mignature*, comes from *mignard*, delicate, flattered; "in truth, miniature by the smallness of the objects that it represents, and their high finish, seems to flatter and embellish nature while imitating her, an effect common to all things that are reduced from a large to a small size."

It was natural enough, then, that in less than twenty years after the first Italian expedition miniature painting should take its place among the arts. Great painters like Holbein practised it, and Clouet's remarkable crayon drawings in the Louvre are the preliminary studies for miniature portraits. Brantôme's Lives abound in all kinds of allusions to these tiny *chefs-d'œuvre*, from the story of the knight who died kissing the portrait "*d'une très grande*," that he took from under his cuirass, to the anecdote of the



W. J. Baer, pinxit.

false Gascon risking his lady's picture on a cast of the dice.

Through the seventeenth century the vogue of the miniature constantly increased, its minute and laborious technique, its hard, brilliant color, its daintiness, endeared it to the finical taste of the *Précieuses* and to the fops and beauties of the English and French courts. It was an indispensable wedding-gift, and the necessary adjunct of every love-affair. The painting of these miniatures was dry, mechanical, and airless, many of them were executed after certain well-known *formulæ* and copied from engravings. The direct study from nature of the model, which was universal in the preceding century, the human quality which informs the wonderful miniatures of the Pitti Gallery, the Anne of Cleves of Holbein, and the Elizabeth d'Autriche of Clouet, had disappeared.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Rosalba Carriera, a Venetian painter, was invited to Paris by Law, the inventor of the famous "system." In her hands miniature, which had become a costly toy, shiny and lifeless as the precious stones and the gold of its frame, again took rank as a work of art. The dry, sharp strokes with the point of the brush were abandoned for an ampler, broader touch with the side of the brush, the model was " enveloped " in soft, diffused light, the draperies became diaphanous, and the flesh tones pearly. In a word, the opalescent tints of the sea city, the translucent shadows and the luminous haze of the lagoons were reflected in the miniature. Rosalba introduced the use of ivory instead of the parchment or vellum on which the older miniatures had been painted ; its fine grain and exquisite creamy color made it the best of

surfaces for the portraits of women and children; in many of these it seems to palpitate and breathe, to radiate light like smooth, polished flesh, and no material was better adapted to the delineation of the velvety bloom of early youth or the satin sheen of white shoulders.

Rosalba Carriera founded a school whose traditions lasted through the eighteenth century, that golden age of miniature. They were everywhere, these "pictures in little;" on every toilet-table, in all the boudoirs, on the lids of the sweetmeat-, tobacco-, and patch-boxes; they nestled among the powdered curls of the lofty head-dresses, and in that epoch of demonstrative sentimentality every "delicate female," every "man of feeling," was obliged to have a collection of miniature portraits of relatives, friends, and even of defunct lap-dogs and canary-birds.

The Revolution came and went, but the taste of the old *régime* for miniature persisted; to it we owe the best portraits of Robespierre, Couthon, Saint-Just, and many another protagonist in the sombre drama. The miniature was a precious consolation to the exile and the prisoner, but it was often a traitor as well. It was the portrait of Buzot, "the dear picture" of "*toi que je n'ose nommer*," found in the sweepings of a vegetable stall that betrayed to posterity the secret of Madame Roland, and when Voltaire took the ring containing his miniature from the cold hand of the dead Madame du Châtelet he discovered that his portrait had been replaced by that of a rival, Saint-Lambert.

Meanwhile the miniature itself was greatly influenced, both in France and England, by the change in manners and costume which the "return to nature" and the admiration for antiquity had effected. Classic drapery lent itself to coquettish indiscretions, and "a sweet disorder in the dress," which in the life-size portrait would have been considered indecorous, became a mere convention. The stiff bodice was unlaced, the powdered curls loosened, the lawn slipped off the shoulders. To this *laisser-aller* the prim and formal costume of the men formed a humorous contrast. Simultaneously a movement toward idealization in portraiture took place. Isabey discovered a diaphanous, iridescent atmosphere most flattering to his sitters. Cosway saw most women through his favorite type, that of the nymph, or rather the fauness, which had been so well incarnated in Emma Lyon, while in America Malbone refined his models by lending them an air of reserve and dignity.

By the end of the first quarter of the present century miniature began to decline, photography destroyed it as printing had annihilated caligraphy. At present there is a decided tendency to revive this delicate art, and any visitor to the "salons" of Paris or the galleries of New York will be impressed by the increased number of miniatures on exhibition. Unfortunately, with some honorable exceptions, too many of these are commonplace performances, lacking in vitality and mechanical in execution. It is therefore at once a surprise and a pleasure to find among our younger painters one who seems eminently qualified by temperament and training to continue the traditions of the American school of miniature—this is Mr. Baer, whose only masters in this now wellnigh lost art were the observation of nature and the study of such examples of Malbone and Stagg as he was able to find in our New York collections. Mr. Baer unites to the capacity for characterization a broad and painter-like handling and a knowledge of construction, which he owes to his training in the art schools of Munich, but his greatest charm is in his color, color gem-like and flower-like, which runs a whole gamut from the deepest and warmest tones to the most delicate and brilliant of pearl and opaline tints. In addition to this color-gift Mr. Baer also possesses the patience and fidelity of the true miniaturist, and his work is characterized by a certain sincerity which is not the least of its attractions.

It is pleasant to think that so able an artist has devoted himself to the revival of the miniature portrait which we hope is again to be counted among our household treasures. Its potentialities, the suggestion of romance and mystery that cling about it like a faint scent of amber and its tender associations render it worthy of a place among our Penates.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AMERICANS have a reputation for after-dinner speaking which, whether or no it concern them to conserve, they are, it seems to me, in some danger of losing. If the practice went with the reputation, this would undoubtedly be a relief. Digestions in great numbers would benefit by the change. Nothing would tend more to alleviate the national dyspepsia than the disappearance of this national sport. Nearly every public dinner (and a dinner now becomes a public one on the slightest provocation) serves chiefly as an excuse to bring people together for the purpose of this indulgence, and the emotions excited in the grand sympathetic system by the prospect of being called upon to "say something" are gastrically deleterious in a high degree. It is still worse if the summons comes unexpectedly in the midst of the digestive process. You go to the dinner of the Society of Moral Painters, for example. The chances are that you have no views on the subject of moral painting that are at all unfamiliar to the moral painters themselves, but either you are studying throughout the repast how to say this pleasantly, or you are suddenly asked to do so at the moment when, confident in your supposed immunity, you are tranquilly enjoying the sufferings of others. Such confidence is nowadays, indeed, pure fatuity. The acceptance of a dinner invitation by no matter how humble and viewless a person is a tacit admission of his liability to postprandial service. Old hands at the business understand perfectly the hygienic conditions of it, and either eat almost nothing or drink a great deal. But the amateurs are probably steadily, if subtly, impairing their health.

After-dinner Oratory.

This is a state of things in which no art can be pursued successfully. It breeds insensitiveness of all kinds and operates more or less obscurely to produce the prevailing indifference to the quality of the after-dinner speech itself. The result is the widespread deterioration of the latter, which has, in fact, from a fine art become a variety of sport, as I said. Most after-dinner speeches nowadays display at the same time a deplorable incapacity in this direction and a singular unconsciousness of it. Of these there is the glib variety, in which the characteristic phenomena of the ideal performance seem more or less present, but are handled with inherent inefficiency. And there is the halting and confused kind which awakens alarm in the listener as to how the speaker is coming out, without, however, causing any concern in the speaker's own mind, as is evident from his relentless persistence. These constitute at present, perhaps, the larger number. But there is also a respectable minority composed of comparatively unwilling orators, who do not thus unite complacency and incompetence—moths, nevertheless, to whom the after-dinner speech is of many candle-power, who are fascinated and singed by its flame in tragic but tiresome fashion at every feast, and whose manifest pain is depressingly shared by the humane among their hearers. Finally there is a small but noticeable class who would sincerely prefer to remain silent, but who are overborne by the force of circumstances, by the cordial insistence of the presiding functionary, and by the general belief that anyone can "say something," and that it is churlish not to make a postprandial Helot of one's self on demand.

Amid the activities of all these orders of orators the art can but suffer. It is, to be sure, largely true that in a multitude of practitioners there is proficiency. But the maxim loses its force in the absence of any criterion

and its rigorous application, which is here the case. "Everything goes" is not a motto that augurs well for advancement in any art, especially in one so ochlocratic as the postprandial. The truth is that the art of after-dinner speaking is one of the most difficult as it is one of the most admirable of the fine arts, taken in their extended sense. This, of course, is why, on strict antinomian principles, it is so extremely popular with us; when we see what we want we do not weakly stand upon the order of our going for it because there happen to be difficulties in the path. But it not only demands that one shall have something to say and know how to say it. Those are the requirements of mere oratory in general. After-dinner oratory demands in addition that one should know what to say and how to say it about next to nothing at all. The art is necessarily delicate and almost evanescent in proportion to the slightness of the substance, and if the substance be too serious, the intolerable paradox of postprandial pedantry is the consequence. "Lightly running amuck at an august thing" is admittedly reprehensible, but it is not so damaging to the end aimed at as are light gymnastics in heavy armor. Misconception as to these difficulties is responsible for our present mob of after-dinner orators, of many of whom we may say with Taine, speaking of Mr. Dick and similar characters of Dickens: "They make us laugh and they make us shudder." The only remedy is a twofold change in public sentiment. Those who wish to preserve the national reputation in this respect should in the first place remorselessly apply a high standard to all practice, and sternly discourage the amateur. In the second place they should respect the wishes of the comparatively infrequent diner who realizes that proficiency is beyond his reach, whose time is profitably employed to ends that preclude the requisite training, and who appreciates a fine thing too much to be compelled to vulgarize it in his own person and against his will.

LIFE is a process of learning to restrict one's desires or to hold them tentatively, and so far is this training carried that even when we indulge in obviously vain wishes most of us feel it incumbent upon us not to let them become too extravagant. We strive to compromise with fate by forming wishes which, while plainly impossible of realization, are not so wildly impossible as those we might make were it not for this restraining influence. Probably it is owing to this unconscious economy of desire that we all so often find ourselves echoing Burns's wish:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

An Amended Wish.

For what a meagre and unsatisfactory wish it is when one comes to think of it! It appears to be based on an optimistic but rather fatuous belief that "others" are always clear-sighted and impartial observers, and sufficiently interested in ourselves to pass intelligent judgment on us. If this were so, their opinions would certainly be well worth considering; and if wishes were horses then beggars could ride. But under existing circumstances what conceivable profit or pleasure, except the gratification of a transient curiosity, could a sensible man gain by sharing the narrow, one-sided, and prejudiced views of his character, which are all that any outsider, barring, perhaps, a few intimate friends, can possibly possess? Of what value would be the opinion of one's self held by the man with whom one has just disagreed on the currency question, the beggar to whom one has refused a quarter, or the unmusical neighbor who objects to one's cornet? These people have views, and pronounced ones, too, on one's character and intellect; but I, for one, am well satisfied that the restraints of society prevent their expression.

Even when the "others" are nearer to us and have better opportunities for judging, the general instinct of recrimination, and, when that is inoperative, differences of temperament effectually prevent their views of us from being helpful. The pot's exposition of the kettle's blackness does not often lead the latter to seek a scouring soap, and the candid souls who make a practice of expressing their honest opinions of others to those others are not generally looked upon as the most useful members of society. Indeed, it seems probable that the good resulting from this comprehension of the views of others would be far outweighed by the harm. Mr. Casaubon might not have insisted on sacrificing his wife as well as himself to his hopeless task had he seen himself through his historian's eyes; but who can say how many of our leaders and reformers might have shrunk from even beginning their tasks could they

have had a keen appreciation of the absurdity and futility of their attitude as it appeared to their complacent and somewhat supercilious contemporaries.

But how easy it would be to give up the old form and wish that we might all see others as they see themselves. What a new interest and zest would be given to life by such an arrangement! Far be it from me to suggest that my reader is not regarded by his friends as an embodiment of all the virtues and excellences, but with myself the case is less happy. I clearly perceive that the world has never done me justice. Is it possible—their behavior leads me to suspect it—that outsiders consider me dull and commonplace? Ah, if they could but see me as I see myself; they would perceive a subtle originality, too fine for the indifferent crowd to appreciate, that differentiates me from the rest of mankind. Do they deem me shallow and frivolous? I know that my emotions are of really unimaginable depth and intensity, and that no knight or troubadour of old was capable of more sustained and passionate devotion than I. Do they actually think me tedious and pedantic? That is because they, not having my scholarly tastes and mental grasp, cannot appreciate the range and variety of the stores of learning I am willing to put at their disposal. Truly, could the world see me as I see myself, it would know me for a creature of many and varied gifts, far removed from the quiet, unobtrusive, and tiresomely commonplace personage whose image my name calls up in the minds of my acquaintance.

And yet, on the wish thus amended we should have to place one limitation. It would be disastrous to have others see us as we see ourselves in those bad quarters of an hour when to our remorseful gaze every folly and weakness of our nature looms large, and the virtues on which in more complacent moments we plume ourselves dwindle into pitiful insignificance. No enemy could be so severe in his condemnation, so unsparing in his contempt as we are at these times, and could others see us as we then appear to ourselves, life among them would thenceforth be impossible to us. We should have to be sure that the fairy who was to grant our wish understood this matter thoroughly, else would our latter state be far worse than our former.

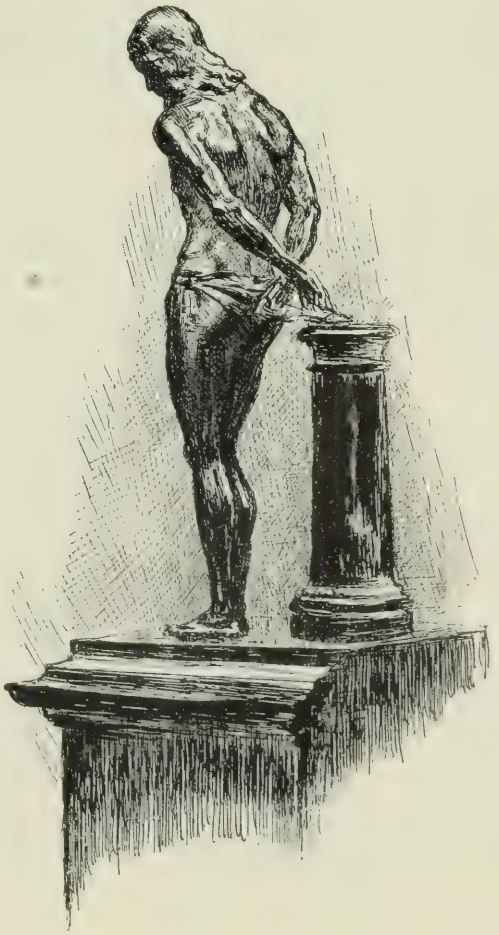
But with this limitation, how our amended wish, if granted, would revolutionize the world. In what a company of wits and sages, of heroes and saints we should live! And how popular we should all become! and how much more interesting we should find our fellow-mortals! Surely, if we are to wish at all, it were the part of wisdom to wish for this power rather than for the doubtful benefit of seeing ourselves as others see us.

THE FIELD OF ART

A FLORENTINE BRONZE — THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE—THE TILGNER MOZART MONUMENT IN VIENNA

THE pleasure of seeing for the first time a fine work of art is like none other in the world. Sometimes it strikes you with wonder, like a revelation, sometimes with instant delight, as of love at first sight, but in either case it is indefinable and inexpressible, except approximately and by comparisons, like the flavor of a peach, or the scent of a violet. There are perhaps few persons who have enjoyed it more often or more purely than the owner of the little bronze which is figured upon this page—the English amateur Mr. Henry Willett, who has a keen eye for such jewels, whether in a palace or a dust heap. With many other of his beautiful things it was sent to the Exhibition of Early Italian Art at the New Gallery, London, in the winter of 1893–94. Where he found it, or what he paid for it is not known.

This little figure of Christ at the Pillar is seven and one half inches high, but its greatness is not to be measured by its scale. It is as large in design and complete in execution as though it were the size of life. It is of bronze with a very dark—almost black—*patina*, and every detail is wrought with the greatest knowledge and delicacy. Florentine, no doubt, of the latter half of the fifteenth century, but there is a tenderness in its sentiment, a complexity in its modelling, which speak to others of a later period. No one has ventured to assign it to any particular hand, but no one who knows the work of Donatello can fail to be reminded as he looks at it of many figures by the great Florentine, and surely of none more forcibly than the adult St. John the Baptist in the National Museum at Florence. It is such a combination of realism and style, of severity and gentleness, as few other artists have achieved, but it lacks that brusqueness of conception, that comparative carelessness of grace, that "rigidity," and that touch of the wild which characterize at least most of the known works of this master which deal with kindred themes. But if it cannot be assigned to Donatello, it can at least be said that but for him it would never have existed, and that whoever conceived it was a great artist, not only in craft but in imagination, for it realizes the noble-





At the Cheshire Cheese.

ness of a willing sacrifice, the submission to insult and suffering, not from weakness but from force of will.

THERE is no date recorded of the building of the Cheese, but for over two hundred years it has been in existence and has been patronized by celebrities of every degree. Charles II. ate a chop there with Nell Gwynne. A brass tablet in one corner informs you that this was the favorite seat of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the panelling immediately below is quite polished by the heads of generations of the faithful who have held it an honor to occupy the seat. Goldsmith, Pope, Congreve, De Quincey, Thackeray, Dickens, Leech, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood were among its frequenters, and while there are no positive proofs, there are authentic legends that Shakespeare spent many hours here, being near to his theatre in Playhouse Yard, Ludgate Hill.

Along Fleet Street nineteenth-century humanity rushes in throngs, feverishly intent on the main chance. But now and again units from the mass fall out and disappear into a little door-way, so unobtrusive in its character as to be easily passed by strangers in search for it. A small passage-way, a bit of court, and one enters the old Cheshire Cheese, treading in the footsteps of generations of wits and philosophers. A wit the visitor may not be, but he is certain to be the other in one way or another, and his purpose in coming here can have little in common with the hurly-burly he has but just left out there on Fleet Street. The tide of affairs has left him stranded on an oasis of peculiar charm:—a low-ceilinged room, brown as an old meerschaum, heavily raftered, and carrying to the sensitive nostril the scent of ages, the indescribable aroma inseparable from these haunts of geniality; wide windows, white-curtained on two sides, and, smiling upon the new-comer; the merry glow of the fire in the old grate, flirting tiny flames upward that caress the steaming, singing kettle hanging just above. The old copper scuttle glints with the fitful gleams upon its burnished, pudgy sides; the floor spread abundantly with sawdust softens the sounds of foot-falls. The white table-cloths make the note of tidiness, relieving the prevailing low tone of the room. Over against one wall hang two cocked hats and a cane, Johnson's. The silk hats and trousers of modern London almost seem out of harmony with the cosey quaintness of their environment, but smalls and buckles and cocked-hats pass away, and architecture survives the fashions and persons of its creators.

The waiter before one looks very different from the picture on the wall of his one-time

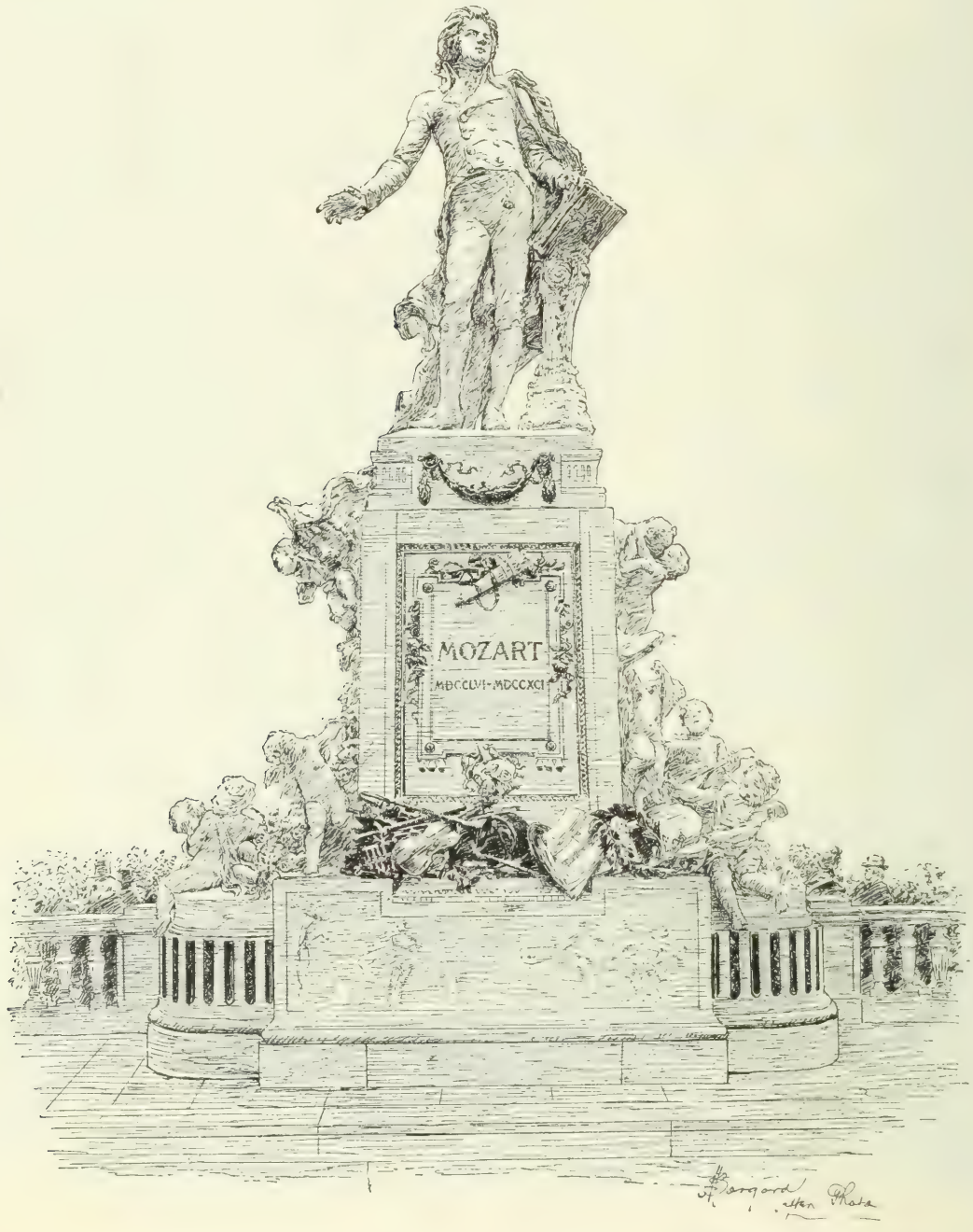


Dr. Johnson's Corner in the Cheshire Cheese.

predecessor, but, what is important, the spirit remains the same. In an atmosphere of good-fellowship, the frequenters of to-day converse over their chop and pint, or perhaps before the cheery fire nurse their knees in reflective mood, drawn together by the same instincts that animated this delightful company of old.

But who among these, if appealed to, could define the æsthetic charm of the place? Is it the rich coloring of yellow and old gold and silver and brown, the traditions, mellow as old wine, that sweeten the atmosphere; the satisfaction of the senses, the pure contentment of soul, the pause by the way for the furbishing of one's mental apparel? It is all these and more that make the Olde Cheshire Cheese a delight, and when one has gone, leaves of its high-backed benches and polished tables, its general aspect of warm and cheery hospitality, a glowing memory.

MORE than a century after the death of the great composer, the citizens of Vienna, Mozart's adopted city, have paid fitting tribute to his immortal genius by erecting in the Albrechtsplatz, near the Albertina Palace and the Opera House, a monument to his memory, which, on April 21, 1896, was unveiled in the presence of the Emperor, the high dignitaries of the court, and a multi-



Tilgner's Mozart Monument.

tude of people. All she could do, Vienna has now done, to atone for her long neglect; but it was an unconscious satire upon the vanity of earthly renown that the splendid laurel-wreath provided by the city government was laid upon the composer's monument, the search of years having failed to discover his grave.

An added element of pathos lay in the fact that the sculptor of the monument to his memory had himself been stricken by death in the very moment of his triumph. Victor Tilgner's ear was deaf to the plaudits showered upon his work.

Musicians, painters, and connoisseurs had vainly striven for years to arouse in Vienna a sentiment that should result in the rearing of a fitting memorial to Mozart, and, in 1883, on the death of Richard Wagner, when the movement for a monument to his memory was proposed, the poet Frankl exclaimed: "No! first to Mozart!" and wrote his biting satire, "Merk's Wien!" (Mark it, Vienna.) In rugged verse he recalled the night when, amid thunder-peals and lightning-flashes, the lifeless body of the great musician, deserted by his terrified friends, was hurried, with other corpses, by menial hands into an unknown grave. A rough translation of the closing lines shows the spirit of the whole:

Where have they ditched him? Do ye know?
Have ye atoned the Father's wrong?
Vainly we waited, waiting stand—
Ungrateful! Why delay so long?

Vain Honor! Let the warrior rest,
Death's paleness hardly on his brow—
For Mozart first the Pyramid!
Ye Viennese, bethink you now!

The conscience of Vienna once aroused by this appeal, a Mozart committee was formed and a prize offered for the best design, which, after eager competition, was awarded to Victor Tilgner.

Tilgner's Mozart is a youthful figure, full of grace and naïve dignity. He wears the picturesque eighteenth-century costume—the long-skirted, high-collared dress-coat buttoned tightly across the chest, small clothes, stockings, and buckled shoes. Thrown lightly around his shoulders is the many-collared "coachman's cape," the fashionable mantle of his day. The great composer stands as if conducting an orchestra. The radiant face seems full of the thoughts that sought expression in melody. His left hand holds lightly the leaves of a score which lies on the music-desk at his side. The out-stretched right hand, the hand of a great musician, is vibrant to the very finger-tips.

Statue, reliefs, groups on the base—all form one connected whole.

The relief on the front gives two scenes from "Don Giovanni," the first at the dead Commander's tomb, the second, the statue in the banquet-hall, while Don Giovanni snatches up the lamp to light him down the palace stairs, and *Leporello* crouches in abject terror under the table. The figures are all in the lowest possible relief, yet stand out wonderfully.

The high relief on the rear of the pedestal represents the child Mozart, a charming little figure, playing the harpsichord, and on each side of the pedestal are charming children and amoretti, the one group symbolizing the serious and tragic, the other, the joyous and playful, side of Mozart's genius.

Emerich Ranzoni, the poet and art-critic, says that Tilgner "has in the statue emphasized the strongest features of Mozart's artistic personality." The groups on the sides of the pedestal illustrate these characteristics with charming eloquence, and the two reliefs strengthen and complete the impression.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE annual report of Major-General Miles shows that the work of a conscientious soldier is by no means dependent upon the high jinks of our Indian friends in the West. When Messiah-dances and uprisings were the order of the day, General Miles and his men had not the time or the need for gymnastic exercises. Now that peace reigns over the land, he and his staff have been busying themselves in training their men, in rousing their interest for athletic exercises, and in perfecting all the factors in their life which make for physical excellence. In consequence of this good work, good in both positive and negative ways, our snug little army of 25,000 men is rapidly coming to be a picked force. There are seven applications for every recruit; and no doubt the advantages of wearing Uncle Sam's uniform has become more emphatic because of the care exercised to make the typical United States soldier a credit to his country.



One of General Miles's particular hobbies appears in his recommendation that a full regiment of accomplished wheelmen should be organized. A year and a half ago a census of wheelmen in the army was taken, and even then 4,000 men and officers were riders. So that there would now be no difficulty at all in recruiting the twelve companies of picked men that the General wants as a bicycle corps.

A much more important question is raised in the argument for an increase in the size of our army. It will be remembered that the United States army was gradually decreased from its war-footing of 1865 to its present size, 25,000 men, which was reached in 1874. To be sure the disappearing demands for Indian service seem to indicate a more narrow use of military powers; but even taking into consideration the Indian troubles, the functions of the army during the past two years have been really those of a National police. And judged in this capacity, there is certainly color for General Miles's opinion that with double the population, and with vastly greater property-interests to protect, we need a larger force now than in 1874. He thinks we should have one soldier for about every 2,000 of population—a ratio which would give a standing army fully fifty per cent. larger than the present force.

The preparations for coast defence, which are outlined in Secretary Lamont's report, show a much more active and militant progress. Only three years ago we had not a single gun of modern construction and mounting, to defend our great harbors. By next summer seventy great breech-loaders and nearly a hundred mortars will be on guard. These high-power guns include a number of the twelve-inch type, which hurl their 1,000-pound projectiles to a distance of thirteen miles. These monsters weigh fifty-seven tons, are forty feet long, and, notwithstanding this bulk, are so constructed that they can be loaded and aimed out of sight of the enemy, and returned instantly to cover as soon as they are fired. With the plans already under way, Secretary Lamont tells us that by 1898 we may rest quietly in our beds secure from invasion, whether we be in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Savannah, Charleston, or New Orleans; and that, if Congress will add $10,000,000 to its appropriations for coast defence, we can in the next five years become practically invulnerable as to our coasts.

Secretary Herbert is equally optimistic in his premises to a request for more battle-ships. We are coming rapidly up in the scale of naval powers. When our navy takes its winter Gulf cruise, if it does, the array of fighting-ships that sail south will be more powerful and imposing than ever before signalled to an American flag-ship. The four vessels at hand are headed by the Indiana and Massachusetts, vessels of 10,288 tons, carrying 18-inch armor on the sides, and each armed with forty-six cannon, ranging from four great 13-inch rifles to the garrulous little Gatlings. Four powerful monitors, two armored cruisers—the Brooklyn and the New York, with their racing-speed of twenty-one and twenty-two knots—and our crack unarmored cruisers, five of them, together with a possible ram and a torpedo-boat, make up the frowning argosy that will meet the critical eyes of foreign vessels in West India waters. These ten strong vessels carry an aggregate of 206 guns, and the five unarmored cruisers add 108 modern cannon to the armament.

We are already "long" on the cruiser class, relatively to other navies, and Secretary Herbert thinks we should build more of the heavy, slow battle-ships, with their great guns and expensive armor. He thinks our navy should have fifteen of these, Congress having already provided for three new ones. Now, even after the $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 have been paid to the builders, a battle-ship costs as much per year as the total annual expenses of three or four such universities as the Johns Hopkins. A first-class vessel comes near to needing half a million a year. But, more discouraging yet, the naval engineers display so pernicious an activity in new inventions that a battle-ship is scarcely off the docks before she is behind the times. It is literally true that five years of this end of the century makes a war-ship old-fashioned to the degree of requiring a practically new equipment.

These are large considerations in these piping times of peace, and they will be carefully weighed against our naval pride before so many millions are invested in new battle-ships.

UNTIL November 15th, an Englishman who could not repress his yearnings to travel by motor-car was forced to indulge in that pastime under the most vexatious restrictions. By the law of the land his car might not move with a greater speed than four miles per hour, or as fast as a moderately paced walk. More ignominious still, his vehicle must be preceded by an alarmist waving a red flag, to acquaint all people with the coming apparition. Even in a country slightly lacking in a national sense of humor, the picture of a compliance with this law was sufficient to hamper considerably the budding interest in "automobile" carriages. But with a Motor Club in full blast, and a dozen great companies and syndicates organized to put gas, oil, and electric carriages on the market as soon as the time and the mechanical details should be right, this state of legislative burden could not continue long, and did not. The motor enthusiasts evidently belong to the class of business folks who appreciate the advantages in a nineteenth century, of "publicity," and it was a huge and voluble crowd which assembled to see the procession of horseless carriages from London to Brighton, in honor of the new emancipatory laws. Two million people, the newspapers think, were gathered to chaff the horseless ones and offer lay criticisms on the mechanical features of the parade. Lord Winchelsea, President of the Motor Club, led the way, and about fifty vehicles of all sorts and conditions followed in his train. There were dog-carts, landaus, phaëtons, vans, 'buses, victorias, sociables, tricycles, buggies and cabs, wagonettes, even bath-chairs—propelled by petroleum, naphtha, gasoline, benzoline, steam, and electricity. Out of the fifty or more starters, thirteen made the trip to Brighton between 2.30 and 6 P.M. The petroleum carriages were the most numerous; but they had an unpleasant odor and a great deal of vibration as compared with the electric carriages. Some of the petroleum wagons can attain a speed of thirty miles an hour; but they could not show it in this procession, for the new English laws still hold down the speed of horseless carriages to twelve miles an hour—and to eight, if the vehicles are over a ton and a half in weight. They must be equipped with brakes, too; must be capable of running both backward and forward, if they are above 500 pounds in weight, and must carry lights from an hour after sundown to an hour before sunrise.



In the speeches which were made at this great function, it was evident that the Englishmen expect to see the horseless carriages engaged at once in the transportation of farm products. This will be possible over their roads, of course, long before mechanical considerations will allow it in America. The optimists of the Motor Club think that these automatic farm-wagons will effect a veritable revolution in the transportation of grain and fertilizers.

The statisticians say that a distance of only two miles from a railway station doubles the cost of marketing grain in the average rural district. And if this item of transportation can be cut in half by substituting oil and electricity for horses, the saving to the farmer will certainly be enormous. It seems definitely agreed that the horseless variety of wagon can be operated at least fifty per cent. cheaper than the old and animated style. The careful calculations of the London Electric Cab Co., which is about to put three hundred and fifty electrically propelled cabs on the streets of London, show that a day's charge for operating expenses, counting capital charges, for an automatic vehicle will be 5s. 7½d., as against 12s. 2½d. for the present hansom cab.

ABOUT the middle of next month New York harbor will receive its first visit from the new steamer Pennsylvania, which, in point of tonnage, is the very biggest ship in the world. There is a rather inexplicable pleasure in the phrase and the object it describes; when there was only one five-master in the coasting trade, every tourist and fisherman on the New England coast would hurry to catch a glimpse of her majesty, where a score of four-masters would not persuade one man to turn in his tracks. The great Cunarders are as long as this new leviathan, and her sisters of the Hamburg-American Line, with their three smoke-stacks in tandem, give a suggestion of superior power, but the undeniable fact that the Pennsylvania is the hugest carrier on the ocean assures her a certain pre-eminence of interest.



Nor is she, even in the matter of tonnage, the largest ship that has been built. The Great Eastern registered 22,500 tons when loaded to the water-line, while the Pennsylvania's capacity is 20,000; but then the Great Eastern never could be fully laden because that implied a draught of 30 feet, enough to prevent her access to any of our principal seaports. How successful has been the endeavor of marine engineers to increase the carrying power of the largest ships without making an impracticable draught and awkward length and beam, is shown in a comparison of the dimensions of the Great Eastern, the largest ship the world has ever seen, with this Pennsylvania, the largest vessel now afloat.

GREAT EASTERN.

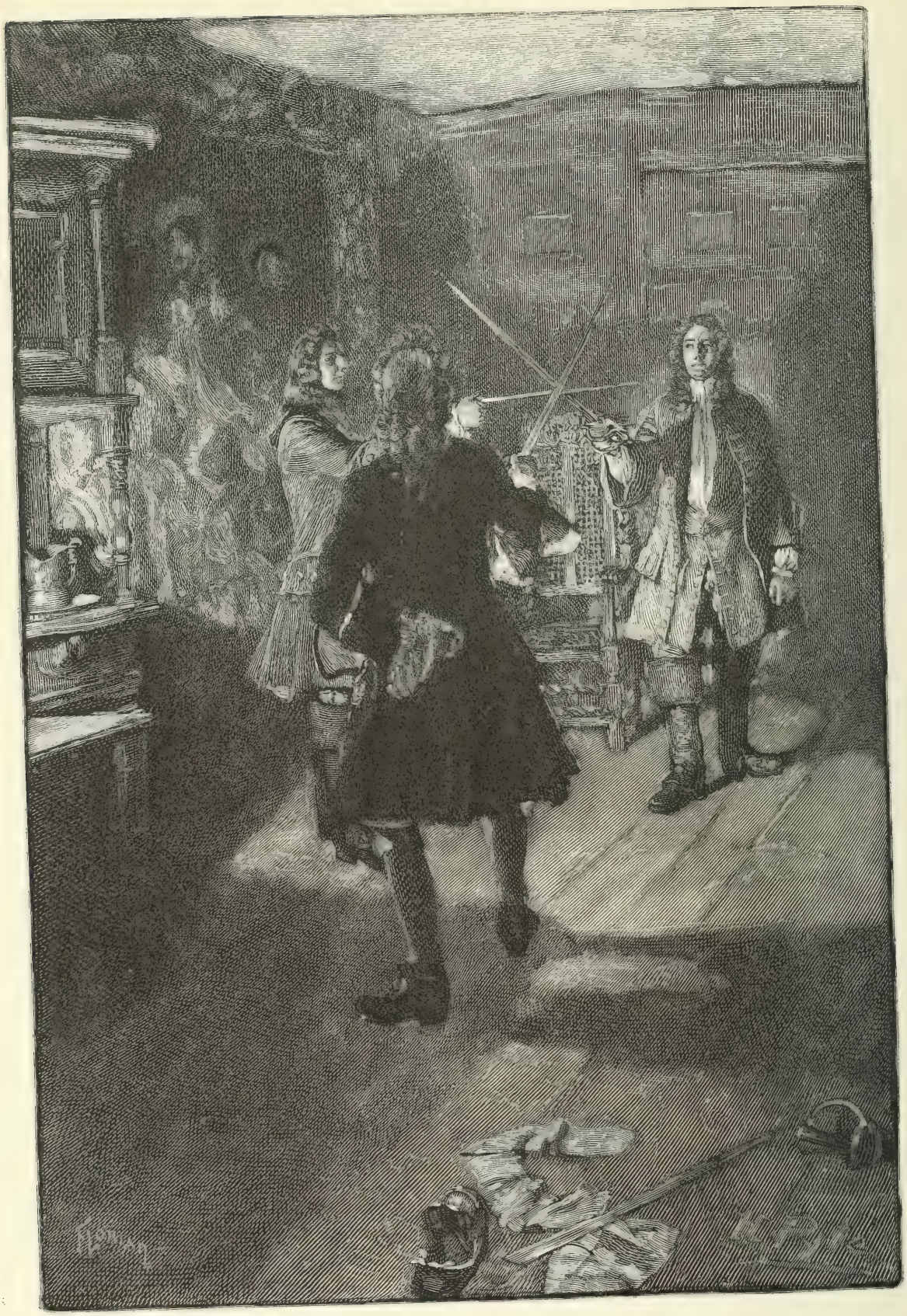
Length	680 feet.
Beam	83½ feet.
Draught	30 feet.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Length	600 feet.
Beam	62 feet.
Draught	26 feet.

The average professional ball-player on a crack team can make a "long throw" of about three hundred feet. So if Roger Connor stood at the stern of the Pennsylvania and made his mightiest throw toward the bow, the ball would fall about amidships.

The Pennsylvania will not be in the "greyhound" class, with her thirteen knots an hour, and will take nine days from New York to reach Hamburg. She does not devote herself entirely to freight by any means, as there are accommodations for a thousand steerage and over two hundred cabin passengers. This heavy-weight among ocean liners will be easily distinguished by her four short perpendicular masts and her single great barrel of a smoke-stack. The ship is one of twins that will soon be completed from the Belfast yards.



SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—III.

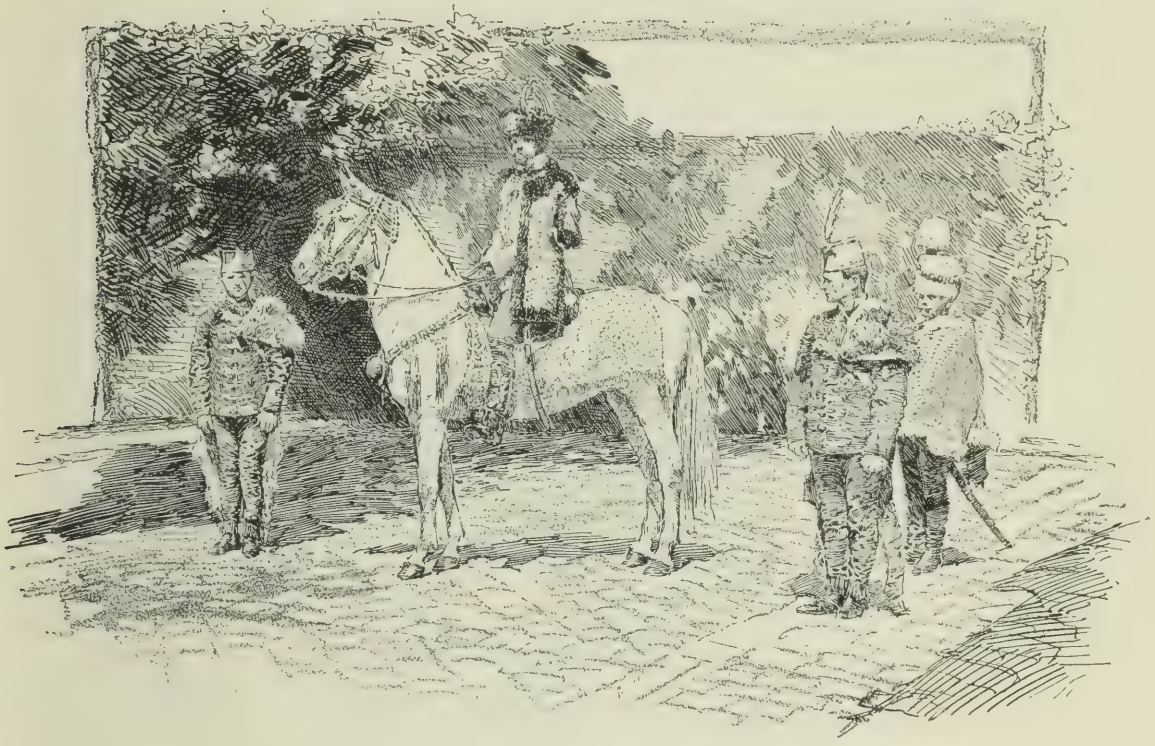
ESMOND AND THE PRINCE.—*Henry Esmond, Book III., Chapter XIII.*

Colonel Esmond . . . took his guard in silence. The swords were no sooner met, than Castlewood knocked up Esmond's with the blade of his own, which he had broke off short at the shell.

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Count Sándor Andrássy



THE BANDERIUM OF HUNGARY

By Richard Harding Davis

THERE were two great state ceremonials in two great countries last year ; one was advertised in every tongue that speaks through a printing-press, and the fame of it was carried by word of mouth from the Persian Gulf to the mountains of Tibet, from Pekin to Melbourne, and drew four hundred thousand strangers to the city of Moscow. The other was not advertised at all, and the number of fortunate foreigners who found it out, and who journeyed to Budapest to witness it, could almost have been counted on the fingers of two hands. The Coronation at Moscow was very much more than a state ceremonial ; it was planned and carried out with the purpose of impressing other states. It marked a new departure in the self-sufficient, solitary attitude of the Russian Empire, and apart from all the solemn significance it held for the Russian people, it was distinctly a play at the royal boxes of Europe and the Grand Stands of the world.

The millennial celebration at Budapest, where the nobles of all the counties of Hungary met to swear allegiance to the King and his crown, differed from it as greatly in comparison as does a quiet family wedding between two people who love

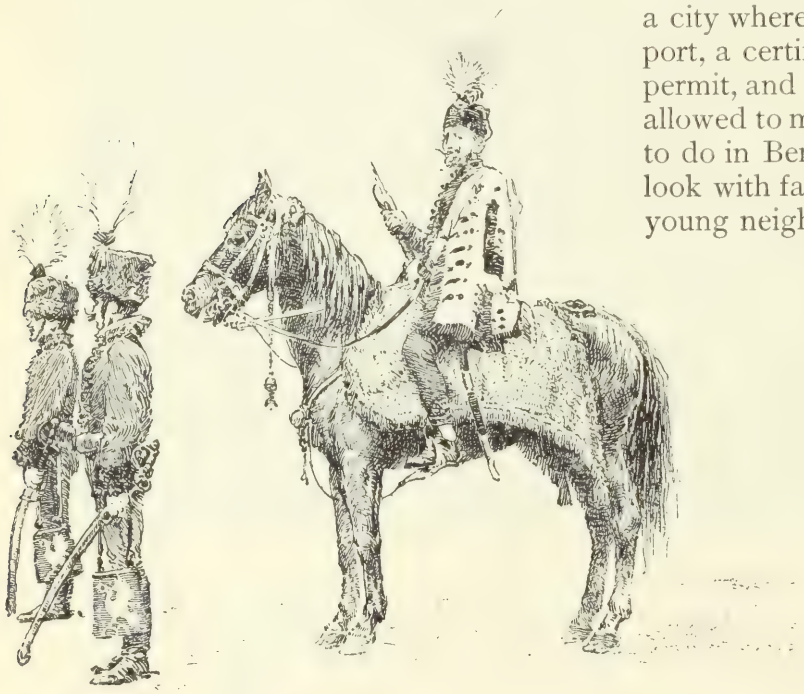
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each other dearly, differ from a royal alliance brought about for political reasons, and the importance of which is exaggerated as greatly as possible.

This gathering of the clans in Hungary for the Banderium, as the ceremony was called, was probably suggested by the success of the Exposition at Budapest and by the completion of the Houses of Parliament in that city. The nobles wished to take advantage of the presence in that double capital of the many Hungarians who had been brought there by the Exposition, and to signalize the initiation of the Houses of Parliament by some extraordinary event; so this ceremony which celebrated the one thousandth year of the existence of Hungary as a kingdom was suggested, and later was carried through in a manner which made it one of the historical spectacles of the century.

Budapest, as everybody knows, is formed of two cities, separated by the Danube, and joined together like [illegible] York and Brooklyn by great br[illegible]. Buda is a city hundreds of years old, and rises on a great hill covered with yellow houses with red-tiled roofs, and surmounted by fortresses and ancient German-looking castles, and the palace of the King, with terraces of marble and green gardens running down to meet the river. It still is a picturesque, fortified city of the Middle Ages.

Pesth, just across the way, is the most modern city in Europe; more modern than Paris, better paved, and better lighted; with better facilities for rapid transit than New York, and with Houses of Parliament as massive and impressive as those on the banks of the Thames, and not unlike them in appearance. Pesth is the Yankee city of the Old World, just as the Hungarians are called the Americans of Europe. It has grown in forty years, and it has sacrificed neither beauty of space nor line in growing. It has magnificent public gardens, as well as a complete fire department; it has the best club in the world, the Park Club; and it has found time to put electric tramways under ground, and to rear monuments to poets, orators, and patriots above ground. People in Berlin and Vienna tell you that some day all of these things will [illegible] and go to pieces, that Pesth is [illegible]oying a "boom," and that the boom will pass and leave only the buildings and the electric plants and the car-tracks, with no money in the treasury to make the wheels go round. I do not know whether this is, or is not, to be, but let us hope it is only the envy and uncharitableness of the Austrian and German mind that sees nothing in progress but disaster, and makes advancement spell ruin. People who live in a city where one is asked to show a passport, a certificate of good health, a police permit, and a residence-card in order to be allowed to mount a bicycle, as I was asked to do in Berlin, can hardly be expected to look with favor on their restless, ambitious young neighbors of the Balkans.



Count Géza Széchenyi

All of this, however, has little to do with the Banderium, except that it is interesting to find a people as poetic and picturesque, and as easily moved as are the Hungarians, showing an active concern in municipal government, in the latest inventions in hotel-elevators and smokeless powder; and to find men who are pushing Hungary ahead of all the other "old-established" monarchies of Europe, and who are delighting in elec-



The Procession at the Start.



The Emperor Francis Joseph Reviewing the Procession.

tric tramways and horseless carriages, dressing themselves in the chain-armor of their ancestors, and weeping over a battered gold crown.

The descendants of the men who fought for what is now Hungary, and what was a thousand years ago many separate states and provinces and principalities, were the men who formed the Banderium last June and who swore allegiance to the crown which Pope Sylvester VII. gave to Prince Ithen nine centuries before they were born.

It was in their eyes a very solemn ceremony, much too solemn for them to advertise it to the world, as they had advertised their Exposition. In consequence few people saw the spectacle, and it has passed away almost unchronicled, which is most unfortunate, as all of those who took part in the wonderful pageant will have been dust for some nine hundred years before there will be another.

The Hungarian nobles who were to ride in the procession, the dignitaries of the Austrian Court, the Diplomatic Corps from Vienna, all poured into Pesth on the 7th of June.

At that time the city was beautifully dressed in honor of their coming ; arches and banners shaded the streets, and grandstands, covered with red cloth and ornamented with fluttering flags, lined the route of the procession from the new Houses of Parliament, across the bridges, up the green hillsides of Buda to the Emperor's palace, where the nobles were to pass in review before marching back to Pesth. The Exposition had already filled the town with Hungarians and Austrians, and every hotel was overcrowded, and every café chantant overflowed upon the pavements, and the music of the Tziganes rose and fell at each street-corner. Peasant men in snow-white petticoats and high boots, and broad sombreros, with silver buttons on their coats and waistcoats, and peasant women in velvet bodices and

gayly colored kerchiefs, filled the Exposition grounds and paraded the streets in groups of twenty or thirty from each village; soldiers in skin-tight breeches, and gypsies and mountaineers, tanned to a dark-red brown, with short china pipes hanging from their lips, swaggered past in national costumes that have not changed insomuch as the matter of a red sash, or a silver jacket, or an embroidered cap, from what they were a hundred years ago.

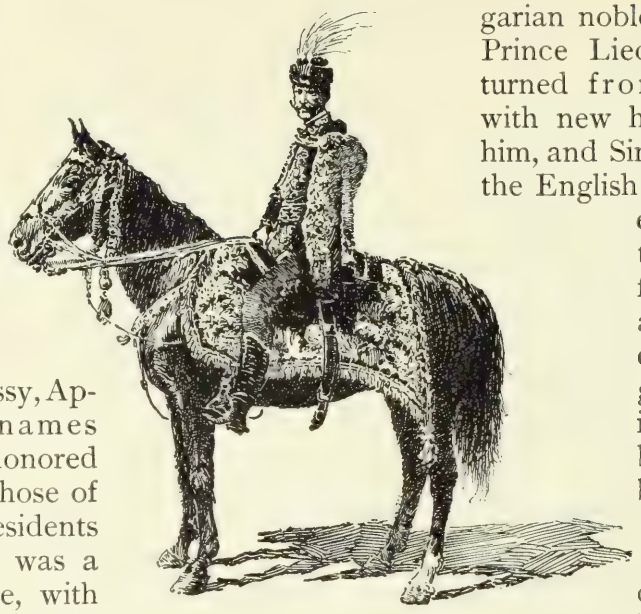
The visiting strangers made their headquarters at the unique club of which I have already spoken; at least, they met there every evening, and those who were dining out at some official banquet hurried there as soon as they were free. It was a most remarkable club and a most remarkable gathering. The club itself is the hobby of two Hungarian gentlemen, and they have bestowed as much thought and money upon it as they have given to their own homes. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and cosmopolitans, from all over the world, who have seen the Union and the new Metropolitan Clubs in New York, the Jockey and the Union in Paris, and any half dozen clubs in London, will tell you that in no great city is there such a club as this one, which is virtually unknown, and lies hidden away in the outskirts of a park at Pesth. It stands on the edge of the woods, and those who have come to the Banderium, dined each night on its broad balconies and lawns, under the open sky, in the light of the wavering candles, which showed the faces and bright dresses and the jewels of the women, and the uniforms of the men, against the dark green background of the forest about them.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, Count Teleki, the explorer, tanned with



Group of Nobles in the Costume of the Fourteenth Century.

the fiercest of African suns, and Kossuth, a descendant of the great Kossuth, were among the men who sat every evening in groups around the fairy-lamps. With them were the sons and grandsons of Andrassy, Apponyi, Széchenyi, names that are as highly honored in Hungary as are those of our first three Presidents with us, and there was a stray English duke, with three attendant peers, who had received a hint of the ceremony that was to take place at Buda, and who had posted in hot haste across the Channel to see eleven hundred noble horses ridden by eleven hundred Hungarian nobles. There was the Prince Liechtenstein, just returned from the Coronation, with new honors heavy upon him, and Sir Edmund Monson, the English Ambassador to Vienna, upon whom the honors were to fall a month later, and there were lesser diplomats and grizzled old generals in white tunics, and boy officers in light blue, and swells in tweed suits and nobodies in evening dress. It was a most informal and charming collection of people, and they all seemed to know one another intimately, and acted accordingly.



Count Tassilo Festetics.

Inside the club there was a great ballroom in the style of the Second Empire,



The Procession Passing Before the Palace of Justice.

and reading-rooms and libraries with walls of red morocco books, and vast banqueting-halls, and rooms for whist and silence, or for the more noisy games of roulette and the *petits chevaux*. It was a succession of lessons in good taste, even while it made you gasp at the money it must have cost somebody — certainly not the club members, for they are too few, and the club is too inaccessible for them to spend much of their time or money there. It appears to be just what it is, the hobby of two rich men, who have robbed the bric-à-brac shops of Europe to make it beautiful, and who have searched every club to get the best ash-tray, the best hand-bell, the best cook, and the best musician.

They did not have to leave Budapest to find the musician. His name is Berkes, and no one who has not been to Budapest or to Vienna has ever heard him, for the Hungarians say naïvely that were he to leave them and play elsewhere, they would never be able to get him back again, as those who heard him once would keep him with them forever. He is the king of the gypsy musicians and the master of their melody. His violin seems to be just as much a part of him as are his arms or his eyes or his heart. When he plays, his body seems to stop at the neck, and he appears to draw all of his strength and feeling from the violin in his hands, the rest of him being merely a support for his head and his instrument. He has curious eyes, like those of a Scotch collie—sad, and melancholy, and pleading—and when he plays they grow glazed and drunken-looking, like those of an absinthe drinker's, and tears roll from them to the point of his short beard and wet the wood of his violin. His music probably affects different people according to their nerves, but it is as moving as any great passage in any noble book, or in any play that I know, and while it lasts he holds people absolutely in a spell, so that when the music ceases, women burst into tears, and I have seen men jump to their feet and empty the contents of their pockets into his lap; and they are so sure to do this, that their servants take their money away from them when they are dressing to dine at some house where Berkes is announced to play. One night a Frenchman dipped a two-thousand-franc note into a glass of champagne and pasted it on the back of the man's violin, and the next day Berkes sent it back to him again, saying that to have this compliment paid him by a foreigner in the presence of his countrymen was worth more to him than the money.

The Hungarian music is typical of the people, who are full of feeling and moved by sudden gusts of passion. To a nation of a calmer and more phlegmatic nature, the ceremony of the Banderium could not have meant so much, nor would they have taken it so seriously; but to the Hungarians, who cherish the independence of their kingdom, and who never speak of Francis Joseph as the Emperor, but as the King of Hungary, this swearing allegiance to the crown was a ceremony heavy with meaning, and surrounded by the most sacred traditions of the life of the nation and of their own families.

It was interesting in consequence to see the same blasé young men who the night before at the Park Club had discussed the only way to break the bank at Monte Carlo, dressed the next morning in the clothes that their ancestors had worn, or in others like them, carrying the same banners under which their great grandfathers had fought, weeping with emotion around a battered gold crown, studded with gold stones, and cheering their King, who, not many years before, had sentenced some of the very nobles before him to death.

You cannot imagine Americans or Englishmen doing the same thing; in the first place they have no national costume should they wish to put one on, and in the second place their fear of ridicule or their sense of humor, which is sometimes the same thing, would keep them from wearing it if they had. But there was nothing ridiculous in what these Hungarians did. They were too much in earnest and they were too sincere. Later, when I met some of them in London in varnished boots and frock coats, I wondered if they could possibly be the same men I had seen prancing around on horses covered with harnesses of silver and turquoise, and themselves dressed in brocades and in silk tights, with fur-trimmed coats and velvet tunics. But at the time it seemed a most appropriate costume, for one knew they were merely carrying out the traditions of their family, and that they did not wear these particular clothes be-

cause they were beautiful or becoming, but because they were the costume, not only of their country, but of their race, and as much a part of their family history as an Englishman's coat of arms, and because once, long before, one of their name had fought in a similar costume, and stained its brocade with blood.

The day of the ceremony was as beautiful as blue skies and a warm, brilliant sun could help to make it, and a soft summer breeze shook out the flags and banners, and stirred the leaves upon the great hill on which Buda stands, and ruffled the surface of the Danube so that it flashed like a thousand heliographs. In the streets were hurrying groups of gayly dressed peasants, fine stalwart men and simple, kindly faced women, and pretty girls of a dark, gypsy type, with black eyes and red lips with that peculiar curve which leaves the white teeth bare. Soldiers of the Empire stood at ease along the quaint streets of clean, round cobble-stones and yellow-faced houses, each marking the holiday with an oak leaf in his cap or helmet. There was no crowding or pushing, but everywhere excellent good humor and good feeling, and from time to time bursts of patriotic pride as a state carriage, or some body of horsemen, passed to take a place in the procession.

The King's palace stands on the top of the hill of Buda, and the tribunes for the Diplomats and the Cabinet face the court-yard of the palace, making the fourth side of the square in which the riders were to pass in review before the Emperor. It was more like a private garden-party than a national celebration, for everyone in the tribunes seemed to know everyone in the streets below, and the spectators moved about, and talked and criticised, and named each new arrival as he or she drove up to the doors of the great gray palace opposite. The sun beat down with a little too much vigor, but it showed us every uniform at its best, and it flashed on the jewels and on the sword-blades of the attendant cavalry, and filled the air with color and light.

Then the Emperor stepped out upon the balcony of the palace and saluted, and the people arose and remained standing until one of the Archduchesses, a little girl in pink, and the Empress in deep black, had taken their places beside him, and the members of the Court, the women in the national costume of Hungary, and the men in military uniforms, had grouped themselves back of these three figures, and had crowded the windows so that the old palace bloomed like the wall of an Oxford College when the window-gardens are gorgeous with color, and stand out from the gray stone like orchids on the limb of a dead tree. In the procession that followed there were eleven hundred mounted men in silks, in armor, in furs, and in cloth of gold, and many state carriages gilded and enamelled, and decorated with coats of arms and velvet trappings.

It would have been too theatrical and fantastic had it not been that it was an historical pageant, and correct in every detail, and that the fairy princes were real princes, the jewels real jewels, and the fur the same fur that a few months before had covered a wolf or a bear in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzogovina, which had been hunted by these same men who now wore their skins. For an hour the nobles passed in dazzling, glittering groups, each rivalling the next, and all making one long line of color that wound along the shady streets, in and out upon the hillside, and down across the great ridge like a many-colored scarf of silk and gold. Each group was preceded by its banner, and each standard-bearer was accompanied by heralds on foot, and by attendant squires on horseback, dressed in the colors of the province or burgh or municipality from which they came.

There was no regular uniform, and the costumes varied from the days of the Iron Age to those of Maria Theresa, who had given some of the same uniforms we saw that day to the forefathers of the men who wore them. But in the dresses of the later centuries there was a certain uniformity, and although the materials and colors differed greatly, the fashion was the same. There was a long shirt of silk or satin, silk tights embroidered with gold or silver, high boots of colored leather, and a sleeveless cloak of brocade or velvet, trimmed with fur. The cap was of velvet surrounded with fur, with an aigrette in front, ornamented with diamonds. The greater number of the horses were magnificent black stallions, with as distinguished pedigrees as

those of the men who rode them, and their trappings were as rich as those worn by their masters. The average cost of each rider's uniform, and of the harness for his horse, was five thousand dollars, some single costumes, on account of the jewels, were worth many times that sum. The state contributed nothing to this spectacle ; each rider paid for his carriage and for the equipment of his horses and attendants.

Of course there were many features of the procession which stirred the hearts and memories of the native spectators, but which were lost on the stranger—certain devices on the banners, certain uniforms that recalled a great victory, or some peculiarity of decoration or weapon that none but the descendants of a certain family, or the inhabitants of a particular village, were allowed to bear. But the spectacle as a spectacle could be appreciated by anyone, whether he knew the history of Hungary or not. Those Englishmen present who had seen the Queen's Jubilee procession said that the Banderium was much finer, and those who had witnessed the entry of the Czar into Moscow found it, if not so impressive, at least as beautiful. The Czar's entry was a modern, military pageant, the Banderium was a moving panorama, an illustration of the history of Hungary by some of the very men themselves who had helped to make it or by their sons and grandsons.

There were so many different combinations of color that it is impossible to select any one as being much more beautiful than the others. In one notable group the men wore canary yellow silk from head to foot, trimmed heavily with silver. Their boots were yellow, their capes were yellow, and the tall plumes in their peaked caps were yellow ; another group wore gray velvet with gray fur and silver ; another, purple velvet with gold ; another, blue velvet with ermine and silver. There were never more than twenty men at the most in any group ; sometimes there would be but five or six, but the costume of each one was as rich, whether he rode or walked, as any court dress of any emperor of Europe. The horses were covered with velvet saddle-cloths, heavy with jewels and gold and silver ornaments. Some were hung from the head to the tail with strings of gold coins that one could hear jangling for a hundred yards as they advanced stamping, and tossing their heads, and others were covered with leopard and tiger skins, or with a harness of red morocco leather, or with blue turquoises that lay in beautiful contrast upon the snow-white coat and mane. Some of the provinces which dated back to the beginning of civilization were represented by men with the arms of the days of the Goths and Vandals, and the fierce simplicity of their appearance made the silks and satins of those next in line seem foolish and theatrical. These descendants of the earliest warriors were perhaps the most effective figures in the procession. Some of them wore black armor, some gold, some silver, and others the plain steel shirt of chain-armor, which clung to them like a woollen jersey. Their legs were bound with raw leather thongs, and on their heads they wore steel casques with a bar of steel running from the helmet to the chin to protect the face from sword-thrusts, and each rider held before him a great spear, from each side of which sprouted black eagle's feathers. There was something so grim and fierce in their appearance that the crowd along the sidewalks stood awed as they passed and then burst into the most enthusiastic cheers heard that day.

From the palace the procession countermarched to the Houses of Parliament, and in its central chamber the heads of each deputation gathered around the crown and swore allegiance to it. But it was significant that they swore this allegiance when the crown was resting on a cushion in their new Houses of Constitutional Liberty and not in a palace on the head of a king. That ceremony came later when they returned again to the palace in Buda, and the Emperor addressed them, and they interrupted his speech from the throne with cheer after cheer. Some of these men present were those whom early in his reign the Emperor had sentenced to death, but whose fealty and admiration he had won later by his own personality, and tact, and goodness of heart. It was a curious spectacle—these white-haired noblemen, tall, proud, and fierce-eyed, looking in their velvet and furs and golden chains like living portraits of the old masters, waving their jewelled caps at the little unkingly Emperor in his col-

onel's uniform, padded and tightly laced, and with smug side-whiskers, like an English inspector of police. There was the contrast in it of the chivalry and dash and poetry of the Middle Ages, with the constitutional law-abiding monarchy of modern times.

And one wondered as to what will follow when Francis Joseph passes away?

Will they cheer an Archduke as they cheered him, with the tears rolling down their cheeks?

One asks, "What has an Austrian Archduke done for Hungary, for Austria, or for himself, even? Does anyone in the United States know the names of these Archdukes or Archduchesses; has he ever heard of them or read of them?" Of course he has never seen them, because they constitute "the most exclusive Court in Europe." That has always been their boast, as it will be their epitaph. They are the most exclusive Court in Europe, so exclusive that they have not tried to learn the language of the twin monarchy of Hungary, nor sought, by any deed or act, to win the regard or respect of the sixteen millions of people over whom some day they hope to reign. They are like a colony of people who hide themselves from the rest of the world in a deep wood and say to each other, "Look how exclusive we are! There is no one in this wood but ourselves;" and who, by repeating their own names daily and talking of no one but themselves, have learned to think that they are the people of greatest consequence in the world, when, as a matter of fact, the world outside of the wood is going about its business in the sunshine, working and scheming and pushing ahead, forgetting that the most exclusive Court of Europe exists. We know a little of the princes of other countries, and even of the pretenders, for they do something. They explore Africa or Tibet; they open hospitals, or race yachts, or win a Derby; they are at least picturesque and ornamental, and it is pleasant to see them ride by in fine clothes and with mounted escorts.

I once heard an American tourist say to a British workman outside of St. James's Palace on a Levee day, "And I suppose you pay taxes to support this?" The workman said, "Yes, it costs me about sixpence a year; isn't it worth the money?" And the American, becoming suddenly conscious of the fact that he had been standing for two hours watching the show of royalty, and that it had not cost him even sixpence, was honest enough to own that it was.

But what excuse have the Austrian royalties ever offered for their right to exist? It is not quite enough that they have sixteen quarterings, and that they are exclusive, and only come out of their highly polished shells once in a great while, when one of them shocks half of Europe with a horrible scandal, or a silly marriage. For it is only when such things happen that we learn anything of the most exclusive Court in Europe; when one of its Archdukes tramps a stable-boy under his horse's hoofs, or comes out of the wood into the world — to marry a dancing-girl.

Perhaps the eleven hundred men who represented all of Hungary at the millennial celebration will cheer one of these Archdukes when he comes to the throne. But it may be that when the time comes, they will prefer a king who can speak their own language, and that we may hear them cheer one of their own people.

Mother and Child.



Mr. Whistler has kindly authorized Messrs. H. Wunderlich & Co. to lend, for the purposes of this article, the originals of the lithographs here reproduced.

THE MASTER OF THE LITHOGRAPH—J. McNEILL WHISTLER

By Elizabeth Robins Pennell

"ART happens," Mr. Whistler has said; and, as often, its conditions are the sport of chance. An unsuccessful dramatist, determined somehow to print his own plays, since no one else will, by accident writes on stone with greasy ink, and lithography is invented. Music publishers patent the process; cotton manufacturers develop it; fashion plays with it; only that the artist, seeing it to be good, may claim it as his own.

For, though commerce struggled to secure the monopoly, though amateurs threatened to belittle it, lithography, from the beginning, had the same charm Mr. Whistler found in it when, some twenty years ago, he revived an art which the world had conspired to forget. As cheapness was the recommendation of Senefelder's invention to trade, so its autographic quality insured an artistic triumph. There is no need here to enter into technical detail. But, in the prevailing confusion caused by centenary celebrations sprung upon unprepared critics, a reminder will be useful. It must be remembered, then, that a lithograph is a drawing made with a certain ink or chalk upon a chemically prepared stone; this stone, when passed through the press, yielding the actual design drawn upon it, and not a mere *fac-simile* produced by another man or another process. Thanks to Senefelder and his discovery, the impossible became possible, and for the first time a drawing could be multiplied without subjecting it to the caprices of a graver or the uncertainties of acid; and the artist's desire for the mul-



The Little London.

tiplication of his work, wise or unwise as one may be pleased to think it, is as old as Dürer, and older.

For awhile artists distrusted a medium patented and advertised in the interests of business, and exploited by the maker of calico and the publisher of music. Nor were the initial efforts of painters and draughtsmen reassuring. In England Delamotte, Serres, Singleton, long since forgotten, Benjamin West, and Fuseli, honored while they lived, were the contributors to the "Polyautographic Album"—lithography in England rejoicing, at the time, in the high-sounding name of polyautography—and certainly they were not men to kindle enthusiasm or to inaugurate a new movement. In Germany the pioneers were Strixner and Piloty, and they were content to copy rather than to create. In France General Lejeune's famous Cossack was the first lithograph to make a sensation, but its success was in the palace and the drawing-room, not in the studio; and at fashion's toys art looks askance.

However, the artist had only to draw on the stone to be fascinated; and in time he, too, experimented. And the zest with which he gave himself up to lithography was the greater because of his long hesitation. So soon as men like Charlet and Isabey showed the way, it was quickly followed. By 1820, in France at least, there was a perfect rage for lithography. From 1830, for some ten or twenty years, everybody everywhere was drawing on the stone—artists as opposed as Ingres and Millet, as Corot and Huet, as Travies and Devéria, as Prout and Cattermole, as Lane and Harding. Some produced an occasional series: Delacroix in his "Faust," Bonington in Nodier's "Voyages Pittoresques." Others found time for little else—Raffet, Daumier, Gavarni. And there were few who could not, with Jean Gigoux, look back to the time when, poor and unknown, they had depended upon lithography to launch them into fame and prosperity.

Now lithography is an art which must suffer from so wide-spread a practice. On stone, as on copper, there are some things that can be said admirably, while others had far better be reserved for canvas or direct transmission to paper. But when the demand for the lithograph was pressing, artists could not always stop to ask whether the stone was best adapted to the

subject or the mood of the moment, and a large proportion of the early prints were done by illustrators who would often have been as ready to draw for process, had process then been invented and in vogue. Otherwise it would not be easy to explain why, once publishers turned to other and perhaps still cheaper methods of reproduction, the artist, unprotesting, resigned the stone to the chromo-lithographer, and commerce recovered its monopoly.

Only now and then, after this, was thought or time found to remember the neglected art. Manet occasionally made lithographs. Rossetti would have liked to, did eventually manage a few illustrations and some playing-cards —might not one, he asked, in confiding one's designs to the stone, "get one's brains into print before one died, like Albert Dürer, and, moreover, be freed, perhaps, from slavery to patrons while one lived?" Further sporadic attempts here and there might be chronicled; for one, Mr. Sandys's "Nightmare," the burlesque of Millais's "Sir Isumbras," the caricature of Ruskin and the Preraphaelites, a lithograph which has become historic. But it was left to Mr. Whistler to recognize, fully and entirely, the possibilities of the stone while it was still despised of men. His interest was not in response to fad or fashion, not to fill the order of editor or publisher, but because lithography happened to be the method of artistic expression which, at times, met his needs and requirements. This it is which gives his lithographs their great distinction. They have the freshness, the spontaneity, which is the very life of the art.



The Savoy Pigeons.

The earliest belong to the year 1877. But dates are of small assistance when the beauty or the quality of the work is to be considered. The man who does not already know how to draw, and that supremely well, had best not tamper with the stone upon which, for good or for ill, a design must remain as it is made; lines and color and composition unalterable: irrevocable in their loveliness or their indiscretion. His first print, as his last, shows Mr. Whistler to be the accomplished artist in this as in all mediums; and the date of his original appearance as lithographer is important solely to emphasize the fact that then, as always, he was independent of fashion and movements. To honor Senefelder upon the hundredth

anniversary of his invention there has been a recent revival,* bearing such fruit as the publication of "L'Estampe Originale;" centenary exhibitions in Paris, New York, and elsewhere; amusing experiments on the walls of the Champ-de-Mars Salon; auto-lithographic supplements to art periodicals. Painters of note or notoriety have covered the stone with elaborate devices which, seen in the print, must fill them with sorrow for their imprudence. The lithograph has become a familiar word in shop and school and studio. The voice of the professional prophet is heard predicting the new and glorious career which, the chances are, does not await it. As to the revival of its popularity, that is another question. But in 1877, and for many years after, no one thought, or talked, or cared about the lithograph. As late as 1887, when Mr. Whistler sent a few prints to an exhibition, they were such a puzzle to the critic that one rash writer described them as sketches in Indian-ink and crayon, unworthy the glories of *fac-simile* reproduction; thus contributing, all unwillingly, another episode to the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." When that gay and impudent paper, *The Whirlwind*, published two or three as supplements, rare was the collector wise enough to obtain them for his portfolio, as he might then, but never may again, at the outlay of a penny apiece. Only now, in the midst of centennial excitement, the new lithographers have learned, to their amaze-



St. Giles's, Soho.

* See "The Renaissance of Lithography," by M. H. Spielmann, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1896.

ment, that for twenty years Mr. Whistler has practised the art which they thought to resurrect; that in the place of their feeble, tentative performances, he can fill a gallery with his masterpieces. No less than seventy prints were hung when he exhibited them last winter, in London, at the Fine Art Society's, and several more were added before the exhibition closed, and many had already been shown in New York.



Little Evelyn.

To look through the prints, whether in portfolio or gallery, is to be impressed by the style and elegance of the series as a whole, and of each separate lithograph, even the slightest. Not that this could come as a surprise. One knows Mr. Whistler's paintings; one knows his pastels, his etchings, his water-colors. And this means that one knows he can do nothing that is not elegant, nothing that has not that supreme and all but indefinable quality which is called style. The artist who painted the portrait in the Luxembourg, the Carlyle, the Miss Alexander, would not, of a sudden, condescend to the common or sink into insignificance simply because he had substituted the lithographic point or pencil for the brush. Here, again, he has played with his material as a Swinburne plays with rhythm—as only the master can, always with new glory to the game, never with suspicion of discredit upon himself. He has drawn directly on the stone, as he did chiefly in the seventies; and he has drawn, as latterly almost altogether, on the transfer paper which, invented by Senefelder, has since been enormously improved. He has worked in wash—the "Nocturne," "Limehouse," "Early Morning," and "The Toilet," four of the first prints, were done in this way. He has drawn with lithographic chalk; he has painted, one might say, with the stump; and if, ordinarily, he gets his effect with black-and-white, occasionally he has used color with a delicacy and restraint that makes one wish these prints were less limited in number.

Always, no matter for which of these methods he decides, Mr. Whistler exercises the same punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium—to borrow Mr. Pater's phrase. The bungler or the amateur must think of the technical necessities and limitations of the art as a restriction; none but the real artist can find in them an opportunity. For it is important not merely that the lithographer should have something to say—*Qu' avez vous à dire?* that was Millet's first question to the student—but that he should know exactly what it is, and how to say it. Intentions and ideas, however excellent in themselves, are useless; knowl-

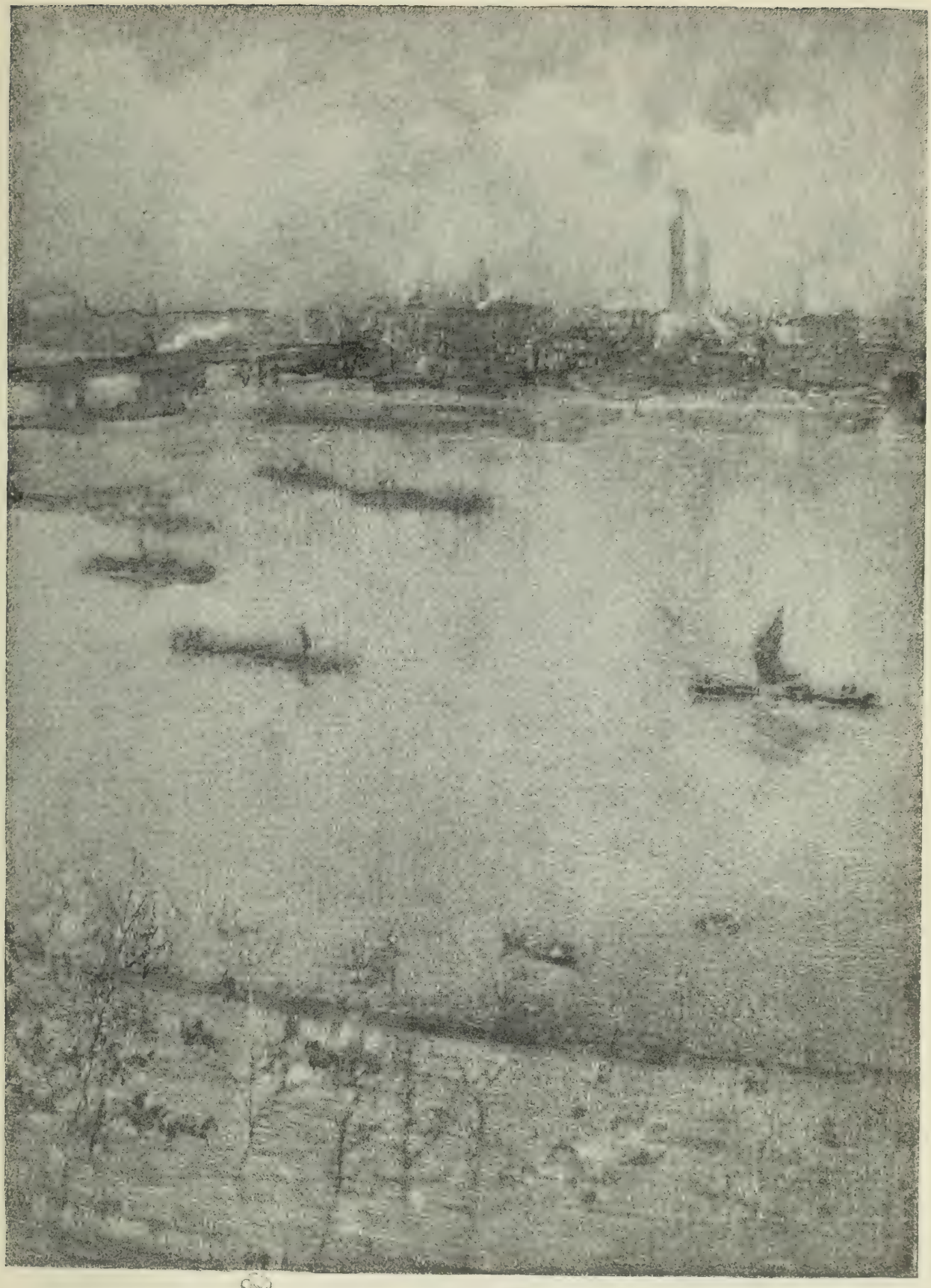


Sunday—Lyme Regis.

edge, absolute knowledge, alone will suffice. Every touch upon the stone or the transfer paper must find its utmost degree of expression. Flaubert never insisted upon the right word more jealously than the lithographer upon the right line or tone; and, moreover, the lithographer must find spontaneously the rightness which Flaubert sought at times during days and weeks. Mr. Whistler, however, has the science of his materials, nor is he ever hindered by haziness of expression. He knows; and because he knows, his lithographs fill one with confidence, with that serene pleasure invariably felt in the presence of the perfect work of art. You feel at once the vitality and freedom and force of their line, the fine quality of their color—for Mr. Whistler, as has been said of Gavarni, is a colorist even in black-and-white—and the appropriateness of their subjects to the medium.

For these subjects Mr. Whistler has gone to the life about him. He has never believed in the imagination that soars not above the remote and the archaic, in the romance of the bric-à-brac shop, in the poetry of distorted symbol and dim allegory. Like Rembrandt, like Velasquez, like all great men, he has not required to alter his surroundings, beauty for him being in the development of his work. The man of fine imagination divines loveliness in the chance turn of a woman's head, in the pose of a graceful figure, in the character of a strong personality. The poet exults in the play of light and shadow, whether seen from a city window, through a lowly doorway, or in open country. He rejoices in the harmony of form and color wherever it confronts him, in the tumble-down shop as in the noble palace, in the disorder of the market-place as along the terraces of the stately garden. Mr. Whistler has made many portraits on the stone, he has worked much out of doors; but his motive has ever been suggested by the pictorial aspect of men and women and the world he lives in. His concern is with the realities of life, that poetry may be the result—the poetry of paint or pencil.

To him the country is scarce less an enemy than it was to the De Goncourts, who



The River, from the Savoy.

saw in it one large charnel-house. Town has ever had for him a more irresistible charm. London, of

> The mysterious distances, the glooms
> Romantic, the august
> And solemn shapes!

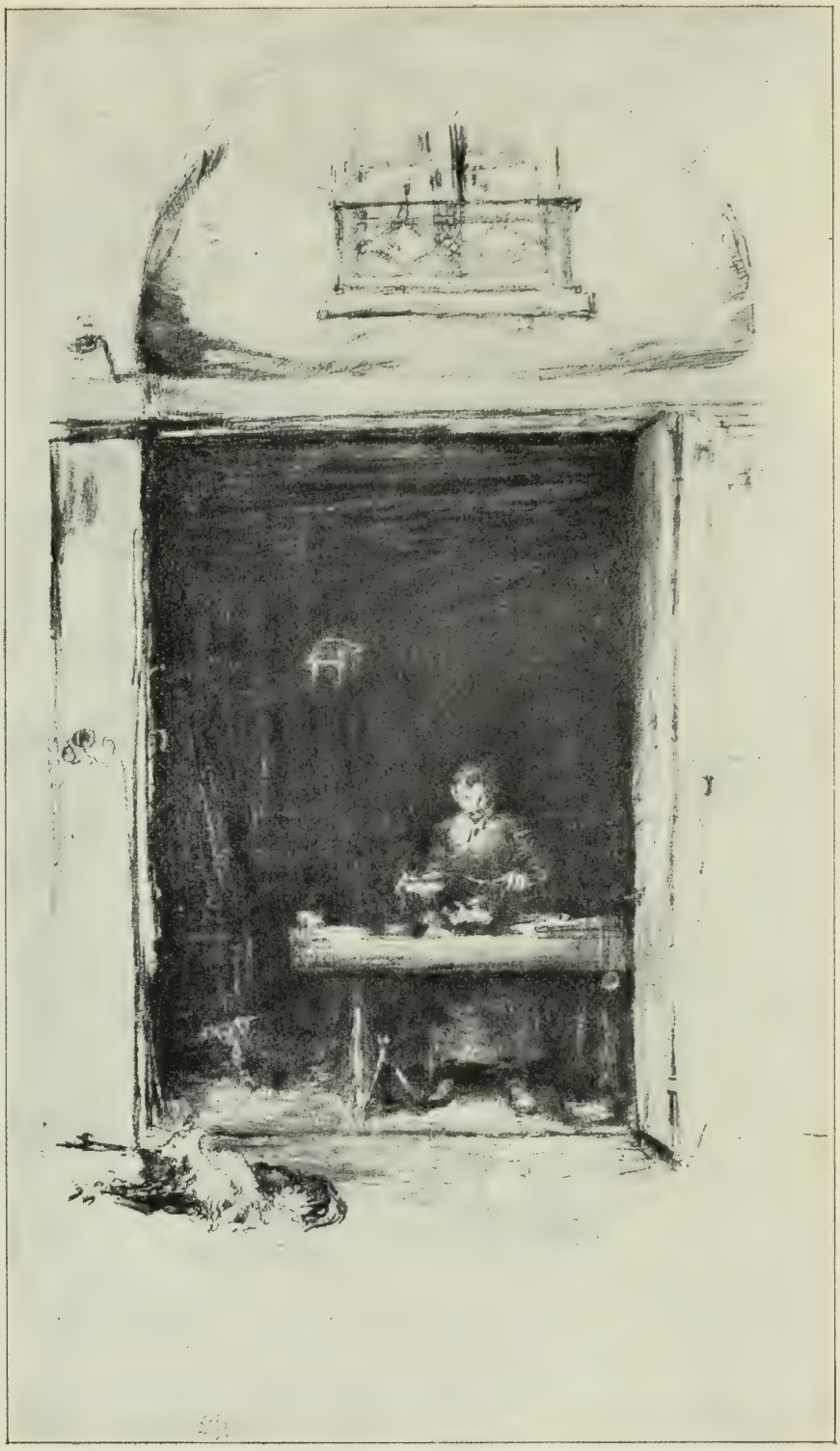
Paris, the elegant, the dainty, the distinguished city of vast vistas and terraced gardens, has held him by a more potent spell than ploughed field and meadow land, than green valleys winding among the hills. He would rather see the fog lifting and falling on the street's long façade than the cloud-shadows drifting across the mountain-side; he would find more majesty in the forest of masts along the quays than in the greenest depth of Fontainebleau or Sherwood. In the city he has painted his nocturnes, and it is the city that has been the inspiration of his needle. With the exception of a very occasional etching, I do not remember a landscape by Mr. Whistler. And, as with his paintings and plates, so with his lithographs; when he has worked out of doors it has been in London or Lyme Regis, in Paris or Vitré.

There is a long London series, begun with his first lithographs, continued at intervals, and, it is to be hoped, not yet ended. Throughout the series, as in London itself, you come constantly upon glimpses of the river, its "green garlands and windy eyots forgot," as, barge-laden and all astir with life, it flows between the gray splendor and squalor of the motley shores. It has been said that Mr. Whistler stands supreme among painters as the interpreter of night. But it is no less his special distinction that he has made the Thames his own in art, even as Mr. Henley has been its discoverer in verse. It seems, then, in keeping that his first use of the stone should have been in the river's service. The shipping and barges at Limehouse, the fairyland of Chelsea, in the hour before night when factories are palaces and chimneys become campanili, filled him with a sense of the Thames's beauty in 1878 and 1879, even as to-day he has been rejoicing in the swing of the stream past Somerset House, and the solemn graciousness of Wren's city rising from the banks. The "Nocturne" at Chelsea was done in wash; and the brush, sweeping with unerring skill and sympathy across the stone, missed nothing of the subtleties in the shadowy water, nothing of the variety in the twilit sky, nothing of the golden mystery of lights and re-



The Long Gallery in the Louvre.

flections gleaming through the tender gloom. But no less subtle and varied are the effects in his Thames of to-day, though he has rarely used wash since those early prints. From the windows of the Savoy Hotel, looking eastward, he has watched the river hurrying to the sea; he has noted the dignity of towers and spires rising high, "through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone," above the clustered roofs, the great dome dominating all, in beautiful lines and curves, against a sky which, though it wear an unwonted glitter when the east wind blows, is more often veiled in mist or covered with clouds; and these things he has recorded in his "Little London." The stump has been the flexible, responsive tool with which he has fairly painted on the stone, giving tone and color. I know of nothing like this in lithography. To the Frenchmen of 1830 "stumping" was common enough; but even Daumier and Gavarni, who were such masters, sought with it the draughtsman's rather than the painter's quality. Again, looking southward and westward, Mr. Whistler has followed the wide curve of the Embankment, the height and spread of the frontage opposite, and the flow of the Thames under Waterloo Bridge; and he has seen them as no one else would, lingering lovingly over every detail, though never giving to it undue importance, delighting in the elegance of the hansom, in the grace of the unpretentious railing about the garden, in the movement and life and change of it all.



The Smith, Place du Dragon.

And his interest in London has not been restricted to the Thames. Seeing the beautiful, where other men might be

discouraged by dulness, he has taken his subject, now in the little cheap shop opening a low window upon the street, now in the forgotten church hidden away in a lonely square. The "Chelsea Rags," convincingly rendered, than in their figures: the delicious little child, thrilling with excitement, craning her neck for one look upon the wonders of the "Fish-Shop," or the heavy, alert bull-dog that



The Little Model Reading.

the "Shops, Chelsea," the "Drury Lane," as well as the "Butcher's Dog," that dates but from yesterday, are impressions of vague Rembrandtesque interiors where figures, grim or graceful, peer from out the deep shadows—shops as lovely in his prints as the halls of a Veronese, the palaces of a Claude. And could character be more keenly observed and felt, more keeps the street for the butcher, or the two men working to no more profitable end than the making of a fine vigorous pattern in the "Wheelwright, Chelsea?" The two churches which he has drawn during the last year make one hope that others are to follow. St. Anne's in Soho, just round the corner from the noise and brand-new aggressiveness of Shaftesbury

Avenue, is a quiet, quaint eighteenth-century building, somewhat raised above the level of the street, set in a square of its own, where, on benches under pleasant trees, the tired population of Soho, mostly foreign, comes to take its rest as in the somnolent garden of a French or Italian provincial town. Mr. Whistler has suggested the details of the architecture with great reticence, precision, and grace. Fortunately it was still winter at the moment, and no foliage conceals the fine lines and curves of the branches spreading themselves into a beautiful decoration across the simple façade. Once a critic, in days when he knew not how to distinguish between dry point and what was left unbitten on the plate, declared that Mr. Whistler could not draw a tree : by this lithograph alone the folly of such criticism is laid bare. The "St. Giles's" is another church, like St. Anne's, set in an enclosure in the midst of trees ; in it, again, there is delicate drawing, as decorative as true, of tree forms ; and in their treatment, in the rendering of church and sky, you find that quality of "paintiness" which is so delightful in the "Little London."

Sometimes it has been, not before a church, not before a shop, not before a river, but in a tiny court, as at Cloth Fair, at an entrance-gate, as to St. Bartholomew's, in front of a theatre, that Mr. Whistler has noted a chance beauty of line, or of form, or of shadowy depths through gaping door or window. No matter by what way he goes, by what corner he turns, he, like Mr. Henley, has eyes but to see "How goodly this his London Town can be !"—his by that most indisputable of all rights, the artist's.

Town, with its moving figures, its dim enchanted shops, is for him as inexhaustible at Lyme Regis. On Sunday he is happily conscious of the long, placid street, the slow-going men and women ; and with the lightest touch, the simplest means, he has put down on paper the curving lines marked out by the direction of the simple houses, the movement of the little figures, the swirl of a skirt in the wind, the calm and quiet of the day. Or, it is the town fair in which he has revelled ; the crowded tents, the flapping canvas, the glaring lights, the falling shadows, and the holiday-makers—strange imposing figures in their unwonted surroundings. Or else, the blacksmith's shop ; that wonderful forge, where the two horses wait to be shod ; the first horses Mr. Whistler has drawn, and yet, how perfect the modelling, how sure the handling, how pictorial the arrangement !



The Butcher's Dog.

In France his pleasure is in kindred places and subjects : in the wide, crowded market of the provincial town, and the houses rotting on the canal side ; in the simple shop, now of the "*Fruitière*," now of the "*Blanchisseuse*,"

and again of the blacksmith, with its strange shadows and phantom shapes. There are two of those interiors, "The Forge" and "The Smith, Place du Dragon," each with a rich, noble background of darkness; not a flat black wall which the mere clever craftsman might so readily substitute, but darkness that is filled with air! Twice in the French series Mr. Whistler has used color—in the "Yellow House, Guingcamp," "the Red House, Paimpol," chromo-lithographs that redeem the name from its long dishonor. Here you have the right application of color to the lithograph; no endeavor to paint an elaborate picture as if with oils, no slavery to the flat washes of the modern poster-designer, but tint and tone introduced where they help to accentuate character or heighten an effect; much, indeed, as in Mr. Whistler's own pastels.

In Paris he has found still another subject in the Garden, and at the Luxembourg he is as truly in his element as a Millet on the sad plain of Barbizon, as a Corot at Ville D'Avray. Have I not said that style and elegance are the essentials of his art? and are they not here made to his hand in the broad terraces, the wide flights of steps, the prim paths, the classic avenues; in the adorable groups of *bébés*, all frills, of *bonnes*, all ribbons, of *Parisiennes*, all *chic*? In one print in particular, "A Conversation," he seems, on a few inches of paper, to give the entire gardens, or the very spirit of them. There is the posing statue under its canopy of trees, there below on the terrace are the well-dressed women, one with her hat set aloft with inimitable swagger on the coils of her well-groomed hair; there, in the distance, are the children at play, and it all sparkles with light and color. You scarce know which is the greatest marvel, the beauty of the garden, the character in the figures, or the slenderness of means employed to produce so large and comprehensive an effect.



The Smith's Tavern—Lyme Regis.

His portraits fortunately are many. All the masters distinguished themselves in their portraits — Daumier, Raffet, Devéria, Gigoux, Gavarni, Lane. There are special prints, like the Tony and Alfred Johannot by Gigoux, that are as memorable as any contemporary portrait of the painter, whether that painter were Ingres or Lawrence. The long list borrows new glory now that Mr. Whistler has added to it. His portraits on the stone have the subtlety and elegance and dignity of his portraits on can-

vas. But in them he never exceeds the limit of his medium. The names of several of the prints explain this: for instance, "*La Belle Dame Endormie*," "*La Belle Dame Paresseuse*," two which could not well be exceeded in their dignified beauty. Not even in the Miss Alexander has he placed the figure in a picture more symmetrically than this beautiful woman who leans back in her chair with joyous, exquisite indolence. There are others in which he has noted, with the same quick sympathy, a moment of less repose, if of no less perfect unison of effect—"*La Belle Jardinière*," at work among her flowers; "The Duet," the light soft upon the faces of the two players; "*La jolie New Yorkaise*," alert, correct in her out-door costume, as she drinks afternoon tea; the tall, graceful girl who pauses as she passes, holding the "*Gants de Suède*," just drawn off the firm hands that now are clasping them. And unwearied still are invention and sympathy and fancy, direct still the method, slender the means, in as many more: "*La Robe Rouge;*" "*Confidences dans le Jardin;*" "The Winged Hat;" "The Sisters;" "Little Evelyn," the one child in the series—very sweet in her simplicity, the artist needing no pathetic or anecdotal accessories to express this sweetness. Nor can it be said of his lithographs, as of M. Helleu's dry points, that they include not a single portrait of a man. His print of "Stéphane Mallarmé" was published as a frontispiece in the latest collection of the poet's verse; his "Doctor" appeared only last Christmas in the *Pageant*. That they are vigorous, full of personal distinction and manliness, is only what one looks for in every portrait by the artist who painted the Carlyle, the Montesquiou, the Sarasate.

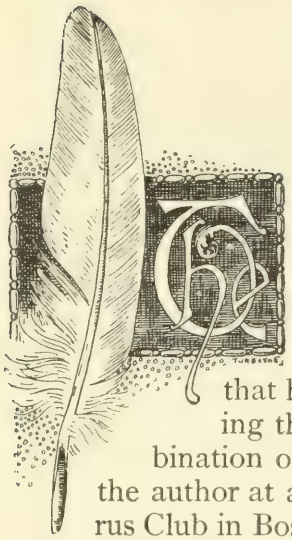
With some of his other figure subjects, he furnishes even more convincing evidence of his knowledge, of his scholarly draughtsmanship, of his absolute command of technique. These are his studies of the nude or partly draped model. Without them, the series of his lithographs would be less complete. By his drawing of the nude, the measure of an artist's capacity—or incapacity—may be judged. By it he stands convicted of perfection, or of failure as it may be and too often is. There is nothing more difficult in art than to draw the figure, and the difficulty is increased a hundredfold when the medium is as inexorable as the lithographic chalk. Mr. Whistler's little model now sits reading, now reclines, now stands by a large bowl. In this print she wears but the beauty of her nudity; in that, drapery falls about her in folds that help to express rather than hide the modelling of the flesh beneath, or sways and floats with every movement of her body. These studies have been likened, more than once, to the work of Tanagra; and justly, for theirs is the same flawless daintiness, the same purity of pose, the same harmony of line, the same grace of contour. And slight as they may seem to the casual amateur, in them you have the firm foundation, the groundwork, as it were, of the art that bears as its perfect flower the harmonies on the Thames and in the Luxembourg Gardens, the incomparable portraits. With them, too, must be classed the "Mother and Child," instinct with maternal devotion as the Madonnas of Bellini or Fra Angelico, the plump nakedness of the child a marvel of masterly execution, of eloquent form.

I am not attempting to give a list of Mr. Whistler's lithographs. The task would be beyond my limit and, indeed, my intention. For, after all, the important thing is to know, not merely how many prints he has published, but the qualities in which their greatness lies. The present revival bids fair to be more prolific in reckless talk than worthy achievement—though worthy achievement there is, and that from more than one man. I noticed this year, in the Salon of the Champs-Elysées, that the tendency of the lithographer now again, as in Munich a hundred years since, is to copy, and in copying to imitate, the technique of the engraver on steel or on wood. But Mr. Whistler, indifferent to ephemeral tendencies, works in his own, which is the right, way to-day as he did twenty years ago; he has established the standard, against which it is useless for the present generation to rebel. Originality in creation, individuality of observation, unswerving directness of expression—here you have the seal, or hallmark, which he has set upon the lithograph. And while fashions change with the changing seasons, his art will remain.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I



A YOUNG actor who thought he saw his part in Maxwell's play had so far made his way upward on the Pacific Coast that he felt justified in taking the road with a combination of his own. He met the author at a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston, where they were introduced with a facile flourish of praise from the journalist who brought them together, as the very men who were looking for each other, and who ought to be able to give the American public a real American drama. The actor, who believed he had an ideal of this drama, professed an immediate interest in the kind of thing Maxwell told him he was trying to do, and asked him to come the next day, if he did not mind its being Sunday, and talk the play over with him.

He was at breakfast when Maxwell came, at about the hour people were getting home from church, and he asked the author to join him. But Maxwell had already breakfasted, and he hid his impatience of the actor's politeness as well as he could, and began at the first moment possible: "The idea of my play is biblical; we're still a very biblical people." He had thought of the fact in seeing so many worshippers swarming out of the churches.

"That is true," said the actor.

"It's the old idea of the wages of sin. I should like to call it that."

"The name has been used, hasn't it?"

"I shouldn't mind; for I want to get a new effect from the old notion, and it would be all the stronger from familiar association with the name. I want to show that the wages of sin is mere sinning, which is the very body of death."

"Well?"

"Well, I take a successful man at the acme of his success, and study him in a succession of scenes that bring out the fact of his prosperity in a way to strike the imagination of the audience, even the groundlings; and, of course, I have to deal with success of the most appreciable sort—a material success that is gross and palpable. I have to use a large canvas, as big as Shakespeare's, in fact, and I put in a great many figures."

"That's right," said the actor. "You want to keep the stage full, with people coming and going."

"There's a lot of coming and going, and a lot of incidents, to keep the spectator interested, and on the lookout for what's to happen next. The whole of the first act is working up to something that I've wanted to see put on the stage for a good while, or ever since I've thought of writing for the stage, and that is a large dinner, one of the public kind."

"Capital!" said the actor.

"I've seen a good deal of that sort of thing as a reporter; you know they put us at a table off to one side, and we see the whole thing, a great deal better than the diners themselves do. It's a banquet, given by a certain number of my man's friends, in honor of his fiftieth birthday, and you see the men gathering in the hotel parlor—well, you can imagine it in almost any hotel—and Haxard is in the foreground. Haxard is the hero's name, you know."

"It's a good name," the actor mused aloud. "It has a strong sound."

"Do you like it? Well, Haxard," Maxwell continued, "is there in the foreground, from the first moment the curtain rises, receiving his friends, and shaking hands right and left, and joking and laughing with everybody—a very small joke makes a very large laugh on occasions like that, and I shall try to give some notion of the comparative size of the joke and the laugh—and receiving congratulations, that give a notion of what the dinner is for, and the kind of man he is, and how universally respected and all that, till everybody has come; and then

the doors between the parlor and the dining-room are rolled back, and every man goes out with his own wife, or his sister, or his cousin, or his aunt, if he hasn't got a wife ; I saw them do that once, at a big commercial dinner I reported."

" Ah, I was afraid it was to be exclusively a man's dinner ! " the actor interrupted.

" Oh, no," Maxwell answered, with a shade of vexation. " That wouldn't do. You couldn't have a scene, or, at least, not a whole act, without women. Of course I understand that. Even if you could keep the attention of the audience without them, through the importance of the intrigue, still you would have to have them for the sake of the stage-picture. The drama is literature that makes a double appeal ; it appeals to the sense as well as the intellect, and the stage is half the time merely a picture-frame. I had to think that out pretty early."

The actor nodded. " You couldn't too soon."

" It wouldn't do to have nothing but a crowd of black coats and white shirt-fronts on the stage through a whole act. You want color, and a lot of it, and you can only get it, in our day, with the women's costumes. Besides, they give movement and life. After the dinner begins they're supposed to sparkle all through. I've imagined the table set down the depth of the stage, with Haxard and the nominal host at the head, fronting the audience, and the people talking back and forth on each side, and I let the ladies do most of the talking, of course. I mean to have the dinner served through all the courses, and the waiters coming and going ; the events will have to be hurried, and the eating merely sketched, at times ; but I should keep the thing in pretty perfect form, till it came to the speaking. I shall have to cut that a good deal, but I think I can give a pretty fair notion of how they butter the object of their hospitality on such occasions ; I've seen it and heard it done often enough. I think, perhaps, I shall have the dinner an act by itself. There are only four acts in the play now, and I'll have to make five. I want to give Haxard's speech as fully as possible, for that's what I study the man in, and make my confidences to the audience about him. I shall make him butter himself, but all with the utmost humility, and brag of everything that he disclaims the merit of."

The actor rose and reached across the table for the sugar. " That's a capital notion. That's new. That would make a hit—the speech would."

" Do you think so ? " returned the author. " *I* thought so. I believe that in the hands of a good actor the speech could be made tremendously telling. I wouldn't have a word to give away his character, his nature, except the words of his own mouth, but I would have them do it so effectually that when he gets through the audience will be fairly ' onto him,' don't you know."

" Magnificent ! " said the actor, pouring himself some more cocoa.

Maxwell continued : " In the third act —for I see that I shall have to make it the third now—the scene will be in Haxard's library, after he gets home from the complimentary dinner, at midnight, and he finds a man waiting for him there—a man that the butler tells him has called several times, and was so anxious to see him that Mrs. Haxard has given orders to let him wait. Oh, I ought to go back a little, and explain——"

" Yes, do ! " The actor stirred his cocoa with mounting interest. " Yes, don't leave anything out."

" I merely meant to say that in the talk in the scene, or the act, before the dinner —I shall have two acts, but with no wait between them ; just let down the curtain and raise it again—it will come out that Haxard is not a Bostonian by birth, but has come here since the war from the Southwest, where he went, from Maine, to grow up with the country, and is understood to have been a sort of quiescent Union man there ; it's thought to be rather a fine thing the way he's taken on Boston, and shown so much local patriotism and public spirit and philanthropy, in the way he's brought himself forward here. People don't know a great deal about his past, but it's understood to have been very creditable. I shall have to recast that part a little, and lengthen the delay before he comes on, and let the guests, or the hosts —for *they're* giving *him* the dinner—have time to talk about him, and free their minds in honor of him behind his back, before they begin to his face."

"Never bring your principal character on at once," the actor interjected.

"No," Maxwell consented. "I see that wouldn't have done." He went on: "Well, as soon as Haxard turns up the light in his library, the man rises from the lounge where he has been sitting, and Haxard sees who it is. He sees that it is a man whom he used to be in partnership with in Texas, where they were engaged in some very shady transactions. They get caught in one of them—I haven't decided yet just what sort of transaction it was, and I shall have to look that point up; I'll get some law-student to help me—and Haxard, who wasn't Haxard then, pulls out and leaves his partner to suffer the penalty. Haxard comes North, and after trying it in various places, he settles here, and marries, and starts in business and prospers on, while the other fellow takes their joint punishment in the penitentiary. By the way, it just occurs to me! I think I'll have it that Haxard has killed a man, a man whom he has injured; he doesn't mean to kill him, but he has to; and this fellow is knowing to the homicide, but has been prevented from getting onto Haxard's trail by the consequences of his own misdemeanors; that will probably be the best way out. Of course it all has to transpire, all these facts, in the course of the dialogue which the two men have with each other there in Haxard's library, after a good deal of fighting away from the inevitable identification on Haxard's part. After the first few preliminary words with the butler at the door before he goes in to find the other man—his name is Greenshaw——"

"That's a good name, too," said the actor.

"Yes, isn't it? It has a sort of probable sound, and yet it's a made-up name. Well, I was going to say——"

"And I'm glad you have it a homicide that Haxard is guilty of, instead of a business crime of some sort. That sort of crime never tells with an audience," the actor observed.

"No," said Maxwell. "Homicide is decidedly better. It's more melodramatic, and I don't like that, but it will be more appreciable, as a real sin, to most of the audience; we steal and cheat so much, and we kill comparatively so little in the North. Well, I was going to say that I shall have this whole act to consist entirely of the passage between the two men. I shall let it begin with a kind of shiver creeping over the spectator, when he recognizes the relation between them, and I hope I shall be able to make it end with a shudder, for Haxard must see from the first moment, and he must let the audience see at last, that the only way for him to save himself from his old crime is to commit a new one. He must kill the man who saw him kill a man."

"That's good," the actor thoughtfully murmured, as if tasting a pleasant morsel to try its flavor. "Excellent."

Maxwell laughed for pleasure, and went on: "He arranges to meet the man again at a certain time and place, and that is the last of Greenshaw. He leaves the house alone; and the body of an unknown man is found floating up and down with the tide under the Long Bridge. There are no marks of violence; he must have fallen off the bridge in the dark, and been drowned; it could very easily happen. Well, then comes the most difficult part of the whole thing; I have got to connect this casualty with Haxard in the most unmistakable way, unmistakable to the audience, that is; and I have got to have it brought home to him in a supreme moment of his life. I don't want to have him feel any remorse for it; that isn't the modern theory of the criminal; but I do want him to be anxious to hide his connection with it, and to escape the consequences. I don't know but I shall try another dinner-scene, though I am afraid it would be a risk."

The actor said: "I don't know. It might be the very thing. The audience likes a recurrence to a distinctive feature. It's like going back to an effective strain in music."

"Yes," Maxwell resumed, "slightly varied. I might have a private dinner, this time; perhaps a dinner that Haxard himself is giving. Toward the end the talk might turn on the case of the unknown man, and the guests might discuss it philosophically together; Haxard would combat the notion of a murder, and even of a suicide; he would contend for an accident, pure and simple. All the fellows would take a turn at the theory, but the

summing-up opinion I should leave to a legal mind, perhaps the man who had made the great complimentary speech at the public dinner to Haxard in the first act. I should have him warm to his work, and lay it down to Haxard in good round fashion, against his theory of accident. He could prove to the satisfaction of everybody that the man who was last seen with the drowned man—or was supposed to have been seen with him—according to some very sketchy evidence at the inquest, which never amounted to anything—was the man who pushed him off the bridge. He could gradually work up his case, and end the argument with a semi-jocular, semi-serious appeal to Haxard himself, like, 'Why, suppose it was your own case,' and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, and then suddenly stop at something he notices queer in Haxard, who is trying to get to his feet. The rest applaud: 'That's right! Haxard has the floor,' and so on, and then Haxard slips back into his chair, and his head falls forward— I don't like death-scenes on the stage. They're usually failures. But if this was managed simply, I think it would be effective."

The actor left the table and began to walk about the room. "I shall want that play. I can see my part in Haxard. I know just how I could make up for him. And the play is so native, so American, that it will go like wildfire."

The author heard these words with a swelling heart. He did not speak, for he could not. He sat still, watching the actor as he paced to and fro, histrionically rapt in his representation of an actor who had just taken a piece from a young dramatist. "If you can realize that part as you've sketched it to me," he said, finally, "I will play it exclusively, as Jefferson does Rip Van Winkle. There are immense capabilities in the piece. Yes, sir; that thing will run for years!"

"Of course," Maxwell found voice to say, "there is one great defect in it, from the conventional point of view." The actor stopped and looked at him. "There's no love-business."

"We must have that. But you can easily bring it in."

"By the head and shoulders, yes. But I hate love-making, on the stage, almost as much as I do dying. I never see a pair of lovers beyond the footlights without wanting to kill them." The actor remained looking at him over his folded arms, and Maxwell continued, with something like a personal rancor against love-making, while he gave a little, bitter laugh, "I might have it somehow that Haxard had killed a pair of stage-lovers, and this was what Greenshaw had seen him do. But that would have been justifiable homicide."

The actor's gaze darkened into a frowning stare, as if he did not quite make out this kind of fooling. "All the world loves a lover," he said, tentatively.

"I don't believe it does," said Maxwell, "except as it's stupid, and loves anything that makes it laugh. It loves a comic lover, and in the same way it loves a droll drunkard or an amusing madman."

"We shall have to have some sort of love-business," the actor returned, with an effect of leaving the right interpretation of Maxwell's peculiar humor for some other time. "The public wants it. No play would go without it. You can have it subordinate if you like, but you have got to have it. How old did you say Haxard was?"

"About fifty. Too old for a lover, unless you could make him in love with someone else's wife, as he has one of his own already. But that wouldn't do."

The actor looked as if he did not know why it would not do, but he said, "He could have a daughter."

"Yes, and his daughter could have a lover. I had thought of something of that kind, and of bringing in their ill-fated passion as an element of the tragedy. We could have his disgrace break their hearts, and kill two birds with one stone, and avenge a long-suffering race of playwrights upon stage-lovers."

The actor laughed like a man of small humor, mellowly, but hollowly. "No, no! We must have the love-affair end happily. You can manage that somehow. Have you got the play roughed out at all?"

"Not in manuscript. I've only got it roughed out in my mind."

"Well, I want that play. That's settled. I can't do anything with it this winter, but

I should like to open with it next fall. Do you think you could have it ready by the end of July ? "

II

They sat down and began to talk times and terms. They parted with a perfect understanding, and Maxwell was almost as much deceived as the actor himself. He went home full of gay hopes to begin work on the play at once, and to realize the character of Haxard with the personality of the actor in his eye. He heard nothing from him till the following spring, when the actor wrote, with all the ardor of their parting moment, to say that he was coming East for the summer, and meant to settle down in the region of Boston somewhere, so that they could meet constantly and make the play what they both wanted. He said nothing to account for his long silence, and he seemed so little aware of it, that Maxwell might very well have taken it for a simple fidelity to the understanding between them, too unconscious to protest itself. He answered discreetly, and said that he expected to pass the summer on the coast somewhere, but was not yet quite certain where he should be ; that he had not forgotten their interview, and should still be glad to let him have the play if he fancied it. Between this time and the time when the actor appeared in person, he sent Maxwell several short notes, and two or three telegrams, sufficiently relevant but not very necessary, and when his engagement ended in the West, a fortnight after Maxwell was married, he telegraphed again and then came through without a stop from Denver, where the combination broke up, to Manchester-by-the-Sea. He joined the little colony of actors which summers there, and began to play tennis and golf, and to fish and to sail, almost without a moment's delay. He was not very fond of any of these things, and in fact he was fond only of one thing in the world, which was the stage ; but he had a theory that they were recreation, and that if he went in for them, he was building himself up for the season, which began early in September ; he had appropriate costumes for all of them, and no one dressed the part more perfectly in tennis or golf, or sailing, or fishing. He believed that he ought to read up in the summer, too, and he had the very best of the recent books, in fiction and criticism, and the new drama. He had all of the translations of Ibsen, and several of Mæterlinck's plays in French ; he read a good deal in his books, and he lent them about in the hotel even more. Among the ladies there he had the repute of a very modern intellect, and of a person you would never take for an actor, from his tastes. What his tastes would have been if you had taken him for an actor, they could not have said, perhaps, but probably something vicious, and he had not a vice. He did not smoke, and he did not so much as drink tea or coffee ; he had cocoa for breakfast, and at lunch a glass of milk, with water at dinner. He had a tint like the rose, and when he smiled or laughed, which was often, from a constitutional amiability and a perfect digestion, his teeth showed white and regular, and an innocent dimple punctured either cheek. His name was Godolphin, for he had instinctively felt that in choosing a name he might as well take a handsome one while he was about it, and that if he became Godolphin there was no reason why he should not become Launcelot, too. He did not put on these splendors from any foible, but from a professional sense of their value in the bills ; and he was not personally characterized by them. As Launcelot Godolphin he was simpler than he would have been with a simpler name, and it was his ideal to be modest in everything that personally belonged to him. He studied an unprofessional walk, and a very colloquial tone in speaking. He was of course clean-shaven, but during the summer he let his mustache grow, though he was aware that he looked better without it. He was tall, and he carried himself with the vigor of his perfect health ; but on the stage he looked less than his real size, like a perfectly proportioned edifice.

Godolphin wanted the Maxwells to come to his hotel in Manchester, but there were several reasons for their not doing this ; the one Maxwell alleged was that they could not afford it. They had settled for the summer, when they got

home after their brief wedding journey, at a much cheaper house in Magnolia, and the actor and the author were then only three miles apart, which Mrs. Maxwell thought was quite near enough. "As it is," she said, "I'm only afraid he'll be with you every moment with his suggestions, and won't let you have any chance to work out your own conceptions."

Godolphin had not failed to notify the public through the press that Mr. Brice Maxwell had severed his connection with the Boston *Abstract*, for the purpose of devoting himself to a new play for Mr. Launcelot Godolphin, and he thought it would have been an effective touch if it could have been truthfully reported that Mr. Godolphin and Mr. Maxwell might be seen almost any day swinging over the roads together in the neighborhood of Manchester, blind and deaf to all the passing, in their discussion of the play, which they might almost be said to be collaborating. But failing Maxwell's consent to anything of the sort, Godolphin did the swinging over the roads himself, so far as the roads lay between Manchester and Magnolia. He began by coming in the forenoon, when he broke Maxwell up fearfully, but he was retarded by a waning of his own ideal in the matter, and finally got to arriving at that hour in the afternoon when Maxwell could be found revising his morning's work, or lying at his wife's feet on the rocks, and now and then irrelevantly bringing up a knotty point in the character or action for her criticism. For these excursions Godolphin had equipped himself with a gray corduroy sack and knickerbockers, and a stick which he cut from the alder thicket; he wore russet shoes of ample tread, and very thick-ribbed stockings, which became his stalwart calves.

Nothing could be handsomer than the whole effect he made in this costume, and his honest face was a pleasure to look at, though its intelligence was of a kind so wholly different from the intelligence of Maxwell's face, that Mrs. Maxwell always had a struggle with herself before she could allow that it was intelligence at all. He was very polite to her; he always brought her flowers, and he opened doors, and put down windows, and leaped to his feet for every imaginable occasion of hers, in a way that Maxwell never did, and somehow a way that the polite men of her world did not, either. She had to school herself to believe him a gentleman, and she would not accept a certain vivid cleanliness he had, as at all aristocratic; she said it was too fresh, and he ought to have carried a warning placard of "Paint." She found that Godolphin had one great and constant merit: he believed in Maxwell's genius as devoutly as she did herself. This did not prevent him from coming every day with proposals for changes in the play, more or less structural. At one time he wished the action laid in some other country and epoch, so as to bring in more costume, and give the carpenter something to do; he feared that the severity of the *mise en scène* would ruin the piece. At another time he wanted lines taken out of the speeches of the inferior characters, and put into his own, to fatten the part, as he explained. At other times he wished to have paraphrases of passages, that he had brought down the house with in other plays, written into this; or scenes transposed, so that he would make a more effective entrance here or there. There was no end to his inventions for spoiling the simplicity and truthfulness of Maxwell's piece, which he yet respected as the virtues of it, and hoped the greatest things from.

One afternoon he arrived with a scheme for a very up-to-date scene in the last act; have it a supper instead of a dinner, and then have a skirt-dancer introduced, as society people had been having Carmencita. "When Haxard dies, you know," he explained, "it would be tremendously effective if you could have the woman catch him in her arms, and she would be a splendid piece of color in the picture, with Haxard's head lying in her lap, as the curtain comes down with a run."

At this suggestion Mrs. Maxwell was too indignant to speak; her husband merely said, with his cold smile, "Yes; but I don't see what it would have to do with the rest of the play."

"You could have it," said Godolphin, "that he was married to a Mexican during his Texas episode, and this girl was their daughter." Maxwell still smiled, and Godolphin deferred to his wife: "But perhaps Mrs. Maxwell would object to the skirt-dance?"

"Oh, no," she answered, ironically, "I shouldn't mind having it, with Carmencita in society for a precedent. But," she added, "the incident seems so out of keeping with the action and the temperament of the play, and everything. If I were to see such a thing on the stage, merely as an impartial spectator, I should feel insulted."

Godolphin flushed. "I don't see where the insult would come in. You mightn't like it, but it would be like anything else in a play that you were not personally concerned in."

"No, excuse me, Mr. Godolphin. I think the audience is as much concerned in the play as the actor or the author, and if either of these fails in the ideal, or does a bit of clap-trap when they have wrought the audience up in expectation of something noble, then they insult the audience —or all the better part of it."

"The better part of the audience never fills the house," said the actor.

"Very well. I hope my husband will never write for the worse part."

"And I hope I shall never play to it," Godolphin returned, and he looked hurt at the insinuation of her words.

"It isn't a question of all that," Maxwell interposed, with a worried glance at his wife. "Mr. Godolphin has merely suggested something that can be taken into the general account; we needn't decide it now. By the way," he said to the actor, "have you thought over that point about changing Haxard's crime, or the quality of it? I think it had better not be an intentional murder; that would kill the audience's sympathy with him from the start, don't you think? We had better have it what they call a rencontre, down there, where two gentlemen propose to kill each other on sight. Greenshaw's hold on him would be that he was the only witness of the fight, and that he could testify to a wilful murder if he chose. Haxard's real crime must be the killing of Greenshaw."

"Yes," said Godolphin, and he entered into the discussion of the effect this point would have with the play. Mrs. Maxwell was too much vexed to forgive him for making the suggestion which he had already dropped, and she left the room for fear she should not be able to govern herself at the sight of her husband condescending to temporize with him. She thought that Maxwell's willingness to temporize, even when it involved no insincerity, was a defect in his character; she had always thought that, and it was one of the things that she meant to guard him against with all the strength of her zeal for his better self. When Godolphin was gone at last, she lost no time in coming back to Maxwell, where he sat with the manuscript of his play before him, apparently lost in some tangle of it. She told him abruptly that she did not understand how, if he respected himself, if he respected his own genius, he could consider such an idea as Godolphin's skirt-dance for an instant.

"Did I consider it?" he asked.

"You made him think so."

"Well," returned Maxwell, and at her reproachful look he added, "Godolphin never thought I was considering it. He has too much sense, and he would be astonished and disgusted if I took him in earnest, and did what he wanted. A lot of actors get round him over there, and they fill him up with all sorts of stage notions, and what he wants of me is that I shall empty him of them and yet not put him to shame about them. But if you keep on in that way you took with him, he'll throw me over."

"Well, let him!" cried Mrs. Maxwell. "There are twenty other actors who would jump at the chance to get such a play."

"Don't you believe it, my dear. Actors don't jump at plays, and Godolphin is the one man for me. He's young, and has the friendly regard from the public that a young artist has, and yet he isn't identified with any part in particular, and he will throw all his force into creating this, as he calls it."

"I can't bear to have him use that word, Brice. *You* created it."

"The word doesn't matter. It's merely a technical phrase. I shouldn't know where to turn if he gave it up."

"Pshaw! You could go to a manager."

"Thank you; I prefer an actor. Now, Louise, you must not be so abrupt with Godolphin when he comes out with those things."

"I can't help it, dearest. They are insulting to you, and insulting to common-sense. It's a kindness to let him know how they would strike the public. I don't pretend to be more than the average public."

"He doesn't feel it a kindness the way you put it."

"Then you don't like me to be sincere with him! Perhaps you don't like me to be sincere with *you* about your play?"

"Be as sincere with me as you like. But this—this is a matter of business, and I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Rather I wouldn't say anything at all?" demanded Louise.

"I didn't say so, and you know I didn't; but if you can't get on without ruffling Godolphin, why, perhaps——"

"Very well, then, I'll leave the room the next time he comes. That will be perfectly simple; and it will be perfectly simple to do as most other people would—not concern myself with the play in any way from this out. I daresay you would prefer that, too, though I didn't quite expect it to come to that before our honeymoon was out."

"Oh, now, my dear!"

"You know it's so. But I can do it! I might have expected it from a man who was so perfectly self-centred and absorbed. But I was such a fool—" Her tears came and her words stopped.

Maxwell leaned forward with his thin face between his hands. This made him miserable, personally, but he was not so miserable but his artistic consciousness could take note of the situation as a very good one, and one that might be used effectively on the stage. He analyzed it perfectly in that unhappy moment. She was jealous of his work, which she had tolerated only while she could share it, and if she could not share it, while some other was suffered to do so, it would be cruel for her. But he knew that he could not offer any open concession now, without making bad worse, and he must wait till the right time for it came. He had so far divined her, without formulating her, that he knew she would be humiliated by anything immediate or explicit, but would later accept a tacit repentance from him; and he instinctively forebore.

III

For the present in her resentment of his willingness to abase his genius before Godolphin, or even to hold it in abeyance, Mrs. Maxwell would not walk to supper with her husband in the usual way, touching his shoulder with hers from time to time, and making herself seem a little lower in stature by taking the downward slope of the path leading from their cottage to the hotel. But the necessity of appearing before the people at their table on as perfect terms with him as ever, had the effect that conduct often has on feeling, and she took his arm in going back to their cottage, and leaned tenderly upon him.

Their cottage was one of the farthest from the hotel, and the smallest and quietest. In fact there was yet no one in it but themselves, and they dwelt there in an image of home, with the sole use of the veranda and the parlor, where Maxwell had his manuscripts spread about on the table as if he owned the place. A chambermaid came over from the hotel in the morning to put the cottage in order, and then they could be quite alone there for the rest of the day.

"Shall I light the lamp for you, Brice?" his wife asked, as they mounted the veranda steps.

"No," he said, "let us sit out here," and they took the arm-chairs that stood on the porch, and swung to and fro in silence for a little while. The sea came and went among the rocks below, marking its course in the deepening twilight with a white rope of foam, and raving huskily to itself, with now and then the long plunge of some heavier surge against the bowlders, and a hoarse shout. The Portland boat swam by in the offing, a glitter of irregular lights, and the lamps on the different points of the Cape blinked as they revolved in their towers. "This is the kind of thing you can get only in a novel," said Maxwell, musingly. "You couldn't possibly give the feeling of it in a play."

"Couldn't you give the feeling of the people looking at it?" suggested his wife, and she put out her hand to lay it on his.

"Yes, you could do that," he assented, with pleasure in her notion, "and that would be better. I suppose that is what

would be aimed at in a description of the scene, which would be tiresome if it didn't give the feeling of the spectator."

"And Godolphin would say that if you let the carpenter have something to do, he would give the scene itself, and you could have the effect of it at first-hand."

Maxwell laughed. "I wonder how much they believe in those contrivances of the carpenter, themselves. They have really so little to do with the dramatic intention; but they have been multiplied so since the stage began to make the plays, that the actors are always wanting them in. I believe the time will come when the dramatist will avoid the occasion, or the pretext for them."

"That will be after Godolphin's time," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Well, I don't know," returned Maxwell. "If Godolphin should happen to imagine doing without them, he would go all lengths."

"Or if you imagined it, and let him suppose he had. He never imagines anything of himself."

"No, he doesn't. And yet how perfectly he grasps the notion of the thing when it is done! It is very different from literature, acting is. And yet literature is only the representation of life."

"Well, acting is the representation of life at second-hand, then, and it ought to be willing to subordinate itself. What I can't bear in Godolphin is his setting himself up to be your artistic equal. He is no more an artist than the canvas is that the artist paints a picture on."

Maxwell laughed. "Don't tell him so; he won't like it."

"I will tell him so some day, whether he likes it or not."

"No, you mustn't; for it isn't true. He's just as much an artist in his way as I am in mine, and so far as the public is concerned, he has given more proofs."

"Oh, *his* public!"

"It won't do to despise any public, even the theatre-going public." Maxwell added the last words with a faint sigh.

"It's always second-rate," said his wife, passionately. "Third-rate, fourth-rate! Godolphin was quite right about that. I wish you were writing a novel, Brice, instead of a play. Then you would be really addressing refined people."

"It kills me to have you say that, Louise."

"Well, I won't. But don't you see, then, that you must stand up for art all the more unflinchingly, if you intend to write plays that will refine the theatre-going public, or create a new one? That is why I can't endure to have you even seem to give way to Godolphin."

"You must stand it, so long as I only seem to do it. He's far more manageable than I expected him to be. It's quite pathetic how docile he is, how perfectly ductile. But it won't do to browbeat him when he comes over here a little out of shape. He's a curious creature," Maxwell went on with a relish in Godolphin as material, which his wife suffered with difficulty. "I wonder if he could ever be got into a play. If he could, he would like nothing better than to play himself, and he would do it to perfection; only it would be a comic part, and Godolphin's mind is for the serious drama." Maxwell laughed again. "All his artistic instincts are in solution, and it needs something like a chemical agent to precipitate them in form, or to give them any positive character. He's like a woman!"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Oh, I mean all sorts of good things by that. He has the sensitiveness of a woman."

"Is that a good thing? Then I suppose he was so piqued by what I said about his skirt-dance that he will renounce you."

"Oh, I don't believe he will. I managed to smooth him up after you went out."

Mrs. Maxwell sighed. "Yes, you are very patient, and if you are patient, you are good. You are better than I am."

"I don't see the sequence exactly," said Maxwell.

They were both silent, and she seemed to have followed his devious thought in the same muse, for when he spoke again she did not reproach him with an equal inconsequence. "I don't know whether I could write a novel, and, besides, I think the drama is the supreme literary form. It stands on its own feet; it walks off on its own legs. It doesn't have to be pushed along, or pulled along, as the novel does."

"Yes, of course, it's grand. That's the reason I can't bear to have you do anything unworthy of it."

"I know, Louise," he said, tenderly, and then again they did not speak for a little while.

He emerged from their silence at a point apparently very remote, with a sigh. "If I could only know just what the feelings of a murderer really were for five minutes, I could out-Shakespeare Shakespeare in that play. But I shall have to trust to the fall of man, and the general depravity of human nature, I suppose. After all, there's the potentiality of every kind of man in every man. If you've known what it is to hate, you've known what it is to kill."

"I felt once as if I had killed *you*," she said, and then he knew that she was thinking of a phase of their love which had a perpetual fascination for them both. "But I never hated you."

"No; I did the hating," he returned, lightly.

"Ah, don't say so, dear," she entreated, half in earnest.

"Well, have it all to yourself, then," he said; and he rose and went indoors, and lighted the lamp, and she saw him get out the manuscript of his play, while she sat still, recalling the time when she had tried to dismiss him from her thoughts upon a theory of his unworthiness. He had not yet spoken of love to her then, but she felt as if she had refused to listen to him, and her remorse kept his image before her in an attitude of pathetic entreaty, for at least a hearing. She knew that she had given him reason, if she had not given him courage, to believe that she cared for him; but he was too proud to renew the tacit approaches from which she had so abruptly retreated, and she had to invite them from him.

When she began to do this with the arts so imperceptible to the single-mindedness of a man, she was not yet sure whether she could endure to live with him or not; she was merely sure that she could not live without him, or to be more specific, without his genius, which she believed no one else appreciated as she did. She believed that she understood his character better than anyone else, and would know how to supplement it with her own. She had no ambition herself, but she could lend him a more telescopic vision in his, and keep his aims high, if his self-concentration ever made him short-sighted. He would write plays because he could not help it, but she would inspire him to write them with the lofty sense of duty she would have felt in writing them, if she had his gifts.

She was as happy in their engagement and as unhappy as girls usually are during their courtship. It is the convention to regard those days as very joyous, but probably no woman who was honest about the fact would say that they were so, from her own experience. Louise found them full of excitement and an interest from which she relaxed at times with such a sense of having strained forward to their end that she had a cold reluctance from Maxwell, and though she never dreamed of giving him up again, she sometimes wished she had never seen him. She was eager to have it all over, and be married and out of the way, for one thing because she knew that Maxwell could never be assimilated to her circumstance, and she should have no rest till she was assimilated to his. When it came to the dinners and lunches, which the Hilary kinship and friendship made in honor of her engagement, she found that Maxwell actually thought she could make excuse of his work to go without him, and she had to be painfully explicit before she could persuade him that this would not do at all. He was not timid about meeting her friends, as he might very well have been; but, in comparison with his work, he apparently held them of little moment, and at last he yielded to her wishes rather than her reasons. He made no pretence of liking those people, but he gave them no more offence than might have been expected. Among the Hilary cousins there were several clever women, who enjoyed the quality of Maxwell's somewhat cold, sarcastic humor, and there were several men who recognized his ability, though none of them liked him any better than he liked them. He had a way of regarding them all at first as of no interest, and then, if something kindled his imagination from them, of showing a sudden technical curiosity, which made the ladies, at least, feel as if he were dealing with them as so much material. They professed to think that it

was only a question of time when they should all reappear in dramatic form, unless Louise should detect them in the manuscript before they were put upon the stage, and forbid his using them. If it were to be done before marriage, they were not sure that she would do it, or could do it, for it was plain to be seen that she was perfectly infatuated with him. The faults they found in him were those of manner mostly, and they perceived that these were such as passion might forgive to his other qualities. There were some who said that they envied her being so much in love with him, but these were not many ; and some did not find him good-looking, or see what could have taken her with him.

Maxwell showed himself ignorant of the observances in every way, and if Louise had not rather loved him the more for what he made her suffer because of them, she must certainly have given him up, at times. He had never, to her thinking, known how to put a note properly on paper ; his letters were perfectly fascinating, but they lacked a final charm in being often written on one side of half-sheets, and numbered in the upper right hand corner, like printer's copy. She had to tell him that he must bring his mother to call upon her ; and then he was so long doing it that Louise imagined a timidity in his mother which he was too proud to own, and made her own mother go with her to see Mrs. Maxwell, in the house which she partly let out in lodgings on a very modest street. It really did not matter about any of those things though, and she and Maxwell's mother got on very well, after the first plunge, though the country doctor's widow was distinctly a country person, with the narrow social horizons of a villager, whose knowledge of the city was confined to the compass of her courageous adventures in it.

To her own mother Louise feigned to see nothing repulsive in the humility of these. She had been rather fastidiously worldly, she had been even aggressively worldly, in her preference for a luxurious and tasteful setting, and her mother now found it hard to bear her contented acceptance of the pervading commonness of things at Mrs. Maxwell's. Either her senses were holden by her fondness for Maxwell, or else she was trying to hoodwink her mother by an effect of indifference ; but Mrs. Hilary herself was certainly not obtuse to that commonness. If she did not rub it into Louise, which would have done no good, she did rub it into Louise's father, though that could hardly have been said to do any good, either. Her report of the whole affair made him writhe, but when she had made him writhe enough, she began to admit some extenuating circumstances. If Mrs. Maxwell was a country person, she was not foolish. She did not chaunt, in a vain attempt to be genteel in her speech ; she did not expand unduly under Mrs. Hilary's graciousness, and she did not resent it. In fact the graciousness had been very skilfully managed, and Mrs. Maxwell had not been allowed to feel that there was any condescension to her. She got on with Louise very well ; if Mrs. Maxwell had any overweening pride in her son, she kept it as wholly to herself as any overweening pride she might have had in her son's choice.

Mrs. Hilary did not like her daughter's choice, but she had at least reached such resignation concerning it as the friends of a hopeless invalid may feel when the worst comes. She had tried to stop the affair when there was some hope or use in trying, and now she determined to make the best of it. The worst was that Maxwell was undoubtedly of different origin and breeding, and he would always, in society, subject Louise to a consciousness of his difference if he did nothing more. But when you had said this, you seemed to have said all there was to say against him. The more the Hilarys learned about the young fellow, the more reason they had to respect him. His life, on its level, was blameless. Every one who knew him spoke well of him, and those who knew him best spoke enthusiastically; he had believers in his talent and in his character. In a society so barometrical as ours, even in a city where it was least barometrical, the obstacles to the acceptance of Maxwell were mainly subjective. They were formed not so much of what people would say as of what Mrs. Hilary felt they had a right to say, and, in view of the necessities of the case, she found herself realizing that if they did not say anything to her, it would be much as if they had not

said anything at all. She dealt with the fact before her frankly, and in the duties which it laid upon her she began to like Maxwell before Hilary did. Not that Hilary disliked him, but there was something in the young fellow taking his daughter away from him, in that cool matter-of-fact way, as if it were quite in the course of nature that he should, instead of being abashed and overwhelmed by his good fortune, which left Hilary with a misgiving lest he might realize it less and less, as time went on.

Hilary had had no definite ambition for her in marriage, but his vague dreams for her were not of a young man who meant to leave off being a newspaper writer to become a writer of plays. He instinctively wished her to be of his own order of things; and it had pleased him when he heard from his wife's report that Louise had seen the folly of her fancy for the young journalist whom a series of accidents had involved with their lives, and had decided to give him up. When the girl decided again, more tacitly, that she could not give him up, Hilary submitted, as he would have submitted to anything she wished. To his simple idolatry of her she was too good for anything on earth, and if he were to lose her, he found that after all he had no great choice in the matter. As soon as her marriage appeared inevitable, he agreed with his wife that their daughter must never have any unhappiness of their making; and they let her reverse without a word the purpose of going to spend the winter abroad which they had formed at her wish when she renounced Maxwell.

All this was still recent in point of time, and though marriage had remanded it to an infinite distance apparently with the young people, it had not yet taken away the importance or the charm of the facts and the feelings that had seemed the whole of life before marriage. When Louise turned from her retrospect she went in through the window that opened on the veranda, and stood beside her husband, where he sat with his manuscript before him, frowning at it in the lamplight that made her blink a little after the dark outside. She put her hand on his head, and carried it down his cheek over his mouth, so that he might kiss its palm.

"Going to work much longer, little man?" she asked, and she kissed the top of his head, in her turn. It always amused her to find how smooth and soft his hair was. He flung his pen away and threw himself back in his chair. "Oh, it's that infernal love-business!" he said.

She sat down and let her hands fall on her lap. "Why, what makes it so hard?"

"Oh, I don't know. But it seems as if I were *fighting* it, as the actors say, all the way. It doesn't go of itself at all. It's forced, from the beginning."

"Why do you have it in, then?"

"I have to have it in. It has to be in every picture of life, as it has to be in every life. Godolphin is perfectly right. I talked with him about leaving it out, today, but I had to acknowledge that it wouldn't do. In fact, I was the first to suggest there must be some sort of love-business when I first talked the play over with him. But I wish there hadn't. It makes me sick every time I touch it. The confounded fools don't know what to do with their love."

"They might get married with it," Louise suggested.

"I don't believe they have sense enough to think of that," said her husband. "The curse of their origin is on them, I suppose. I tried to imagine them when I was only fit to imagine a man hating a woman with all his might."

Louise laughed out her secure delight. "If the public could only know why your lovers were such feeble folk, it would make the fortune of the play."

Maxwell laughed, too. "Yes, fancy Pinney getting hold of a fact like that and working it up with all his native delicacy in the Sunday edition of the *Events!*"

Pinney was a reporter of Maxwell's acquaintance, who stood to Louise for all that was most terrible in journalistic enterprise. "Don't!" she shrieked.

Maxwell went on. "He would have both our portraits in, and your father's and mother's, and my mother's; and your house on Commonwealth Avenue, and our meek mansion on Pinckney Street. He would make it a work of art, Pinney would, and he would believe that we were all secretly gratified with it, no matter how we pretended to writhe under it." He laughed and laughed, and then suddenly he stopped, and was very grave.

"I know what you're thinking of, now," said his wife.

"What?"

"Whether you couldn't use *our* affair in the play?"

"You're a witch! Yes, I was! I was thinking it wouldn't do."

"Stuff! It *will* do, and you must use it. Who would ever know it? And I shall not care how blackly you show me up. I deserve it. If I was the cause of your hating love so much, that you failed with your lovers on the old lines, I certainly ought to be willing to be the means of your succeeding on lines that had never been tried before."

"Generous girl!" He bent over—he had not to bend far—and kissed her. Then he rose, excitedly, and began to walk the floor, with his hands in his pockets, and his head dropped forward. He broke into speech: "I could disguise it so that nobody would ever dream of it. I'll just take a hint from ourselves. How would it do to have had the girl actually reject him? It never came to that with us; and instead of his being a howling outside swell that was rather condescending to her, suppose I have him some sort of subordinate in her father's business? It doesn't matter much what; it's easy to arrange such a detail. She could be in love with him all the time, without even knowing it herself, or, at least, not knowing it when he offers himself; and she could always be vaguely hoping or expecting that he would come to time again."

"That's what I did," said his wife, "and you hadn't offered yourself, either."

Maxwell stopped, with an air of discomfiture and disappointment. "You wouldn't like me to use that point, then?"

"What a simpleton! Of course I should! I shouldn't care if all the world knew it."

"Ah, well, we won't give it to Pinney, anyway; but I really think it could be done without involving our own facts. I should naturally work farther and farther away from them, when the thing got to spinning. Just take a little color from them now and then. I might have him hating her all the way through, or, supposing he hated her, and yet doing all sorts of nice little things, and noble big things for her, till it came out about her father's crime, and then—" He stopped again with a certain air of distaste.

"That would be rather romantic, wouldn't it?" his wife asked.

"That was what I was thinking," he answered. "It would be confoundedly romantic."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Louise; "you could have them squabbling all the way through, and doing hateful things to one another."

"That would give it the cast of comedy."

"Well?"

"And that wouldn't do, either."

"Not if it led up to the pathos and prettiness of their reconciliation in the end? Shakespeare mixes the comic and the tragic, all through!"

"Oh, yes, I know that——"

"And it would be very effective to leave the impression of their happiness with the audience, so that they might have strength to get on their rubbers and wraps after the tremendous ordeal of your Haxard death-scene."

"Godolphin wouldn't stand it. He wants the gloom of Haxard's death to remain in unrelieved inkiness at the end. He wants the people to go away thinking of Godolphin, and how well he did the last gasp. He wouldn't stand any love-business there. He would rather not have any in the play."

"Very well, if you're going to be a slave to Godolphin——"

"I'm not going to be a slave to Godolphin, and if I can see my way to make the right use of such a passage at the close, I'll do it, even if it kills the play for Godolphin."

"Now you're shouting," said Louise. She liked to use a bit of slang when it was perfectly safe, as in very good company, or among those she loved; at other times she scrupulously shunned it.

"But I can do it somehow," Maxwell mused aloud. "Now I have the right idea, I can make it take any shape or color I want. It's magnificent!"

"And who thought of it?" she demanded.

"Who? Why *I* thought of it myself."

"Oh, you little wretch!" she cried, in utter fondness, and she ran at him, and

drove him into a corner. "Now, say that again and I'll tickle you."

"No, no, no!" he laughed, and he fought away the pokes and thrusts she was aiming at him. "We both thought of it together. It was mind transferrence!"

She dropped her hands with an instant interest in the psychological phenomenon. "Wasn't it strange? Or, no, it wasn't, either! If our lives are so united in everything, the wonder is that we don't think more things and say more things together. But, now, I want you to own, Brice, that I was the first to speak about your using our situation!"

"Yes, you were, and I was the first to think of it. But that's perfectly natural. You always speak of things before you think, and I always think of things before I speak."

"Well, I don't care," said Louise, by no means displeased with the formulation. "I shall always say it was perfectly miraculous. And I want you to give me credit for letting you have the idea after you had thought of it."

"Yes, there's nothing mean about you, Louise, as Pinney would say. By Jove, I'll bring Pinney in! I'll have Pinney interview Haxard concerning Greenshaw's disappearance."

"Very well, then, if you bring Pinney in, you will leave me out," said Louise. "I won't be in the same play with Pinney."

"Well, I won't bring Pinney in, then," said Maxwell. "I prefer you to Pinney—in a play. But I have got to have in an interviewer. It will be splendid on the stage, and I'll be the first to have him." He went and sat down at his table.

"You're not going to work any more to-night!" his wife protested.

"No, just jot down a note or two, to clinch that idea of ours in the right shape." He dashed off a few lines with pencil in his play, at several points, and then he said: "There! I guess I shall get some bones into those two flabby idiots to-morrow. I see just how I can do it." He looked up and met his wife's adoring eyes.

"You're wonderful, Brice!" she said.

"Well, don't tell me so," he returned, "or it might spoil me. Now I wouldn't tell you how good you were, on any account."

"Oh, yes, do, dearest!" she entreated, and a mist came into her eyes. "I don't think you praise me enough."

"How much ought I to praise you?"

"You ought to say that you think I'll never be a hindrance to you."

"Let me see," he said, and he pretended to reflect. "How would it do to say that if I ever come to anything worth while, it'll be because you made me?"

"Oh, Brice! But would it be true?" She dropped on her knees at his side.

"Well, I don't know. Let's hope it would," and with these words he laughed again, and put his arms round her. Presently she felt his arm relax, and she knew that he had ceased to think about her, and was thinking about his play again.

She pulled away, and "Well?" she asked.

He laughed at being found out so instantly. "That was a mighty good thing your father said when you went to tell him our engagement."

"It was *very* good. But if you think I'm going to let you use *that*, you're very much mistaken. No, Brice! Don't you touch papa. He wouldn't like it; he wouldn't understand it. Why, what a perfect cormorant you are!"

They laughed over his voracity, and he promised it should be held in check as to the point which he had thought for a moment might be worked so effectively into the play.

The next morning Louise said to her husband: "I can see, Brice, that you are full of the notion of changing that love-business, and, if I stay round, I shall simply bother. I'm going down to lunch with papa and mamma, and get back here in the afternoon, just in time to madden Godolphin with my meddling."

She caught the first train after breakfast, and in fifteen minutes she was at Beverly Farms. She walked over to her father's cottage, where she found him smoking his cigar on the veranda.

He was alone; he said her mother had gone to Boston for the day; and he asked, "Did you walk from the station? Why in the world didn't you come back in the carriage? It had just been there with your mother."

"I didn't see it. Besides, I might not have taken it if I had. As the wife of a struggling young playwright, I should have

probably thought it unbecoming to drive. But the struggle is practically over, you'll be happy to know."

"What? Has he given it up?" asked her father.

"Given it up! He's just got a new light on his love-business!"

"I thought his love-business had gone pretty well with him," said Hilary, with a lingering grudge in his humor.

"This is another love-business!" Louise exclaimed. "The love-business in the play. Brice has always been so disgusted with it that he hasn't known what to do. But last night we thought it out together, and I've left him this morning getting his hero and heroine to stand on their legs without being held up. Do you want to know about it?"

"I think I can get on without," said Hilary.

Louise laughed joyously. "Well, you wouldn't understand what a triumph it was if I told you. I suppose, papa, you've no idea how Philistine you are. But you're nothing to mamma!"

"I daresay," said Hilary, sulkily. But she looked at him with eyes beaming with gayety, and he could see that she was happy, and he was glad at heart. "When does Maxwell expect to have his play done?" he relented so far as to ask.

"Why, it's done now, and has been for a month, in one sense, and it isn't done at all, in another. He has to keep working it over, and he has to keep fighting Godolphin's inspirations. He comes over from Manchester with a fresh lot every afternoon."

"I daresay Maxwell will be able to hold his own," said Hilary, but not so much proudly as dolefully.

She knew he was braving it out about the theatre, and that secretly he thought it undignified, and even disreputable, to be connected with it, or to be in such close relations with an actor as Maxwell seemed to be with this fellow who talked of taking his play. Hilary could go back very easily to the time in Boston when the theatres were not allowed open on Saturday night, lest they should profane the approaching Sabbath, and when you would no more have seen an actor in society than an elephant. He had not yet got used to meeting them, and he always felt his difference, though he considered himself a very liberal man, and was fond of the theatre, from the front.

He asked now, "What sort of chap is he, really?" meaning Godolphin, and Louise did her best to reassure him. She told him Godolphin was young and enthusiastic, and he had an ideal of the drama; and he believed in Brice; and he had been two seasons with Booth and Barrett; and now he had made his way on the Pacific Coast, and wanted a play that he could take the road with. She parroted those phrases, which made her father's flesh creep, and she laughed when she saw it creeping, for sympathy; her own had crept first.

"Well," he said, at last, "he won't expect you and Maxwell to take the road, too, with it?"

"Oh, no, we shall only be with him in New York. He won't put the play on there first; they usually try a new play in the country."

"Oh, do they?" said Hilary, with a sense that his daughter's knowledge of the fact was disgraceful to her.

"Yes. Shall I tell you what they call that? Trying it on a dog!" she shrieked, and Hilary had to laugh, too. "It's dreadful," she went on. "Then, if it doesn't kill the dog, Godolphin will bring it to New York, and put it on for a run—a week or a month—as long as his money holds out. If he believes in it, he'll fight it." Her father looked at her for explanation, and she said, with a gleeful perception of his suffering, "He'll keep it on if he has to play to paper every night. That is, free tickets."

"Oh!" said Hilary. "And are you to be there the whole time with him?"

"Why, not necessarily. But Brice will have to be there for the rehearsals; and if we are going to live in New York ——"

Hilary sighed. "I wish Maxwell was going on with his newspaper work; I might be of use to him in that line, if he were looking forward to an interest in a newspaper; but I couldn't buy him a theatre, you know."

Louise laughed. "He wouldn't let you buy him anything, papa; Brice is awfully proud. Now, I'll tell you, if you want to know, just how we expect to manage in New York; Brice and I have been talking it all over; and it's all going to be done

on that thousand dollars he saved up from his newspaper work, and we're not going to touch a cent of my money till that is gone. Don't you call that pretty business-like?"

"Very," said Hilary, and he listened with apparent acquiescence to the details of a life which he divined that Maxwell had planned from his own simple experience. He did not like the notion of it for his daughter, but he could not help himself, and it was a consolation to see that she was in love with it.

She went back from it to the play itself, and told her father that now Maxwell had got the greatest love-business for it that there ever was. She would not explain just what it was, she said, because her father would get a wrong notion of it, if she did. "But I have a great mind to tell you something else," she said, "if you think you can behave sensibly about it, papa. Do you suppose you can?"

Hilary said he would try, and she went on: "It's part of the happiness of h ing got hold of the right kind of lo iness, now, and I don't know consciously suggested it to we both thought of t the same time; bu couldn't have told it from a quarrel. Her father started, and Louise began to laugh. ittle tiff, just like *real* married people, about my sat- ne of Godolphin's inspirations to ng his feelings. Brice d so gingerly with him; exed with me and told me d I wouldn't do it; and that me, and I said I wouldn't have ything to do with his play after this; and I didn't speak to him again till after supper. I said he was self-centred, and he *is*. He's always thinking about his play and its chances; and I suppose I would rather have had him think more about me, now and then. But I've discovered a way now, and I believe it will serve the same purpose. I'm going to enter so fully into his work that I shall be part of it; and when he is thinking of that he will be thinking of me, without knowing it Now, you wouldn't say there was anything in that to cry about, would you? and yet you see I'm at it!" and with this she suddenly dropped her face on her father's shoulder.

Hilary groaned in his despair of being able to imagine an injury sufficiently atrocious to inflict upon Maxwell for having brought this grief upon his girl. At the sound of his groan, as if she perfectly interpreted his meaning in it, she broke from a sob into a laugh. "Will you never," she said, dashing away the tears, "learn to let me cry, simply because I am a goose, papa, and a goose must weep without reason, because she feels like it? I won't have you thinking that I am not the happiest person in the world; and I was, even when I was suffering so because I had to punish Brice for telling me I had done wrong. And if you think I'm not, I will never tell you anything more, for I see you can't be trusted. Will you?"

He said no to her rather complicated ion, and he was glad to believe that really as happy as she declared, or if he could not have believed it, he would have had to fume away an intolerable deal of exasperation. This always made him very hot and uncomfortable, and he shrank from it, but he would have done it if had been necessary. As it was, he went back to his newspaper again with a sufficiently light heart, when Louise gave him a final kiss, and went indoors, and put herself in authority for the day, and ordered what she liked for luncheon. The maids were delighted to have her, and she had a welcome from them all, which was full of worship for her as a bride whose honeymoon was not yet over.

She went away before her mother got home, and she made her father own, before she left him, that he had never had such a lovely day since he could remember. He wanted to drive over to Magnolia with her; but she accused him of wanting to go so that he could spy round a little, and satisfy himself of the misery of her married life; and then he would not insist.

(To be continued.)

THE BUSINESS OF A FACTORY

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—THIRD PAPER)

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

ONE hot evening in July last I stood on the brink of a little canal that skirts a row of noble buildings constituting the largest textile mill in New England and perhaps in the world, and watched hundreds and thousands of mill-hands pour over the bridge that connects the mills with the town of which they are the chief support and pride. As the great bell clanged forth its six peals, one could hear the cessation of toil for the day. The mighty turbines, fed by this canal from the Merrimac, ceased to revolve, the great Corliss engines that in recent years have come to the aid of water-power in all big mills, came to a stop; the [illegible] hundred thousand spindles, the [illegible] thousand looms, and the thousands of other ponderous machines, ingenious and effective almost past belief, for [illegible]ing, cleaning, roving, bleaching, printing, drying, and finishing the one hundred million yards of cotton and woollen goods turned out from these mills every year—all this vast mass of machinery, scattered over sixty acres of flooring, came to a stop. Bell-time, as six o'clock in the afternoon is called in all New England mill-towns, had come. In place of the hum and clatter of machinery, the patter of innumerable feet made itself heard. Then the first of the army of five thousand operatives began to come, first by driblets, comprising those who did not need to wash, or did not care to, then the larger streams as the doors of some great room were thrown open, each operative having to go and come by a special staircase in order to avoid the gorging of any particular exit in case of fire, and finally the dense stream of humanity, male and female, big and little, until the broad iron bridge was packed and shook under the strain. Browning's description of the rats as they came in answer to the three shrill notes of the Pied Piper came to my mind.

I hope that should any of the mill-hands of this particular mill ever read these lines they will take no offence at the comparison. The picture was not an unpleasant one; it had just the diversity suggested by the poet. There were men and women, boys and girls, of all ages and colors—even green, and blue, and yellow, and striped—for the operatives in the printing and dyeing shops are as apt to be covered with color as the miller is powdered with flour; here were the fat and the lean, the tall and the short, pretty women and women—less pretty; dark [illegible]air, neat and sloven. And it should [illegible]e that no such squalid poverty saddens the visitor to these mills as can be seen in every manufacturing town in [illegible]. Every woman and girl wore [illegible] and with a [illegible] head, that one [illegible] coming from the cotton-mills of England, was conspicuous by her absence. The women and girls of our manufacturing towns, especially where the native American stock still holds its own, retain a vivid appreciation of pretty things in dress and adornment. In some of the cotton towns, such as Fall River, where the French Canadian and the Irish have driven the Yankee girl from the spindles and the loom, there is less concern for personal appearance than in Lynn, for instance, with its American shoe operatives, or in Manchester with its American thread-makers. Among the more recent recruits to the mills are the Armenians and Polish Jews, of whom there are some in almost all the New England manufacturing towns.

Watching the privates of this army of workers pour forth from the mills where

they have been at work since half past six in the morning, with an hour's rest at noon, and bearing in mind the fact that these mills have been in steady and profitable operation for nearly half a century, the management of this vast machine for turning out and selling one hundred million yards of goods a year will impress any one as possessing as much general interest, and far more human interest, than the processes of manufacture themselves. How is the business conducted, whether the product be cotton-yarn, printed calico, watches, shoes, or bicycles? What are the principles governing the art of making money by the manufacture and sale of articles requiring an army of operatives?

One feature of the manufacturing industries of a country that makes them of perhaps more interest than the agricultural industries, is the constant change in the character of the product, as well as in the methods of manufacture. The farmers' products seldom or never change. The wheat sealed up in Egyptian tombs fifteen hundred years before the birth of Chri is found to be identical with that grown Egypt to-day, and upon being pla yields a similar crop to Not only do manufactured objects change every few years but the field of industry enlarged by the creation of things to make—things not dreamed of a few ow gives employ- thousands of persons grandfathers never heard of a , a telephone, an electric light, or tor. While new farms spring up every day in the wilderness, it is always the same old wheat or corn that results. But every day some new factory begins turning out a product the like of which was never seen before, and, in some cases, let us hope, may not be seen again. More than this, it is not reasonable to suppose that this stream of novelty which began to flow with the printing press, the steam-engine, and the electric spark, will ever cease. It would be strange if we happy possessors of these wonderful tools, unknown to our forefathers, should fail to profit by them, and turn out still more wonderful things in the future. The next century ought certainly to give the world gifts as valuable as steam and electricity. The factories of 1997 will make wonders, of which we have no conception. The field is, however, already so large that one branch of manufacture must be taken as a type of all, and I have selected the making of calicoes as offering the best illustrations of this business of manufacturing. The business problems met with by the man who undertakes to buy cotton, weave, print, and sell it as calico, are similar in kind with those of the man who makes shoes, or lamps, or watches. They involve accurate judgment not only of what the public is asking for, but—far more important—what it is going to ask for; the purchase of raw material, the hiring of labor, the judicious management of an army of people so as to avoid laxity on one hand and strikes on the other, the discovery of new and better processes, the choice of designs, the manufacture itself, finally the disposal of the product by a thousand channels, native and foreign.

Let me, therefore, take a big cotton-mill making and printing its own calicoes, as the type of an American manufacturing business. If a man wants to enter the business of making calicoes, the question of capital is the first consideration. Most of our cotton-mills and paper-mills are stock corporations, largely because of the vast capital needed. The larger the plant the cheaper the product, is an axiom in the cotton business, especially when staple goods, such as sheetings, are to be made. There is always a market here or abroad for American sheeting, and the sales are often made in such vast quantities that the danger of overstocking the market is as nothing compared with fancy dress-goods, shoes, or worsted cloths, the fashions of which change from one year to another. It is not unusual to hear of the sale of thousands of bales of sheetings in one operation. It follows, therefore, that the manufacturer must be ready to take advantage of these periods of profit, so to speak, and be ready with his tens of thousands of bales of goods, where the manufacturer of goods liable to depreciation through change of fashion, such as shoes, hats, fancy printed cloths, etc., does not dare to manufacture much beyond the current demand of the market, and is consequently debarred from manufacture upon

the vast scale seen in the mills at Fall River, Lowell, and Lawrence. The capital needed for cotton-mills being therefore very large—the mill I have selected as a type having a capital of three million dollars, and its property being assessed at nearly five millions—the ownership is commonly held by a stock company. Boston is said to depend for its cake upon the profits of the New England cotton-mills. When cotton goods sell at a loss, Commonwealth Avenue, metaphorically speaking, is reduced to bread. It speaks well for the business that in the last twenty-five years there have been no failures of importance among the New England cotton-mills. Some years ago, in times of wide-spread financial trouble, one of the big mills at Fall River was compelled to offer its creditors stock instead of money in payment of large obligations; within eight years this stock doubled in value, so that these creditors are not to be pitied. Boston, and a hundred New England towns, harbor thousands and thousands of people, often [illegible] middle life and out of business, [illegible] sole dependence is upon the share [illegible] hold in this or that mill, which th[illegible] never see, but from which they d[illegible] incomes; they rely wholly upon the judgment and integrity of the officers of the corporation. Upon the other hand, these officers find their task made easy by the confidence of the stockholders, who, when poor times come, accept small dividends without grumbling. To invest savings in mill stock has been the custom for generations in hundreds of New England families, and it may be largely due to the stability of the New England mills that so many other big business properties throughout the country have found it possible within the last few years to reorganize as stock corporations.

Taking the great industries of the country in the order given in the last census reports, but without going into the statistics with which these valuable reports bristle, it does not appear that one class of manufacture is particularly blessed above another in the matter of profits or in the conditions under which the workers live. Looking through the list—leather goods (including shoes, harness, and belting), lumber, flour and grist mills, iron, clothing, cotton, wool, machinery, carriages, and wagons (including railroad cars), agricultural implements, paper, stoves and hardware, hats and caps, and silks—and bearing in mind that in several of these industries the capital invested exceeds one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the number of hands employed approaches half a million, it does not appear that one class of mills or industry is to be envied above all others. If any one employment proved to be especially pleasant or profitable, the rush of workers soon brings down the pay in proportion to its advantages, and maintains the level. The average pay of hands in all the industries just mentioned is remarkably equal, such variations as occur being more apparent than real. Thus, coal miners receive more than factory hands, but women are not allowed as competitors in the mines (in this country), and the work is not steady. The danger of some employments, such as work in powder mills, the unhealthfulness of others, the long and frequent enforced idleness in some trades, are all factors to be con[illegible]ed in estimating the value of the wages [illegible] High rents and cost of living [illegible] for variations in the rate [illegible] rst to indicate that [illegible] part of the country or one industry is [illegible] manufac[illegible] whole, [illegible] the maximum [illegible] cent. on the normal [illegible] and a far smaller profit [illegible] cient to draw capital into any o[illegible] ing industries. The proportion betw[illegible] capital and product varies infinitely with the industry and the times. In the cotton industry it is fair to assume that in a mill making medium goods $1,000 are invested in building, machinery, and stock for every workman employed, and that the yearly product will be worth $1,000. Of this $1,000 about $600 go for other purposes than labor, leaving $400 for labor and profits. At present any business attracts capital that offers six per cent. net profit, with four per cent. for a sinking fund or reserve for the maintenance of plant. Taking, therefore, $100 as the capitalist's share, there remains about $300 for labor, which is about the wages of a good female weaver. In other industries where less

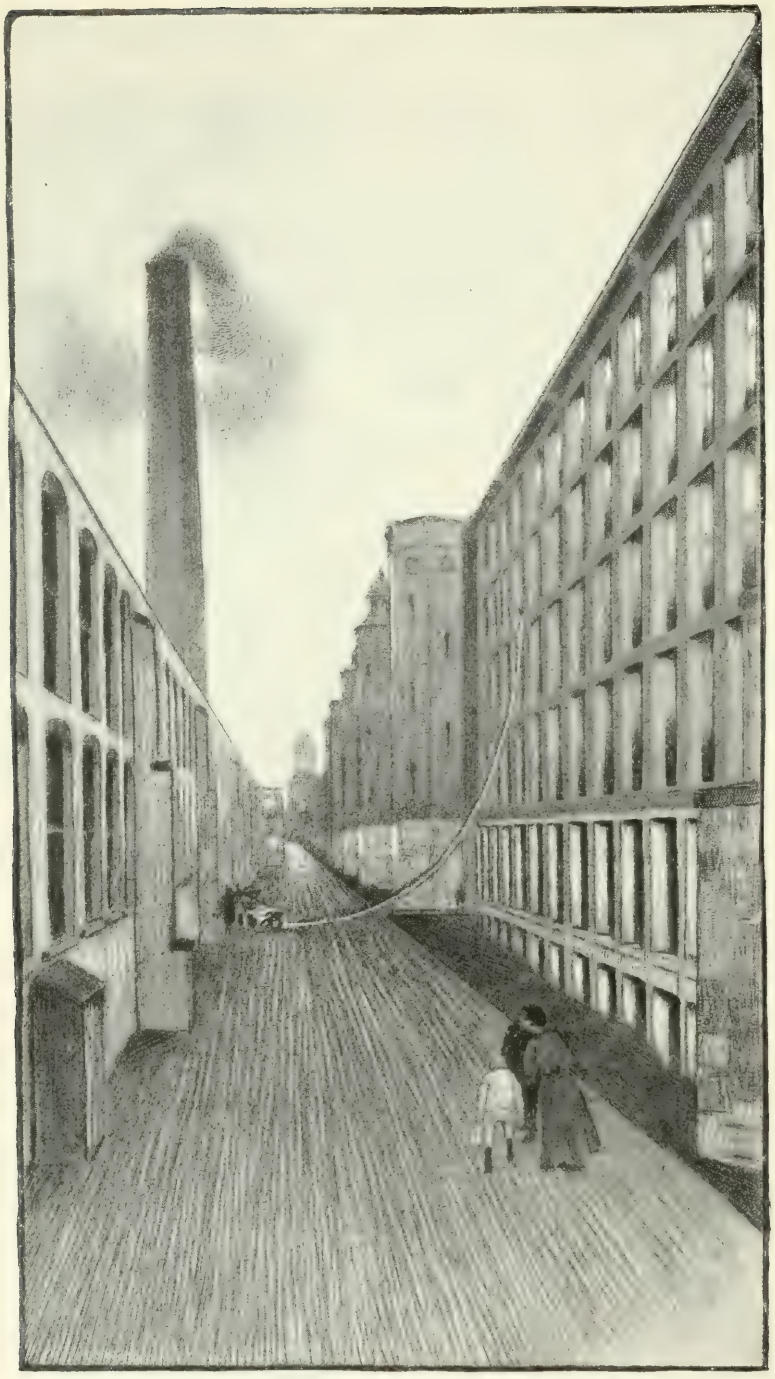


A VIEW IN A MANUFACTURING TOWN.

Rear view along the river of a line of factories which front on a canal a mile long. Lining this canal, which supplies water for power and other purposes, are fully fifty mills, giving employment to about 13,000 operatives, with an annual output of more than $15,000,000.

staple goods are made, the margin of profit has to be higher, and it is commonly estimated that in fancy products the ratio of capital to the value of the product is one dollar to two, instead of being equal. A fair profit, satisfactory to the manufacturers, upon cotton cloth, worth from three to ten cents a yard, is from one-fifth to half a cent a yard, and at this margin of profit good dividends are declared. In average woollen-mills the capital involved is less than with cotton, being estimated at $600 for each workman, and if the owner earns from three to five cents upon each dollar's worth of product he is satisfied. In shoe factories $250 to $350 is required for each hand, with an annual product four times the value of the capital invested. From two to five cents profit on a pair of shoes worth from one to two dollars is given as an average.

In calico printing one-tenth of a cent a yard is a fair profit. In paper manufacture three to five per cent. upon the product will yield ten per cent. upon the capital invested. In sugar refining one-sixteenth of a cent profit upon a pound is more than satisfactory. In making pianos the average wages of the operatives are high as compared to cotton and shoes, and the capital involved comparatively small. Wages in the piano factories of New York and Boston average nearly twenty dollars a week, taking the whole shop, but the profit upon the product in good years runs as high as fifteen per cent. In the manufacture of locomotives the average wage is high, no women finding employment, while in the manufacture of small arms it is correspondingly low, women being largely employed. Reviewing the whole field, it will be found that the product of factories is constantly growing in value and wages increasing, as compared to the capital involved. Some economists assert that capital's share of the profits is constantly decreasing, while that of labor increases, but this is still a mooted point. The difference between the cost of manufacture and the retail selling price, or the share falling to the middleman or men, varies according to the class of product, the rule being that in staple goods it is small, and growing smaller every year, while with fancy goods and what are known as novelties it is large. Common heavy cotton cloth, costing eight cents to make, sells at retail for about nine cents; fancy calicoes may sell at retail for double what they cost to produce. In sugar, half a cent a pound



ONE OF THE PASSAGES BETWEEN MILL-BUILDINGS, SHOWING FIRE-ESCAPE.

In a modern mill every facility is afforded the operatives for a speedy exit in case of fire. Not only are ample stairways and permanent fire-escapes provided, but at intervals in the upper stories portable fire-escapes are placed, which are quickly let down from the windows, forming a canvas chute which affords a quick and safe passage to the ground.

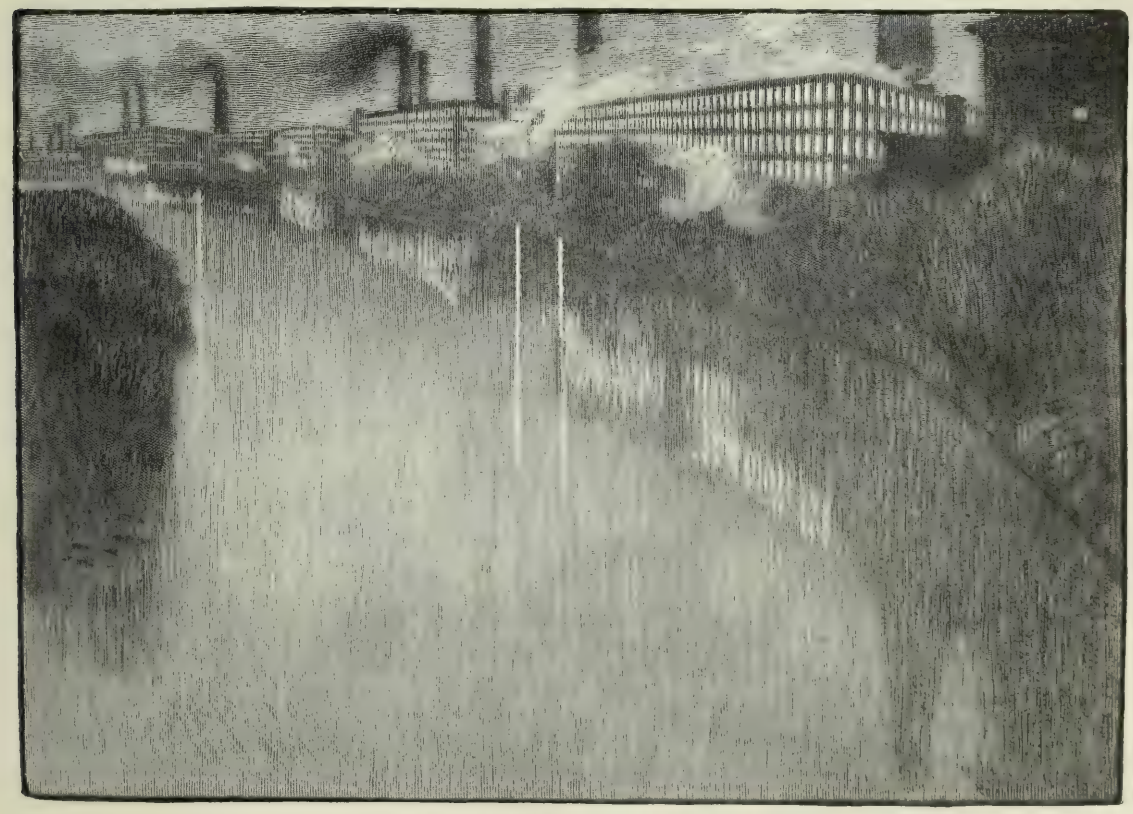
is the average difference between cost and retail price. Shoes costing two dollars to make, sell at retail for three dollars.

The necessary capital having been subscribed and the manufacture of cotton goods decided upon, the question of site is next to be settled. In the past good water-power has been of the chief importance in the selection of a mill site. The splendid water-power on the Merrimac, at Lowell, Nashua, Lawrence, and elsewhere explained the existence of gigantic mills at these places. Steam, however, is rapidly replacing water-power, notwithstanding the improvements made in turbine wheels. In most of the older mills of New England steam now shares about equally the work with water, while in the new mills it takes almost the whole burden. Of course in factories where the power needed is small, such as in making hats, clothing, shoes, etc., steam has entirely replaced water, the higher cost being of no importance when its greater reliability is considered. As yet electricity has not appeared as motive power, except in small industries. What the tremendous works at Niagara will do in this field remains to be seen. It is easier with electricity to adapt the power to the needs of the day whether they are great or small, than with steam. Mr. Atkinson foresees the ultimate dispersion of these mill armies to their homes, when electric power can be sent from place to place without loss; then, as before the introduction of steam-power, the weaver will work his loom and the spinner his spindles in his own cottage instead of in the big mill. Whether or not the change will be to the benefit of the operative is still a mooted question among experts. One of the agents of a big mill, a man who has studied the problem at close quarters for twenty years, tells me that the change would be a misfortune for the mill-hand. In the mill the worker has the law as his champion in providing good air and light, and in limiting the hours of labor; in his own cottage the hours of labor will be measured only by the endurance of the weaker members of the family, while

the sanitary arrangements are apt to be defective as compared to those of a modern mill.

It is commonly admitted that while a man or woman who does some small thing in the manufacture of an article—whether it is piecing the broken yarns of a spinning machine, or cutting the eye of a needle, or gathering matches for boxing—may become marvellously expert, the operator runs the risk of becoming more or less of a machine. The girl who stands at the end of a frame of one hundred spindles and sees a broken thread, catches it with lightning-like rapidity and joins it with a touch ; the one who cuts the eyes in needles can do the same thing with a human hair ; and the girls who pack matches pick up the requisite number for the box, whether it is one hundred, more or less, without counting them, judging simply by touch whether or not the right number is there, and doing it as fast as the eye can follow the hand. Mr. Ruskin contends, probably with reason, that the minute division of labor that makes such wonders possible brutalizes the laborer, and that if the girl made the whole article instead of doing one operation out of fifty, she would gain in intelligence if not in expertness. From an economic, or rather an industrial point of view, however, manufacturing has to be carried on at present with the greatest subdivision of labor possible. Fierce competition and a small margin of profit demand it. Mr. Ruskin's dream of a manufacturing community in which the same person shall shear the sheep, clean the wool, dye it, card, spin, and weave it, doing all this in country homes made beautiful with flowers, working but six hours a day, and devoting the rest of the time to reading good books, raising flowers, and singing songs, is a very pretty dream to be made possible only when some philanthropist provides a market at good profit as well as the pleasant conditions for this labor. For the present steam-power is the only power suitable for the work of manufacturing, and this compels the work to be done at one spot.

The extraordinary speed of the operatives is, of course, largely due to this minute subdivision of labor. One of the big Lynn shoe shops made a pair of ladies' boots for the Paris Exhibition of 1889 in twenty-four minutes. A notary public followed the operation, watch in



BUSY TIMES AT THE GREAT MILLS.

hand. For this feat the pair of shoes went through the usual routine of the shop, but at exceptional speed; fifty-seven different operators and forty-two machines were concerned in the work, which required twenty-six pieces of leather, fourteen pieces of cloth, twenty-four buttons, twenty-four button-holes, eighty tacks, twenty nails, two box-toes, two steel shanks, and twenty yards of thread. Since that time the division of labor upon a pair of shoes has become still greater, and there is a larger number of machines employed, with the result that a pair of ladies' boots can now be made complete in this factory inside of twenty minutes.

This minute subdivision of labor which threatens, according to some economists, to make the operative only a part of a machine, and needing to be little more intelligent than one of its wheels, may go on at one end of the industry to be counterbalanced at the other end by a process of aggrandizement. Just as in the large cities the department store is absorbing the smaller shops of its neighborhood, so the large factory of the future may absorb its smaller rivals, not only in the same branch of industry but in many others. There are great mills in New England to-day which not only spin and weave, but print, using wool and silk as well as cotton, something unheard of a few years ago. It is an interesting speculation among experts as to how long it will be before the same gigantic mill will turn out cotton goods, woollen goods, silks, shoes, umbrellas, hats and caps, and writing-paper. The very process that makes the operative merely the attendant upon a machine favors such a development. When there is no sale for cotton, the army of hands will start up the shoe machines, just as, in the department stores, when business is dull at the silk counter the clerks may be put at selling cigars. This may sound extremely fanciful, but there are indications of such a trend. It may be remembered that when, some thirty years ago, a Philadelphia clothier introduced umbrellas as a part of his stock the innovation was widely denounced as a sinful encroachment upon the rights of umbrella shops. Yet to-day it would be hard to say what the department store does not sell; it supplies or attempts to supply all that man needs from a cradle to a coffin. So the first cotton factory that adds shoes to its list of products may excite criticism, but if there is profit in the change it is sure to come.

Within the last few years, to return to the question of site, much has been said and written about the rise of the Southern cotton-mill depending wholly upon steam-power. The mill at last, it is said, has gone to the cotton, and the fall of the New England mills is only a question of time. Experts differ as to this. Some men with whom I have talked hold that the cotton manufacturing, and, in fact, all other kinds of manufacture, is only a temporary affair at the South, and this wholly for climatic reasons. Just now the poor whites, from which class the mill-hands of the Southern States are recruited, enjoy the novelty of steady work after generations of idleness, and are dazzled with the gewgaws and finery they can purchase with the money earned. They work—and this is the sole real advantage enjoyed by Southern mills over their Northern competitors — for about one-third less wages than the same class of labor at the North, and submit to even longer hours. It is also common for two shifts, one for day and one for night, to be employed in Southern mills, thus getting double duty from the plant. But it is only a question of time when the supply of mill-labor in the cotton States will equal the demand; then wages will rise, the natural and inherited indolence of the poor white, due perhaps to the climate, will assert itself, the mania for trades unions will affect the best work-people, and the movement will come to an end. Those who take such a view believe this to be true of all attempts to implant factories upon Southern soil. Some of the shoe manufacturers who thought to escape the trades-union tyranny and high wages of Lynn have been making recent investigations as to what Georgia offers as a field for them; the same is true of a big manufacturer of brass goods in Connecticut, and of a paper-mill in western Massachusetts. Until the operative is wholly eliminated from the factory and machinery does it all, climate seems to have much to do with the problem of site. Men and women cannot work so long or so effec-



A MILL TOWN—GOING HOME.

tively when the thermometer is at ninety degrees as when it is at seventy. The vaunted advantage implied in the phrase "taking the mills to the cotton," is, after all, misleading as to any material saving, for when the goods are finished they have to be taken to Boston and New York for sale; the cotton has to come here in the end. In some parts of the country, natural gas has proved as much of an inducement as water-power, and in many Western communities manufacturers are offered land, water-power, gas, exemption from taxes, etc., as inducements to come and establish plants.

When the margin of profit is so close as in any of the industries I have had occasion to mention—cotton, paper, shoes—apparently trifling things may mean success or failure. For instance, a girl who uses the left hand in adjusting a certain movement of the spindle instead of the right, does it, taking a thousand repetitions of the operation to make an average, about one-fifth of a second faster than the girl who uses the right hand. This seems an insignificant trifle, but multiply



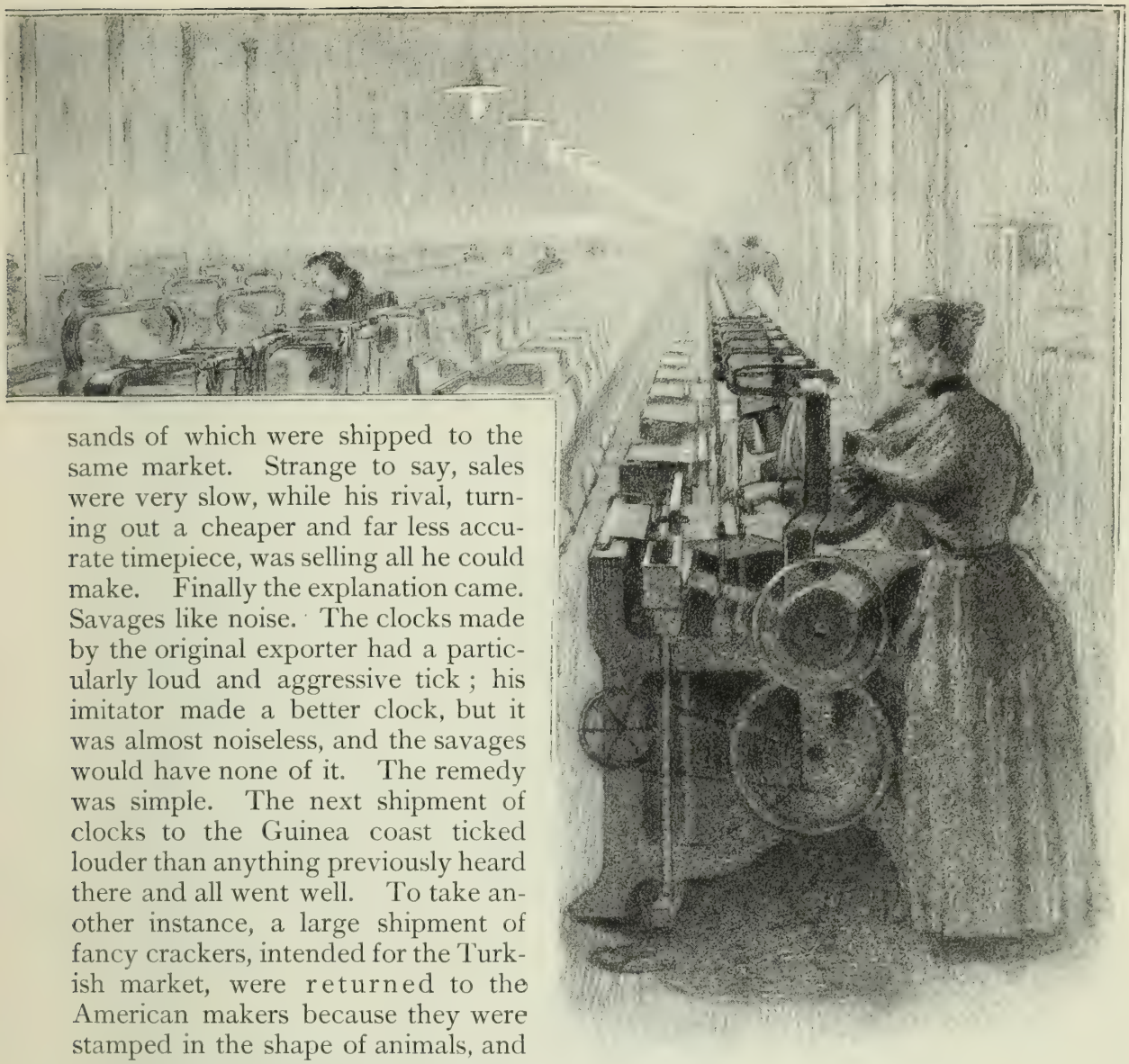
its effects by the million, in this particular trifle as well as in others, and the mill in which the faster method is enforced will forge ahead of the one in which it is not.

Another curious instance is cited in the fact that a certain gigantic flour mill of Indianapolis ascribed a balance on the right side of the ledger one year to the fact that ten hoops had been used on its barrels that year, instead of twelve as in former years. Its margin of profit on a barrel of flour may be seen to have been small enough. A great American manufacturer of matches saved $8,000 in one year by the use of a machine which pasted the labels on the match boxes, the work having been done by hand before that by girls who pasted on twenty thousand labels a day, and got eighty cents for doing it, or at the rate of two hundred and fifty for a cent. The machine did the work faster and cheaper. It is by the use of such machinery that matches are made cheap enough for people to use or waste them at the rate of about five hundred million a day in this country. And yet we burn fewer matches in proportion to population than France or England, the Frenchmen using twelve and the Englishmen eleven, while we use less than ten a day for every man, woman, and child.

In talking over the minute factors that have meant profit or loss to manufacturers, some curious details were given me by experts. For instance, one clock manufacturer of Waterbury, Conn., found that a certain rival was doing a large trade in cheap clocks sent out to the wilds of Africa. He got hold of a sample clock, and finding that there was a heavy profit in the enterprise, invested a large sum of money in making a still better clock, thou-



THE OLD WATCHMAN.



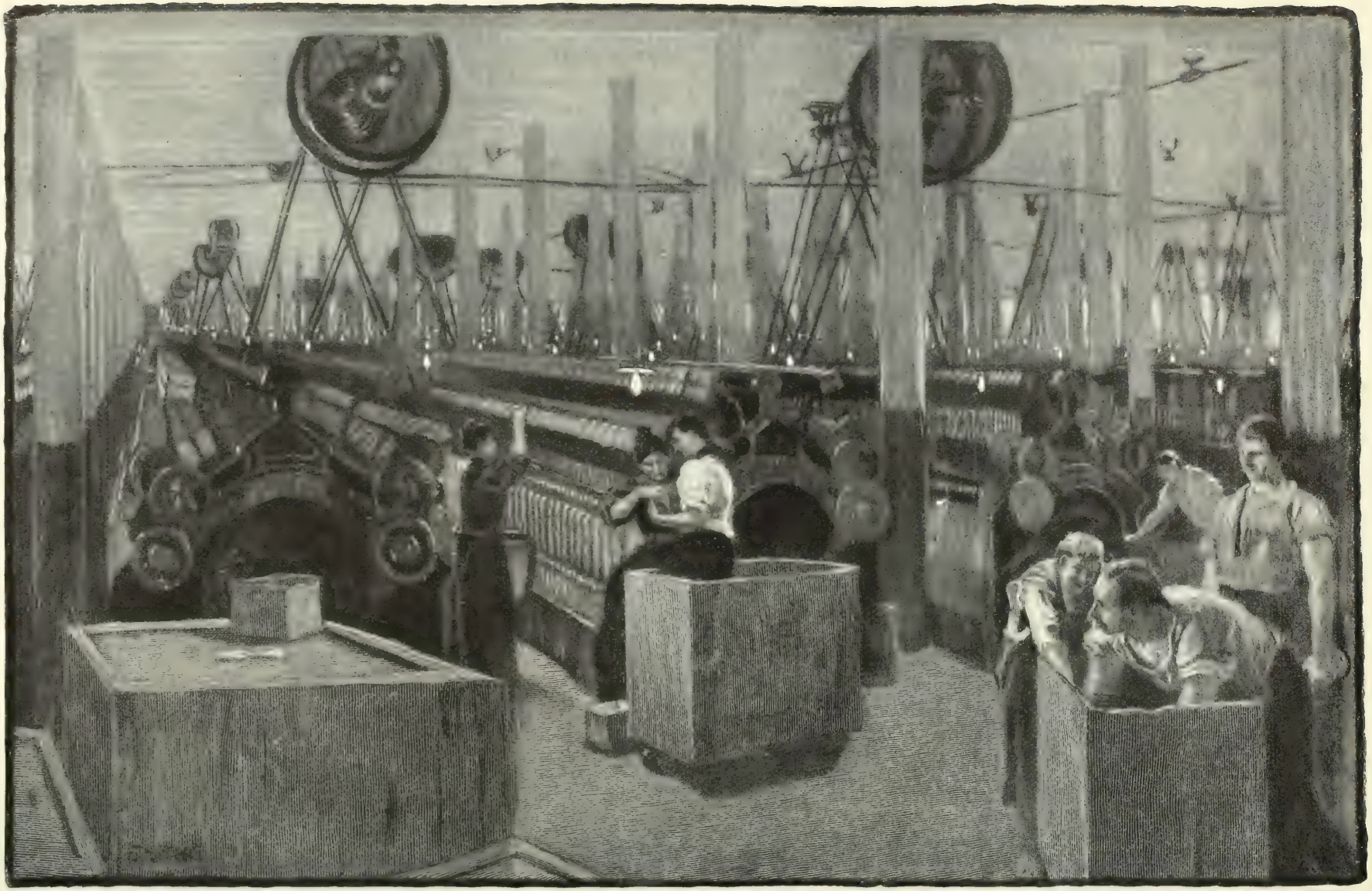
WEAVING-ROOM.

This room (770 feet long by 70 feet wide) contains 1,100 looms weaving print cloths, and the production is over 300,000 yards per week of 58 hours. A large mill has several such rooms. About 225 operatives are employed in this room, and 300 horse-power is required to drive the machinery.

sands of which were shipped to the same market. Strange to say, sales were very slow, while his rival, turning out a cheaper and far less accurate timepiece, was selling all he could make. Finally the explanation came. Savages like noise. The clocks made by the original exporter had a particularly loud and aggressive tick; his imitator made a better clock, but it was almost noiseless, and the savages would have none of it. The remedy was simple. The next shipment of clocks to the Guinea coast ticked louder than anything previously heard there and all went well. To take another instance, a large shipment of fancy crackers, intended for the Turkish market, were returned to the American makers because they were stamped in the shape of animals, and no true Mohammedan would buy the image of a living thing—to say nothing of eating it. Upon such apparent trifles as these sometimes depend success or failure.

The better the operative the better the product, is a truism, and yet none but those who have studied the subject know to what refinement and minutiæ of work the principle applies. This is true as between the mill-hands in different New England towns. When you come to contrast the raw, shiftless workers of the South with such as these, the advantage on the side of the North seems almost overwhelming, even handicapped as it is at present with higher wages. Notwithstanding all of which the South is still building cotton-mills and with New England capital. One of the largest New England mill corporations has just invested $600,000 in a cotton-mill in Alabama. The officers of this company do not want to be without a foothold there should this sudden craze for Southern mill property prove to be permanently profitable.

The business organization of most big factories is simple enough. Almost all cotton-mill properties are managed by a board of directors elected by the stockholders. These directors appoint officers, among whom the treasurer and the agent are the important personages, the first having charge of the finances, the buying of supplies, payment of expenses, and selling of goods; the second having the



SPINNING-ROOM.

This room (340 by 140 feet), containing 150 spinning frames, each with 156 spindles, is devoted to the spinning of worsted yarns. Each spindle spins about forty thousand yards of yarn per week. One hundred and seventy-six persons are employed in this room—64 males and 112 females. To run the machinery requires 520 horse power.

actual manufacture of the goods under his control, the hiring of labor, the management of the shops or mills. The treasurer of most New England manufacturing corporations lives in Boston, where the goods are sold, and the agent lives near the mills. Taking a big cotton-mill, the agent employs a head or superintendent for each of the important departments, such as the carding, roving, spinning, weaving, bleaching, printing, and packing. Under these superintendents there may be many or few foremen, according to the character of the work. In some departments where the work is all of the same character, each girl of the three hundred in a room doing precisely what her neighbor does, year in and year out, a few foremen suffice. In one room at the mill I have in mind, a room 800 feet long by 70 feet wide, the girls who tend the spindles need small advice, and being paid by the product turned out from their machines, they need small supervision. In other departments, the print works, for instance, there are a variety of operations requiring comparatively few men, but a high grade of intelligence and constant supervision by expert foremen. The transfer of the designs to the copper rolls used in printing, the mixing of the colors, the adjustment of elaborate machinery, all this delicate work requires vast experience. The discipline of such mills is by no means military. In visiting several of the largest of them I was impressed with the friendly relations between superintendents and men. "We never scold," said the agent of a big mill. "If a man or girl proves to be habitually careless or idle, a discharge follows; but for small infractions of rules we trust the various foremen to look after their own people. In the sixteen years I have been here we have had no strikes." At half-past six in the morning the bell rings for work to begin; there is an hour's intermission at noon, and then from one to six it goes on again. On Saturdays all work in most cotton-mills stops for the day at noon. The law limits factory work in Massachusetts to fifty-eight hours a week. In New York State there is no such limit. In some trades, the Lynn shoe shops, for instance, work begins at seven o'clock and there is only half an hour's stop at noon. In Connecticut, the hours at Waterbury and Ansonia are the same as in Lynn. In the paper-mills of Massachusetts and Connecticut work begins at half-past six, with an hour at noon.

Opinions differ as to whether or not the growth of the factory system is a blessing to a community, but, as a rule, it is conceded that the standard of intelligence and of living among the mill-hands of New England is not so high now as it was forty years ago. And this, notwithstanding higher wages and shorter hours. In 1850, the average mill-hand earned $175 a year, as against $300 at present, and worked thirteen hours a day as against ten hours to-day. The American farmer's daughter who worked in the cotton mills fifty years ago has been almost wholly displaced, first by women of Irish and English birth, and more recently by the French Canadian, all representing lower types. The very growth of the mills has tended to do away with certain features of factory life, that worked for good in smaller communities. In the old days, say in 1850, the American girls who made cotton cloth in Lowell, or shoes in Lynn, or thread in Manchester, had their own singing and reading societies, their benevolent clubs, and church sociables. The owner or agent of a small mill in a small town was able to exercise something of a paternal supervision over the few hundred girls or men who might work for him. With the immense increase in mill plants, the force now numbering thousands where it was hundreds fifty years ago, this is impossible. Yet, whether it be as a matter of self-interest or not, the visitor to Lowell, Manchester, Lawrence, Fall River, and other factory centres will find an attempt on the part of mill owners to help the hands after they leave the buildings. Saving societies, libraries, hospitals are common. In Lawrence there are no less than three flourishing co-operative stores patronized exclusively by mill-hands. The rise in power of the unions seems to have made the mill-hands suspicious of all interference with matters outside the mill. One is apt to find a dozen unions in a cotton-mill, and in the shoe shops there are unions for every one of the score or more of operations through

which a shoe passes. The factory law of Massachusetts prescribes that wages shall be paid weekly. This rule has been found to work rather disadvantageously so far as saving by the mill-hand goes, for, receiving no large sum of money in a lump, he finds it difficult to spare from the comparatively small weekly wage. Efforts are made almost periodically by many mill corporations to render the homes of the hands more sanitary than they were in earlier years, and attractive with gardens and flowers. In some towns, notably in Manchester, where the mill operatives number many native Americans, some success in this direction has been met with; in other towns, notably the larger centres—Lowell, Nashua, Fall River, Lawrence—where the population is either foreign-born or but one generation removed from it, not much has been effected. The hands live mostly in tenements unadorned with gardens or even grass-plats. A large number of the hands in every factory are young people who have to board, necessitating the existence in all mill towns of large rows of tenements known as boarding-houses, as a rule dreary homes inside and out. The people who live in them, looking upon themselves as temporary inmates or tenants only, cannot be induced to better their surroundings, and will decline to care for the vines and flowers offered to them by their employers.

In none of the factories which it has been my privilege to visit have I found any such minute and effective care for the operative—man or woman—as obtains in certain of the great French and German mill towns. For some reason or other, possibly the greater independence of our mill hands, such comprehensive schemes for the care of their people as the mill-owners of Mülhausen, in Alsace, attempt through their famous *Société Industrielle* is unknown. This society, to which all the important manufacturers of a great indus-



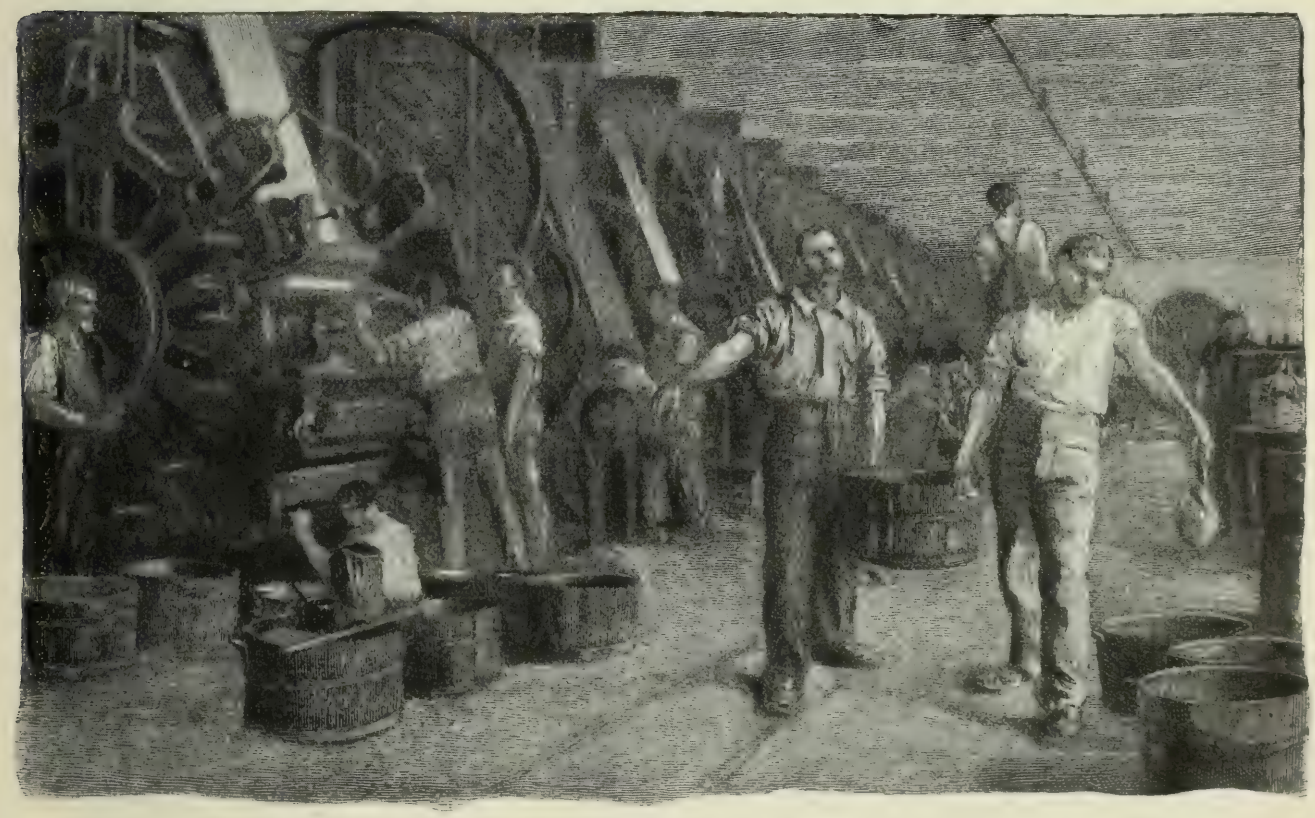
SHEARING-ROOM.

There are fourteen shearing machines in this room—forty-two hands are employed. The shearing is one of the first processes in printing, and is done by rapidly revolving sharp knives against the surface of the cloth.

trial community belong, may be said to look after the welfare of the operative from birth to death. It provides midwives for the mothers, exempts them from labor in the mills for six weeks after childbirth, so that the infant may get a fair start in life, provides a *crêche*, or nursery, for the young children, schools for the older ones, technical instruction for all who deserve it, hospitals for the sick, libraries and amusements, pensions for the aged, and a decent burial for the dead. The workpeople themselves are assessed to help provide the money for all this, but without the incentive furnished by a few leading philanthropists among the great manufacturers, nothing would be done. As yet the great manufacturers of Lawrence, Fall River, and Providence do not seem to have found the way to successful cooperative schemes of this sort.

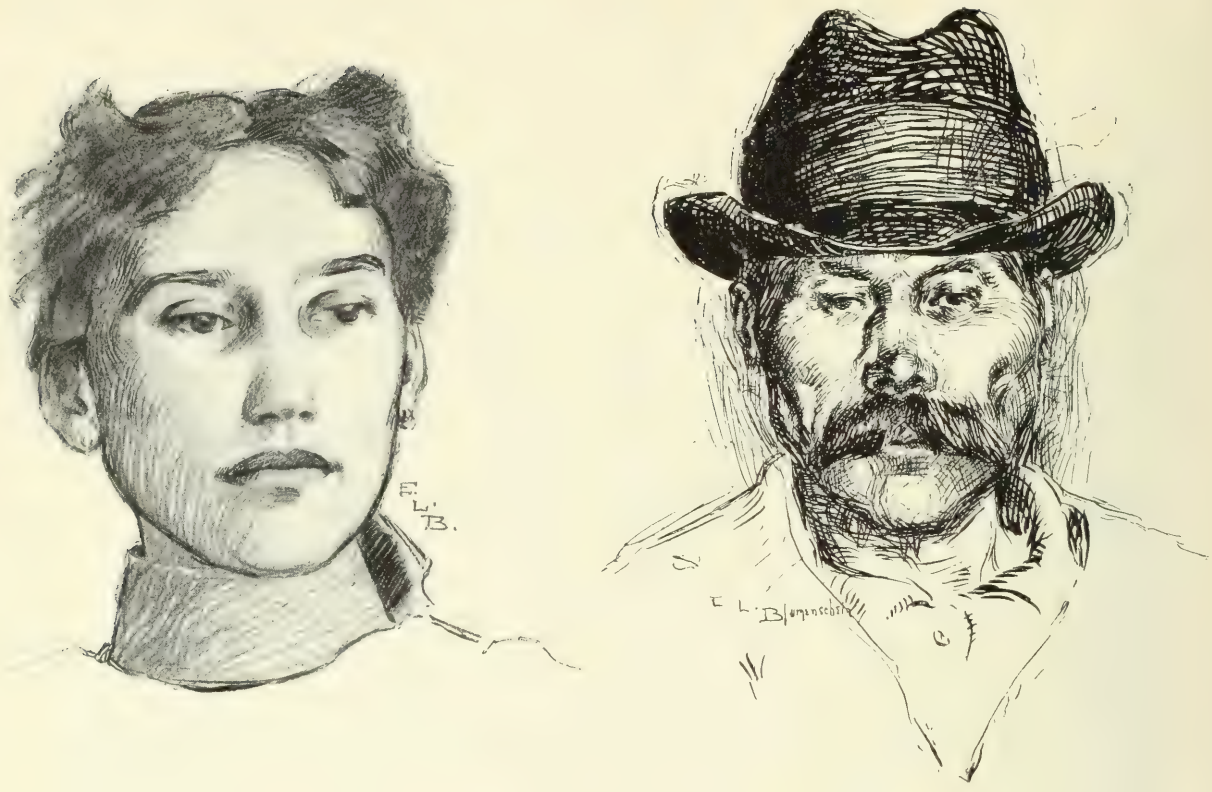
As in most other trades, strikes are the bane of the factory owner's existence. With a plant worth perhaps a million dollars brought to a standstill, and perhaps half a million dollars' worth of raw material in process of manufacture, a strike coming at an awkward time of year means tremendous loss.

Next in importance, or perhaps even of more importance than the character of the hands, comes the character of the machinery in use. The entire machinery of a mill may be said to change every twenty years, just as the entire material of the human body is said to change every seven years, or eleven years—I forget which. I asked one mill superintendent, a veteran who has seen the inside of about every mill in the country, what he looked at most carefully upon entering a rival establishment. "First the machinery, then the hands." Nine-tenths of the machinery used in cotton and woollen manufacture, ninety-nine hundredths of that used in shoe making, and all of that used in paper-mills is made in this country. In cotton-mills we still use English carders, as the machines for cleaning the cotton from small imperfections are called. In return for their carders we have given the English the most important improvement made in cotton manufacture during this genera-



COLOR-PRINTING ROOM.

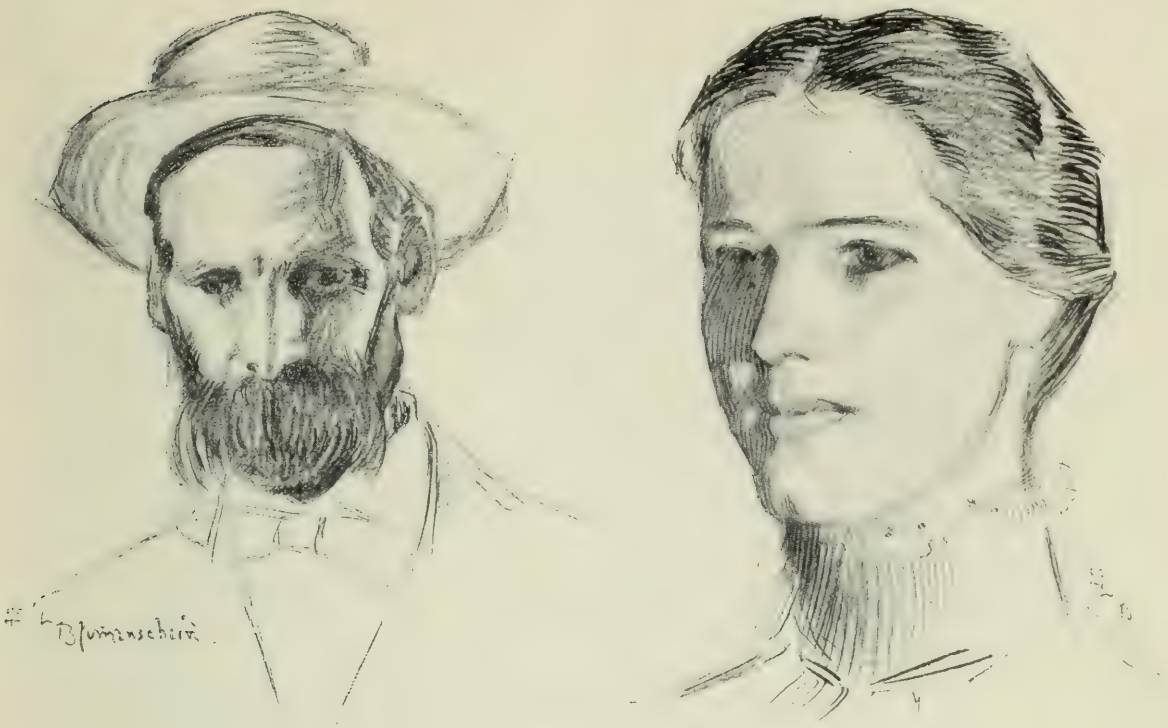
Three hundred and twenty-four feet by sixty feet—105 persons employed. Twenty-six printing machines, fitted with 1 to 14 printing rollers; each machine is operated by an independent steam-engine. Production 1,925,000 yards per week of calicoes, fine lawns, organdies, percales, robes, and furniture stuffs, etc.



FRENCH CANADIAN TYPES.

tion—the Rabbeth spindle, which makes ten thousand revolutions a minute, as against half that speed with the old-fashioned spindle. It has been estimated by General William F. Draper, an expert on the subject, that the Rabbeth spindle, invented in 1866 by Francis J. Rabbeth, of Ilion, N. Y., has effected a saving of $100,000,000 to this country since its introduction about 1870. In equipping a new factory there is always a certain advantage over older establishments, thanks to changes and improvements in the machinery. What is done to-day in the new mills just finished at the South would astonish the mill-hands of twenty years ago. As a rule, these changes in cotton machinery have been introduced without opposition. The spinning and weaving, for instance, are paid for by the piece, so that the introduction of the Rabbeth spindle, doing twice the work and requiring actually less care and watchfulness on the part of the operator, found its champions as well as its detractors. In some trades, however, the spirit that led to the breaking-up of Arkwright's spinning frames because they did so much work survives. The shoe manufacturers of Lynn have not yet dared to introduce a certain lasting machine largely employed in Europe and in certain western cities of this country because the lasters' trades union forbids its use. According to the leading shoemakers of Lynn, this machine would revolutionize the business. One firm has very recently induced the Lynn lasters' union to consent to the introduction of two of these machines as experiments, the lasters themselves to try the machines and to fix the conditions under which they may be used if used at all. It is evident that in a big manufactory it is not everything to invent a labor-saving machine; endless tact must be used to induce the unions to allow its use.

That the purchase of raw material for a big factory requires the services of a dozen experts may well be imagined, when the vast sums of money involved are considered. In one cotton-mill of New England there was used last year 25,000 bales of cotton, worth about $1,000,000, 8,000,000 pounds of wool, 50,000 tons of coal, and $100,000 worth of coloring matter and dyes. It is hardly necessary to say that an expert at a liberal salary the



NEW ENGLAND TYPES.

year round is essential for each of these purchases. The cotton buyer spends his whole time in the South watching the growing crops, purchasing sometimes a year before the crop is grown, keeping an eye on the stock on hand in different parts of the country and calculating to a nicety exactly what will be needed and when. All the cotton for a big mill is thus bought where it is grown. The same is true of the wool, and the coal buyer lives in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. The coloring matter used in printing a yard of calico that sells for ten cents costs less than the twentieth part of a cent, yet fortunes have been spent in recent years in efforts to reduce this cost. It is said that one mill-owner of Rhode Island spent $70,000 inside of three years in experiments to replace madder dyes, the experiments, by the way, leading to nothing valuable in the end. The chemist at one cotton-mill I have in mind, a modest man, who spends his time mixing colors and testing dyes in his laboratory, receives a salary of $5,000 a year. He has to know not only how to prepare the colors for the printers, but how to insure their permanency. "Will it wash?" is about the first question asked by every woman who examines a piece of calico on the dry-goods counter. The chemist is responsible for that.

The labor charge in the cost of a manufactured article varies so much with the character of the product that separate figures, or tables of figures, would be required for each factory. In plain sheeting it is small as compared to fancy prints and fine woollens; in shoes, the more expensive the shoe the greater proportion of cost goes to the workman. For this reason it has been suggested that in parts of the country where labor is cheap, the finest goods, those requiring most hand labor, would be most profitable to make. But as yet the rule is the other way, the older manufacturing communities having a monopoly of expert labor. It might be thought that with labor at ten cents a day, as in China, that country would turn out marvellous goods, requiring much hand labor, at low prices; and it is, perhaps, this expectation that has led to the building of cotton mills in China, no less than four mills having been built in Shanghai with American capital during the last year. The average wages in New

England cotton mills, taking all the hands, exclusive of superintendents of departments, is $7.80 a week. In the shoe trade of Lynn the earnings are higher. Taking the figures of a factory which turns out an average of three thousand pairs of shoes daily, we have the following table showing the wages paid in the building where ladies' shoes are made :

Week ending June 29, 1895—

	Males.	Females.
Under $5	7	3
$5 but under $6	3	2
6 " " 7	14	3
7 " " 8	13	5
8 " " 9	8	10
9 " " 10	6	8
10 " " 12	12	22
12 " " 15	41	39
15 " " 20	47	19
20 and over	36	3
	187	114

In all factory work it is essential to have as complete a system of checks upon defective work as possible, especially since the opposition of the unions to improved machinery has made payment by the piece obligatory. In cotton-mills to-day more than seventy per cent. of the hands are paid by the piece, in shoe factories ninety per cent., in brass-ware factories eighty per cent., and in paper-mills sixty per cent. The visitor to any big cotton-mill will notice that the spools of yarn from the spinners all bear a colored chalk mark, the finished roll of cloth from the looms a similar mark, and so on, from first to last, every piece of work bearing a mark, sometimes red, sometimes blue, all the colors and shades of the rainbow being used, and often two colors together. By this means each piece is traced back. The weaver who finds that the yarn furnished to her is defective in the spinning has only to examine the chalk-mark on the spool to find out who spun it, and so on through the whole operation till the finished piece of goods reaches the packer. In shoe factories another system is followed. No order for less than a case or sixty pairs of shoes being taken, the case is considered the unit, and a blank order-sheet is made out for every case, bearing upon it the quality of leather to be used, the size and style of the shoe, and a dozen or twenty directions as to minor details. This blank follows this particular sixty pairs of shoes from the man who cuts out the leather to the man who counts and packs the finished shoes. As each operator gets through with his particular work upon that case of shoes he signs the blank and passes it on. If a month later a shoe is sent back as defective in any part the superintendent can trace the defect back to the particular workman, and tell on what day and at what hour the work was done.

A factory having been put up in a suitable spot, equipped with proper machinery, and a force of competent hands engaged, the important question arises : What kind of goods shall be made ? This is a question to be decided by the persons who sell the product of the mill—the selling agents. Under the direction of these agents, the art director, so to speak, of the corporation seeks high and low for designs, takes suggestions where he can, employs designers and artists. We can surpass the world at machinery, but as yet we have to go to Paris for our designs. Each of the big mills where printed goods are made keeps its man in Paris watching the new designs and buying the best he can from the professional designers, of which there are a hundred in Paris, some of them earning as high as $20,000 a year. A designer of international reputation commands his own price, inasmuch as the design makes or mars the product ; it sells or does not sell according to the favor the pattern meets with. The question is often asked : How do the men who make designs know what kind of goods the public is going to demand ? The designs for next winter's goods are already finished. How does the artist know that the fickle public is not going to discard all that it has admired this year, and go wild over what it now ignores ? This year the colors are faint and suggestive ; next year they may be kaleidoscopic in brilliancy. This year ladies' shoes run to a point, next year they may be square-toed. Upon an accurate forecast of the public's whims in these matters depends success. Well, the truth seems to be that sudden or violent as these fluctuations appear, there is really an evolutionary process in-



DINNER HOUR.

There are five such entrances to the mill yards for the five thousand operatives. The children are not employees, but are bringing dinners.



MILL TYPES.

A modern mill is extremely cosmopolitan in the character of its help, yet there is very little friction, and all classes work together harmoniously. The barriers of language are overcome as quickly as possible, and all seem to strive to become merged in the one class of "Americans."

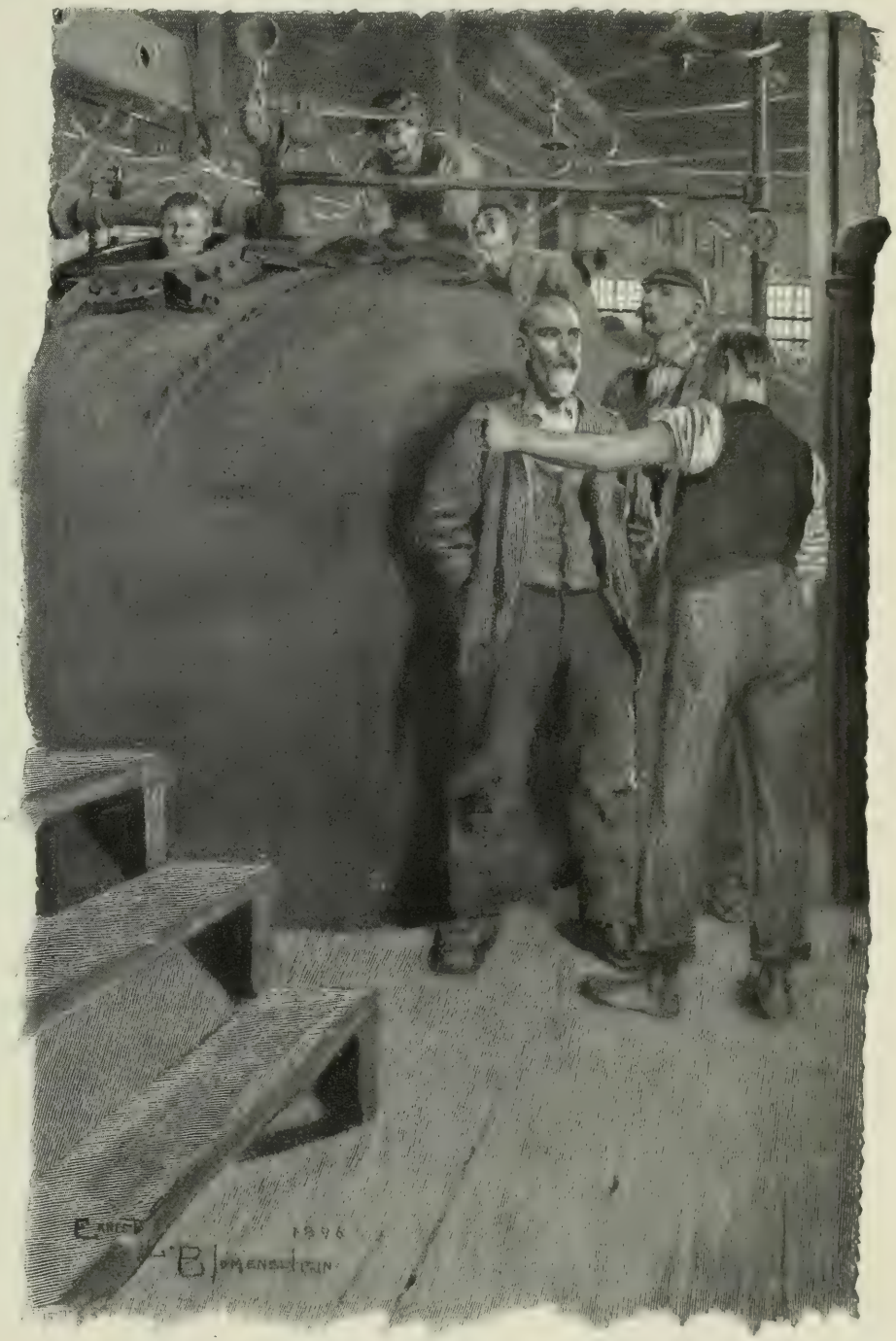
volved. Each style or fashion has in it the germs of what is to follow, perhaps visible only to experts, but to be discerned. The designer accents the peculiar attributes of a pattern that has found favor one year in order to create his design for the next season. The short life of a design is somewhat surprising. Out of the six or eight hundred patterns made during this last year by the largest calico-mill in the country it is not likely that ten will be called for two years hence. The designs (the word design covering the texture of the material as well as its ornamentation) for every class of goods have to be virtually new every year, and the

explanation given for this is hardly flattering to the fair wearers of these pretty mousselines, lawns, organdies, cashmeres, serges, and brocades.

"Not only," said a mill agent, "do fashions change in a bewildering way, and a most expensive way to us manufacturers, but they have a way of changing so radically that new goods may be wholly unsalable if they bear any resemblance to the dress goods in demand last year. Why? Simply because a woman who buys a new dress wants a pattern and a color wholly different from that of her last year's frock, in order that there may be no question as to its being a new frock. She not only wants a different design, but a very different one, so that he, or, more probably, she, who runs may see that it is a new dress."

The same demand for novelty holds good in the shoe trade, in the manufacture of fancy writing-papers, in hats, ribbons, and, to some extent, in underwear, and one exasperating feature of this matter is that when times are hard and business dull the public, or the great caterers for the public, the retail shops, are more exacting than ever in demanding novelties. One of the great shoe manufacturers of Lynn said to me:

"The four or five hundred retailers throughout the country for whom we make shoes, finding that their customers do not buy, are constantly sending us word that they want new styles of shoes; they want us to turn out something so attractive that people will buy shoes notwithstanding the hard times. Several times this last year we have gone to the expense of making new lasts and dies for a new style of shoe—an expense of some



AMONG THE KIERS.

Bleaching-room (140 by 60 feet) where 66 hands are employed. There are 14 kiers in this room, having a capacity, when charged, of 770,000 yards of cloth.



PAY-DAY IN THE WEAVING DEPARTMENT.

Once each week the operatives receive their previous week's earnings. Promptly at the appointed hour the pay clerk arrives with his trunk, arranges the pay envelopes on a table before him; the line is quickly formed, and each in turn receives her envelope and returns to her work, with scarcely any time lost; and in a surprisingly short time the entire room has been paid off. Forty thousand dollars is thus paid out each week, varying somewhat with the season of the year, and the quality of the cloths being made.

thousands of dollars—only to find when the shoes reached the market that public taste had veered, and that buyers wanted something else. If it were not for the small towns of the far West, too far away for their inhabitants to discover that Boston and New York have discarded this or that style, we shoe manufacturers would be ruined by this craze for novelty. Some time ago every woman wanted a shoe tipped with patent leather; a few months later we might not be able to give such shoes away. I have in my store-room scores of cases of shoes that cost me nearly $2 a pair to make, which I should be glad to sell at half cost. They are better shoes, of better leather, and more comfortable than the shoes we are making to-day, but we cannot sell them for half what they cost us to make."

The element of chance thus enters more or less into any manufacture dependent upon changes of fashion. As the styles for summer have to be made in winter, and those for winter in summer, a manufacturer cannot wait to see what the public wants; he has to take his chances. What he has made may or may not meet with favor. If it does not, his whole product will have to be sold at cost or less, to be sent to the confines of civilization. Upon the other hand, fortunes are often made when fashion veers in favor of a particular style of goods. At one time a few years ago all the women suddenly wanted dresses made of bunting, which material, before that, had been used chiefly for flags; the mills equipped with machinery for making bunting were driven night and day, for the stock was soon exhausted, while manufacturers of ordinary dress goods looked on with envy. The demand for bunting ceased as suddenly as it arose. The same phenomenon was observed with regard to braid. Every woman's dress at one time had more or less braid upon it; braid-makers made fortunes, which in some instances they invested in building braid-mills and turning out vast stocks of goods that proved unsalable because the fashion suddenly changed. Another curious freak of fashion, said to be due partly to hard times, and affecting the business of many mills, was last summer's prevalence of shirt-waists. The mills which turned out suitable materials for shirt-waists did well last year, while mills making a specialty of the heavier goods used for skirts were behind in the race, because a woman bought half a dozen shirt-waists and one skirt. A few years hence she may want one shirt-waist and half a dozen skirts. Another curious factor in the change of patterns, is the fact, that the very popularity of a pattern or style of material often proves its downfall. Cheap imitations will soon bring the most admirable design into disrepute, and this process of vulgarizing goes on notwithstanding rigid copyright laws supposed to protect the original producer.

Some factories, usually very small ones, depend wholly upon novelties. Each year some new trifle comes up upon which the whole establishment is put to work. Holiday goods, the trifles sold by sidewalk pedlers, and many cheap toys are of this class where the ingenuity of the deviser or designer is everything. Of a curious character was a small factory near Philadelphia, devoted wholly at one time to the manufacture of hoaxes sold through advertisement. Among the notable successes of this precious establishment was a device warranted to kill the potato-bug. Thousands of farmers sent their half-dollars in exchange for two little slabs of wood with the directions: "Place the bug between these two blocks of wood and press hard." This seems scarcely worth noting as an industry, and yet incredible sums of money are made out of the manufacture of things hardly less trivial. Many readers may remember the vogue of a wooden ball fastened to a rubber string, so that the ball when thrown returned to the hand. It is said that the patentee and manufacturer of that toy made $80,000 in one season from it.

The demand for novelties, always novelties, imposes a constant expense and drain upon all manufacturing corporations, and yet it is the novelties that offer the greatest field for profit. Staple goods not affected by fashion must be sold almost at cost because every mill can make them, and the stocks of such goods on hand are always enormous. When orders are scarce and a mill agent hesitates



ROOF OF THE DYE-HOUSE IN THE WORSTED DEPARTMENT.

One hundred and eighty persons employed. Half a million yards are dyed per week; $55,000 worth of dyestuffs, etc., are required each year, and 10,000 tons of coal are consumed in producing the steam required for the different dyeing processes.

about letting his hands go for fear that he may not be able to get the best of them back in time of need, the force may be used in turning out coarse staple goods, sure to find a market some day. But such work offers only a minimum margin of profit. One case of fancy goods that sell well brings in a larger profit than one hundred cases of some staple article that every mill in the country, North and South, can turn out. Novelty is the cry of all manufacturers. Give us something new to make. Every year the mills of this country turn out from three to five thousand new designs, of which perhaps one thousand find a profitable sale.

A factory having produced a stock of goods from the best designs to be obtained by its agents here and abroad, the next step is to sell at a profit. Twenty-five years ago the mill or factory sold all its goods to the jobbers, who in turn distributed them to the retailers throughout the country. Each mill had its selling agents who undertook to dispose of its product to the jobbers. A retailer could buy nothing directly from the agent of the mill. Within the last ten or fifteen years the small jobber has been eliminated. In 1850 there were half a hundred dry-goods jobbers in New York City and as many in Boston, all doing a good business. To-day the number has dwindled to half a dozen in each city. The same thing is true of Philadelphia and Chicago. Only a few of the very largest jobbing houses have survived. The selling agents of the mills now go direct to the retailer, because the retailers have in many instances become buyers upon a much larger scale than the small jobber of former days. Go into the Boston or New York office of the agent of any important mill, and you will find plenty of samples and clerks, but almost no buyers. The agent now goes to the buyer. The agent of the largest cotton-mill in western Massachusetts told me that he sent his men to every large dry-goods shop in Boston every day, and his partner in New York did the same thing there. At certain seasons Boston and New York, twenty-five or thirty years ago, were overrun with the buyers of dry-goods houses from all parts of the country. There were hotels and even newspapers devoted to these buyers and their doings. Much of this business has passed away. To-day the travelling men, "drummers," of the mills and the few large jobbing houses that have survived, scour the country, taking their samples to the retailer. A few large jobbers, doing an immense business, still survive in all our large centres because they have the machinery for the distribution of goods in channels where it is not worth the while of the agent to enter — small shops in small towns. The small jobber who gave up business when he found the mills selling directly to the retail shops who could buy

even more goods at a time than he could, had neither the capital nor the army of travelling men necessary to do business upon this scale. The jobber who could buy five thousand cases of goods at a time, and had the machinery and the means for disposing of it, survives because the mills sell cheapest to the largest buyer, and the jobber who buys on this scale is more important than even the largest retail store. But the small jobber, buying one hundred cases of the same goods, gets no better terms than the big retailer and has therefore no excuse for being. Some of the big department stores now obtain a monopoly of certain patterns or designs by taking the whole output of the mill, thus doing what was formerly in the power of only the greatest of jobbers.

The object of the country merchant in sending his buyer to New York or Boston every year was to get a more attractive stock than that obtained by his rival on the next block, and at better prices. The buyer comes no more to headquarters. A few big jobbers send their men to him, as I have said, and supplement these visits in the following way: The big jobber's travelling man, making a specialty, say of the eastern end of Long Island, and having a number of customers in that region, not only takes his samples over the route several times each season, but he promises his customer that when novelties of importance or goods at extraordinarily low prices appear in New York he will take care that some are sent out to this customer. The travelling man has an accurate knowledge of the selling capacity of his customer, and an agreement with him to the effect that the country merchant will take a certain amount of whatever goods the "drummer" may see fit to send him in an emergency. Much depends, as will be seen, upon the judgment of this latter. If he abuses his privilege, there will be trouble. If, on the contrary, he acts with good judgment, he will be invaluable.

Now suppose that one day a certain mill comes to the house in New York with the offer of a big stock of new and fashionable goods, or goods at a remarkably low price; the outside force is called together and an estimate is made of the quantity of such goods that can be distributed. The Long Island man puts down this customer of his for three cases, that one for one case, and some one else for half a case. The jobbing house may be able, by taking the whole country, to buy



HAULING WASTE COTTON.

The waste cotton material, unfit for yarn, is bagged up and sold each week, and 1,200 tons are thus disposed of each year at this mill.



THE ENGRAVING-ROOM.

Section of engraving-room showing die cutters, plate engravers, and pentographers, sketchmakers, and hand engravers at work. The staff employed in this department numbers about seventy-six. It is here that the designs are put on copper rollers by means of pressure, cutting, or etching.

the whole stock of this pattern from the mill, thus getting exceptional terms and a monopoly of the pattern. The country merchant who gets the goods, of which his rival across the way can get none, will make money or lose it according to their desirability. He may receive too many goods in this way, in which case he can restrict the privilege of the New York house, or he may find that he could have sold five times as much of a cheap and popular style of goods as he received. I have been told of instances in which five thousand cases of printed calicoes, or about eight million yards, have been disposed of in this way in one morning by the largest jobbing house in this country.



AN ENGLISH FOREMAN OF ENGRAVERS.

In England and Scotland in the engraving and calico printing trades, the old apprentice system is still in vogue. Until recent years nearly all the workmen in these two trades in American factories were either men or their sons who had served their time across the water.

The search for a foreign outlet for American manufactures began more than half a century ago and still goes on. Every year some new market is discovered. Our old competitor, England, fights hard, but we can often beat her on her own ground. Everyone may know that we send our New England cotton-cloth to the British colonies by the thousand cases, but it may be news to many that 25,000 American ploughs went to the Argentine Republic last year, and that the thousands of watches distributed to the Japanese army as rewards of bravery were made in this country. American trade-marks have always been and now are of exceptional value the world over, and this notwithstanding the frequent imitations of them practised by foreign competitors in the past. During the War of Secession the

export of American cotton was interrupted, and to many distant markets almost ceased, when it became a common practice for English firms to put well-known and popular American brands upon similar but often inferior goods of their own make. This went on for some years after the close of the war. With the resumption of American trade in foreign markets, the existence of this wrong was soon discovered and finally remedied through the operation of the English Registration of Trade Marks Act, under which American marks are admitted to registration upon precisely the same conditions as those of Great Britain. It should also be said that nearly all the English houses which had imitated American marks, in many cases ignorantly, being instructed to copy certain brands from patterns furnished them by their customers abroad, promptly discontinued the practice when the facts were made known to them. No less than twenty-seven imitations of one American brand were thus voluntarily withdrawn. For years past, however, the export of American cotton goods to India and China has more than resumed its old proportions, the shipments for 1896 having exceeded those of any previous year.



A DESIGNING OFFICE IN NEW YORK.



"You, sir, were a great soldier."—Page 350.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

V

THE visit to the city was imitated on the three succeeding evenings by similar excursions. On one night they returned to the plaza, and the other two were spent in drifting down the harbor and along the coast on King's yacht. The President and Madame Alvarez were King's guests on one of these moonlight excursions, and were saluted by the proper number of guns, and their native band played on the forward deck. Clay felt that King held the centre of the stage for the time being, and obliterated himself completely. He thought of his own paddle-wheel tug-boat that he had had painted and gilded in her honor, and smiled grimly.

MacWilliams approached him as he sat leaning back on the rail and looking up, with the eye of a man who had served before the mast, at the lace-work of spars and rigging above him. MacWilliams came toward him on tiptoe and dropped carefully into a wicker chair. "There don't seem to be any door-mats on this boat," he said. "In every other respect she seems fitted out quite complete; all the latest magazines and enamelled bath-tubs, and Chinese waiter-boys with cock-tails up their sleeves. But there ought to be a mat at the top of each of those stair-ways that hang over the side, otherwise someone is sure to soil the deck. Have you been down in the engine-room yet?" he asked. "Well, don't go, then," he advised, solemnly. "It will only make you feel badly. I have asked the Admiral if I can send those half-breed engine drivers over to-morrow to show them what a clean engine-room looks like. I've just been talking to the chief. His name's MacKenzie, and I told him I was Scotch myself, and he said it 'was a greet pleesure' to find a gentleman so well acquainted with the movements of machinery. He thought I was one of King's friends, I guess, so I didn't tell him I pulled a lever for a living myself. I gave him a cigar though, and he said 'Thankee, sir,' and touched his cap to me."

MacWilliams chuckled at the recollection, and crossed his legs comfortably. "One of King's cigars, too," he said. "Real Havana; he leaves them lying around loose in the cabin. Have you had one? Ted Langham and I took about a box between us."

Clay made no answer, and MacWilliams settled himself contentedly in the great wicker chair and puffed grandly on a huge cigar.

"It's demoralizing, isn't it?" he said at last.

"What?" asked Clay, absently.

"Oh, this associating with white people again, as we're doing now. It spoils you for tortillas and rice, doesn't it? It's going to be great fun while it lasts, but when they've all gone, and Ted's gone, too, and the yacht's vanished, and we fall back to tramping around the plaza twice a week, it won't be gay, will it? No; it won't be gay. We're having the spree of our lives now, I guess, but there's going to be a difference in the morning."

"Oh, it's worth a headache, I think," said Clay, as he shrugged his shoulders and walked away to find Miss Langham.

The day set for the visit to the mines rose bright and clear. MacWilliams had rigged out his single passenger-car with rugs and cushions, and flags flew from its canvas top that flapped and billowed in the wind of the slow-moving train. Their observation-car, as MacWilliams termed it, was placed in front of the locomotive, and they were pushed gently along the narrow rails between forests of Manaca palms, and through swamps and jungles, and at times over the limestone formation along the coast, where the waves dashed as high as the smoke-stack of the locomotive, covering the excursionists with a sprinkling of

white spray. Thousands of land-crabs, painted red and black and yellow, scrambled with a rattle like dead men's bones across the rails to be crushed by the hundreds under the wheels of the Juggernaut; great lizards ran from sunny rocks at the sound of their approach, and a deer bounded across the tracks fifty feet in front of the cow-catcher. MacWilliams escorted Hope out into the cab of the locomotive, and taught her how to increase and slacken the speed of the engine, until she showed an unruly desire to throw the lever open altogether and shoot them off the rails into the ocean beyond.

Clay sat at the back of the car with Miss Langham, and told her and her father of the difficulties with which young MacWilliams had had to contend. Miss Langham found her chief pleasure in noting the attention which her father gave to all that Clay had to tell him. Knowing her father as she did, and being familiar with his manner toward other men, she knew that he was treating Clay with unusual consideration. And this pleased her greatly, for it justified her own interest in him. She regarded Clay as a discovery of her own, but she was glad to have her opinion of him shared by others.

Their coming was a great event in the history of the mines. Kirkland, the foreman, and Chapman, who handled the dynamite, Weimer, the Consul, and the native doctor, who cared for the fever-stricken and the casualties, were all at the station to meet them in the whitest of white duck and with a bunch of ponies to carry them on their tour of inspection, and the village of mud-cabins and zinc-huts that stood clear of the bare sun-baked earth on white-washed wooden piles was as clean as Clay's hundred policemen could sweep it. Mr. Langham rode in advance of the cavalcade, and the head of each of the different departments took his turn in riding at his side, and explained what had been done, and showed him the proud result. The village was empty, except for the families of the native workmen and the ownerless dogs, the scavengers of the colony, that snarled and barked and ran leaping in front of the ponies' heads.

Rising abruptly above the zinc village, lay the first of the five great hills, with its open front cut into great terraces, on which the men clung like flies on the side of a wall, some of them in groups around an opening, or in couples pounding a steel bar that a fellow-workman turned in his bare hands, while others gathered about the panting steam-drills that shook the solid rock with fierce, short blows, and hid the men about them in a throbbing curtain of steam. Self-important little dummy-engines, dragging long trains of ore-cars, rolled and rocked on the uneven surface of the ground, and swung around corners with warning screeches of their whistles. They could see, on peaks outlined against the sky, the signal-men waving their red flags, and then plunging down the mountain-side out of danger, as the earth rumbled and shook and vomited out a shower of stones and rubbish into the calm hot air. It was a spectacle of desperate activity and puzzling to the uninitiated, for it seemed to be scattered over an unlimited extent, with no head nor direction, and with each man, or each group of men, working alone, like rag-pickers on a heap of ashes.

After the first half hour of curious interest Miss Langham admitted to herself that she was disappointed. She confessed she had hoped that Clay would explain the meaning of the mines to her, and act as her escort over the mountains which he was blowing into pieces.

But it was King, somewhat bored by the ceaseless noise and heat, and her brother, incoherently enthusiastic, who rode at her side, while Clay moved on in advance and seemed to have forgotten her existence. She watched him pointing up at the openings in the mountains and down at the ore-road, or stooping to pick up a piece of ore from the ground in cow-boy fashion, without leaving his saddle, and pounding it on the pommel before he passed it to the others. And, again, he would stand for minutes at a time up to his boot-tops in the sliding waste, with his bridle rein over his arm and his thumbs in his belt, listening to what his lieutenants were saying, and glancing quickly from them to Mr. Langham to see if he were following the technicalities of their speech. All of the men who had welcomed the appearance of the women on their arrival, with such obvious delight and with so much embarrassment, seemed now as oblivious of their presence as Clay himself.

Miss Langham pushed her horse up into the group beside Hope, who had kept her pony close at Clay's side from the beginning ; but she could not make out what it was they were saying, and no one seemed to think it necessary to explain. She caught Clay's eye at last and smiled brightly at him ; but, after staring at her for fully a minute, until Kirkland had finished speaking, she heard him say, " Yes, that's it exactly ; in open-face workings there is no other way," and so showed her that he had not been even conscious of her presence. But a few minutes later she saw him look up at Hope, folding his arms across his chest tightly and shaking his head. " You see it was the only thing to do," she heard him say, as though he were defending some course of action, and as though Hope were one of those who must be convinced. " If we had cut the opening on the first level, there was the danger of the whole thing sinking in, so we had to begin to clear away at the top and work down. That's why I ordered the bucket-trolley. As it turned out, we saved money by it."

Hope nodded her head slightly. " That's what I told father when Ted wrote us about it," she said ; " but you haven't done it at Mount Washington."

" Oh, but it's like this, Miss—" Kirkland replied, eagerly. " It's because Washington is a solider foundation. We can cut openings all over it and they won't cave, but this hill is most all rubbish ; it's the poorest stuff in the mines."

Hope nodded her head again and crowded her pony on after the moving group, but her sister and King did not follow. King looked at her and smiled. " Hope is very enthusiastic," he said. " Where did she pick it up ? "

" Oh, she and father used to go over it in his study last winter after Ted came down here," Miss Langham answered, with a touch of impatience in her tone. " Isn't there some place where we can go to get out of this heat ? "

Weimer, the Consul, heard her and led her back to Kirkland's bungalow, that hung like an eagle's nest from a projecting cliff. From its porch they could look down the valley over the greater part of the mines, and beyond to where the Caribbean Sea lay flashing in the heat.

" I saw very few Americans down there, Weimer," said King. " I thought Clay had imported a lot of them."

" About three hundred altogether, wild Irishmen and negroes," said the Consul ; " but we use the native soldiers chiefly. They can stand the climate better, and, besides," he added, " they act as a reserve in case of trouble. They are Mendoza's men, and Clay is trying to win them away from him."

" I don't understand," said King.

Weimer looked around him and waited until Kirkland's servant had deposited a tray full of bottles and glasses on a table near them, and had departed. " The talk is," he said, " that Alvarez means to proclaim a dictatorship in his own favor before the spring elections. You've heard of that, haven't you ? " King shook his head.

" Oh, tell us about it," said Miss Langham ; " I should so like to be in plots and conspiracies."

" Well, they're rather common down here," continued the Consul, " but this one ought to interest you especially, Miss Langham, because it is a woman who is at the head of it. Madame Alvarez, you know, was the Countess Manueleta Hernandez before her marriage. She belongs to one of the oldest families in Spain. Alvarez married her in Madrid, when he was Minister there, and when he returned to run for President, she came with him. She's a tremendously ambitious woman, and they do say she wants to convert the Republic into a monarchy, and make her husband King, or, more properly speaking, make herself Queen. Of course that's absurd, but she is supposed to be plotting to turn Olancho into a sort of dependency of Spain, as it was long ago, and that's why she is so unpopular."

" Indeed ? " interrupted Miss Langham, " I did not know that she was unpopular."

" Oh, rather. Why her party is called the Royalist Party already, and only a week before you came the Liberals plastered the city with denunciatory placards against her, calling on the people to drive her out of the country."

" What cowards—to fight a woman ! " exclaimed Miss Langham.

" Well, she began it first, you see," said the Consul.

"Who is the leader of the fight against her?" asked King.

"General Mendoza; he is commander-in-chief and has the greater part of the army with him, but the other candidate, old General Rojas, is the popular choice and the best of the three. He is Vice-President now, and if the people were ever given a fair chance to vote for the man they want, he would unquestionably be the next President. The mass of the people are sick of revolutions. They've had enough of them, but they will have to go through another before long, and if it turns against Dr. Alvarez, I'm afraid Mr. Langham will have hard work to hold these mines. You see, Mendoza has already threatened to seize the whole plant and turn it into a Government monopoly."

"And if the other one, General Rojas, gets into power, will he seize the mines, too?"

"No, he is honest, strange to relate," laughed Weimer, "but he won't get in. Alvarez will make himself dictator, or Mendoza will make himself President. That's why Clay treats the soldiers here so well. He thinks he may need them against Mendoza. You may be turning your saluting-gun on the city yet, Commodore," he added, smiling, "or, what is more likely, you'll need the yacht to take Miss Langham and the rest of the family out of the country."

King smiled and Miss Langham regarded Weimer with flattering interest. "I've got a quick-firing gun below decks," said King, "that I used in the Malaysian Peninsula on a junkful of Black Flags, and I think I'll have it brought up. And there are about thirty of my men on the yacht who wouldn't ask for their wages in a year if I'd let them go on shore and mix up in a fight. When do you suppose this——"

A heavy step and the jingle of spurs on the bare floor of the bungalow startled the conspirators, and they turned and gazed guiltily out at the mountain-tops above them as Clay came hurrying out upon the porch.

"They told me you were here," he said, speaking to Miss Langham. "I'm so sorry it tired you. I should have remembered—it is a rough trip when you're not used to it," he added, remorsefully. "But I'm glad Weimer was here to take care of you."

"It was just a trifle hot and noisy," said Miss Langham, smiling sweetly. She put her hand to her forehead with an expression of patient suffering. "It made my head ache a little, but it was most interesting." She added, "You are certainly to be congratulated on your work."

Clay glanced at her doubtfully with a troubled look, and turned away his eyes to the busy scene below him. He was greatly hurt that she should have cared so little, and indignant at himself for being so unjust. Why should he expect a woman to find interest in that hive of noise and sweating energy? But even as he stood arguing with himself his eyes fell on a slight figure sitting erect and graceful on her pony's back, her white habit soiled and stained red with the ore of the mines, and green where it had crushed against the leaves. She was coming slowly up the trail with a body-guard of half a dozen men crowding closely around her, telling her the difficulties of the work, and explaining their successes, and eager for a share of her quick sympathy.

Clay's eyes fixed themselves on the picture, and he smiled at its significance. Miss Langham noticed the look, and glanced below to see what it was that had so interested him, and then back at him again. He was still watching the approaching cavalcade intently, and smiling to himself. Miss Langham drew in her breath and raised her head and shoulders quickly, like a deer that hears a footstep in the forest, and when Hope presently stepped out upon the porch, she turned quickly toward her, and regarded her steadily, as though she were a stranger to her, and as though she were trying to see her with the eyes of one who looked at her for the first time.

"Hope!" she said, "do look at your dress!"

Hope's face was glowing with the unusual exercise, and her eyes were brilliant. Her hair had slipped down beneath the visor of her helmet.

"I am so tired—and so hungry." She was laughing and looking directly at Clay. "It has been a wonderful thing to have seen," she said, tugging at her heavy gauntlet, "and to have done," she added. She pulled off her glove and held out her

hand to Clay, moist and scarred with the pressure of the reins.

"Thank you," she said, simply.

The master of the mines took it with a quick rush of gratitude, and, looking into the girl's eyes, saw something there that startled him, so that he glanced quickly past her at the circle of booted men grouped in the door behind her. They were each smiling in appreciation of the tableaux; her father and Ted, MacWilliams and Kirkland, and all the others who had helped him. They seemed to envy, but not to grudge, the whole credit which the girl had given to him.

Clay thought, "Why could it not have been the other?" but he said, aloud, "Thank *you*. You have given me my reward."

Miss Langham looked down impatiently into the valley below, and found that it seemed more hot and noisy, and more grimy than before.

VI

Clay believed that Alice Langham's visit to the mines had opened his eyes fully to vast differences between them. He laughed and railed at himself for having dared to imagine that he was in a position to care for her. Confident as he was at times, and sure as he was of his ability in certain directions, he was uneasy and fearful when he matched himself against a man of gentle birth and gentle breeding, and one who, like King, was part of a world of which he knew little, and to which, in his ignorance concerning it, he attributed many advantages that it did not possess. He believed that he would always lack the mysterious something which these others held by right of inheritance. He was still young and full of the illusions of youth, and so gave false values to his own qualities, and values equally false to the qualities he lacked. For the next week he avoided Miss Langham, unless there were other people present, and whenever she showed him special favor, he hastily recalled to his mind her failure to sympathize in his work, and assured himself that if she could not interest herself in the engineer, he did not care to have her interested in the man. Other women had found him attractive in himself; they had cared for his strength of will and mind, and because he was good to look at. But he determined that this one must sympathize with his work in the world, no matter how unpicturesque it might seem to her. His work was the best of him, he assured himself, and he would stand or fall with it.

It was a week after the visit to the mines that President Alvarez gave a great ball in honor of the Langhams, to which all of the important people of Olancho, and the Foreign Ministers were invited. Miss Langham met Clay on the afternoon of the day set for the ball, as she was going down the hill to join Hope and her father at dinner on the yacht.

"Are you not coming, too?" she asked.

"I wish I could," Clay answered. "King asked me, but a steamer-load of new machinery arrived to-day, and I have to see it through the Custom-house."

Miss Langham gave an impatient little laugh, and shook her head. "You might wait until we were gone before you bother with your machinery," she said.

"When you are gone I won't be in a state of mind to attend to machinery, or anything else," Clay answered.

Miss Langham seemed so far encouraged by this speech that she seated herself in the boat-house at the end of the wharf. She pushed her mantilla back from her face and looked up at him, smiling brightly.

"'The time has come, the walrus said,'" she quoted, "'to talk of many things.'"

Clay laughed and dropped down beside her. "Well?" he said.

"You have been rather unkind to me this last week," the girl began, with her eyes fixed steadily on his. "And that day at the mines when I counted on you so, you acted abominably."

Clay's face showed so plainly his surprise at this charge, which he thought he only had the right to make, that Miss Langham stopped.

"I don't understand," said Clay, quietly. "How did I treat you abominably?"

He had taken her so seriously that Miss Langham dropped her lighter tone and spoke in one more kindly:

"I went out there to see your work at its best. I was only interested in going because it was your work, and because it was you who had done it all, and I expected that you would try to explain it to me and help me to understand, but you

didn't. You treated me as though I had no interest in the matter at all, as though I was not capable of understanding it. You did not seem to care whether I was interested or not. In fact, you forgot me altogether."

Clay exhibited no evidence of a reproving conscience. "I am sorry you had a stupid time," he said, gravely.

"I did not mean that, and you know I didn't mean that," the girl answered. "I wanted to hear about it from you, because you did it. I wasn't interested so much in what had been done, as I was in the man who had accomplished it."

Clay shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and looked across at Miss Langham with a troubled smile.

"But that's just what I don't want," he said. "Can't you see? These mines and other mines like them are all I have in the world. They are my only excuse for having lived in it so long. I want to feel that I've done something outside of myself, and when you say that you like me personally, it's as little satisfaction to me as it must be to a woman to be congratulated on her beauty, or on her fine voice. That is nothing she has done herself. I should like you to value what I have done, not what I happen to be."

Miss Langham turned her eyes to the harbor, and it was some short time before she answered.

"You are a very difficult person to please," she said, "and most exacting. As a rule men are satisfied to be liked for any reason. I confess frankly, since you insist upon it, that I do not rise to the point of appreciating your work as the others do. I suppose it is a fault," she continued, with an air that plainly said that she considered it, on the contrary, something of a virtue. "And if I knew more about it technically, I might see more in it to admire. But I am looking farther on for better things from you. The friends who help us the most are not always those who consider us perfect, are they?" she asked, with a kindly smile. She raised her eyes to the great ore-pier that stretched out across the water, the one ugly blot in the scene of natural beauty about them. "I think that is all very well," she said; "but I certainly expect you to do more than that. I have met many remarkable men in all parts of the world, and I know what a strong man is, and you have one of the strongest personalities I have known. But you can't mean that you are content to stop with this. You should be something bigger and more wide-reaching and more lasting. Indeed, it hurts me to see you wasting your time here over my father's interests. You should exert that same energy on a broader map. You could make yourself anything you chose. At home you would be your party's leader in politics, or you could be a great general, or a great financier. I say this because I know there are better things in you, and because I want you to make the most of your talents. I am anxious to see you put your powers to something worth while."

Miss Langham's voice carried with it such a tone of sincerity that she almost succeeded in deceiving herself. And yet she would have hardly cared to explain just why she had reproached the man before her after this fashion. For she knew that when she spoke as she had done, she was beating about to find some reason that would justify her in not caring for him, as she knew she could care—as she would not allow herself to care. The man at her side had won her interest from the first, and later, had occupied her thoughts so entirely, that it troubled her peace of mind. Yet she would not let her feeling for him wax and grow stronger, but kept it down. And she was trying now to persuade herself that she did this because there was something lacking in him and not in her.

She was almost angry with him for being so much to her and for not being more acceptable in little things, like the other men she knew. So she found this fault with him in order that she might justify her own lack of feeling.

But Clay, who only heard the words and could not go back of them to find the motive, could not know this. He sat perfectly still when she had finished and looked steadily out across the harbor. His eyes fell on the ugly ore-pier, and he winced and uttered a short grim laugh.

"That's true, what you say," he began, "I haven't done much. You are quite right. Only—" he looked up at her curiously and smiled—"only you should not have been the one to tell me of it."

Miss Langham had been so far carried away by her own point of view that she had not considered Clay, and now that she saw what mischief she had done, she gave a quick gasp of regret, and leaned forward as though to add some explanation to what she had said. But Clay stopped her. "I mean by that," he said, "that the great part of the inspiration I have had to do what little I have done came from you. You were a sort of promise of something better to me. You were more of a type than an individual woman, but your picture, the one I carry in my watch, meant all that part of life that I have never known, the sweetness and the nobleness and grace of civilization. Something I hoped I would some day have time to enjoy. So you see," he added, with an uncertain laugh, "it's less pleasant to hear that I have failed to make the most of myself from you than from almost anyone else."

"But, Mr. Clay," protested the girl, anxiously, "I think you have done wonderfully well. I only said that I wanted you to do more. You are so young and you have——"

Clay did not hear her. He was leaning forward looking moodily out across the water, with his folded arms clasped across his knees.

"I have not made the most of myself," he repeated; "that is what you said." He spoke the words as though she had delivered a sentence. "You don't think well of what I have done, of what I am."

He drew in his breath and shook his head with a hopeless laugh, and leaned back against the railing of the boat-house with the weariness in his attitude of a man who has given up after a long struggle.

"No," he said, with a bitter flippancy in his voice, "I don't amount to much. But, my God!" he laughed, and turning his head away, "when you think what I was! This doesn't seem much to you, and it doesn't seem much to me now that I have your point of view on it, but when I remember!" Clay stopped again and pressed his lips together and shook his head. His half-closed eyes, that seemed to be looking back into his past, lighted as they fell on King's white yacht, and he raised his arm and pointed to it with a wave of the hand. "When I was sixteen I was a sailor before the mast," he said. "The sort of sailor that King's crew out there wouldn't recognize in the same profession. I was of so little account that I've been knocked the length of the main deck at the end of the mate's fist, and left to lie bleeding in the scuppers for dead. I hadn't a thing to my name then but the clothes I wore, and I've had to go aloft in a hurricane and cling to a swinging rope with my bare toes and pull at a wet sheet until my finger-nails broke and started in their sockets; and I've been a cow-boy, with no companions for six months of the year but eight thousand head of cattle and men as dumb and untamed as the steers themselves. I've sat in my saddle night after night, with nothing overhead but the stars, and no sound but the noise of the steers breathing in their sleep. The women I knew were Indian squaws, and the girls of the sailor's dance-houses and the gambling-hells of Sioux City and Abilene, and Callao and Port Saïd. That was what I was and those were my companions. Why!" he laughed, rising and striding across the boat-house with his hands locked behind him, "I've fought on the mud floor of a Mexican shack, with a naked knife in my hand, for my last dollar. I was as low and as desperate as that. And now——" Clay lifted his head and smiled. "Now," he said, in a lower voice and addressing Miss Langham with a return of his usual grave politeness, "I am able to sit beside you and talk to you. I have risen to that. I am quite content."

He paused and looked at Miss Langham uncertainly for a few moments as though in doubt as to whether she would understand him if he continued.

"And though it means nothing to you," he said, "and though as you say I am here as your father's employee, there are other places, perhaps, where I am better known. In Edinburgh or Berlin or Paris, if you were to ask the people of my own profession, they could tell you something of me. If I wished it, I could drop this active work to-morrow and continue as an adviser, as an expert, but I like the active part better. I like doing things myself. I don't say, 'I am a salaried servant of Mr. Langham's,' I put it differently. I say, 'There are five mountains

of iron. You are to take them up and transport them from South America to North America, where they will be turned into railroads and ironclads.' That's my way of looking at it. It's better to bind a laurel to the plough than to call yourself hard names. It makes your work easier —almost noble. Cannot you see it that way, too ?"

Before Miss Langham could answer, a deprecatory cough from one side of the open boat-house startled them, and turning they saw MacWilliams coming toward them. They had been so intent upon what Clay was saying that he had approached them over the soft sand of the beach without their knowing it. Miss Langham welcomed his arrival with evident pleasure.

"The launch is waiting for you at the end of the pier," MacWilliams said. Miss Langham rose and the three walked together down the length of the wharf, MacWilliams moving briskly in advance in order to enable them to continue the conversation he had interrupted, but they followed close behind him, as though neither of them were desirous of such an opportunity.

Hope and King had both come for Miss Langham, and while the latter was helping her to a place on the cushions, and repeating his regrets that the men were not coming also, Hope started the launch, with a brisk ringing of bells and a whirl of the wheel and a smile over her shoulder at the figures on the wharf.

"Why didn't you go?" said Clay; "you have no business at the Custom-house."

"Neither have you," said MacWilliams. "But I guess we both understand. There's no good pushing your luck too far."

"What do you mean by that—this time ?"

"Why, what have we to do with all of this ?" cried MacWilliams. "It's what I keep telling you every day. We're not in that class, and you're only making it harder for yourself when they've gone. I call it cruelty to animals myself, having women like that around. Up North, where everybody's white, you don't notice it so much, but down here—Lord !"

"That's absurd," Clay answered. "Why should you turn your back on civilization when it comes to you, just because you're not going back to civilization by the next steamer ? Every person you meet either helps you or hurts you. Those girls help us, even if they do make the life here seem bare and mean."

"Bare and mean !" repeated MacWilliams, incredulously. "I think that's just what they don't do. I like it all the better because they're mixed up in it. I never took so much interest in your mines until she took to riding over them, and I didn't think great shakes of my old ore-road, either, but now that she's got to acting as engineer, it's sort of nickel-plated the whole outfit. I'm going to name the new engine after her—when it gets here—if her old man will let me."

"What do you mean ? Miss Langham hasn't been to the mines but once, has she ?"

"Miss Langham !" exclaimed MacWilliams. "No, I mean the other, Miss Hope. She comes out with Ted nearly every day now, and she's learning how to run a locomotive. Just for fun, you know," he added, reassuringly.

"I didn't suppose she had any intention of joining the Brotherhood," said Clay. "So she's been out every day, has she ? I like that," he commented, enthusiastically. "She's a fine, sweet girl."

"Fine, sweet girl !" growled MacWilliams. "I should hope so. She's the best. They don't make them any better than that, and just think, if she's like that now, what will she be when she's grown up, when she's learned a few things ? Now her sister. You can see just what her sister will be at thirty, and at fifty, and at eighty. She's thoroughbred and she's the most beautiful woman to look at I ever saw—but, my son—she is too careful. She hasn't any illusions, and no sense of humor. And a woman with no illusions and no sense of humor is going to be monotonous. You can't teach her anything. You can't imagine yourself telling her anything she doesn't know. The things we think important don't reach her at all. They're not in her line, and in everything else she knows more than we could ever guess at. But that Miss Hope ! It's a privilege to show her about. She wants to see everything and learn everything, and she goes poking her head into open-

ings and down shafts like a little fox terrier. And she'll sit still and listen with her eyes wide open and tears in them, too, and she doesn't know it—until you can't talk yourself for just looking at her."

Clay rose and moved on to the house in silence. He was glad that MacWilliams had interrupted him when he did. He wondered whether he understood Alice Langham after all. He had seen many fine ladies before during his brief visits to London, and Berlin, and Vienna, and they had shown him favor. He had known other women not so fine. Spanish-American señoritas through Central and South America, the wives and daughters of English merchants exiled along the Pacific coast, whose fair skin and yellow hair whitened and bleached under the hot tropical suns. He had known many women, and he could have quoted

> Trials and troubles amany,
> Have proved me,
> One or two women, God bless them!
> Have loved me.

But the woman he was to marry must have all the things he lacked. She must fill out and complete him where he was wanting. This woman possessed all of these things. She appealed to every ambition and to every taste he cherished, and yet he knew that he had hesitated and mistrusted her, when he should have declared himself eagerly and vehemently, and forced her to listen with all the strength of his will.

Miss Langham dropped among the soft cushions of the launch with a sense of having been rescued from herself and of delight in finding refuge again in her own environment. The sight of King standing in the bow beside Hope with his cigarette hanging from his lips, and peering with half-closed eyes into the fading light, gave her a sense of restfulness and content. She did not know what she wished from that other strange young man. He was so bold, so handsome, and he looked at life and spoke of it in such a fresh, unhackneyed spirit. He might make himself anything he pleased. But here was a man who already had everything, or who could get it as easily as he could increase the speed of the launch, by pulling some wire with his finger.

She recalled one day when they were all on board of this same launch, and the machinery had broken down, and MacWilliams had gone forward to look at it. He had called Clay to help him, and she remembered how they had both gone down on their knees and asked the engineer and fireman to pass them wrenches and oil-cans, while King protested mildly, and the rest sat helplessly in the hot glare of the sea, as the boat rose and fell on the waves. She resented Clay's interest in the accident, and his pleasure when he had made the machinery right once more, and his appearance as he came back to them, with oily hands and with his face glowing from the heat of the furnace, wiping his grimy fingers on a piece of packing. She had resented the equality with which he treated the engineer in asking his advice, and it rather surprised her that the crew saluted him when he stepped into the launch again that night as though he were the owner. She had expected that they would patronize him, and she imagined after this incident that she detected a shade of difference in the manner of the sailors toward Clay, as though he had cheapened himself to them—as he had to her.

VII

At ten o'clock that same evening Clay began to prepare himself for the ball at the Government Palace, and MacWilliams, who was not invited, watched him dress with critical approval that showed no sign of envy.

The better to do honor to the President, Clay had brought out several foreign orders, and MacWilliams helped him to tie the collar of the Red Eagle which the German Emperor had given him around his neck, and to fasten the ribbon and cross of the Star of Olancho across his breast, and a Spanish Order and the Legion of Honor to the lapel of his coat. MacWilliams surveyed the effect of the tiny enamelled crosses with his head on one side, and with the same air of affectionate pride and concern that a mother shows over her daughter's first ball-dress.

"Got any more?" he asked, anxiously.

"I have some war medals," Clay answered, smiling doubtfully. "But I'm not in uniform."

"Oh, that's all right," declared MacWilliams. "Put 'em on, put 'em all on. Give the girls a treat. Everybody will think they were given for feats of swimming, anyway ; but they will show up well from the front. Now, then, you look like a drum-major or a conjuring chap."

"I do not," said Clay. "I look like a French Ambassador, and I hardly understand how you find courage to speak to me at all."

He went up the hill in high spirits, and found the carriage at the door and King, Mr. Langham, and Miss Langham sitting waiting for him. They were ready to depart, and Miss Langham had but just seated herself in the carriage when they heard hurrying across the tiled floor a quick, light step and the rustle of silk, and turning they saw Hope standing in the doorway, radiant and smiling. She wore a white frock that reached to the ground, and that left her arms and shoulders bare. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and she was pulling vigorously at a pair of long, tan-colored gloves. The transformation was so complete, and the girl looked so much older and so stately and beautiful, that the two young men stared at her in silent admiration and astonishment.

"Why, Hope!" exclaimed her sister. "What does this mean?"

Hope stopped in some alarm, and clasped her hair with both hands. "What is it?" she asked ; "is anything wrong?"

"Why, my dear child," said her sister, "you're not thinking of going with us, are you?"

"Not going?" echoed the younger sister, in dismay. "Why, Alice, why not? I was asked."

"But, Hope—. Father," said the elder sister, stepping out of the carriage and turning to Mr. Langham, "you didn't intend that Hope should go, did you? She's not out yet."

"Oh, nonsense," said Hope, defiantly. But she drew in her breath quickly and blushed, as she saw the two young men moving away out of hearing of this family crisis. She felt that she was being made to look like a spoiled child. "It doesn't count down here," she said, "and I want to go. I thought you knew I was going all the time. Marie made this frock for me on purpose."

"I don't think Hope is old enough," the elder sister said, addressing her father, "and if she goes to dances here, there's no reason why she should not go to those at home."

"But I don't want to go to dances at home," interrupted Hope.

Mr. Langham looked exceedingly uncomfortable, and turned appealingly to his elder daughter. "What do you think, Alice?" he said, doubtfully.

"I'm sorry," Miss Langham replied, "but I know it would not be at all proper. I hate to seem horrid about it, Hope, but indeed you are too young, and the men here are not the men a young girl ought to meet."

"You meet them, Alice," said Hope, but pulling off her gloves in token of defeat.

"But, my dear child, I'm fifty years older than you are."

"Perhaps Alice knows best, Hope," Mr. Langham said. "I'm sorry if you are disappointed."

Hope held her head a little higher, and turned toward the door.

"I don't mind if you don't wish it, father," she said. "Good-night." She moved away, but apparently thought better of it, and came back and stood smiling and nodding to them as they seated themselves in the carriage. Mr. Langham leaned forward and said, in a troubled voice, "We will tell you all about it in the morning. I'm very sorry. You won't be lonely, will you? I'll stay with you if you wish."

"Nonsense!" laughed Hope. "Why, it's given to you, father ; don't bother about me. I'll read something or other and go to bed."

"Good-night, Cinderella," King called out to her.

"Good-night, Prince Charming," Hope answered.

Both Clay and King felt that the girl would not mind missing the ball so much as she would the fact of having been treated like a child in their presence, so they refrained from any expression of sympathy or regret, but raised their hats and bowed a little more impressively than usual as the carriage drove away.

The picture Hope made, as she stood deserted and forlorn on the steps of the

empty house in her new finery, struck Clay as unnecessarily pathetic. He felt a strong sense of resentment against her sister and her father, and thanked heaven devoutly that he was out of their class, and when Miss Langham continued to express her sorrow that she had been forced to act as she had done, he remained silent. It seemed to Clay such a simple thing to give children pleasure, and to remember that their woes were always out of all proportion to the cause. Children, dumb animals, and blind people were always grouped together in his mind as objects demanding the most tender and constant consideration. So the pleasure of the evening was spoiled for him while he remembered the hurt and disappointed look in Hope's face, and when Miss Langham asked him why he was so preoccupied, he told her bluntly that he thought she had been very unkind to Hope, and that her objections were absurd.

Miss Langham held herself a little more stiffly. "Perhaps you do not quite understand, Mr. Clay," she said. "Some of us have to conform to certain rules that the people with whom we best like to associate have laid down for themselves. If we choose to be conventional, it is probably because we find it makes life easier for the greater number. You cannot think it was a pleasant task for me. But I have given up things of much more importance than a dance for the sake of appearances, and Hope herself will see to-morrow that I acted for the best."

Clay said he trusted so, but doubted it, and by way of re-establishing himself in Miss Langham's good favor, asked her if she could give him the next dance. But Miss Langham was not to be propitiated.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I believe I am engaged until supper-time. Come and ask me then, and I'll have one saved for you. But there is something you can do," she added. "I left my fan in the carriage—do you think you could manage to get it for me without much trouble?"

"The carriage did not wait. I believe it was sent back," said Clay, "but I can borrow a horse from one of Stuart's men, and ride back and get it for you, if you like."

"How absurd!" laughed Miss Langham, but she looked pleased, notwithstanding.

"Oh, not at all," Clay answered. He was smiling down at her in some amusement, and was apparently much entertained at his idea. "Will you consider it an act of devotion?" he asked.

There was so little of devotion, and so much more of mischief in his eyes, that Miss Langham guessed he was only laughing at her, and shook her head.

"You won't go," she said, turning away. She followed him with her eyes, however, as he crossed the room, his head and shoulders towering above the native men and women. She had never seen him so resplendent, and she noted, with an eye that considered trifles, the orders, and his well-fitting white gloves, and his manner of bowing in the Continental fashion, holding his opera-hat on his thigh, as though his hand rested on a sword. She noticed that the little Olanchoans stopped and looked after him, as he pushed his way among them, and she could see that the men were telling the women who he was. Sir Julian Pindar, the old British Minister, stopped him, and she watched them as they laughed together over the English war medals on the American's breast, which Sir Julian touched with his finger. He called the French Minister and his pretty wife to look, too, and they all laughed and talked together in great spirits, and Miss Langham wondered if Clay was speaking in French to them.

Miss Langham did not enjoy the ball; she felt injured and aggrieved, and she assured herself that she had been hardly used. She had only done her duty, and yet all the sympathy had gone to her sister, who had placed her in a trying position. She thought it was most inconsiderate.

Hope walked slowly across the veranda when the others had gone, and watched the carriage as long as it remained in sight. Then she threw herself into a big arm-chair, and looked down upon her pretty frock and her new dancing-slippers. She, too, felt badly used.

The moonlight fell all about her, as it had on the first night of their arrival, a month before, but now it seemed cold and cheerless, and gave an added sense of loneliness to the silent house. She did not

go inside to read, as she had promised to do, but sat for the next hour looking out across the harbor. She could not blame Alice. She considered that Alice always moved by rules and precedents, like a queen in a game of chess, and she wondered why. It made life so tame and uninteresting, and yet people invariably admired Alice, and some one had spoken of her as the noblest example of the modern gentlewoman. She was sure she could not grow up to be anything like that. She was quite confident that she was going to disappoint her family. She wondered if people would like her better if she were discreet like Alice, and less like her brother Ted. If Mr. Clay, for instance, would like her better? She wondered if he disapproved of her riding on the engine with MacWilliams, and of her tearing through the mines on her pony, and spearing with a lance of sugar-cane at the mongrel curs that ran to snap at his flanks. She remembered his look of astonished amusement the day he had caught her in this impromptu pig-sticking, and she felt herself growing red at the recollection. She was sure he thought her a tomboy. Probably, he never thought of her at all.

Hope leaned back in the chair and looked up at the stars above the mountains and tried to think of any of her heroes and princes in fiction who had gone through such interesting experiences as had Mr. Clay. Some of them had done so, but they were creatures in a book and this hero was alive, and she knew him and had probably made him despise her as a silly little girl who was scolded and sent off to bed like a disobedient child. Hope felt a choking in her throat and something like a tear creep to her eyes; but she was surprised to find that the fact did not make her ashamed of herself. She owned that she was wounded and disappointed, and to make it harder she could not help picturing Alice and Clay laughing and talking together in some corner away from the ballroom, while she, who understood him so well, and who could not find the words to tell him how much she valued what he was and what he had done, was forgotten and sitting here alone, like Cinderella, by the empty fireplace.

The picture was so pathetic as Hope drew it, that for a moment she felt almost a touch of self-pity, but the next she laughed scornfully at her own foolishness, and rising with an impatient shrug, walked away in the direction of her room.

But before she had crossed the veranda she was stopped by the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping over the hard sun-baked road that led from the city, and before she had stepped forward out of the shadow in which she stood the horse had reached the steps and his rider had pulled him back on his haunches and swung himself off before the forefeet had touched the ground.

Hope had guessed that it was Clay by his riding, and she feared from his haste that some one of her people were ill. So she ran anxiously forward and asked if anything were wrong.

Clay started at her sudden appearance, and gave a short boyish laugh of pleasure.

"I'm so glad you're still up," he said. "No, nothing is wrong." He stopped in some embarrassment. He had been moved to return by the fact that the little girl he knew was in trouble, and now that he was suddenly confronted by this older and statelier young person, his action seemed particularly silly, and he was at a loss to explain it in any way that would not give offence.

"No, nothing is wrong," he repeated. "I came after something."

Clay had borrowed one of the cloaks the troopers wore at night from the same man who had lent him the horse, and as he stood bareheaded before her, with the cloak hanging from his shoulders to the floor and the star and ribbon across his breast, Hope felt very grateful to him for being able to look like a Prince or a hero in a book, and to yet remain her Mr. Clay at the same time.

"I came to get your sister's fan," Clay explained. "She forgot it."

The young girl looked at him for a moment in surprise and then straightened herself slightly. She did not know whether she was the more indignant with Alice for sending such a man on so foolish an errand, or with Clay for submitting to such a service.

"Oh, is that it?" she said at last. "I will go and find you one." She gave him a dignified little bow and moved away toward the door, with every appearance of disapproval.

"Oh, I don't know," she heard Clay say, doubtfully; "I don't have to go just yet, do I? May I not stay here a little while?"

Hope stood and looked at him in some perplexity.

"Why, yes," she answered, wonderingly. "But don't you want to go back? You came in a great hurry. And won't Alice want her fan?"

"Oh, she has it by this time. I told Stuart to find it. She left it in the carriage, and the carriage is waiting at the end of the plaza."

"Then why did you come?" asked Hope, with rising suspicion.

"Oh, I don't know," said Clay, helplessly. "I thought I'd just like a ride in the moonlight. I hate balls and dances any way, don't you? I think you were very wise not to go."

Hope placed her hands on the back of the big arm-chair and looked steadily at him as he stood where she could see his face in the moonlight. "You came back," she said, "because they thought I was crying, and they sent you to see. Is that it? Did Alice send you?" she demanded.

Clay gave a gasp of consternation.

"You know that no one sent me," he said. "I thought they treated you abominably, and I wanted to come and say so. That's all. And I wanted to tell you that I missed you very much, and that your not coming had spoiled the evening for me, and I came also because I preferred to talk to you than to stay where I was. No one knows that I came to see you. I said I was going to get the fan, and I told Stuart to find it after I'd left. I just wanted to see you, that's all. But I will go back again at once."

While he had been speaking Hope had lowered her eyes from his face and had turned and looked out across the harbor. There was a strange, happy tumult in her breast, and she was breathing so rapidly that she was afraid he would notice it. She also felt an absurd inclination to cry, and that frightened her. So she laughed and turned and looked up into his face again. Clay saw the same look in her eyes that he had seen there the day when she had congratulated him on his work at the mines. He had seen it before in the eyes of other women and it troubled him. Hope seated herself in the big chair and Clay tossed his cloak on the floor at her feet and sat down with his shoulders against one of the pillars. He glanced up at her and found that the look that had troubled him was gone, and that her eyes were now smiling with excitement and pleasure.

"And did you bring me something from the ball in your pocket to comfort me?" she asked, mockingly.

"Yes, I did," Clay answered, unabashed. "I brought you some bon-bons."

"You didn't, really!" Hope cried, with a shriek of delight. "How absurd of you! The sort you pull?"

"The sort you pull," Clay repeated, gravely. "And also a dance-card, which is a relic of barbarism still existing in this Southern capital. It has the arms of Olancho on it in gold, and I thought you might like to keep it as a souvenir." He pulled the card from his coat-pocket and said, "May I have this dance?"

"You may," Hope answered. "But you wouldn't mind if we sat it out, would you?"

"I should prefer it," Clay said, as he scrawled his name across the card. "It is so crowded inside, and the company is rather mixed." They both laughed lightly at their own foolishness, and Hope smiled down upon him affectionately and proudly. "You may smoke, if you choose; and would you like something cool to drink?" she asked, anxiously. "After your ride, you know," she suggested, with hospitable intent. Clay said that he was very comfortable without a drink, but lighted a cigar and watched her covertly through the smoke, as she sat smiling happily and quite unconsciously upon the moonlit world around them. She caught Clay's eye fixed on her, and laughed lightly.

"What is it?" he said.

"Oh, I was just thinking," Hope replied, "that it was much better to have a dance come to you, than to go to the dance."

"Does one man and a dance-card and three bon-bons constitute your idea of a ball?"

"Doesn't it? You see, I am not out yet, I don't know."

"I should think it might depend a good deal upon the man," Clay suggested.

"That sounds as though you were hinting," said Hope, doubtfully. "Now what would I say to that if I were out?"

"I don't know, but don't say it," Clay answered. "It would probably be something very unflattering or very forward, and in either case I should take you back to your chaperone and leave you there."

Hope had not been listening. Her eyes were fixed on a level with his tie, and Clay raised his hand to it in some trepidation. "Mr. Clay," she began abruptly and leaning eagerly forward, "would you think me very rude if I asked you what you did to get all those crosses? I know they mean something, and I do so want to know what. Please tell me."

"Oh, those!" said Clay. "The reason I put them on to-night is because wearing them is supposed to be a sort of compliment to your host. I got in the habit abroad——"

"I didn't ask you that," said Hope, severely. "I asked you what you did to get them. Now begin with the Legion of Honor on the left, and go right on until you come to the end, and please don't skip anything. Leave in all the bloodthirsty parts, and please don't be modest."

"Like Othello," suggested Clay.

"Yes," said Hope; "I will be Desdemona."

"Well, Desdemona, it was like this," said Clay, laughing. "I got that medal and that star for serving in the Nile campaign, under Wolseley. After I left Egypt, I went up the coast to Algiers, where I took service under the French in a most disreputable organization known as the Foreign Legion——"

"Don't tell me," exclaimed Hope, in delight, "that you have been a Chasseur d'Afrique! Not like the man in 'Under Two Flags?'"

"No, not at all like that man," said Clay, emphatically. "I was just a plain, common, or garden, sappeur, and I showed the other good-for-nothings how to dig trenches. Well, I contaminated the Foreign Legion for eight months, and then I went to Peru, where I——"

"You're skipping," said Hope. "How did you get the Legion of Honor?"

"Oh, that?" said Clay. "That was a gallery play I made once when we were chasing some Arabs. They took the French flag away from our color-bearer, and I got it back again and waved it frantically around my head until I was quite certain the Colonel had seen me doing it, and then I stopped as soon as I knew that I was sure of promotion."

"Oh, how can you?" cried Hope. "You didn't do anything of the sort. You probably saved the entire regiment."

"Well, perhaps I did," Clay returned. "Though I don't remember it, and nobody mentioned it at the time."

"Go on about the others," said Hope. "And do try to be truthful."

"Well, I got this one from Spain, because I was President of an International Congress of Engineers at Madrid. That was the ostensible reason, but the real reason was because I taught the Spanish Commissioners to play poker instead of baccarat. The German Emperor gave me this for designing a fort, and the Sultan of Zanzibar gave me this, and no one but the Sultan knows why, and he won't tell. I suppose he's ashamed. He gives them away instead of cigars. He was out of cigars the day I called."

"What a lot of places you have seen," sighed Hope. "I have been in Cairo and Algiers, too, but I always had to walk about with a governess, and she wouldn't go to the mosques because she said they were full of fleas. We always go to Homburg and Paris in the summer, and to big hotels in London. I love to travel, but I don't love to travel that way, would you?"

"I travel because I have no home," said Clay. "I'm different from the chap that came home because all the other places were shut. I go to other places because there is no home open."

"What do you mean?" said Hope, shaking her head. "Why have you no home?"

"There was a ranch in Colorado that I used to call home," said Clay, "but they've cut it up into town lots. I own a plot in the cemetery outside of the town, where my mother is buried, and I visit that whenever I am in the States, and that is the only piece of earth anywhere in the world that I have to go back to."

Hope leaned forward with her hands clasped in front of her and her eyes wide open.

"And your father?" she said, softly; "is he—is he there, too——"

Clay looked at the lighted end of his cigar as he turned it between his fingers.

"My father, Miss Hope," he said, was a filibuster and went out on the Virginius to help free Cuba and was shot, against a stone wall. We never knew where he was buried."

"Oh, forgive me; I beg your pardon," said Hope. There was such distress in her voice that Clay looked at her quickly and saw the tears in her eyes. She reached out her hand timidly, and touched for an instant his own rough, sunburned fist, as it lay clenched on his knee. "I am so sorry," she said, "so sorry." For the first time in many years the tears came to Clay's eyes and blurred the moonlight and the scene before him, and he sat unmanned and silent before the simple touch of a young girl's sympathy.

An hour later, when his pony struck the gravel from beneath his hoofs on the race back to the city, and Clay turned to wave his hand to Hope in the doorway, she seemed, as she stood with the moonlight falling about her white figure, like a spirit beckoning the way to a new paradise.

VIII

Clay reached the President's Palace during the supper-hour, and found Mr. Langham and his daughter at the President's table. Madame Alvarez pointed to a place for him beside Alice Langham, who held up her hand in welcome. "You were very foolish to rush off like that," she said.

"It wasn't there," said Clay, crowding into the place beside her.

"No, it was here in the carriage all the time. Captain Stuart found it for me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Clay; "that's why I couldn't find it. I am hungry," he laughed, "my ride gave me an appetite." He looked over and grinned at Stuart, but that gentleman was staring fixedly at the candles on the table before him, his eyes filled with concern. Clay observed that Madame Alvarez was covertly watching the young officer, and frowning her disapproval at his preoccupation. So he stretched his leg under the table and kicked viciously at Stuart's boots. Old General Rojas, the Vice-President, who sat next to Stuart, moved suddenly and then blinked violently at the ceiling with an expression of patient suffering, but the exclamation which had escaped him brought Stuart back to the present, and he talked with the woman next him in a perfunctory manner.

Miss Langham and her father were waiting for their carriage in the great hall of the Palace as Stuart came up to Clay, and putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, began pointing to something farther back in the hall. To the night-birds of the streets and the noisy fiacre drivers outside, and to the crowd of guests who stood on the high marble steps waiting for their turn to depart, he might have been relating an amusing anecdote of the ball just over.

"I'm in great trouble, old man," was what he said. "I must see you alone to-night. I'd ask you to my rooms, but they watch me all the time, and I don't want them to suspect you are in this until they must. Go on in the carriage, but get out as you pass the Plaza Bolivar and wait for me by the statue there."

Clay smiled, apparently in great amusement. "That's very good," he said.

He crossed over to where King stood surveying the powdered beauties of Olancho and their gowns of a past fashion, with an intensity of admiration which would have been suspicious to those who knew his tastes. "When we get into the carriage," said Clay, in a low voice, "we will both call to Stuart that we will see him to-morrow morning at breakfast."

"All right," assented King. "What's up?"

Stuart helped Miss Langham into her carriage, and as it moved away King shouted to him in English to remember that he was breakfasting with him on the morrow, and Clay called out in Spanish, "Until to-morrow at breakfast, don't forget." And Stuart answered, steadily, "Good-night until to-morrow at one."

As their carriage jolted through the dark and narrow street, empty now of all noise or movement, one of Stuart's troopers dashed by it at a gallop, with a lighted lantern swinging at his side. He raised it as he passed each street crossing, and

held it high above his head so that its light fell upon the walls of the houses at the four corners. The clatter of his horse's hoofs had not ceased before another trooper galloped toward them riding more slowly, and throwing the light of his lantern over the trunks of the trees that lined the pavements. As the carriage passed him, he brought his horse to its side with a jerk of the bridle, and swung his lantern in the faces of its occupants.

"Who lives?" he challenged.

"Olancho," Clay replied.

"Who answers?"

"Free men," Clay answered again, and pointed at the star on his coat.

The soldier muttered an apology, and striking his heels into his horse's side, dashed noisily away, his lantern tossing from side to side, high in the air, as he drew rein to scan each tree and passed from one lamp-post to the next.

"What does that mean?" said Mr. Langham; "did he take us for highwaymen?"

"It is the custom," said Clay. "We are out rather late, you see."

"If I remember rightly, Clay," said King, "they gave a ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo."

"I believe they did," said Clay, smiling. He spoke to the driver to stop the carriage, and stepped down into the street.

"I have to leave you here," he said; "drive on quickly, please; I can explain better in the morning."

The Plaza Bolivar stood in what had once been the centre of the fashionable life of Olancho, but the town had moved farther up the hill, and it was now far in the suburbs, its walks neglected and its turf overrun with weeds. The houses about it had fallen into disuse, and the few that were still occupied at the time Clay entered it showed no sign of life. Clay picked his way over the grass-grown paths to the statue of Bolivar, the hero of the sister republic of Venezuela, which still stood on its pedestal in a tangle of underbrush and hanging vines. The iron railing that had once surrounded it was broken down, and the branches of the trees near were black with sleeping buzzards. Two great palms reared themselves in the moonlight at either side, and beat their leaves together in the night wind, whispering and murmuring together like two living conspirators.

"This ought to be safe enough," Clay murmured to himself. "It's just the place for plotting. I hope there are no snakes." He seated himself on the steps of the pedestal, and lighting a cigar, remained smoking and peering into the shadows about him, until a shadow blacker than the darkness rose at his feet, and a voice said, sternly, "Put out that light. I saw it half a mile away."

Clay rose and crushed his cigar under his foot. "Now then, old man," he demanded, briskly, "what's up? It's nearly daylight, and we must hurry."

Stuart seated himself heavily on the stone steps, like a man tired in mind and body, and unfolded a printed piece of paper. Its blank side was damp and sticky with paste.

"It is too dark for you to see this," he began, in a strained voice, "so I will translate it to you. It is an attack on Madame Alvarez and myself. They put them up during the ball, when they knew my men would be at the Palace. I have had them scouring the streets for the last two hours tearing them down, but they are all over the place, in the cafés and clubs. They have done what they were meant to do."

Clay took another cigar from his pocket and rolled it between his lips. "What does it say?" he asked.

"It goes over the old ground first. It says Alvarez has given the richest birthright of his country to aliens—that means the mines and Langham—and has put an alien in command of the army—that is meant for me. I've no more to do with the army than you have—I only wish I had! And then it says that the boundary aggressions of Ecuador and Venezuela have not been resented in consequence. It asks what can be expected of a President who is as blind to the dishonor of his country as he is to the dishonor of his own home?"

Clay muttered under his breath, "Well, go on. Is it explicit? More explicit than that?"

"Yes," said Stuart, grimly. "I can't repeat it. It is quite clear what they mean."

"Have you got any of them?" Clay asked. "Can you fix it on some one that you can fight?"

"Mendoza did it, of course," Stuart answered, "but we cannot prove it. And if we could, we are not strong enough to take him. He has the city full of his men now, and the troops are pouring in every hour."

"Well, Alvarez can stop that, can't he?"

"They are coming in for the annual review. He can't show the people that he is afraid of his own army."

"What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?" Stuart repeated, dully. "That is what I want you to tell me. There is nothing I can do now. I've brought trouble and insult on people who have been kinder to me than my own blood have been. Who took me in when I was naked and clothed me, when I hadn't a friend or a sixpence to my name. You remember—I came here from that row in Colombia with my wound, and I was down with the fever when they found me, and Alvarez gave me the appointment. And this is how I reward them. If I stay I do more harm. If I go away I leave them surrounded by enemies, and not enemies who fight fair, but damned thieves and scoundrels, who stab at women and who fight in the dark. I wouldn't have had it happen, old man, for my right arm! They—they have been so kind to me, and I have been so happy here—and now!" The boy bowed his face in his hands and sat breathing brokenly while Clay turned his unlit cigar between his teeth and peered at him curiously through the darkness. "Now I have made them both unhappy, and they hate me, and I hate myself, and I have brought nothing but trouble to every one. First I made my own people miserable, and now I make my best friends miserable, and I had better be dead. I wish I was dead. I wish I had never been born."

Clay laid his hand on the other's bowed shoulder and shook him gently. "Don't talk like that," he said; "it does no good. Why do you hate yourself?"

"What?" asked Stuart, wearily, without looking up. "What did you say?"

"You said you had made them hate you, and you added that you hated yourself. Well, I can see why they naturally would be angry for the time, at least. But why do you hate yourself? Have you reason to?"

"I don't understand," said Stuart.

"Well, I can't make it any plainer," Clay replied. "It isn't a question I will ask. But you say you want my advice. Well, my advice to my friend and to a man who is not my friend, differ. And in this case it depends on whether what that thing—" Clay kicked the paper which had fallen on the ground—"what that thing says is true."

The younger man looked at the paper below him and then back at Clay, and sprang to his feet.

"Why, damn you," he cried, "what do you mean?"

He stood above Clay with both arms rigid at his side and his head bent forward. The dawn had just broken, and the two men saw each other in the ghastly gray light of the morning. "If any man," cried Stuart, thickly, "dares to say that that blackguardly lie is true I'll kill him. You or anyone else. Is that what you mean, damn you? If it is, say so, and I'll break every bone of your body."

"Well, that's much better," growled Clay, sullenly. "The way you went on wishing you were dead and hating yourself made me almost lose faith in mankind. Now you go make that speech to the President, and then find the man who put up those placards, and if you can't find the right man, take any man you meet and make him eat it, paste and all, and beat him to death if he doesn't. Why, this is no time to whimper—because the world is full of liars. Go out and fight them and show them you are not afraid. Confound you, you had me so scared there that I almost thrashed you myself. Forgive me, won't you?" he begged earnestly. He rose and held out his hand and the other took it, doubtfully. "It was your own fault, you young idiot," protested Clay. "You told your story the wrong way. Now go home and get some sleep and I'll be back in a few hours to help you. Look!" he said. He pointed through the trees to the sun that shot up like a red hot disk of heat above the cool green of the mountains. "See," said Clay, "God has given us another day. Seven battles were fought in seven days once in my country. Let's be thankful, old man, that we're *not* dead,

but alive to fight our own and other people's battles."

The younger man sighed and pressed Clay's hand again before he dropped it.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I'm not just quite myself this morning. I'm a bit nervous I think. You'll surely come, won't you ?"

"By noon," Clay promised. "And if it does come," he added, "don't forget my fifteen hundred men at the mines."

"Good! I won't," Stuart replied. "I'll call on you if I need them." He raised his fingers mechanically to his helmet in salute, and catching up his sword turned and strode away erect and soldierly through the débris and weeds of the deserted plaza.

Clay remained motionless on the steps of the pedestal and followed the younger man with his eyes. He drew a long breath and began a leisurely search through his pockets for his match-box, gazing about him as he did so, as though looking for some one to whom he could speak his feelings. He lifted his eyes to the stern, smooth-shaven face of the bronze statue above him that seemed to be watching Stuart's departing figure.

"General Bolivar," Clay said, as he lit his cigar, "observe that young man. He is a soldier and a gallant gentleman. You, sir, were a great soldier—the greatest this God-forsaken country will ever know—and you were, sir, an ardent lover. I ask you to salute that young man as I do, and to wish him well." Clay lifted his high hat to the back of the young officer as it was hidden in the hanging vines, and once again, with grave respect to the grim features of the great general above him, and then smiling at his own conceit, he ran lightly down the steps and disappeared among the trees of the plaza.

(To be continued.)

A LOOK INTO THE GULF

By Charles Edwin Markham

I LOOKED one night, and there Semiramis,
With all her mourning doves about her head,
Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,
Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon
Snatches of song they sang to her of old
Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.
And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:
"The bugles they are crying back again—
Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,
And then went crying on through Nineveh.
Stand back ye trembling messengers of ill,
I rush out with my hair unbound to quell
Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread
Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:
Assyria goes by upon the wind."
And so she babbles by the ancient road,
While cities turned to dust upon the Earth
Rise through her whirling brain to live again—
Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead
Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

THE ART OF TRAVEL

FIRST PAPER

BY LAND

By Lewis Morris Iddings



When the train pedler is not a nuisance.

A PRIME requisite for a good modern traveller is the facility of learning how to do it without trying too hard. If one expected to become a courier, he might well apply all his powers to the business; but the average man dislikes to give any more thought to the details of being comfortable than is absolutely necessary. To note the number or name of your railway carriage, and even of the compartment in the carriage, if abroad; to remember the number of the porter who takes the luggage; to see if one's receipts or check number corresponds to the number on the trunks and packages; to count one's change before leaving the window; to remember about what the trunks weigh, so as not to be cheated in the matter of overweight (as in Italy); to know when to bribe the guard or conductor, and how; and how much to give in fees everywhere; to find out in advance even minor prices at a hotel; and to recall the extras of a week—all these things are features in an expert traveller's methods, but if he is to go about in comfort, he must, in the first place, be able to absorb such points without much effort, and then to exercise his accomplishments unconsciously. This is another way of saying that a skilful traveller is born, not made.

It is not necessary to have a very keen appreciation of the more elusive benefits of travel to be tempted to make little journeys in the world. Americans are a nervous, restless people, with a full appreciation of the weariness of life in most of our towns, cities, and villages, so that the wish for a change pervades all grades of society. There was comparatively little travel before the War, not only because there were few railroads, but because the nation had not yet been put in motion. Army life left a generation of restless men at home, and the Centennial Fair, in Philadelphia, in 1876, finally gave an impetus to going about which has never since died out. Meanwhile the railway companies, whose lines were fast spreading an iron net-work over the country, saw their advantage, and cheap excursion trains came into fashion—trains on which one got the greatest amount of discomfort for the least money. However, people were thus kept going, and their curiosity was whetted for wider experiences. More recently, the desire to escape the extremes of climate has strengthened the impulse to travel, and increased prosperity has made it easily possible. It might, indeed, be better, as some critics of perfection urge, to stay at home, peruse good books, and strive to fulfil nobly the duties of life in one's proper station; but this view does not appeal to the average American, and so he travels. Railway presidents and directors order out their special cars as they would their carriages; the next grade of luxury is to buy a

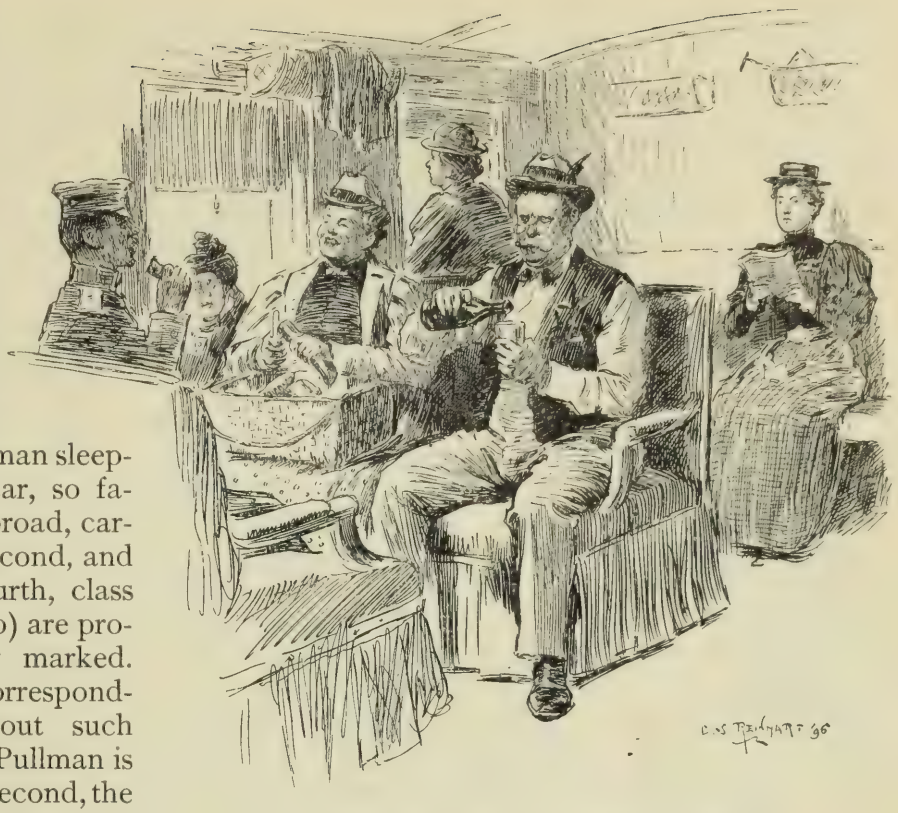
whole section in a Pullman sleeper. Yet a single berth generally meets the average man's requirements, and allows him to save money to waste later in an expensive hotel. It is to the average man that the railways cater, and from the multitude that their profit comes.

It may be better to see the world in some discomfort than not to see it at all, and that is the principle, perhaps, underlying the old rule to take as little baggage as possible, so as to save all bother ; and, above all, to carry no hand baggage. This is a popular American notion, or was such, some years ago ; so that the resulting libel was that Americans travelled only with a tooth-brush and a paper collar. When the traveller of experience now contemplates a journey, he packs up what he is likely to need, with a little more as a margin for safety. The system of handling baggage in this country, owing to the comparatively high wages paid to railway employees, which prevents the employment of many men, does not often allow one to depart from the station of arrival with his trunks ; they come up to the house later—generally a good deal later. To be ready for emergencies, therefore, in the United States, one must carry personally such articles of decency and cleanliness as he is apt to need for twenty-four hours. Each one may judge for himself and pack his hand-bag accordingly. But surely arrangement must be made for taking overshoes, an overcoat, and umbrella, without which it is safe to trust no climate save where clothes themselves are superfluous. Additional reflection might suggest a rug to wrap about one's legs, and for a woman, a small down-pillow covered with soft leather ; the coat, the rug, the pillow, and overshoes to be neatly wrapped in a dark canvas cover, now sold at most trunk-stores. It is the old shawl-strap so improved that the contents of the bundle are easily kept clean. In the little outside pocket of the cover is space for a handkerchief or two, an extra pair of gloves, and, if in an unfamiliar country, a guide-book. The umbrella and cane have a place for themselves in the bottom of this package, but they make an awkward bundle of it thus placed; and, if they have large curved handles, they are best strapped together and hung over the forearm when one has occasion to buy his ticket. Thus, with hand-bag, shawl-strap, hat-box, and sticks, the traveller finds himself with four things to remember. This may tax a weak mind, but there is no comfort or decency without effort. Even in packing trunks people are still too apt to try to get along with too little. Experience seems to me to indicate that it is better to pay for extra baggage rather than not to have such things as one may need in an emergency. A hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds of baggage are carried free for each ticket in America, but in Europe only about one-third as much is allowed. Even Italy, where all baggage must be paid for, it is money well invested to take enough to be entirely comfortable and clean—to set an example for the natives for one reason. When trips are made from a central point where the heavy trunks have been left, people often get too far from their base of supplies.

Do people travel the more comfortably in Europe or in America ? That depends. Abroad the tendency of people was, and is, to get away from one another, because at first only the better classes travelled. In America people have seemed not to mind much being together. The small railway carriage, for a few persons only, was the natural result in England and on the Continent, while in our own country the day-coach for all classes developed itself. The temperament which prefers retirement, freedom from intrusion, dislikes the burden of seeing other people come and go, and is wearied by having its attention constantly attracted by crying children, or newspaper boys, or by many diverse objects, may therefore travel more comfortably elsewhere than in America ; but if one does not mind a lot of other people about, and likes many little things, called conveniences and modern improvements, in the United States is the place for him. The attitude of the American railway manager is more deferential to the public than that of the corresponding official abroad, and he professes to do more for the traveller.

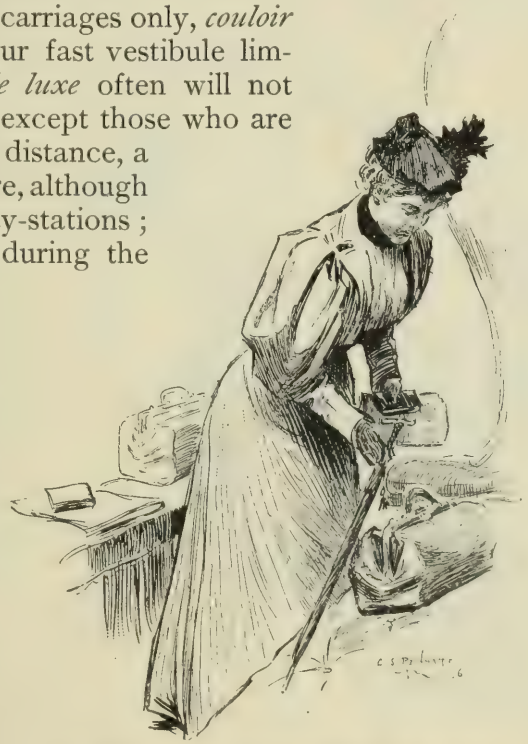
What is done for us we all know. Originally, as on the Old Colony Railway, the compartment carriage for eight, with an entrance on each side and no communica-

tion with the rest of the train, prevailed; but the more popular car, as already mentioned, soon proved to be the day-coach holding many people, two in a seat, with a door and a red-hot stove at each end, and a draught all the way through. Then came the Pullman sleeper and the parlor-car, so familiar to us all. Abroad, carriages of the first, second, and third, and even fourth, class (where you stand up) are provided, and plainly marked. Here we have the corresponding divisions without such harsh names: The Pullman is first, the day-coach second, the smoker third, class; and, perhaps, a seat in the caboose of a freight train may be called fourth-class. Trains composed of first, second, and third-class cars abroad correspond to our accommodation trains; the *rapide*, of first and second-class (in England first and third), to our express trains; and the *trains de luxe*, of first-class carriages only, *couloir* and *wagon-lits*, to our fast vestibule limited. The *trains de luxe* often will not take on passengers except those who are going a certain long distance, a hundred miles or more, although they may stop at way-stations; and they run only during the busy season, say once or twice a week. None of these trains is so comfortable as its correspondent in America, except the *train de luxe*, which is superior. The *trains de plaisir* are excursion trains, and always to be avoided.



Neighbors in a German second-class carriage.

Notwithstanding much that is said to the contrary, foreign railway people, in my opinion, are quick to adopt ideas for comfort. They watch our experiments and benefit by them. For instance, as the Pullman car has not proved very popular outside of America, the foreign companies have finally produced a substitute which seems to meet all objections and furnish the greatest comfort. This is the corridor-car, which is the old compartment affair with a narrow passage running down one side, separated from the small compartments by a door and glass partition. Entrances are still on each side of the car, so that the great convenience of entering or descending quickly remains, either in case of accident or to enjoy a little fresh air when the train stops for only two or three minutes; and the separate compartment may be ventilated to any point which



The selfish woman who pre-empts all the best seats for herself.

the occupants agree upon, without inconvenience to other people who might prefer a foul atmosphere. And six people (at most) in a compartment are more apt to be considerate of one another's comfort and wishes than forty or fifty in a car as long and as open as a bowling-alley.

There is pretty good air all the time in the corridor (unless some one is smoking in it), so that to open the compartment-door frequently gives all the improvement in ventilation required. I have been told that in European carriages, if any one in the compartment objects to an open window, it must be closed; but I never saw an objection of that kind insisted on by an American. Englishmen on the Continent doubtless insist upon this point since it is their *right*. If trouble arises over it, the wise minority might ask the guard to find them seats in another compartment. Communication throughout the train is made possible by the end door and a rubber-cloth vestibule connection. Travelling in the corridor-car is, therefore, as retired or as public as one pleases. The principal objection to it seems to be that men may stand in the corridor and smoke. But that may also be stopped by objection—the rule everywhere on the Continent now being, in regard to smoking, that only in a car marked for smokers can the latter insist upon their rights; yet, if all agree, smoking is permitted in any compartment, and it is no business of the guard until some one complains. Foreign dislike of the Pullman, as being too public in the daytime and not at all private at night, is fairly overcome by the corridor-compartment carriage, which when attached to a night train is called a *wagon-lits*, the compartments corresponding to the Pullman sections. A washstand is provided in each, so that the promiscuous wash-room of the American style is done away with. This carriage is not nearly so strongly built as the Pullman, and could not meet the shock of collision or other accident with so much resistance. The Pullman type of car, indeed, is the heaviest, strongest, and safest vehicle in the world. The Mann boudoir-car of America is practically of the same arrangement as the corridor-car.

Car service abroad is generally performed by one white man, sometimes assisted by a woman as chamber-maid. This seems to be an improvement over the negro service on our Pullmans, as I hope to make clear later. Plate glass, plush, and elaborate machine-made mouldings are agreeably lacking in the corridor-car, and allow it to be kept clean easily. The best foreign carriages are now heated with hot water from the engine, and the old zinc foot-warmers are slowly disappearing. But nowhere is the lighting at night good; nor can it ever prove acceptable so long as the dimly burning flame remains at the top of the carriage. In some stations in England the train-guards now carry electric lights to examine tickets with, and illumination of this kind is sure to be used soon in the cars themselves. Then the light can be brought to the side without danger, so that one may see to read with comfort. It will



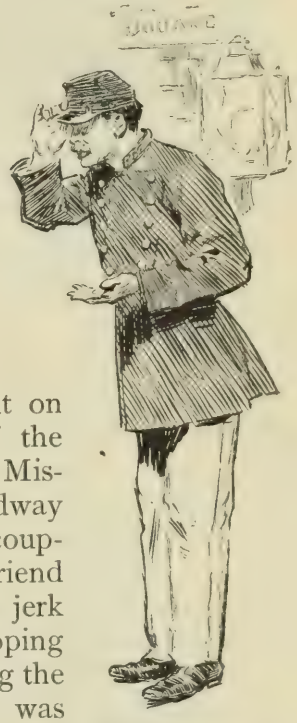
The English family who never pay for extra baggage.

be a great day for our Pullman sleepers when the brilliant, heat-producing, but inadequate row of lamps comes down from the top of the car. The letters in the London *Times* now, from aggrieved Englishmen, are, so far as travel is concerned, devoted to complaints about dim lights and no heat. The dangers of assault upon unprotected women are sometimes referred to, but the corridor-car has largely reduced the chance of this crime. The dislike of women to go in cars intended for their sex alone is commented on. Dust and bad ventilation are evils still to be eliminated from trains on both continents. Why should not a supply of fresh air from in front of the engine be forced into the coaches through wide-mouthed pipes as the train advances, just as air is forced downward from the upper deck of a ship? Carriages then could be made more nearly dust-proof. There are also various devices by which artificial heat could be regulated automatically, and these must eventually come into use. To keep the temperature of a car just right requires more intelligence and activity than the negro porter or white brakeman possesses; and a poor little thermometer hung up by the middle window can do nothing without assistance.



No thanks.

Travelling in a private car is a luxury that may now be enjoyed upon most American railroads by anyone who will pay eighteen railway fares and for eighteen berths, and bear the cost of the cook, meat, and drink; but it is most frequently enjoyed, free of cost, by those who can perfectly well afford to pay for it. The charms of this method of getting about may be greatly overrated; and I have one friend who rides in a special car and tells me that to travel in that way is not always agreeable. On one occasion, returning from the Pacific coast, his car at St. Paul was transferred from one train to another, being pushed by the switching engine to the rear end of the outgoing train. As events proved, no notice of the addition was given to the conductor, and although it was after nightfall, the rear lights were not changed to the special, nor were steam-brake connections made. The car was simply coupled to the rear of the train, which immediately pulled out on the single track of the bridge crossing the Mississippi River. Midway on the bridge the coupling parted. My friend was startled by the jerk and the sudden stopping of the car. Leaving the table, at which he was dining, he stepped to the door, and in a moment comprehended his danger. The brakeman



Merci, monsieur.



Merci, merci beaucoup, monsieur

THE SCALE OF MERCIS.



An open window.

started after the disappearing train, while my friend, catching up a red light, started back for the other end of the bridge, counting ties as fast as he dared. At his end he found a telegraph station. A few words sufficed to give the operator an idea of the situation, and he quickly telegraphed farther back, just in time to stop another train, perhaps, from striking the special in the rear as it stood alone in the middle of the bridge. Next he clicked off a message to the next station in advance. There the runaway train was stopped and sent back for the special car. Such a situation as that was, of course, dangerous; but not physically so disagreeable, my friend says, as to be in a special car at the end of a long train, and to be whipped around curves like the little end-boy in the game of crack the whip.

No waiting-rooms are agreeable; and it seems to make little difference whether they are divided, as in Europe, into first-class, with plush-covered seats, or second-class, with leather, or third-class, with wooden benches only to sit upon; or, as in America, into the "ladies'"-room, where men are freely admitted if they do not smoke, and the waiting-room for men, where pipe-smoking makes life hard. Fortunately it is not necessary in America to spend much time in these places, except when trains are late. As has already been mentioned, tickets can be purchased and parlor-car seats or sleeping-berths engaged in advance, even at minor points. Porters are so scarce, however, that one must generally expect to move his own hand-baggage; if you do find a porter, he scorns less than a quarter for carrying even light bundles to the car. The trunks having been checked in advance at the house, there is little need to arrive at an American station earlier than fifteen minutes before a train starts. One can go directly to his seat then. If trunks must be weighed a half hour is not too much to allow; otherwise the baggage is likely to follow on the next train, which means additional delay in delivery. When once deposited in his place the function of the passenger is to sit quietly, while the negro porters and the conductors and newsboys pervade the car, not always in their serving capacity, but to exchange laughing remarks with one another. There is too much service in our sleeping and parlor cars, or perhaps one should say, too many servants for the amount of service performed. Either the porter or the conductor might be abolished, and the man who is left should keep reasonably out of the way. The newsboy, with newspapers, books, fruit, and candy, would not be sadly missed, although he might be allowed to sell his goods from the station platform. From that position he would be an advantage, and might add to his list of wares drinking-water which one might feel assured contained no typhoid germs. The iced-water tank on American trains is more and more left unused by wise travellers. But the transfer-agent, who walks from car to car to arrange for the delivery of baggage, will always be a convenience under our present checking system.

A man by himself might scorn to carry a luncheon, but if there is a woman in the party, the luncheon-basket could be made to appear as hers, and the escort might enjoy it, even if under protest. Perhaps on a long journey a man could take his own luncheon without loss of dignity. The dining-car is not always agreeable, nor the food good, nor the time of serving meals convenient. The buffet-car is seldom more than endurable, though always better than

the restaurant at a by-station, except at some exceptional places like Hornellsville, famous for hot cakes, and waffles and sirup; and Poughkeepsie, where the New York Central's long-standing arrangement to stop trains for ten minutes has made a fortune for its keeper, and provided excellent refreshment for the traveller. On an average journey of many hours the luncheon-basket meets a want which otherwise is likely to be long felt. The disposition to let one have a cup of coffee or tea from the dining-car at any price, in case one does not wish to rise before seven for breakfast, is not strong, but a quarter of a dollar discreetly used will sometimes accomplish it. If one does go to the dining-car it is well to be there promptly. Curiously enough, meals served on the trains west of Chicago are better than those farther East, especially on trains leaving New York or Philadelphia. The meal in the East is more pretentious in its bill of fare, but the food is not always good in quality, nor often well cooked or served. The waiters in the Eastern trains, and the conductor, too, are apt to be too haughty to please, while west of the Mississippi they manifest an agreeable disposition without a larger fee. In the East the price of a meal is $1, with a quarter extra as the tip, and in the West, seventy-five cents, and fifteen cents for a fee. In Europe dining cars (*wagons-restaurants*), are much like ours, but with ordinary chairs to sit on—a small but important point for comfort. As a rule the food is better in cooking and serving, but not so good in quality. Yet the general result is more acceptable. Meals are served in courses and offer less variety, while the price is only from three to four and a half francs—sixty to ninety cents—and the waiter is gratified with fifteen cents as a fee for two people. Two meals in course are served, at eleven and twelve for luncheon, and six and seven for dinner. The traveller may elect at which series he will be served, and a waiter, going through the



If he does not like his fee, it is no matter to the veteran traveller



At the frontier, ordered about like convicts.

train, gives him a ticket which secures a seat. One's repose is therefore undisturbed by the cry of "Last call for dinner in the *dining*-car," as if one would expect to get it in the baggage-car. Could not the Continental plan of serving the meals by series be well adopted by our dining-car managers? And is not a simple dinner, well cooked and well served in courses, better than a long bill of fare with nothing very good when it comes? Meals in courses are declared by hotel managers and railway caterers to be objectionable to the American public. The same declaration was made concerning hansom cabs. Americans would not ride in them, it was said. Yet when introduced finally in New York their success was instantaneous. I have never seen, abroad, a train with bath, barber-shop, or library car, and I have often wondered if any one ever used the bath on a limited-vestibule journey in America. Occasionally, it is true, a victim may be observed in the barber's chair.

Embarking on a train abroad is wisely a performance of leisure. Half an hour is short enough time in which to get one's baggage weighed and paid for, and the tickets purchased. Moreover, as the porter with the hand-baggage has access to the train before the passenger, he can, if he is early enough, secure the required number of seats together, by distributing some hand-baggage on each seat. His prompt pre-emption often reserves the entire carriage for three or four people, for if he expects a decent fee he will arrange the packages in a scattering manner. In many European cities the payment of ten centimes (two cents) extra will allow the passenger himself to go upon the platform in advance of the crowd shut in behind the waiting-room doors. As the waiting-rooms are rarely agreeable, it is well worth two cents extra to get into fresh air. The system must net the company a neat little income, and I have often wondered why, at the big stations about New York, some such arrangement was not possible. Friends going to see one off are admitted at the same



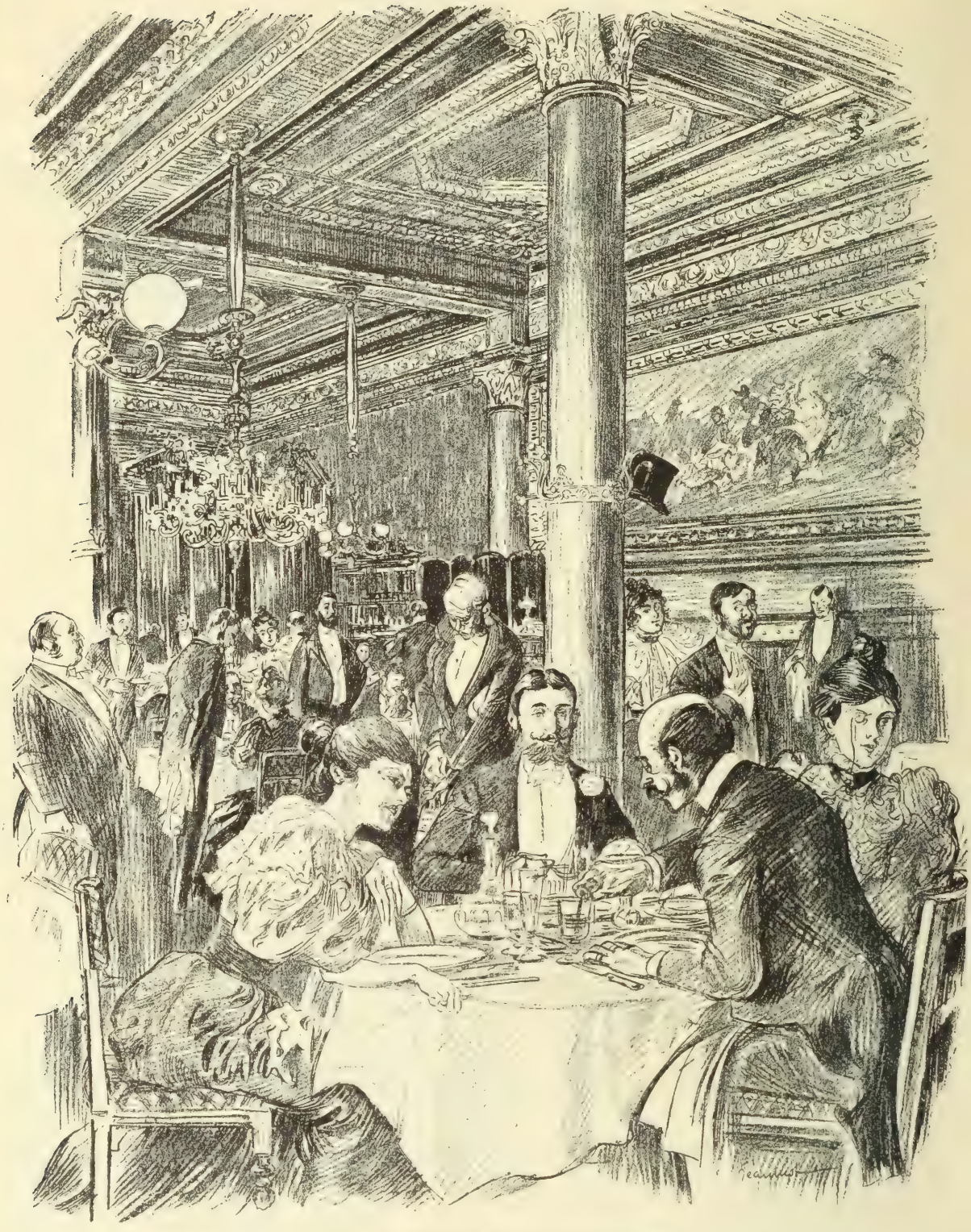
At the last minute, all seats taken and only one in the carriage.



Struggling with an Italian porter.

rate. At home they can seldom come in at all. Sometimes an extra door is opened to the platform through the buffet, at the same time that access is allowed from the waiting-room proper. Only those who are wise enough to inquire as to the point at the buffet, or to learn it by observation, will enjoy this advantage over one's fellow-passengers — always a precious bit of enjoyment on a journey. The buffet at Vintimille, a customs-house station for Italy and France, has a door of this kind; a point which travellers to the Riviera would do well to remember, as the waiting-rooms are most disagreeable, and there is generally a crowd. Leisurely as this customs business is, it is not for lack of porters that it is slow. They are numerous enough to do things in a hurry if they wished. Generally two fellows handle the trunks of each passenger, while a third takes the hand-baggage on a small truck. His number identifies him, and he will meet one on the platform later and show the way to the carriage where he has reserved seats. For this service he is well paid by a franc, while a franc more should satisfy the two porters who had the trunks, unless the latter were heavy and numerous. It is a good plan, if in doubt about a fee, to give the least you can bring your mind to, and then add a few sous if the recipient seems unhappy. The chances are, of course, that the first fee was really a liberal one. No recognition of a fee means that the man has received just enough to keep him from protesting; *merci* indicates that the *pourboire* is recognized; *merci, merci*, that it is all he thought he might get; while "*merci, merci, Monsieur, merci*," proves that the recipient had no expectation of so much. This last phrase generally pleases travellers, but it ought to make them regret that they have largely overpaid a service. Somebody else who gives less later, because he cannot well afford to give more, will be insulted by this same grateful porter.

When leaving a continental town, the hotel omnibus man can be depended upon to attend to everything at the station; to buy the tickets or have them *visé*, to see to the weighing of the baggage, to pay for the extra weight, and meet your carriage with porters ready to take the small packages. In fact he will do correctly the work of a courier. Then he ought to have two or three francs for himself (two in Italy, three in France), and *pourboire* for the porters. Whatever he mentions will be less than one would decide to give without advice. The number on the paper receipt, which takes the place, in Europe, of a pocketful of dirty brass checks in America, corresponds to the label pasted on the trunks. The receipt also shows the weight of the luggage. It was long before European railway companies would check baggage at all, but now their paper checks are an excellent substitute for the heavy tablets which the traveller in America is obliged to load himself down with. The change from no checks to paper receipts illustrates well the way in which many of our ideas of convenience improve when they take root abroad. If ever the day arrives, in America, when the *octroi* tax must be paid on things to eat and drink before enter-



A Table d'Hôte in a typical big foreign hotel.

ing the gates of a city, our checking system will have to be modified to allow the traveller to open his baggage himself to show that it contains nothing on which the duty is collected. Much objection is made sometimes to the *octroi* tax; but it seems to me eminently just, because since all must eat within the city, it obliges the consuming stranger to help bear the burden of municipal taxation, and by just so much lightens the taxation on the residents, both rich and poor, who otherwise would have to endure the entire burden.

A carriage at the head of the train is advantageous, since, on arrival at the station whither he is bound, the traveller can quickly engage a porter from the group which meets the slowly advancing cars.

These men like to serve first the passengers nearest at hand, so as to earn the fee (a franc if one has much small baggage) from them, and then run to help someone at the rear carriages who has failed to secure a porter and is struggling along with too many bundles. To get down and out of the station promptly, assists one in finding a street vehicle into which he can tuck himself and his packages, and drive off before the omnibus and other carriages, to see if the rooms at the hotel are ready and satisfactory. Ten to one the carriage tariff is unknown to the new arrival, so that it is well to let the hotel porter (the *concierge*) pay the bill, telling him to add half a franc *pourboire*. If one asked the driver how much was owing, the latter would lie extravagantly. It is the almost invariable habit of experienced travellers now to write or telegraph in advance for quarters, saying how many rooms, with how many beds, will be required. "*Reservez salon, deux chambres, deux lits chaques, communiquant, chauffées, demain soir*," may not be classical French prose, but it is better than good English on the Continent. It does not, for one thing, betray one's nationality in advance to the hotel-keeper. When Americans want a *salon* they call it a parlor, while the English say sitting-room. The use of the French word evades this somewhat subtile point, and causes the hotel people to respect one as a person knowing more than one language, and not so easily imposed upon for that reason. Telegraph messages written in French are not apt to be so badly mixed in transmission on the Continent as when written in English. Indeed in certain places in Italy despatches must be in Italian or French, or they are not accepted. Such a message as that mentioned, or a letter, ought to precede the traveller at his hotel, in order to insure some kind of provision for him; poor, perhaps, if there is a crowd, but better than nothing. What is known as the Terminus Hotel, often connecting with the railway station, and always near it, is much in favor with people in European cities arriving late at night, or intending to depart early in the morning. In large places the Terminus Hotel is excellent and expensive, but even persons of limited means may find it more agreeable to pay dearly for a night's lodging, ready upon arrival, than to hunt a place to sleep in the evening among strangers. For women the Terminus Hotel is invaluable. If telegrams or letters are not sent in advance, the chances are that even at the Terminus little effort will be made to accommodate late arrivals. In small towns the hotel at the station is not apt to be so acceptable.

Much ridicule has been heaped upon "specially conducted" parties, as arranged by well-known travellers' agencies in Europe. One would hardly care to be a "Cook's tourist" in the usually accept-



The old-fashioned foot-warmer.

ed sense, or to be a personally conducted person; but no greater conveniences for travellers can be named than Cook's, Gaze's, and two or three other travelling agencies, one of which is sure to be found in the leading towns on the usual routes of travel. An English-speaking agent is always in charge, and no matter how familiar one may be with a foreign language, it is best to transact business in one's vernacular. Armed with tickets previously taken at these offices, one is able to look after his baggage directly upon arriving at the station without standing in line at the ticket-window. If round-tickets have to be *visé en route*, this can be attended to on the morning of departure personally, or by the hotel-omnibus man. Not only are the circular tickets convenient and cheap, but so much information of value can be gathered in these offices that a wise traveller likes to be on friendly terms with the agent. When drawing money on a letter of credit, or in selling bank-notes or gold, one can often do better at Cook's or Gaze's than at the native bankers. If the railway company has provided no interpreter in the station, Cook's or Gaze's interpreter will probably be found, and may be consulted with safety — half a franc. Two or three francs will often cause him to conspire with the railway guard to keep other people out of your carriage. He always knows where the telegraph-office in the station is, and it is safe to give him a telegram to send, if you add half a franc to the required amount. His advice to write it very plain would doubtless be unnecessary. Both Cook's and Gaze's are indeed great institutions, making their managers rich. The Raymond excursions in the United States are too well known to need commendation.

The habit of travelling in second-class carriages abroad is not so wide-spread as formerly among Americans, nor among the foreigners themselves who can afford first-class. It is more than a difference in upholstery. The first-class carriage is wider between the seats, the roof is higher, and not so many persons can get into it; and, save at such places as Calais or Ostend, starting-points from the Channel, less effort is made by the railway people to see that every seat is occupied. But second-class, while generally comfortable, is apt to be full, and therefore not at all agreeable for long journeys; the more people the worse the heat and foul air. A second-class carriage in a corridor-car is not so bad, since one may stretch his legs in the corridor; but in second-class smokers one must make up his mind to stand pipes. To second-class are sent the couriers, maids, and other servants of the first-class travellers, and while these are often morally superior, and always legally equal to anybody else, yet they sometimes are not agreeable companions in cramped quarters. The price of a second-class ticket is appreciably less than that of first-class; but if one wants to go cheaply, and is strong and well, and young and enthusiastic, third-class is the place for economy. It is not bad in the fast trains between Liverpool and London. However, it is often well enough to start second-class, remembering that one may always change to a first-class carriage upon paying to the guard the difference—which, I fear, he often keeps for himself, although it is supposed to go to the company. The expense of going on a *train-de-luxe* is the ordinary first-class ticket with a heavy supplement; two or three times as much as one pays at home on the limited specials. For instance, one must pay over ten dollars extra for a single berth between Paris and Nice (eighteen hours), and for every berth occupied there must be a passage-ticket purchased also. The two or four berths in a compartment may be taken by different people, although, if three are in, the fourth is not insisted upon by the guard if he is promised five francs at the end of the journey. No effort seems to be made in Europe to induce people to travel by low fares except on excursion trains or circular tours. Indeed, in the season when many people wish to go the prices on the best trains are sometimes raised, the theory seeming to be rather to take a big profit out of a few who can afford to travel at any price, than small profit from the many who might be seduced into going by the offer of some comfort at cheap rates. On account of the expense, therefore, it is not a bad plan to travel by day on the *rapide*, and stay overnight at a comfortable hotel on the route. Hotel bills included, the cost is not greater than on the *train-de-luxe*; and one sees many



The old-fashioned English inn—when found don't tell everybody.

minor towns which otherwise he might not visit.

Nor can one often engage berths in advance on the Continent, except at central points where trains are made up—Paris, Vienna, Rome, etc. Berths not occupied at these starting-places, are sold to be taken along the way, but one must wait until the train has started from its make-up place before he may know whether he can get a berth. Departure on a particular train, therefore, is not sure until six or eight hours in advance of the time of departure. For this reason the expert in Europe plans to start on long journeys from central points, and covers distances between in short day-trips. This requires leisure and involves expense ; but comfort always demands some sacrifice of time or money. If one must go from an interior point on a certain through train without fail, he buys a passage-ticket and a berth from the city where it is made up, which adds enormously to the expense of such a journey. Occasionally one encounters what we know as a parlor-car, and one may engage places in *wagon-lits*, if they happen to be attached to trains coming along. Between Paris and London single seats can be reserved at extra charge, and sometimes, at any town, a party of four or five can get a compartment held for their exclusive use without charge. A baby artfully displayed at the window will often keep people out of a railway carriage; but no system prevails, as in our own country, by which one can telegraph for a berth or section and have it reserved without extra cost, to be taken several hours after the train leaves its starting-point ; nor are sections or seats held in allotment for certain towns on the route where the managers think there may be demand for them. In this respect the American railway officials are infinitely more thoughtful for public convenience than abroad.

Except between a few great cities, changes of trains are frequent. The system of running through-cars has not yet been adopted widely. For instance, a



Déjeuner in the dining-car of a Train-de-Luxe.

great crowd always travels to Rome from the south of France and the Riviera in the early spring. Yet everybody has to change cars at least at Genoa and Vintimille, and wait in the Genoese station for the train from Turin or Milan to arrive. Many people would pay any price to slip into a through sleeping-car at Nice, or Cannes, or San Remo, for Rome, as one can do at Nice once a week for Vienna; but no such opportunity is allowed. Travelling in southern Europe, therefore, during the spring is most uncomfortable. Railway managers merely shrug their shoulders and make no explanation to complaints about these things. They know that one must go over their road if he goes over any; and as they please, too, and not as he pleases. Every wheel is taxed, and no risk of running empty cars is taken. Still, persistent inquiry should be made at the travellers' agencies, in behalf of ways to ameliorate one's condition. All of which illustrates the wisdom of going ahead of the crowd or behind. This uncomfortable travelling on the Riviera is explained as one of the results of bad feeling between France and Italy, and the determination of the Italians to force people to enter their country from the north. It seems too childish to be true.

Not so many people travel with couriers as formerly, although in such countries as Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, and parts of Hungary or Russia, they are generally a matter of necessity; and if the traveller who knows neither French nor German, and no Italian, departs from the regular routes at almost any point in Europe, he will need assistance of this kind. Improvements in the service and management of railways, hotels, and steamboats have reduced the importance of the courier, and such has been the effect also of the establishment of travellers' agencies in nearly every important town and city. Yet even over frequented routes, if one is inexperienced, or is in delicate health, or has a large party in his train, or is going very fast, or loathes contact with hotel-keepers and cab-drivers, and does not mind much what he spends, the courier is a great convenience. It is always agreeable to have someone collect the baggage, and take it in advance to the train, reserve the best seats in the middle compartment of the newest carriage, find porters and carriages at the end of the journey, and secure the best accommodations in hotels; for, with a courier, one naturally expects to have the best of everything. He bargains with landlords, watches the bills, and distributes most of the fees. These are small things, but often annoying if one must attend to them personally. In my own experience I have noticed that the first bill from the hotel which the courier presents, is apt to be pretty heavy in its charges, notwithstanding previous arrangements; and I have fancied that both hotel-keeper and courier were trying to see how much imposition I would stand. Upon protest it is promptly cut down, and afterward the same thing is not tried by the same courier in the same hotel. A courier's fees to the attendants are generally much less than Americans would think must be distributed; but his views of what is proper as a fee for himself at the close of an engagement, are not on so economical a scale. Yet fifty francs ($10) at the end of a month or six weeks is a plenty for this fee, in addition to the usual pay of $2 or $2.50 per day. The courier nominally provides his own board and lodging, though, I suppose, the hotel-keeper demands nothing of him, but adds the item in some disguise to the traveller's personal bill—in amount about five francs a day. On the whole, I should think for a large and extravagant party of travellers who see everything, do everything, and enjoy the best of everything on the way, a courier might be an economy; but for the ordinary experienced traveller who knows what he wants to do, and where and how, he is an expense and a nuisance. The average courier likes you to go to his hotels, take his excursions, and visit his shops, so that he may have a commission; which explains why he is indignant so often if "his family" strolls away from the hotel without him.

A successful courier is generally an appalling liar, except to his employer on essential points; so that it is impossible for a reputable, decent traveller, who understands the language, to listen to the tales the fellow tells to secure his ends, without a disagreeable sense of personal guilt. No use to remonstrate; the courier will assure you that it is only a manner of

speaking; that everybody lies on the Continent all the time; that no one expects you to tell the truth, nor would respect you if you did; and that without lying it is impossible to obtain fair treatment. Yet it is hard to sit in a railway carriage, say in Rome or Naples, bound north at Eastertide, and hear the courier assure the other travellers who wish to enter your carriage that all the places are occupied (your party numbers three), and that the other members of this "noble and rich family" will arrive in a moment. The guard will say nothing, unless the train is exceptionally crowded, and sometimes not even then, because the courier has promised him five francs when the train reaches its destination. One grows less sensitive about the lying later, perhaps, when he comes to realize that the rarest of the objects of virtue in Europe to-day is the truth; one may more reasonably expect to find real old silver or genuine old furniture. Doubtless there are real antiquities and truthful people in Europe, but they are remote from the usual routes of travel.

The opinion prevailed some years ago that the day of big hotels was past. Hotel life itself was to die out, and everybody was to desire to have a real home, at worst in a snug apartment. Such hotels as remained were to be more on the plan of the old-fashioned inn, or, at biggest, the small English family hotel. Strangely enough the little hotels did not get themselves built, and the most marked change which a resident of New York now notes on returning from a long stay away, is that some more enormous hotels have gone up. Each successive one grows bigger, and dearer, and more gorgeous, but offers great comfort if no regard is had to expenditure, because the old noise and confusion have largely disappeared under a thorough system of housekeeping. The proprietor will tell you that he prefers to cater now to the traveller who does not mind cost during his few days' stay. Very much less frequently than formerly do people arrive for the season. At most they remain for a few months in the winter, but go early to the South, and early to the country, dividing the summer between mountains and seaside. This changing about made the family hotel unprofitable, and largely explains its disappearance.

In Europe small hotels are still numerous but are not increasing apparently in large cities. When the traveller finds one of the right kind (generally described as old-fashioned), where there is much comfort, little noise, great cleanliness, and personal attention to details on the part of the manager, with such modern conveniences as electric lights, sanitary plumbing, and a lift, he should be happy indeed, and not tell everybody about it. It will not be cheap, especially if the food is well cooked and of good quality, and the expense will steadily increase. Expositions or fairs, which bring a crowd, invariably send prices up, and they never fall to the old level. Short visits are a rule in European hotels, and always have been, except in pleasure-resorts. In the season no attempt is made to conceal the fact that prices are greater than ordinarily.

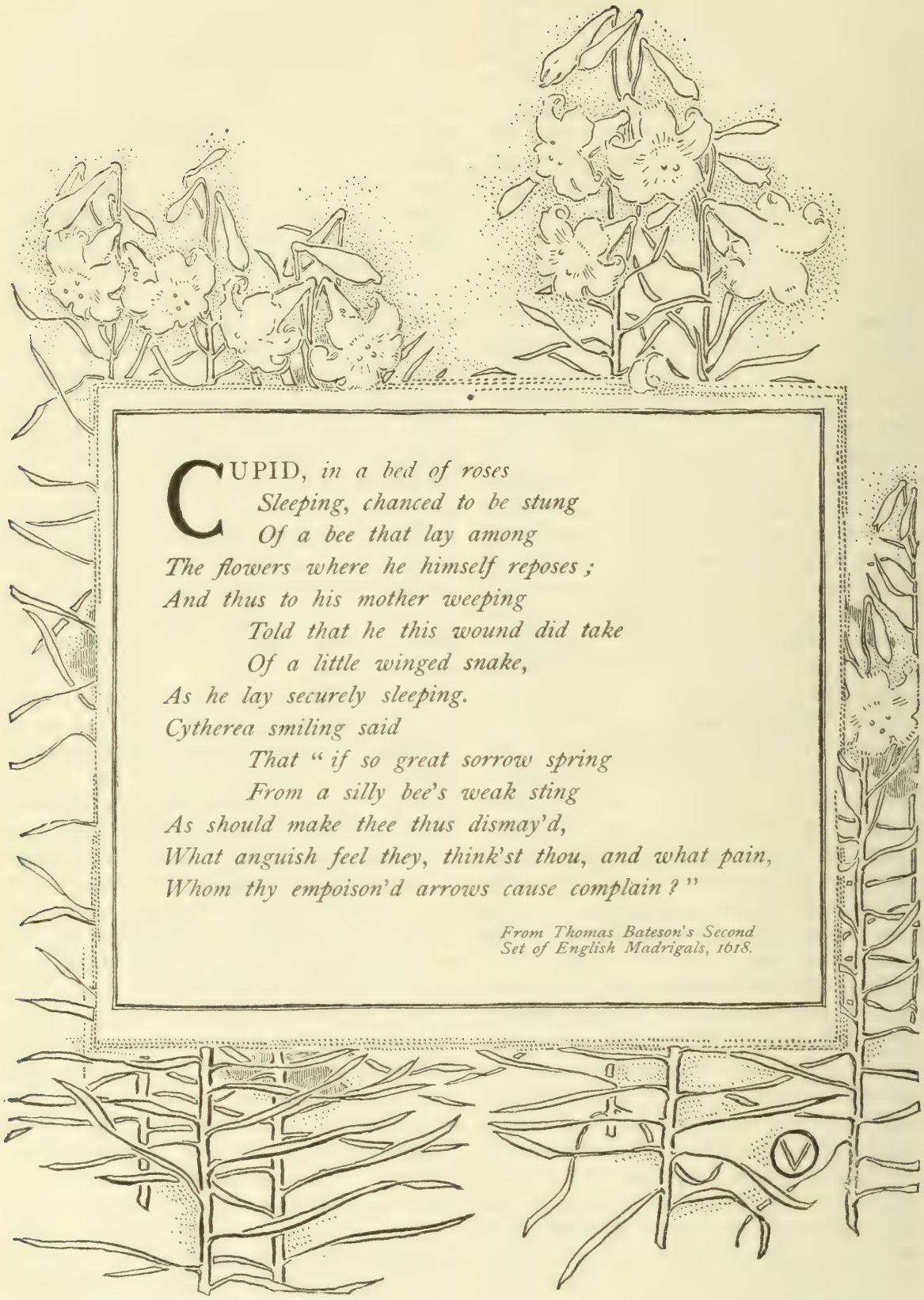
Thus we see that instead of the traditional European idea spreading to America, the American idea has taken root abroad and is growing fast. Not only are the few old big hotels prospering as never before in London and Paris, but bigger and more expensive ones, commonly called Palaces, have been built, and more are building. Since they can no longer be considered as exclusively American in idea and patronage, foreigners have generally ceased to deride them, and now use them freely—even the English person of insignificant title whose fad not long ago was seclusion. People of this kind may not dine in the public room even now, but the fact remains that they prefer the big hotel to the little one. A few years ago one frequent criticism of our hotels was that the guests lost their identity and were known only as numbers. This seemed especially repugnant to the foreign mind. But now all nationalities flock to the large caravansaries in Europe and are happy, although they naturally are numbered and handled like so many bundles of merchandise according to fixed rules. The experienced and inexperienced travellers within their doors stand nearly on the same level, and practically must deliver themselves over to the proprietor in the matter of charges. One may, however, always examine the rooms before having baggage sent up, and as the prices are generally fixed, he can select any apartment he likes, feeling

that he is to pay no more than anyone else—wherein I think, for Americans and all other nationalities, lies the principal attraction of these big houses in Europe. Fixed prices in a hotel mean more than they do in shops, and people have grown tired of trying to arrange for just prices by bargaining. No one forgets now that rooms to the south in winter, and rooms with a sunny exposure for at least part of the day at any season, are the most desirable.

To such servants as a day or two of experience shows to be necessary to one's comfort, it is well enough to say that if the service is performed in the way usual in hotels, no fee need be expected; but that pains to please will be rewarded. When the stay is more than a week, the distribution of a part of the gratuity, proportionate to the time, makes a good impression. Possibly one gives something to the head-waiter (five francs to ten) on arrival, when telling him what are the requirements of a large party, with children or invalids. Three francs weekly to the man who brings one's breakfast to the room, and seems to be in charge of the floor, is a proper reward. For similar service, if one breakfasted in his room in America, he would be expected to give as much or more. The boots and the man who assists in caring for the rooms and brushes one's clothes are the only two whom the guide-books say must have something when service is paid for in the bill. Rarely in hotels, at home or abroad, does one get much attention for more than a day or two without feeling or letting it be known that fees may be expected finally for proper service. This is the sad result of lavish giving in days gone by on the part of Americans, who did not know first what to offer and desired that the servants should not think them mean. The evil probably never will be reformed. All that the traveller can do now is to insist on excellent attention, and then give what seems proper, utterly regardless of the recipient's opinion. If one really cares for what is thought, peace of mind on a journey or in the hotel is not for him. The poorest service in hotels is given by the women-servants, and therefore the housekeeper may often be sent for to note neglect in cleanliness. This may require a fee too (about five francs), but the service thereafter is likely to be sullen; so that finally, when the situation is not to be borne without loss of temper, one wisely concludes that the hotel is not of his kind, and he goes elsewhere. It is worth while to complain once to the manager if matters are wrong; but if that effects no reform one had better move on, because it will be evident that the management does not care whether he stays or goes. The European landlord, and especially the landlady, is a callous creature, who smiles and smiles and is a villain still.

Yet the evil of feeing is worse at home. It is hardly possible to make anything go in an American hotel in the Eastern States except at the rate of a dollar a week to the table-waiter, the same to the chambermaids, several dollars to the head-waiter after a week or ten days, if he has given you a nice table, well placed; and twenty-five cents to the minor attendants every ten days or weekly. This all amounts to a large sum. But are not fees expected in the houses of one's friends and relatives?

On the whole, therefore, whether travelling is enjoyable or not appears to me to depend principally upon temperament, particularly if the traveller is beyond his youth. In very early years the pleasure of going about, of being in motion, largely offsets discomfort. If one's disposition is to mind little things, it is better to remain at home, where annoyances can be reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, if one is phlegmatic or philosophical, and in good health, there is the right stuff for a traveller. It has always seemed to me that one should travel early in life or in declining years. Youth can afford to take time away from home and friends. Old age, too, may wisely seek in this way for diversion from the prospect of the end, and to forget the losses of friends and that loneliness of life which comes when one is on the dismal side of sixty. But in middle age, when we are in the full-tide of life, in the swim with affairs, when home and friends and family ties are at their best—there is no time to be travelling, except for a little brief change now and then.



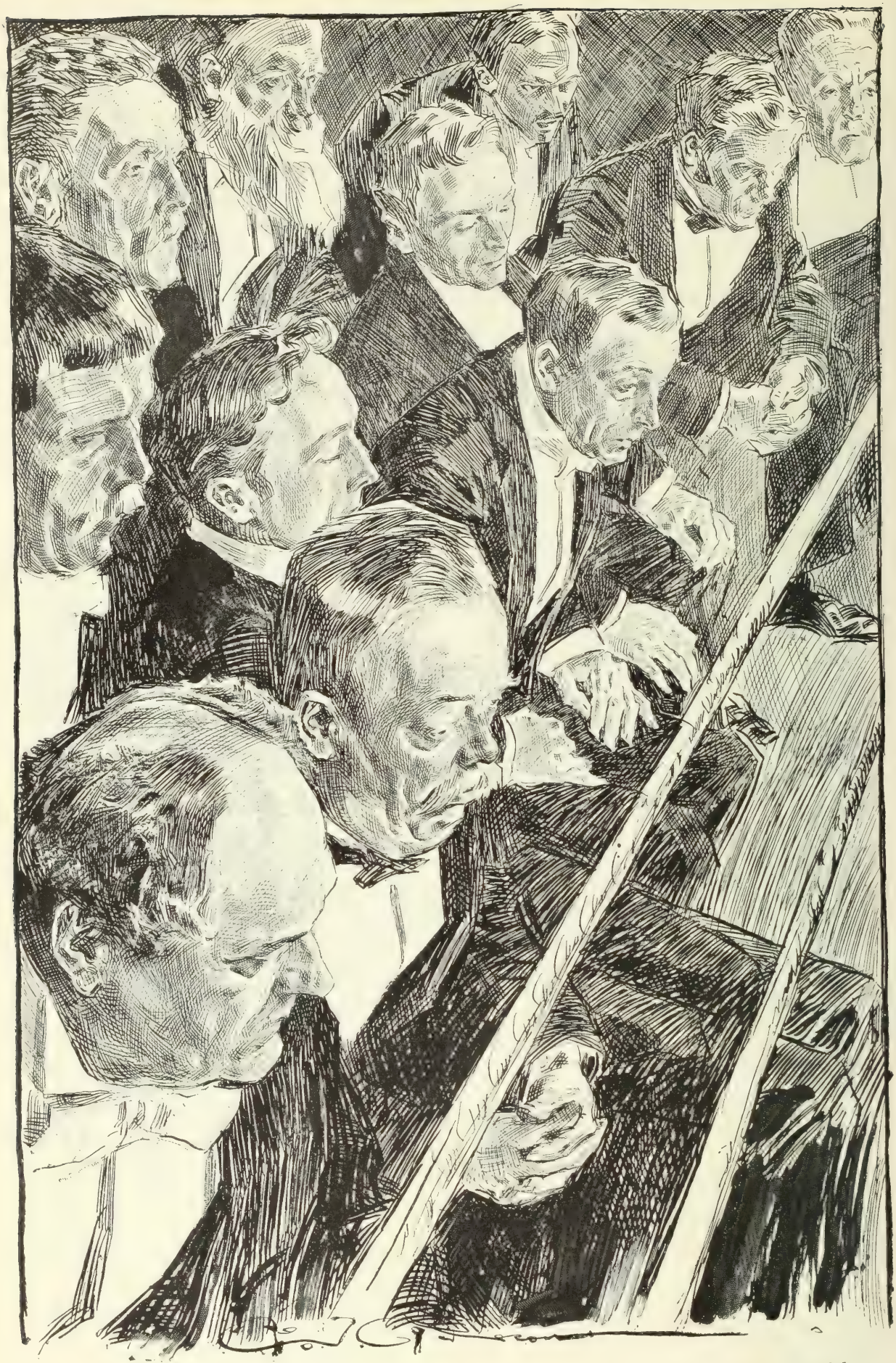
CUPID, *in a bed of roses*
Sleeping, chanced to be stung
Of a bee that lay among
The flowers where he himself reposes;
And thus to his mother weeping
Told that he this wound did take
Of a little winged snake,
As he lay securely sleeping.
Cytherea smiling said
That "if so great sorrow spring
From a silly bee's weak sting
As should make thee thus dismay'd,
What anguish feel they, think'st thou, and what pain,
Whom thy empoison'd arrows cause complain?"

From Thomas Bateson's Second Set of English Madrigals, 1618.



ELIZABETHAN SONGS—IV.

CUPID STUNG BY THE BEE.



At the National Sporting Club.

Outside the Pit Entrance.



LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

II.—LONDON AUDIENCES

NOWHERE is caste more noticeable than in a London audience. A little board fence divides the ground floor of a theatre into orchestra stalls and a pit. It would cost you ten shillings less and your social position to sit on the wrong side of this fence. It does not follow that sitting on the right side of it assures your position. But it does give you an uninterrupted view of the stage. No hats are worn, and that alone makes it worth extra charge. There is, in most of the theatres, room for your knees, and, in some, additional room for the man who goes out between the acts, and people who arrive after the curtain is up. A London audience is brilliant. Everyone is in evening dress, and the audience is often more entertaining than the play. This is especially true on a first night. At such times the pit is watched most anxiously by the management, as the success of the piece generally depends on their verdict. It has often occurred to me, when I have seen them on a stormy night forming a line on the pavement outside the pit entrance, taking it all seriously enough to stand there for hours before the doors were opened, that by letting them inside the management might improve their spirits, and they in their turn might be more gentle.

And it has also occurred to me when I have seen a stout man standing in the aisle fumbling for a sixpence or a shilling in

pockets that probably only contain a bank-note and a gold-piece, that the management might further improve the spirits of their audience by doing away with women-ushers, and by selling the programme at the same time they sell the seat; for it is hardly fair to the first act of a play to make it overcome the fretfulness caused by annoying attendants before it can hope to amuse. But the second act is sure to have a fair start, and if the play is good from there on, it will have no reason to complain of the audience.



At a Pantomime.

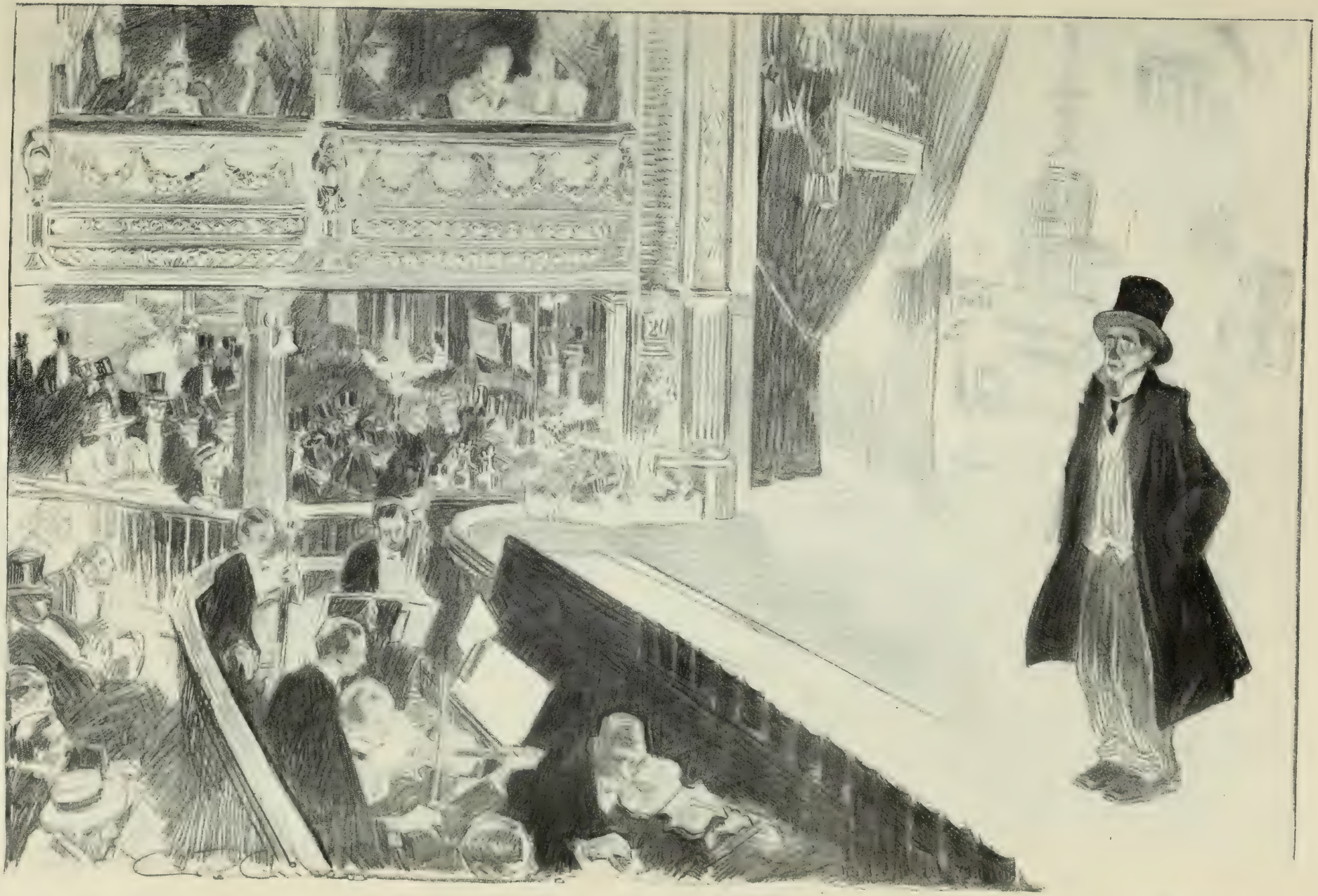
An Englishman's memory begins with a pantomime. A Drury Lane audience easily explains this, as a large portion of it is composed of children. This is just as it should be. The only mistake is that each year the clown and pantaloon have less to do. Last winter they only appeared in front of the drop curtain, and had difficulty in entertaining the audience until the next scene had been set. It is strange that this should happen among people who are naturally so true to old friends. In the place of harlequin's tricks they have the aërial ballets and electrical effects, and altogether a performance that can be done just as well at the Empire or the Alhambra. This is dangerous, for it might in time change the character of a pantomime audience.

A fancy-dress ball in London is slow. The streets around Covent Garden on a fancy-dress ball night are as solemn as Scotland itself. A few homeless Londoners are kept at respectful distance by the police, while a procession of carriages goes slowly under the archway and deposits serious merry-makers, dressed as stoves, light-houses, monks, lamps and vegetables. Owing to these elaborate disguises, the journey past the ticket-takers and to the ballroom is slow. On the ballroom floor officials, totally void of a sense of humor, and dressed in black velvet and cut-steel buttons, keep the centre of the floor clear, apparently for their own use, and stand ready to subdue any burst of light-heartedness that might appear in the circle that is kept moving about them. The general orders are, "keep moving along." The man who manages the search-light, from one of the top boxes, probably enjoys the ball the most. He certainly does more to help it. The centre of interest is wherever he will have it. He can make a dull costume bright, and a supper-party in one of the boxes proud; and he can almost remove the gloom caused by the officials in black.



Small Wigs and Big Fees.

The greatest variety of expressions are to be seen in the audiences that come together at the law courts. There is the never-changing face of the judge, and the ever-changing face of the witness rocking from side to side in his box, and there are the black-robed barristers with small wigs



At the Pavilion.



A First Night.

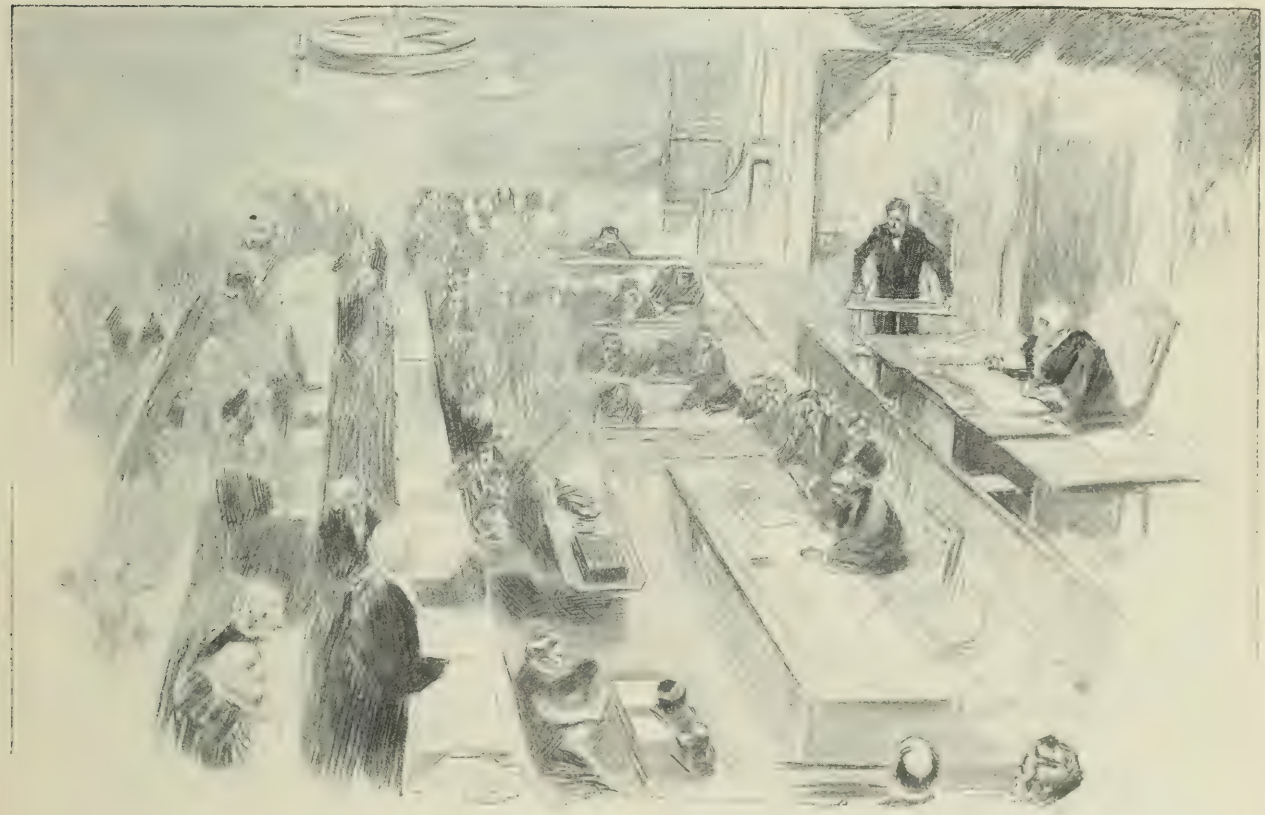
and big fees, and pale law students crowding in at the doors and filling the passage-ways; and in front of the long table that is covered with papers and high hats sit those most interested in what is going on—care-worn parents and women thickly veiled.

The most interesting place of amusement for men is the National Sporting Club. Every Monday night during the winter the sports of London meet there in the same building that Colonel Newcome and his son once left because they objected to Captain Costigan's song. The Colonel would be more amused there now, for well-trained and scientific boxers from all the world meet in a roped-in square, surrounded by an orderly crowd of stock-brokers, bankers, and miscellaneous sporting characters, who wait for the best man to win. Then they adjourn to a front room, and around the bar and little tables they talk about by-gone fights and the men and horses whose pictures cover the wall. Some find their way to the Strand, where, in a supper-room called Marble Halls, every variety of sport in all stages of luck, and actors from the neighboring theatres, discuss the fight of the evening round by round.

A Music Hall audience is the most demonstrative and amusing. It will applaud the longest, hiss the loudest, and sometimes join in the chorus. From the moment the numbers are posted announcing the next turn, it is easy to tell what the performer's reception will be. On both sides of the orchestra are bars, and when a London barmaid stops work to listen and laugh you may be sure that the turn is a good one. Last winter they paid Dan Leno this compliment. The air is filled with tobacco-smoke, and the calcium-light, on its way from the gallery to the stage, looks like a sunbeam in a dusty hayloft.

C. D. G.

In the Lord Chief Justice's Court (Lord Russell).



LIVER'S RESPONSIBILITY

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

Liver first brought the Hypocrite to my attention. It was also he who established, to the satisfaction of the camp, that the Hypocrite was a very decent person in his somewhat peculiar way. This was accomplished very soon after Liver and I first came to Aparejo.

Nominally, and in the eyes of outsiders, Liver was my servant. In his own eyes or in mine it would be hard to define his position, or to tell how he regarded me. I always had an uncomfortable sort of idea that he was sorry for my tenderfoot ignorance and helplessness, and had entered my service to assure himself that I would not be imposed upon by the inhabitants of the Arizona camp into which my fortunes had led me.

I had found Liver, a few months before, ill and alone in a deserted cabin on an unfrequented trail, where he had been left by an outfit of gamblers expelled from a nearby town. Though fifteen years of age, and some four feet eight in height, Liver was by profession a faro dealer, and had been expelled with the rest of the fraternity. I attended to him in a sort of way, for I took a fancy to his wicked little face. Besides, I couldn't leave him there alone. At any rate, the upshot of it all was that Liver entered my service. As a servant he left much to be desired, but a more loyal or devoted adherent would be very hard to find. We went to Aparejo together, and that is where the Hypocrite came in.

In Aparejo the Hypocrite was an institution. He was the proverbial oldest inhabitant, for he had been living in his big dug-out cabin on the side of Red Hen Hill when the much over-rated placer mines caused Aparejo's birth, two years before. But the Hypocrite was not popular. It was not that he crossed in any way the loose line of frontier ethics, but that he had a way of keeping entirely to himself, that he lived without work on remittances that came from some mysterious source in the East, sent to Tucson, and redirected to our post-office, and that his appearance did not meet with public approval.

He was tall, with a pear-shaped body, always dressed in black. His face was very white, and so was his scanty hair, which he kept closely cropped. He had a manner of walking about with his hands under the tails of his clerical-looking coat and his head thrust forward, that gave rise to many unfavorable comments.

It was Liver who told me all these things, for at that time I had never seen the Hypocrite. My time was all taken up with the badly paying mines I had charge of ; and just then Liver was the only one of the household who had any leisure.

" It's dead low down the way them chumps aroun' here is givin' it ter that ol' chromo," said Liver to me. " He ain't no hypocrite like what they calls him, but they ain't got sense enough ter savvy that, ner nothin' else, much. What is er hypocrite ? "

I told him.

" Thought so, only I wanted ter make sure. Well, he ain't none. It's that way he's got er passin' roun' here with his han's under the tails er that long-legged coat er his, lookin' like one er these yer crow-birds what's been made sick by havin' his head shoved into a flour-sack. That's what makes 'em say he's er hypocrite ; that an' the way he'll get drunk all by his lonesome. If he wants ter get drunk that-a-way it's his own funer'l, I reckon. They talk about how he's pious. It's a lie. He ain't no more pious than you are."

It is to be feared that Liver did not regard piety as a virtue. His judgment, however, was entirely from hearsay.

I wanted to see the Hypocrite, for the interest taken in him by my henchman had aroused my own curiosity. I had never known Liver to talk so long on any subject before. Ordinarily, Liver was rather a taciturn person.

My desire was gratified the next afternoon. It was the end of a long and tire-

some day that Liver and I had spent in searching for obliterated and utterly unfindable claim-corners. We had ridden over many miles of the sandy wilderness, and climbed several more that were set on end against the dry, earthy-looking mountains, and we were on our homeward way, watching the long, ungainly shadows curvetting along on our left. The sun, a dull red ball, was sinking below the level edge of the desert. It had been very silent; silent as it can never be anywhere but on a desert or at sea. Then from the west came a faint rumble that grew louder, and topping a wrinkle of the plain, half a mile away, an irregular, rapidly moving black mass appeared, scarring the sun's lower limb.

"Indians?" I asked.

"Stampede," responded Liver. "Come on."

Turning his horse, Liver rode across the desert toward the dimly seen mass, and I followed him. It grew more distinct. We could hear the rumbling thunder of the hoof-beats and the cries of men who were riding with the rush. Liver turned again and rode slowly in the direction taken by the stampede, and again I followed suit. In another moment it had caught us.

The animals—they were horses—were running in the shape, roughly speaking, of a rectangle, on the forward right hand corner of which we found ourselves. Near us there rode a cow-boy, striking with the heavy honda of his lariat at the heads of the forward horses in a vain attempt to turn them before they reached the cliffs, a mile or two away, for which they were headed. Directly in front of the crazed animals another cow-boy was riding for his life, edging to the right as fast as he dared, in order to get clear from the path of the stampede. Inside the square, but close to its edge, there ran a horse that was saddled, and ridden by a man whom I at once recognized, from Liver's description, as the Hypocrite. With both reins flying loose, he was clinging to the horn of his saddle. Only one animal hemmed him in to the stampede. A resolute horseman could have forced his way out, but the Hypocrite was not a resolute horseman. All his faculties seemed centred in the one idea of keeping on his uncontrollable mount.

"Pull 'im out!" screamed Liver. "Let go yer saddle an' grab yer reins! What's wrong with you—you daffy?"

If the man heard the warning, he paid no attention to it, but shifted the hold of one hand from the horn of his saddle to its cantle. Liver turned into the press, squeezed his way through, and grasped the flowing bridle-rein. Then he tried to regain the open plain, but the horse that confined him had been reinforced by two others. I tried to help, and my mount nearly fell from the collision that followed. Suddenly one of the three horses fell and another tripped over him. I was going to shoot the third, but before my pistol had left its holster, I saw Liver raise his hand and fire. The third horse tumbled like a shot rabbit. This left an opening, and through it Liver came, leaning almost out of his saddle to counterbalance the pull, as with his free hand he led the horse of the Hypocrite out onto the open desert.

The stampede rushed by. Between us, Liver and I brought the captive horse to a stand; but that was not a very difficult matter, now that the excitement and fright of the other panic-stricken animals was no longer there to spur him on.

The Hypocrite smiled weakly as he looked first at Liver and then at me. He raised his hand to his forehead and swayed in his saddle. He would have fallen, if I had not caught his shoulder.

"What's bitin' you now?" asked Liver, roughly. "Need'n' go daffy again. Yer all outer the game, straight enough. Them horses is pilin' 'emselves at the foot er that mesa by now."

"No," replied the old man, in a voice that was singularly weak, and thin and trembling. "All right—all right, now. Thank you, thank you." As he spoke, his shaking hand was uncertainly seeking something in the tail-pocket of his long black coat. Slipping his hand in the pocket, Liver brought forth a flask, which he handed to the Hypocrite, uncorking it as he did so. With some difficulty the Hypocrite guided the bottle to his mouth and held it there for a long time, glued to his thick, loosely hung lips. His face, from the fright, had evidently been paler than usual, for I could see the color returning to a network of little veins that

covered his nose—veins that were very minute and imperceptible a little way off. They were the only marks of liquor that the face showed. It was a heavy, weak, amiable face.

That drink seemed to pull the Hypocrite together. He nodded to us quite briskly, as, throwing down the empty bottle, he trotted away.

"That's him," said Liver, as we resumed our homeward journey. "He ain't no harm at all, but a lot er them chumps at the camp has all got it in fer 'im 'cause he stays by himself, an' don't have nothin' to say to 'em; an' a lot er fellers what don't think nothin' about it an' don't care, jus' lets it go at that. Say, 'jer see the drink that ol' b'y throwed down him? There wasn't nothin' slow about that, was ther?"

The magnitude of that drink inspired Liver with respect. His advocacy of the Hypocrite had hitherto been moderate; being merely the expression of Liver's characteristic hatred of injustice. Now, however, it became so aggressive that it savored of proprietorship. Not only did Liver espouse the Hypocrite's cause, but championed it as well. It had been the custom of certain men in Aparejo to make a scapegoat of the Hypocrite by hinting that he was responsible for many of the smaller misdeeds—thievery, or the like—that were committed in the camp. This was resented by Liver. Those who brought such veiled charges invariably bore reputations more unsavory than did the run of men in our camp. Such a reputation was indeed unsavory; and this fact, with corroboratory details, would be forcibly recalled to a person who accused the Hypocrite, together with Liver's caustically expressed opinion of one who slandered an absent man.

By those to whom he addressed himself in this manner, Liver was not beloved; the Hypocrite's more active enemies, therefore, became enemies of Liver as well. Chief among these was Dawlish. Dawlish was a big man with a large, flat face, and small, shifty eyes that looked like shoe-buttons. He kept a little tienda, half store, half saloon, where he courted popularity by means of a loud voice and brusque manner, which he intended to pass, and which did pass in many instances, for bluff heartiness and good-fellowship.

"That ther Dawlish fool, he'll run himself 'gains' a stan'still one er these odd times if he don't watch out," said Liver to me the morning after the stampede, as he was building the fire for breakfast. "Somebody went through Tripler las' night, when he was comin' home, a little owly, an' boned his dust. Tripler can't tell who it was, but Dawlish he's talkin' down to the Palace how he saw ol' man Reed——"

"Who?" I asked.

"Ol' man Reed—him they call Hypocrite. It's a dead shame, an' I won't call him so. Saw ol' man Reed walkin' with Tripler 'bout ten er 'leven las' night. It ain't so. Was up on Red Hen myself las' night, ter see 'f the scare er that stampede had done th' ol' boy up, er anythin'. He was there, sittin' in his own dugout, min'in' his own business all the time. He wasn't nowhere else once. I reckon I'll see Dawlish about that."

I gave Liver most definite and emphatic orders to do nothing of the sort. Liver listened attentively and answered not a word, and I knew that I might just as well have held my tongue. To be sure, Liver was safer than most people would have been, no matter what he chose to do, for with the men who made up the better element of our camp—and bad enough this better element was, for the most part—Liver was a great favorite. They liked his hard little face, where the lines of the gambler already showed themselves; they liked his queer little figure, that looked so like a cow-boy seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass, in its chaps, gun, and high-heeled boots. His knowledge of good and evil—especially evil—pleased them; he "was so damned bad," as they expressed it. They knew nothing of Liver's profession, however, for he never mentioned it, and at his request I also kept it secret.

I did not intend that Liver should pursue his absurd knight-errantry if I could prevent it; so all that day I kept Liver employed to keep him from wandering, and in order that he might have something else to think about.

After supper, however, as I became absorbed in some figures, Liver left the

unwashed dishes to take care of themselves and disappeared. He must have been gone some time when I first noticed his absence. I was about to start after him to bring him back by force, if necessary, when there came a knock at my door. It was opened before I had time to answer, and Richie, deputy-sheriff, proprietor of the Palace Saloon, and all-around local magnate, entered the room. It was not a large room, and with Dan's shoulders in it, it seemed uncomfortably crowded.

"Evenin,'" he remarked, cheerfully, with a grin that covered most of his good-natured red face. "Reckoned I'd jes' drap 'raoun' an' tip y' off 'baout that kid er yourn. 'Lowed maybe you might be gitt'n' worried, 'cause he tol' me he hooked away 'thout askin' leave."

I did not want to offend Richie; he was a power in Aparejo, and to me a friendly power, for the reason that I was fresh from the Eastern State that he had left so long ago that everybody but he had forgotten all about it. But I was anxious to find Liver, and said so. I told Dan that Liver had given me reason to believe that he was looking for Dawlish, and that if he should succeed in his search, there might be trouble.

"He seen 'im all right enough," Richie replied, with a chuckle, seating himself in a chair that creaked complainingly under his weight. "Oh, he seen Dawlish all straight enough. There was trouble, too. Trouble fer Dawlish. Liver he struck Dawlish in my place, awhile ago, an' he begins to call 'im down fer somethin' he'd said 'baout that ol' Hypocrite, as they calls him, what lives up on the hill, over yander. Dawlish answers somehow—don't know what he said, but it didn't seem to please the kid, noways—an' then Liver turns himself loose. In a minute he'd called Dawlish more different things than I could 'a' done if I'd studied a year; an' I couldn't do no such cussin' as he did, not if I tried for two year. You orter 'a' heard it—it was great. Dawlish made out 'sif 'twere a joke, first off, but 'twarn't no joke, an' he couldn't make it look like one, nohow. The boys that were hangin' 'roun' there begins to give Dawlish the laugh, an' that makes him mad. Fus' thing we knows he ups an' makes a break fer the kid. Well, sir, that kid he makes the prutties' gun-play you ever see in yer life. He did for sure. He had that six-shooter of his'n out an' cocked an' down before that Dawlish could put the foot he'd lifted back on the groun'. Dawlish sees he's in a hole, an' stops a minute, then he turns an' leaves, walkin' straight-like, an' with both han's held out from his body, well clear of his holsters. Liver looks after him fer a little, an' then shoves his gun back in its holster an' mogs out 'thout sayin' a word to nobody, an' goes up on the hill ter see that ol' Hypocrite cuss. He's thar now. He puts in all his spare time thar every even-in'. Say, he ain't nothin' slow fer a kid, you hear me tell."

Dan rubbed his hand and chuckled. He was much amused; I was not. I was very angry at Liver, and mentioned casually to Dan what I intended to do when Liver should return. Dan took his leave, saying, as he went out of the door, that I ought rather to encourage Liver than otherwise, as he "done a damn good job." On thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that I had better take no notice of the affair. It might cause a breach between Liver and me, for which I would be sorry. So when he came, I merely reminded him gravely about the unwashed dishes, and he began at once to rattle them about as though he would break them, every one, to make up for lost time.

He had nearly finished the dishes, and had only broken two, when he said, in a pause of the rattle, "I was up t' ol' man Reed's joint this evenin'. Jus' came f'om there."

"Yes," I acquiesced. "Was he sober?"

"Not very. Not what you'd call drunk you know, such as you 'r I'd get, but jus' owly, like he most gener'ly is. Had one er his daughter jags on—the reg'lar thing."

Now, I was not in the habit of getting drunk, and I did not know that Liver was, but I let that pass. Neither did I understand the nature of a "daughter jag," so I inquired.

"When th' ol' boy hasn't got much in 'im, he's as tight as a new tomarter-can," explained Liver. "But, then, when he's

got a little more inside his face, he gets to talkin' 'bout that ther girl er his what runned away f'om 'im, years back. Never talks er nothin' else when he gets to that stage er the game. Says how he wants to find 'er, an' how he hunted fer 'er, an' wonders where she's got to. Says she's ol' 'nough ter have er kid 'bout like me, or a year or two older, maybe. Sometimes he cries about it—he's an ol' man, you know, an' weak, so I don' min' that if it makes him feel any better. That's what we call a daughter jag. He don't say nothin' 'bout himself nor his folks nor nothin' like that, not at no other time."

Liver gave this explanation in rather an absent manner. Evidently he had something on his mind. Finally it came out. "Say!" he exclaimed, as he energetically banged the last plate onto the shelf, "I seen Dawlish this evenin', an' I talked to him some. There wasn't no harm done."

Harm seemed to have come from Liver's quarrel in spite of his assertions to the contrary, for his nightly visits to the Hypocrite's cabin became shorter, and finally they stopped.

"Yes, it's Dawlish," said Liver, in reply to my inquiry as to the reason of this change. "He's there whenever I goes up t' see the ol' man, or if he ain't there he comes in before I get fair sot down. They're talkin' together, them two, an' when I come in they stops, dead. I d'no what's goin' on, but Dawlish, he's been tryin' everythin' he knows fer a week, now, t'get in with th' ol' man, an' he's doin' it too. Ol' Reed he don't mean ter give me no frost, an' I don't care nothin' 'bout t'other one, but it ain't very gay, somehow, so I don't go there no more. What Dawlish is gettin' at licks me."

It licked me, too, and I found that the other inhabitants of Aparejo were equally puzzled as to the meaning of this sudden intimacy. Not that it lacked a motive, for it was a very well-known fact that the Hypocrite had money coming to him every month from somewhere, which money he must have saved. The Hypocrite spent little except for liquor, and liquor, such as it is in that country, is cheap. What astonished us all was that Dawlish appeared to be more or less successful in establishing himself in the Hypocrite's favor. Dawlish was not at all the kind of person one would think would attract that shy, retiring old drunkard. In an amused sort of way the men were all talking about the strange friendship, and offering bets against Dawlish's success. These bets were lost, for the intimacy grew day by day. Dawlish was seldom in his former haunts; his store was kept by a deputy, or kept itself, just as it happened.

Suddenly Dawlish left town, dropping boastful, but mysterious, hints, as he started for the railway-station, twenty miles away, of a sensation that awaited us on his return. We all knew that he gloried in the curiosity he had awakened, and that he would spare no pains to increase the dubious prominence it gave him. Nevertheless when, three days later, the rickety Concord stage, joggling on its dusty thorough-braces, rolled with complaining spokes and running-gear into the town, most of Aparejo's inhabitants stood waiting on the veranda of the ramshackle building, half unpainted frame, half adobe, which we called a hotel.

As the stage stopped, Dawlish opened the door and got out. He turned and spoke to someone within the canvas body of the vehicle; then stood aside with a grin, half-sheepish, half-triumphant, as a feminine form appeared. As she saw the men congregated on the steps, the woman hesitated and shrank back. Dawlish spoke to her again, roughly this time. She stepped out on to the box that served as a horse-block, looked around at us with a quick glance of embarrassment, then dropped her eyes. She was very small and very young, with a weak little face that would have been pretty had it not been so thin and pinched. Her thinness impressed one. It was emphasized by every movement, as her scanty calico gown clung to the slight bones of her frame.

Groping in the interior of the stage, Dawlish fished from under the seat a shiny little black valise. He handed it to the girl and tucked her other hand under his arm. Then he took off his hat and made a sweeping bow to us all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this here lady's my wife, Mrs. Dawlish." The pair walked a few steps up the road, then Dawlish turned and faced us once more. "Likewise this lady's the gran'dahter of our prominent feller-citizen what lives over on the

hill yander, where we intend takin' up our residence. You needn't none er you bother to call. We don't care fer no visits yet awhile." Turning again, Dawlish led the way toward the Hypocrite's cabin, and the girl followed him.

The situation was pretty thoroughly canvassed before the men parted that evening. A little indignation was expressed, and a good deal of amusement. When they finally dropped off, one by one, there was a generally expressed belief that Dawlish could not keep himself long away from the surroundings he loved. Though he seldom gambled, the faro-room, with its rough bar and attendant atmosphere of stale liquor and flies and smoke, was all he knew or cared for. His idea of happiness was to pose as the leader of the company he found there. If he had any notion of Heaven it was probably the same kind of thing, somewhat amplified.

The Palace—Richie's place—was the principal saloon of the town, and here, early on the next afternoon, Dawlish appeared. Dawlish had money now, and began to spend it freely, but still he could not attain the state of leadership to which he aspired. Many of the men held aloof from him. Dawlish said that it was from envy, and as far as his own former friends were concerned he may have been right. To his companions Dawlish made no pretence that his assertions of his wife's relationship to the Hypocrite were true. It would have been useless if he had, for no one would have believed him, but Dawlish had a stronger reason than that for his frankness. Had the story been true, he could not have boasted that his present fortune was the direct result of his own extraordinary cleverness, and his enjoyment of the fortune would, in a large measure, have been lost to him.

In a day or two Dawlish's circle of friends had contracted noticeably. He had still a following, it is true, and would continue to have as long as the money lasted and he was willing to spend it, but the following was small and was not made up of the men in whose eyes he would wish to find favor. As his friends fell away, the sentiment against him grew stronger. A rumor that Dawlish ill-treated his wife alienated many who would merely have laughed at his deception of the Hypocrite. There was a good deal of talk as to what should be done about it, and as usual in such cases, nothing was done.

Indeed, as far as the Hypocrite was concerned, there seemed to be no excuse for outside interference at first.

No harm was done to the old man, as far as we could see, except for the money that Dawlish spent, and that, probably, was given to Dawlish voluntarily. Even Liver owned, rather reluctantly, that the old man had never before appeared so happy. For hours at a time he would wander about the country with his newly found granddaughter. When she was out of his sight he was uneasy and troubled until she returned.

The girl on her part certainly seemed to return this affection in full. In the opinion of the camp, no blame attached itself to the girl. Individual opinion differed only as to whether she was coerced into playing her part, or was herself deceived. Certainly she seemed to return the Hypocrite's affection in full. When she was with him her manner was very different than when her husband accompanied, spoke, or even looked at her. She attended to the old man's wants in a manner to which he must have been a stranger for years.

But the Hypocrite's hoards could not stand for long this drain upon them. It became known that the old man had asked for credit at one of the stores, a thing which he had never done before. Dawlish began to gamble, and lost considerably, and the talk about him became louder and more serious. The men were not at all amused now. Dawlish's conduct, they said, disgraced the camp. A more severe comment on this conduct could hardly have been made. They wanted Liver to warn the old man of his danger.

For some time Liver held back. Though he did not tell me, I knew that he felt keenly the Hypocrite's defection from his former friendship. Finally, however, the many persuasions prevailed, and Liver made the attempt.

Liver said nothing of his intention to me, but I saw him go up to the old man's house, and from the fact that he did not return to get supper, I inferred that his mission had met with some success. Liver returned at last, with a half-apology for having omitted my supper. The extreme importance of

his errand was the ground of the explanation.

"Yer see, some er the boys was dead anxious fer me t' give th' ol' man a steer 'bout what he's runnin' agains', so I did," said he. "Well, 'twarn't no great good. I feared I'd get it in the neck. He ups an' tells me ter min' my own business, an' then he jumps me fer lis'nin' ter them scan'lous stories. Scan'lous he said they was, an' somethin' else, too. Oh, yes! Malicious. Scan'lous an' malicious stories, that's what he said. He tol' me that Dawlish was Mary's—that's the name er the girl—was Mary's husband, an' 'twasn't no man's business but his what Dawlish done. Then he gets kinder sorry fer havin' spoke so rough, an' tells me not ter min' him bein' put out. Says the trouble he's had 'bout this racket has made him cranky. S'pose he means the shake-ups the other boys has been givin' him. Then he daddles along like he always does, tellin' me what a dead fine girl Mary is. Says I mus' come home with him fer supper. I don't wanter go, but th' ol' man says it ain't no square deal if I don't. Says I believed things I hear, an' oughter be willin' t' go 'n' see fer myself. 'Tain't much of er supper, but Mary, say, she's a dead fine girl, fer fair. We was gettin' on all right when in comes Dawlish. He's a little full, prob'ly, an' he growls at the girl an' she kinder goes down into herself, rattled. Then he asks me what I'm doin' there. I couldn't answer before ol' man Reed, he jumps him fer fair. 'This gen'leman's my guest,' says he. 'You'll please remember that this is my house. You ferget yerself.' That's what he said—you ferget yerself. How's that fer th' ol' man?"

"Did you say anything to Dawlish, Liver?" I asked.

"No. I didn't wanter have no fight, not in there, so I says good-night, an' when I come out I get close to Dawlish an' tell him I'll wait fer him outside, down in the arroyo below, where nobody can't hear no shootin' nor nothin'. I wait, but he don't come, so I mosey along down here."

Liver's idea of an argument was so alarming that I made up my mind to keep a closer watch of his movements than I had been in the habit of doing. His evenings were his own, and the use to which he seemed likely to put this leisure would not be conducive to his health or longevity. For some time after my long-delayed supper, Liver made no attempt to go out. At length, after I had come to the conclusion that he intended to stay at home that evening, he gave me the slip and vanished. I knew where to go as I hurried out in search of him. Undoubtedly he was looking for Dawlish, and Dawlish, I was sure, would be in the Palace Saloon.

The Palace was not crowded that night. The pay-day of the mining companies was nearly due, so the men, most of them, were short of money. The bar had but a thin line of men standing before it. One faro-table was running for the accommodation of three or four "pikers" who were languidly laying small sums on the painted cards. A little distance away Dawlish was holding loudly forth to a knot of his friends. "He's flush to-night," somebody informed me as I entered. "The Hypocrite's allowance come to-day, an' Dawlish, he got the check cashed over to the post-office." Certainly Dawlish seemed to be on good terms with himself. He strolled over to the table, placed a bet—rather a heavy one—and lost it. "It's all luck," he said, with a laugh, as he relaid the wager.

Liver was leaning over the table, watching the play as though faro was something of a novelty to him. As Dawlish lost his bet, Liver looked up quickly, then dropped his eyes, and observed, to no one in particular, "When a fool plays like er fool, he's got ter have consid'able fool's luck if he's gonter come out anyways even."

Some of the men laughed. Dawlish glowered, but said nothing at the time; only watched the cards as the dealer drew them from the box. His second wager was successful, and he turned to Liver with a self-satisfied grin, which he afterward distributed impartially around the room.

"That's the kind er luck what I was talkin' about," remarked Liver.

Again the men laughed their approval. Dawlish angrily asked Liver what in something he knew about it; whereupon Liver replied, saying that anyone could tell what to call such a play as Dawlish had made, whether he knew the game or not. Dawlish lost another bet, and Liver chuckled derisively. He offered to deal a game for Dawlish himself, give him odds, and waive all advantage of splits. Dawlish did not

seem inclined to accept this offer at first. Probably he thought that it placed him in rather a ridiculous light. But the loudly expressed sentiment of the company was unanimous, and Dawlish, of all men, could not stand against that. Besides, the odds were all in his favor. At last he gave a reluctant assent.

The men who had been playing hurriedly cashed their chips or pocketed them ; at a signal from Richie the dealer laid down his box and rose, and with a happy little sigh Liver sank into the vacant seat. The men clustered thickly about the table, peering over each other's shoulders in order to get a better view.

Slipping the cards deftly from the deal-box, Liver divided them into two equal parts for a shuffle. The movement spoke of experience ; Dan looked at the dealer, and they both smiled. Liver saw that smile. As he started to run the cards together they fell on the table, half of them faced. He picked them up and awkwardly shuffled them, taking a long time about it. After fumbling with the box he handed it and the shuffled pack to the dealer, who secured the cards in their place and returned them.

Once more Dan grinned knowingly. "I'll take the lookout chair for the kid myself," he said.

Then Liver began to deal. It was wonderful, that deal, but it was most immoral. I felt that I ought to stop it, but I could see no way to go about it without exposing Liver's former avocation, and that I had promised not to do. Liver was very clumsy —rather overdid it, I thought—but no one appeared to notice anything wrong. Once in awhile Dawlish would win a bet. Then Liver would moisten his thumb, laboriously drag a card from the box, and win it all back again. He had perfect control of the cards; his clumsy, long-continued shuffle seemed to have given him just the opportunity he needed. Several times Dawlish hesitated and seemed about to stop, but the men jeered, and he continued playing. Finally he felt in his pocket, but there was no money there. With an oath he flung his last two chips on the ace. The ace lost, and the play was ended.

With a broad smile covering most of his countenance, Liver rose from his seat. "Reckon this 'bout does you," he remarked to Dawlish, affably. "I'll keep this yer boodle fer th' ol' man, so him an' Mary they won't have ter hang up fer their eatin' er starve when you go through him for all he's got. See ?"

At first Dawlish looked puzzled, then he got angry. "That there was a brace game, then," he cried.

"Sure," assented Liver, genially.

The men roared. Dawlish was furiously angry. His chin quivered, and he convulsively opened and closed his fists. Though his lips moved, no audible sound did he utter. He dared not take the offensive against Liver in that place. Such a move would have entailed a risk to which Dawlish was not inclined. Several of his followers gathered about him ; one or two of them were Mexicans. Liver did not like Mexicans.

"So long, Dawlish," said he, stuffing into his trousers pockets the gold coins he had won. "Run along, now, 'ith them Greaser frien's er yours, if they'll have you. You're pretty low down, though, even fer a Greaser, an' no man can't say no more than that."

One of the Mexicans raised his hand and a knife flashed across the room like a gleam of light. Liver staggered back, stumbled, and fell. At the same moment half a dozen shots filled the room with smoke and darkness, for every light went out instantly. I dropped to the floor. Pistol-shots were winking everywhere, it seemed to me, their flashes growing fainter and redder as the smoke increased in thickness. From where Liver lay, his six-shooter sparkled like a fire-fly in a glass.

Hurrying footsteps crunched on the broken malpai of the road outside. No one entered the door—it is not customary to enter doors in Arizona when powder-smoke is coming out of them—but the canvas sides of the saloon were ripped with knives, and the fresh air rushed into the room, dissipating the choking fumes that filled it. The shooting had stopped. Someone struck a match and relighted the great lamp that hung over the faro-tables. The flies that had been disturbed by the noise settled once more, blackening the canvas roof with their countless thousands.

It was really wonderful what a wreck the shooting had made of that room. Everything, apparently, that could be damaged by a bullet had been found by one. As

usual each man had thrown himself flat on the ground and then fired on the assumption that his neighbors were standing. No one was hurt except Liver. He lay on the floor, white and still, his empty pistol still gripped in his hand.

Some of the men gathered around Liver, the rest made a rush for the Mexican, but he had disappeared. We never saw him again. At the time we regretted this considerably, but looking at it from his standpoint, probably it was better as it was.

For some time we could not bring Liver back to consciousness. I began to get frightened about him, though Dan assured me that nothing serious was the matter. "Somebody give him a tunk on the cabeza with the bar'l of a six-shooter, that's all," said he. It struck me at the time that such a "tunk" might be quite serious enough in itself, but doubtless Liver had escaped very fortunately, for the knife, in passing through his clothing, had not even grazed the flesh. It must have turned, and knocked him down by the blow it struck. Finally Liver came to. His first conscious act was to replace his pistol in its holster. Then he tried to stand, and discovered that he had turned his ankle in falling, and that it was badly sprained. We carried him home and put him to bed after that. I cannot say that I was wholly sorry for that sprained ankle—it might serve to keep him quiet for awhile.

Liver was feverish and restless that night; he tossed about in his sleep, muttering, from time to time, disconnected scraps of sentences. I was very tired and, at last, without undressing, I lay down. I must have fallen immediately into an unusually sound sleep, from which I was awakened by cries that seemed to me to have been repeated for hours. Gradually I realized that dawn had just come; that Liver was calling to me, and that someone was knocking wildly at the door. It was Mary, Dawlish's wife, who knocked.

"Come up quick!" she cried, as I opened the door, and but half-awake, stood stupidly gazing at her. "He's killin' him—the old man. Dawlish—my man—is killin' him. He's half-drunk an' wild about some money he lost. Maybe he's killed him already. Oh, do hurry, quick!"

She turned and fled down the road. Evidently she was rousing the town. I hurriedly buckled on my pistol and spurs. Liver was sitting up in bed and pulling his shirt on as I started to leave, and I stopped and ordered him to lie down again, pointing out to him the fact that he could not even bear his foot in a stirrup, much less on the ground.

"Take me onter the veranda an' set me down, then," he pleaded. "I won't move—honest. Not one wiggle. 'Twon't take no time. I'll go up ter the ol' man's cabin if y' don't—I'll crawl the whole way. Take me out onter the porch!"

It was the only way to keep him still, so I wrapped a blanket around him and picked him up. A rifle was leaning against the wall, and as we passed it Liver grasped the barrel and dragged it out behind him as I carried him forth, its butt dragging on the floor.

Richie was standing before my door, holding his horse and mine, both of them saddled. "Knowed you'd hev ter look out fer the kid before you started," he explained. "You'll want yer hoss, so I shoved yer leather on." I had laid Liver down, and thanking Dan, I swung into the saddle.

As I rode away, I glanced at Liver, who was examining the rifle. "It's all right," he sung out, "the magazine's plum full." He waved his hand, and availing myself of the permission he implied, I departed.

Red Hen Hill was separated from the rest of Aparejo by a deep box cañon. The head of this cañon was doubled by the road, so that in order to reach the Hypocrite's house, only about two hundred and fifty yards away in a direct line, one had to travel nearly three miles. Around this trail many horsemen were already galloping. Dan and I followed, finally joining the group of men who sat on their horses about the Hypocrite's door. One of the older men, who knew something of surgery in a rough way, came out of the cabin as we pulled up.

"Yes, the Hypocrite's alive—just alive. I'll do all I kin fer him—you go an' get that Dawlish man. Beat up the country. He ain't got far."

The men scattered like the pieces of a bursting shell. Some of them forced their horses up the steep sides of the hill; some returned to scour the flat land around the

camp. The rest of us went along the road that led by the Hypocrite's door, hoping to gather some information from the scattered settlers who lived along its length.

"That cuss can't be fur off," said Richie, who was riding by my side. "The gal come 'round by the road, an' the first boys that started off must 'a' got here 'bout the time Dawlish finished with the poor ol' galoot. Dawlish must 'a' taken to the hills, or else we'll strike him som'er's along this road we're on. Reckon he did fer the—Lord! What's that?"

"That" was a bullet—a rifle-ball. It sung over our heads, and we could hear it strike with a faint plop of flattening lead somewhere on the rocks made invisible to us by the overhanging cliffs above. The report followed as a feeble pop from across the cañon. Another ball came whining over. I looked across the cañon at the house I had just left. A puff of pearly smoke hung in front of my veranda and dissolved, followed by the shrill note of a third bullet. Evidently Liver was shooting, and it was hardly supposable that he was shooting without having a reason for it. It occurred to me that he might have seen the man we were after, when there was a shout from one of the men who had ridden up the hill from below. A couple of shots followed; then some stones rolled down the steep face of the rock, and Dawlish followed them, landing on his feet in the middle of the road, not twenty yards in front of us.

He glanced up and down the trail. His face was drawn and set with hopeless fear for his forfeited life. I had never before seen such a face; certainly I wished I might never see another. Above and on both sides his path was blocked; his only clear way was the sheer descent into the cañon. It was hardly a chance, but such as it was he took it—from both sides men were riding to take him. Springing across the road, he swung himself over the edge of the cliff. For one moment we could see a hand grasping a point of rock, then it shifted its hold and disappeared, and a chorus of pistol-shots rattled out. One man slid from his horse, and disengaging the lariat from his saddle, extended the loop, and leaning over the cliff, swung the lass-rope for a cast. Two more shots came from my veranda.

Suddenly the firing ceased. The man with the rope stopped his hand in mid-swing, and the loop wound itself around his upraised arm. For an instant there was a dead silence, then I heard a faint splash in the waters of a little stream that ran through the bottom of the cañon.

Dan dismounted, and going to the edge of the cliff, he peered down. Then he climbed to his horse's back, and without a word started at a lope toward the village.

"Do you think he was hit, Dan?" I asked.

"Dunno," he answered, shortly; then, after a pause, he added, "Guess we won't never know now. It was two hundred and thirty foot, clear fall." We went on in silence, and had nearly reached the end of our journey when Dan spoke once more. "That was damn bad shootin'," he said. "There's enough played-out balls stuck around on that mesa-face to salt a young lead-mine." Dan turned off in the direction of his saloon, and I pushed on for home.

Liver had crawled into the house, and as I entered it he was sitting, with a very white face, on the edge of the bed, still nursing the rifle on his knee.

"I seen it all," he called out as I came in. "You can't none of you tell me nothin' about it. I seen him before you did." From this speech I gathered that Liver did not wish to discuss the recent occurrence. His nerves were a little shaken, I think.

I got him to relinquish the rifle and to lie down, and for a long time he said nothing, but kept his face hidden in his folded arms. After awhile he looked up.

"I reckon I must 'a' missed that ther Dawlish," he said, with a regretful sigh.

I told him that nobody would ever know now whether he had or not.

"I reckon I missed him," Liver repeated, sadly. "He dropped jus' as I fired the las' time, an' I saw where the bullet struck that I fired before that." Liver seemed to take it very much to heart. I tried to cheer him, saying that whether he had missed or not, his shooting was really very creditable, at that range and at a moving object. He listened absently, and seemed trying to wrestle with something that was on his mind.

"I—say—how's th' ol' man now?" he asked, finally. At last it was out.

I had not thought to tell him of the Hypocrite's condition, and he had not dared to inquire for fear of the answer that might follow. I made the answer as encouraging as I could, but it did not seem to comfort him any.

"'Twas all my fault!" he cried, his face full of trouble, as he raised himself on his elbow to look at me. "Dawlish done it 'cause I made him mad. I could jus' as well 'a' plunked 'im ter start with instead er workin' that faro layout; only I's afraid it'd queer me 'ith th' ol' man. I'd oughter 'a' done it." Liver's contrition was hardly following the proper lines. I spoke to him rather sharply, and at length managed to get him quiet. He said scarcely a word the rest of the morning. Now and then, as one of the men would drop in and give us some news of the Hypocrite, Liver would ask a question or two, but that was all.

The reports of the Hypocrite's condition were all much the same. He was still alive, but whether he was conscious or not, no one could tell. "He jes' lies thar lookin' at that gal," said Dan, who brought in most of the reports. "She ain't never left him, an' he ain't took his eyes off her, not once. Don't reckon the poor ol' cuss'l last long."

Late in the afternoon a message came. The Hypocrite had rallied somewhat. He was conscious now, and had asked for Liver—wanted to see him. For a time they had put him off, thinking that the wish was merely the wandering of semi-delirium; but he had returned to it with such persistence that it was thought best to humor him. I hardly liked to have Liver go, in his condition; already there had been far too much excitement. I could see no way out of it, however. To keep him would have been much the worse of the two courses, even leaving the Hypocrite entirely out of the question.

A rough litter was soon made, and Liver carefully laid upon it. Four men, with many more to act as relays, carried him up the trail. Then I went down into the village to get rid of myself for awhile. I had had enough of horrors for one day.

It was still light when I returned. Though I had not expected Liver for some time yet, he was lying on the bed as I came in.

"Here," he said, as he saw me, handing to me as he spoke a folded paper, "take it. He said you was to have it. Said you'd know what to do with it. It's settlin' everythin' about Mary—me, too, he says. Says he wants me ter look out fer her—wants me ter go ter school, too. Reckon he was a little daffy then. This paper, here, it tells all about it. Th' ol' man he talked quite awhile; then he give me the paper an' stopped talkin', an' when I looked ter see what was up, he'd—well, he'd gone out, that's all."

Liver's hand was trembling, and he looked at me with an air that was evidently intended to be most indifferent, and except for the twitching corners of his mouth, he really did it very well.

What followed was not at all like Liver. For some time he sat looking at me; then he said, in a voice that he tried to keep steady, "Say, d'yer know, he was an awful good ol' man. Dead square, all through. He was awful white to me."

Liver's mouth twitched more and more. Suddenly throwing himself face downward on the bed he broke down entirely, and cried like a child, as he was.

THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. GEORGE MOORE wrote an article a few months ago in *Cosmopolis*, of which the thesis is put in the first sentences. "It has not been sufficiently, if it has been remarked at all, that Slav and Celtic fiction differ fundamentally from Saxon, and in this respect, that while the former make invariably for primary ideas, the latter is uniformly contented with secondary. But only since the Elizabethans is the Saxon satisfied with the representation of the mere appearance of life." "Shakespeare's tragedies are pure elucidations of moral truths," Mr. Moore says, without fear of contradiction; Hamlet "the case of a man whose dreams are in conflict with circumstances;" Macbeth "the drama of ambition;" Othello "the infuriated male;" Lear "parental altruism;" Romeo and Juliet "the rapture of adolescent love;" and so on. Balzac (to whom the transition from Shakespeare is "the easiest in literature") is similarly employed in dealing with primary ideas. "On the love of parents for their children, of husbands for their wives, of lovers for their mistresses, the joys of life, the vanity of work, the impulse to accomplish, Balzac has spoken as profoundly as Shakespeare." But "if the reader will turn from Balzac to his favorite Saxon novelist, Fielding or Thackeray, he will find there men and women admirably observed in their superficial appearances. But the emotions which move them will be always secondary emotions." "The essential is that the Saxon discovered the materialist novelist in 'Tom Jones,' and liked it so much that he has gone on producing it ever since. Thackeray improved its form, Dickens enriched it with genial caricatures, Eliot paints it over with bleak Protestant positivism; but in essentials it has not changed."

"Saxon" Fiction.

So far his proposition—it would have been unfair to quote it at less length; and in the body of his paper Mr. Moore supports his argument on the one side chiefly with Thackeray, on the other with the most modern warhorse of this and similar contentions—Tolstoi.

Most of us have been so accustomed to think that Colonel Newcome and Clive did very well with the "primary emotion" of parent and child, or that—not to multiply instances—even poor Rawdon Crawley, flinging the jewel at Lord Steyne, was actuated by a motive as primary in kind as Othello's, that Mr. Moore was quite justified in the hope of stirring the materialistic Saxon mind to some sort of dull revolt—always a joy to him and his fellow-picadors of the Saxophobic criticism. But the fundamental misconception involved is too great to enable even Mr. Moore to start a successful controversy with it, or appear brilliantly in its defence.

A high degree of civilization may be a good thing, as most of us believe, or it may not. But it is bound to bring with it, among others, three things: A high degree of restraint upon the manifestation of the "primary emotions," a high degree of complexity in material conditions, and a high degree of confidence in the ability of civilized people to understand the one when conveyed in terms of the other. Now it may be justly pointed out to Mr. Moore that if the proper function of the novel of a race and time is to deal with primary ideas, it is also to deal with primary ideas as they manifest themselves in that race and time; in other words, not only with the men and women having or embodying the primary emotions, but with what they do with them, how they show them—that is, with *life*. If the complication of modern Saxon motives with what Mr. Moore would call material, but what is

really social, civilization, is much more inextricable than that of Celt or Slav, that is something for Mr. Moore to lament, perhaps, but with the primary quality of the motives it has as much to do as the circumstance that a man commits a murder with a complicated modern explosive instead of a stone hatchet. The creations may be as far apart as is thinkable, but is there—to take the first instance that comes to mind—any difference in the primariness of the idea that they embody between Turgenieff's Dimitri Roudine, a tragedy of the modern Hamlet under essentially Slavic conditions, material and psychological, and George Eliot's Lydgate, another variant of the same tragedy, among the conventional complexities of an English village?

Over some of Mr. Moore's assertions the Saxon mind will ponder silently—as, that in Thackeray (and Stevenson) there is nothing "of that secret inquietude which never ceases in the soul of man," or that "from the first few pages of 'Vanity Fair' the reader will gather that it has no moral significance whatever." Readers of these will be likely to wonder, as he himself does about Becky Sharp, what Mr. Moore is really like inside. "My critics," he says, as he begins his peroration, "will therefore either engage in argument showing that great literature can exist independently of ideas, or they will admit that late Saxon fiction must be considered on a lower plane than Celtic and Slav." I venture to predict that on both sides of the alternative thus generously offered, Mr. Moore is doomed to meet with disappointment.

THE unquestionable solemnity of youth which has been so frequently noticed is, of course, in itself interesting; but what, on the whole, is more noteworthy is its contrast or pendant, which has received less attention—the present youthfulness and gayety of age. Youth, for some time, has taken its pleasures sadly, or, at least, seriously; but it is probable that never in the world's history was age—or was age permitted to be—so altogether jolly. It was the lot of the writer last autumn to spend a large amount of time in a representative country club, and more or less unconsciously he has become aware of a rather topsy-turvy state of affairs. Afternoon after afternoon the spreading verandas are covered with the youths and maidens of the day, communing in reserved state, while light-hearted mammas and sporting papas, with various middle-aged bachelors whose spirits are altogether too volatile for the serious-minded debutantes and thoughtful undergraduates, play polo, golf, ride, and spin the wheel. And it is so in many a country club, and in many other places besides, that youth draws back, leaving the active gayety to the elderly. And age is not found lacking, but "steps up," sharply, with a gayety and confidence that is delightful to see. It no longer totters on the edge of the grave, but on a bicycle. If the world is getting old—so very old—and the sun cooling, with humanity this certainly is a time of great rejuvenescence, and the blood that was chilling in old veins is warmed again.

A Third Childhood.

The truth of the matter probably is that youth, with its greater freedoms and greater opportunities, now crowds into its few years a great part of the knowledge of many, and is indeed possessed of the wisdom of the simple patriarch almost before the first suggestion of a beard. This condensing process has consequently left much time to be now taken up by a novel kind of second childhood, or rather an entirely new third childhood, for it is unlike anything before. Youth takes itself with the same seriousness which belonged to age in a time of less knowledge; and one of the greatest proofs of a more complete mastery by the world of the art of living, is the wish and ability to be careless. The one who is learning to dance counts the step, and that is what age has ceased to do; while youth is still whispering "one, two, three" most sedulously to itself. It is not that things do not seem so important, nor is it, as it is sometimes claimed, that age or the age is more sceptical; but, generally, age nowadays has mastered its elementary knowledge earlier, until it has it as an actor an often-played *rôle*, and need not be conning the part all the time. It does not lose its dignity because sometimes, like royalty, it travels incognito; and if it chooses under other titles to seek a freer life, it knows how to do it, and dares do it, and is welcome to, though it creates a very different state of things from any that ever existed before. Seeing the bent brows of sophomores and the solemn eyes of "buds," no one dares to talk longer of the happy, careless days of youth. There is a change. Age "*s'amuse;*" and really, in view of present conditions, there is nothing to be done except to advise youth to hurry up as fast as it can and grow old.

THE London *Spectator* some time ago had an article upon the quarterlies, *à propos* of someone's lament over them as out of date and useless; and after admitting that "the quarterlies, considered as journals, may of a verity be pronounced dead and buried," and that "they have ceased to be periodicals in any controversial sense," because "the world will not wait till April for the answer to a proposition stated in January," it defends their continued existence on other grounds. "They are the best depositories for instructive essays as yet extant, and the world has not lost its value for instructive essays." Then, having cited the phenomenal success of the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, "which is simply a shopful of essays," in proof of this, it says:

The Quarterlies.

"Six shillings is not an outrageous price for ten of the best of them, and the readiness to produce the best is, we should say, increasing. The best-informed and the best-placed men in the world have quite a new readiness to keep the world instructed, if only their names may still be unsmirched by hasty criticism; and Messrs. Longmans or Mr. Murray would, if they liked, and if they selected editors equal to that new function, keep their quarterly volumes supplied with exhaustive papers by kings and cabinet ministers, explorers, and physicists, and historians, men giving new information at first hand in its most condensed yet interesting form."

If anything could be more unfortunate than a defence which calls the contents of the quarterlies "instructive essays"—probably the most fatal name, to the mind of the contemporary reader, that can be applied to any piece of print—it would be the suggestion in this last sentence. The "information at first hand" from kings and cabinet ministers and the rest represents with but little exaggeration the kind of thing that Mr. Knowles set out to get, and has generally been successful in getting, for the *Nineteenth Century;* and his very success has been one cause of the sheer name-hunting into which this idea has been carried in many places. Even in the best conduct of it there is a constant tendency to lose sight of the question whether the new information supplied by the kings and cabinet ministers and explorers is in itself of any earthly consequence; and the fact that there is not, in any case, enough of the product to go round, leads to all the worst devices for making up with seasoning for an absence of flavor.

I for one, among the readers of the quarterlies, should be sorry to see them following into these new ways. They have now, and may have still more if they will confine themselves to its exercise alone, a power of real value and importance. Small as their circulation is, they influence a very intelligent and thoughtful nucleus of opinion by the literature of real criticism which they still contain; criticism that has behind it time to think and ripeness of knowledge, and can develop itself with the necessary fulness, unhurried and unchecked by the inevitable conditions of the magazines. Only journalists and those familiar with the work of publishing-houses know fully, perhaps, how much that is valuable and suggestive even to the practical conduct of things has its source in matter of this sort in the pages of the quarterlies; how many decisions criticism of this kind influences, or how many germs of interesting discussions it plants—decisions and discussions which ultimately reach a hundred times the audience of the quarterlies themselves. It is this opportunity for critical sifting, for the expression of ripe expert opinion, to which the quarterlies ought to hold fast, and let the information of the cabinet ministers and explorers go in search of other channels. We are not likely to be long deprived of it; but we are in serious danger of giving the man who can sift the mass for us no opportunity to do so.

THE FIELD OF ART

OF SIZE IN PAINTING—IMPRESSIONISM AND AFTER—ÆSTHETIC POSSIBILITIES OF THE BALLET.

"IS not a picture, unless painted with a view to monumental decoration, always big enough? This is a disquieting first thought to suggest itself just when the Salons are about to offer to our discouraged eyes so many paintings uselessly covering whole kilometres."

These words from André Michel's "Notes sur l'Art Moderne," recently published, have set the present writer to thinking again on an old object of cogitation with him, that of the importance in painting of the apparently altogether unimportant element of size. The result of his thinking has always been to confirm his belief in the soundness of certain general ideas, and these ideas he is inclined to set forth here for what they may be worth.

Paintings may be divided into two great classes, decorative paintings and easel paintings. Up to comparatively modern times all painting was decorative. Every picture was conceived of as fitted for a special place and for the beautifying of a special object, whether that object was the page of a manuscript, the cover of a chest, or the wall of a cathedral. Fixedness of position was the essential nature of such painting, and all its rules of composition and all its methods were determined by its essentially decorative function. It had hardly any limits of size in either direction. The easel-painting seems to have begun with Giorgione; with him, or about his time, began the conception of a picture as an isolated work of art, complete in itself and having no necessary relation with anything outside its frame. With this conception came an entirely new æsthetic and a new point of view for the painter, but back of all the changes in the direction of naturalism, fuller light and shade, greater depth and greater projection, was the essential change that the painting was now considered removable and portable. Hence the easel-painting was and for long time remained somewhat limited in size. The best pictures of Titian and Giorgione are of small dimensions. Veronese and Tintoretto were essentially decorators, and it is only in decoration that Titian essayed large canvases. Rubens, again, was a decorator in his large work, while his pictures are small. Rembrandt rarely essayed work on a large scale, and his few large canvases are hardly to be classed among his greatest achievements, while the Dutch school in general confined itself almost to miniature.

None of these great masters found it possible to attain the qualities proper to easel-painting, the concentration of effect, justness of value, exactness of notation of light and color, on the scale of mural decoration, and they seldom tried to do so. Later the picture gallery was conceived of, and it has brought with it the gallery picture. The great paintings of the past being now wrested from their natural surroundings and placed in museums, we forgot their original decorative purpose and began to do pictures of a similar size, but with no purpose at all, and no other possible destiny than to be placed in other museums, which must be created for the purpose. Whether such museums be temporary or permanent, whether they call themselves Salons or Luxembourgs, the result is the same. Mere size is sure to attract attention. The finer qualities of easel-painting being impossible on a large scale, while the qualities of decoration are not required in a picture having no fixed destination, it is often easier to paint a large picture than a

small one and it is sure to be seen. So was the *machine du Salon* born, the *tableau à sensation*, the "*peinture inutilement kilométrique.*" It requires of the painter only a certain ability in the painting of the *morceau* and a good deal of energy, and it brings him fame and medals, but it is a bastard art, having no other end than personal ostentation. A true easel-picture may be good and a true decorative painting may be better, but the salon-picture is always bad.

IN this same book of André Michel's there are two chapters, "l'Impressionisme" and "Quelques Manières de Peindre," which are of immediate interest. "Impressionisme" has, just now, a very great vogue among our younger painters, and even the critics, after ridiculing it for a long time, have begun to take it seriously and even to become intolerant partisans of the "new movement" against all art that has been content to remain something else than "impressioniste." Yet with all that has been done and said and written, there remains a general uncertainty as to what impressionism is and as to where it is leading. On these points M. Michel throws a good deal of light.

Impressionism is, according to him, the logical outcome of the naturalistic movement in art which began with the invention of oil-painting, and was given a special direction in the early years of this century by that invasion of all forms of painting by the principles of landscape art upon which Fromentin has so ably commented. The art of the Renaissance was decorative and linear, and its study of nature was almost confined to the perfecting of the knowledge of form. It was executed in fresco or in distemper. With the invention of oil-painting in Flanders and its transportation into Italy, a new kind of study began, and the school of light and of color took the place of the dying school of form. The Venetians, the Flemings, the Dutch, and the great Velasquez, kept up this new study, and after them the English painters of the eighteenth century took it up and kept it alive, and it was from England that the notion of it came back into France to displace the expiring school of David. Landscape became the dominant form of art, and light became more and more the one subject of painting—the one thing to be studied, analyzed, mastered. "A tree is only a penetrable mass in which the rays of light mingle; surfaces are only associated reflections and the reflection of reflections; *Fiat lux* was the one decisive word of the creation."

In this exclusive study of light and "visible atmosphere," all that science could teach of the composition of the spectrum has been utilized; colors have been decomposed and their elements placed side by side to obtain, by optical mixture, a greater intensity of vibration; strange hatchings and spottings have taken the place of the simple, united touch of older work. Outlines have ceased to exist, and even light and shade have been absorbed in color. The result aimed at has been attained, and in the successful canvases of the school light and color sing as they have never been made to sing before. The impressionists have broadened our knowledge of nature and placed a new tool in our hands. What they have done was worth doing and was a logical necessity of the evolution of painting, but it is not a finality. The painter of the future will have a more sensitive eye for color and a finer feeling for light because of their work, but he will not be an impressionist. "After all Nature is not made up only of light and of air. Trees exist and rocks, and the robust and solid forms—the bony anatomy of the earth," and the human figure exists, and drawing, and the decorative line. Impressionism is the extreme result of an exclusive study of one of the elements of painting; it can never be the whole formula of modern art.

In France the reaction is already showing itself. "Tone" has been rediscovered, and sober, dark-colored canvases are being produced. English Preraphaelitism is affecting French art through the medium of its offshoot, Burne-Jones; and refined line, religious sentiment, even the "subject," are no longer taboo to young enthusiasts. Oil-painting itself is in danger of losing its exclusive sway, and the long-despised tempera is being revived. Through all the turmoil of contending schools, Puvis de Chavannes has pursued his steady way, and his art, the lineal descendant of that of the old frescanti, is perhaps more influential to-day than any other. For the present it seems that the investigation of the laws of light has gone as far as it can, and we are on the threshold of an epoch in which we shall try to use what we have learned, and to combine it with what we had almost forgotten. All that is good is good

forever, and what is good in impressionism will remain good, but so will what was good before impressionism was invented.

THE possibilities for the attainment of a very real and solid artistic success in the direction of the ballet are not sufficiently noted in this country. While the ballet is not considered such an indispensable *entrée* here, as abroad, yet our national fondness for comic opera with spectacular choruses offers a demand that has but seldom been supplied with adequate skill. An occasional production has, it is true, exploited a bit of good taste; but, as a rule, American ballets, while expensive enough, are rather gaudy than gorgeous, lacking in unity of idea, and manœuvred without much eye to effect.

The qualities that make genuine artistic success possible in the ballet, make gross error more than probable. Success here demands ability both in the large and in the small. Working closely with his lieutenants, the designer of costumes and the dancing-master, the director of the ballet must give each *coryphée*, or each small group, an individuality, and this must merge smoothly into the whole. The manipulation of a horde of dancers in whom unusual intelligence is rare, and might be dangerous, requires a skill in the movement of large numbers, a quick eye for effective evolutions, exact tactics that will bring the right body to the right place in the right way, and a presence of mind in emergencies that demand of the ballet-director a generalship of limited range, indeed, but of much acuteness and much responsibility.

Aside from his "military" qualities, the artistic demands on the ballet-director are considerable. While the details of costume may be left to the special designer, he must give this subordinate a very definite color-scheme. This feature of costume-designing is a sort of orchestration. It requires a talent, including and passing beyond the ability to concoct a single small combination of colors. It uses human beings for pigments. Its arrangements must be developed at wholesale rates. They must be manœuvred from tableau to tableau in nice juxtapositions that do not overstep the unity of the picture, yet afford it almost limitless variety.

The requirements of ballet-direction have been much broadened in the last few years. New and shifting effects of a brilliance and a range that would astound the earlier half of the century, are now possible and necessary. The immemorial "Black Crook" has witnessed most of this evolution.

Electricity has been of untold convenience to the theatre, both practically and æsthetically. Aside from its uses in adorning the persons of dancers, its decorative effectiveness on the stage and its beautiful possibilities as a general illuminant have worked wonders in the ballet. It forces upon the ballet-director a second palette of color, and makes possible kaleidoscopic effects of peculiar charm.

The ballet-director is to be commended for his quick grasp of the attainments of impressionism. The bituminous splendor of the old "Black Crook" would seem very dusk and primitive, beside the iridescent, the high-keyed color of the modern spectacle.

There is hardly any phase of British art (which, as a rule, does not much appeal to the foreigner) that is so generally satisfactory as the ballets English music-halls produce. They uphold the dignity of the profession of ballet-direction, and prove its claim to consideration as an art. This, too, in spite of the fact that in England they are compelled to import their *premières danseuses*, and to rely for the rank and file upon a native supply whose personal attractions and grace are, to say the least, generally unimpressive.

The tendencies of our civilization, which idolizes personal liberty, would not submit the entire drama to the costume-designer and general artistic overseer, as they do in Japan. For there, not only every costume of every actor, but every pose likewise, must consult the pictorial interests of the play, before it regards the psychological. But we run little risk of excess; the danger lies quite at the other extreme, and in our native drama, and more especially in our ballet, the commercial management should depute the artistic oversight to one man of trained and proved taste. Under him the scene-painter and the costume-designer should work in partnership. Our public needs to be shown how to distinguish between mere lavishness, and subtlety and harmony of design. The theatre is such a popular institution here, that it should be made a potent factor in solving the problem of public art-education, and in gratifying the taste judiciously, as it grows.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE year 1897 will be a dark one in the annals of India. Her western capital is scourged with the bubonic plague—the "Black Death" of the fourteenth century—and the drought which last year parched a vast area of the peninsula, has straitened desperately the food-supply of many millions of natives. The pestilence raging in Bombay is that same "Hand of God," which, radiating from its home in the Euphrates Valley, destroyed probably thirty millions of Asiatics in one terrible year, and penetrated so far west as London, to take off one hundred thousand of that city's population. Its most distinctive symptom is a sudden swelling in the groin; a fearfully larger proportion of cases are fatal. Advices from Bombay are curiously inaccurate, but at the time this was written there had been no mortality comparable to the ravages of the disease in the Middle Ages, the total number of deaths in the city being still under three thousand. The plague seems to be directly dependent on sanitary conditions and standards of nutrition. When in one week the general mortality of the city rose to sixty in each thousand of population, it was found that the better-fed Parsees contributed only about thirty from a thousand, while the still higher standards of living among the foreign colony brought its quota down to eighteen in a thousand. Indeed, the most astonishing feature of both the plague and famine that have overtaken the Hindu, is their ineffectiveness as compared with like disasters in former periods, before the English had introduced some semblance of civilized methods among this vast and helpless people. It is a good thing to think of when we are tempted to sympathize with "Ouida's" arraignment of civilization and all its works. It is just these inartistic results of the British and their occupancy of the Indian Empire that have succeeded in hedging about this epidemic so that it is confined almost entirely to the city of Bombay, and displays a mildness, even there, which scarcely lets it be recognized as the all-destroying pestilence of former centuries. Cleaner houses, more nourishing food, better habits, but, above all, the pure water which the English have brought from unpolluted sources, and their vastly improved systems of sewage and street-cleaning, are to be thanked for this. Still the matter is no bagatelle; the natives are so thoroughly frightened that it is said two hundred thousand have fled from the city, and the slow but deadly sure encroachments of the disease excite the gravest apprehensions in the West.



The resources of civilization are weaker before the approach of famine, and it is in the beginning a far more extensive calamity. India has suffered from short crops before, but never to such a degree as this year. The deadly drought of 1896, usually confined to some one region, came to the whole great peninsula, from the Himalayas south to the ocean, and from Calcutta to Bombay. It is difficult to see how food can be grown to bring any alleviation in 1897. In the one province of Jabalpur, with a population of some two millions, ninety thousand persons have perished of starvation or weakness, if press despatches are to be believed. Of course the English have a thoroughly organized relief system, and the railroads and steamships of this generation render possible very large and quick relays of supplies, but there are great numbers of natives living at a distance

from the transportation lines, and the very hugeness of the demand is taxing severely the work of rescue. Parliament will be asked for a national relief grant—especially necessary in view of the already embarrassed condition of the Indian finances, and a general subscription is now being taken in London to supplement the Government relief. Some well-meaning and energetic Americans, aroused by the reports of their missionaries, were arranging to send a ship-load of corn as a present to the starving Hindus, but the charitable promoters were promptly informed by British authorities that the contribution would be unnecessary. As the mere cost of transporting the corn from New York to Bombay would have been twenty-two and a half cents per bushel, one would think that in any case the method were scarcely a wise one.

FAMINES in India being wholly caused by meteorological conditions, there is the utmost practical importance in the bureau at Simla charged with the duty of making long-period weather forecasts. The task of predicting things meteorological six months in advance, naturally involves far more complex and abstruse observations and reckonings than are known in our American signal-service bureaus, with their daily forecasts, though the results show that occupation to be sufficiently difficult and fortuitous. It would be absolutely impossible to do for America what the Simla office attempts, with considerable success, to do for India. A chart showing the agricultural chances until August next for North America, east of the Mississippi, would be amusing indeed. But in India, as is the case with most tropical countries, the periodic or climatic changes are more emphatic than the irregular and ephemeral fluctuations.



What the Simla weather prophet has to foretell in May is the probable strength and persistency of the summer monsoon, and six months later the effectiveness of the winter monsoon. If either of these storms fails, or stops short of its usual season, trouble is at hand for scores of millions of natives. Not many years ago, practically the only datum used in a vague anticipation of the seasons was the snowfall on the Himalayas. If this were late and heavy, the advance of the summer monsoon was checked, and halting rains were predicted. But it was soon found that the converse was by no means true, and that the original force of the monsoon current, determined by the vast atmospheric movements of a whole hemisphere, were apt to subordinate this local, though important, factor. During the past year or two several meteorologists of the highest standing have been devoting themselves to the task of enlarging the field of data for prophecy. They divide these data into (1) local and (2) general. Under the first head come the Himalaya snowfall, spoken of before, and, more important, the phenomena of temperature and barometric pressure over India and the adjacent seas during the ante-monsoon months. The storm-track is found to depend very closely on a persistent distribution of pressure, and the exhaustive maps of the pressure "anomalies" show the meteorologists the lines or zones favored or avoided by the cyclonic vortices. They compare the storm to molten metal, which runs into a mould of atmosphere, the shape of which can be more or less accurately determined by elaborate observations of temperature and pressure.

But far more important than any local conditions, in a forecasting of the coming rainy season, is the general factor of the character and strength of the monsoon itself. To get advance notices of the half-yearly visitor, the English have extended the area of their observations as far as Seychelles and Mauritius, and by observing the attributes of the southeast trade-wind, they draw conclusions concerning the southwest monsoon, which is a later evolution of the trades. A number of subordinate phenomena add their quota to the "probabilities" of these long-period prophecies, some of them completely understood, others, like the sun-spot feature, almost wholly empirical; and all rather baffling to the lay understanding. Indeed, after every map and datum is on the table of the Simla office, the work of completing the prophecy occupies an entire week. How infinitely valuable such an institution may become is shown by the present famine.

AFRICA, too, is being plagued in this new year. Her cattle are dying in myriads under the attack of the deadly rinderpest. It is difficult to conceive of its wholesale destruction, or to give any idea of the suffering it entails, by saying that it has killed

nine-tenths of the herds in the provinces it has visited. The natives depend on their cattle for food, clothing, and transportation, and the visit of this contagion means simply a destruction of their means of subsistence. The disease has its home in eastern Russia and Tartary; it has broken out periodically ever since the fourth century, and in 1711 destroyed in Europe alone one million five hundred thousand beeves. It is a feverish affection which can be communicated by diseased cattle to their healthy fellows, or carried from one to the other by men, or even proceed through the air for a certain distance. It lasts only four to seven days, but seven out of every ten cases are fatal. Human beings, horses, sheep, and goats are not affected at all, but wild game of many varieties succumb at once, and the plague is threatening to take off the buffalo and antelope that the hunters have left in Africa.

The Rinderpest in Africa.

The outbreak of the rinderpest is said to have begun in Abyssinia, with the importation of diseased cattle to feed the Italian invaders. It moved south slowly at first, then with frightful rapidity; it found no obstacle in the Zambesi River, and now the English are concentrating their efforts in a forlorn attempt to save at least Cape Colony. The most dangerous aid to further infection comes from the plague-stricken cattle skinned by the natives, who will sell the hides in spite of all prohibition and constant watchfulness. With two tribes alone, whose whole wealth consisted of their million cattle, the rinderpest destroyed eight hundred thousand head. The English are fearful that the misery arising from the loss of their cattle will precipitate another black uprising like the Matabele war.

ONE certainly feels for Mr. Ruskin; but there are some solid comforts, promised by the audacious plan to railroad up the Jungfrau, that mitigate the stab at romance. The work has actually begun on an electric road starting at Scheidegg and ending at the very summit of the Jungfrau, 13,670 feet above the level of the sea. To be sure, tracks have been laid before at altitudes equal to this, in both the Old and the New World; but in this Swiss experiment the railroad achieves its 7,000 feet of rise on a line only seven and a half miles long. Five-sixths of this is in tunnels, but frequent stations at the mouths of these holes through the mountain will give magnificent views of the glaciers and surrounding peaks. In fact, the details of the route have been laid out with reference to the æsthetic opportunities at the car-windows as well as to the difficulties of engineering construction. From Scheidegg the road will run to the Eiger glacier; then, by tunnel, directly into the bowels of the Eiger mountain, from which, by a wide curve, it will pass to the Mönch peaks, and then, by a descending grade, to the Jungfrau itself. At the point where it strikes the Jungfrau, the passengers can see both sides of the Alpine chain—here the monster glacier of the Aletsch, there the abyss of the Grindelwald, nearly five thousand feet below. When the car arrives just under the Jungfrau peak, an elevator hoists the passengers through the remaining three hundred feet to the summit itself.



The Zurich capitalist who has obtained the concessions from the Swiss Government promises to have the first section of the road completed by next August, and the whole within five years. Even when the Alpine waters of the Black and White Lütschine have been despoiled of the power to tunnel, run, light, and heat the road, the undertaking will cost a round $2,000,000. The promoters think, however, that with the available supply of tourists at $9 per tourist for the round trip, there will be no doubt as to a profit on the investment. The heating and lighting is no unimportant phase of the venture, with over six miles of tunnels, and a temperature varying from two degrees (centigrade) to ten degrees below zero. But the rapidly changing temperature is an aid in the one problem of ventilating the tunnels, since, with the air at one mouth three or four degrees cooler than the lower terminal, a current should be constantly in motion. The rack-rail system of construction will be used, and the trains will be scheduled to make five miles an hour on grades above fifteen per cent., and only five and a half miles on the less precipitous ascents. How fearfully steep for railway travel these grades are, can be realized by anyone who has seen a double-headed passenger train on one of our moun-

tain roads struggling for dear life to gain a few feet on a grade of 125 feet; the maximum of the Jungfrau route is twenty-five per cent., or 1,320 feet!

When the road is built the invalid and aged can make a quiet trip to the top of the Jungfrau in the course of an afternoon, and the former requisites of Alpine climbing—guides, alpenstocks, ropes, and the rest—will give way to a camera, a soft hat, and a chicken sandwich. If the Alpine Club has the heart to maintain a belief in its *raison d'être*—as a matter of fact its members heartily applaud the scheme—there will be a refuge constantly at hand, should a snow-storm or other accident befall a party of climbers, in the shape of the nearest railroad station. The promoters of the plan have thought of everything in advance; they are ready to assure us that the rapid change from a high to a low barometric pressure will not be dangerous, on the theory that mountain-climbers experience the unpleasant effect of high altitudes chiefly because their exertions have made a great drain on the vital powers. The aëronauts confirm this, as does also the scientist Janssen, who has himself hauled on a sled up to the Mont Blanc observatory with no thought of mountain-sickness when the previous fatigue is in this way avoided.

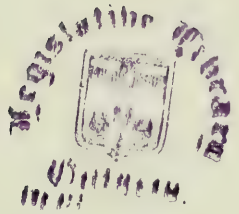
OUR metropolitan population had been finally lured into a sense of security in its elevator experience, in spite of the sense of approaching dissolution which a trip on a "skyscraper's" express is apt to bring—when the city was startled by the unpleasant antics of a lift in one of the most notable of the newer office-buildings. This machine became uncontrollable, and fell one hundred and forty feet, with its load of fourteen passengers, three of whom were badly injured. Of course the high building can only live as an institution when the integrity of its elevators is absolutely unimpeachable, and the very open discussion of the incident and its causes brought out some interesting information concerning the mechanical construction and safety appliances of the long-range lifting machines. Some of the elevators go to a height of three hundred feet from the bottom of the pit, and they run at an average speed of four hundred feet a minute. As over half a million people are hoisted every day in New York, it looks as if the doctrine of averages would give a considerable absolute number of accidents. But these are, indeed, remarkably few, and one writer was well within the truth when he said that more people were killed and injured by falling downstairs than in elevator accidents.

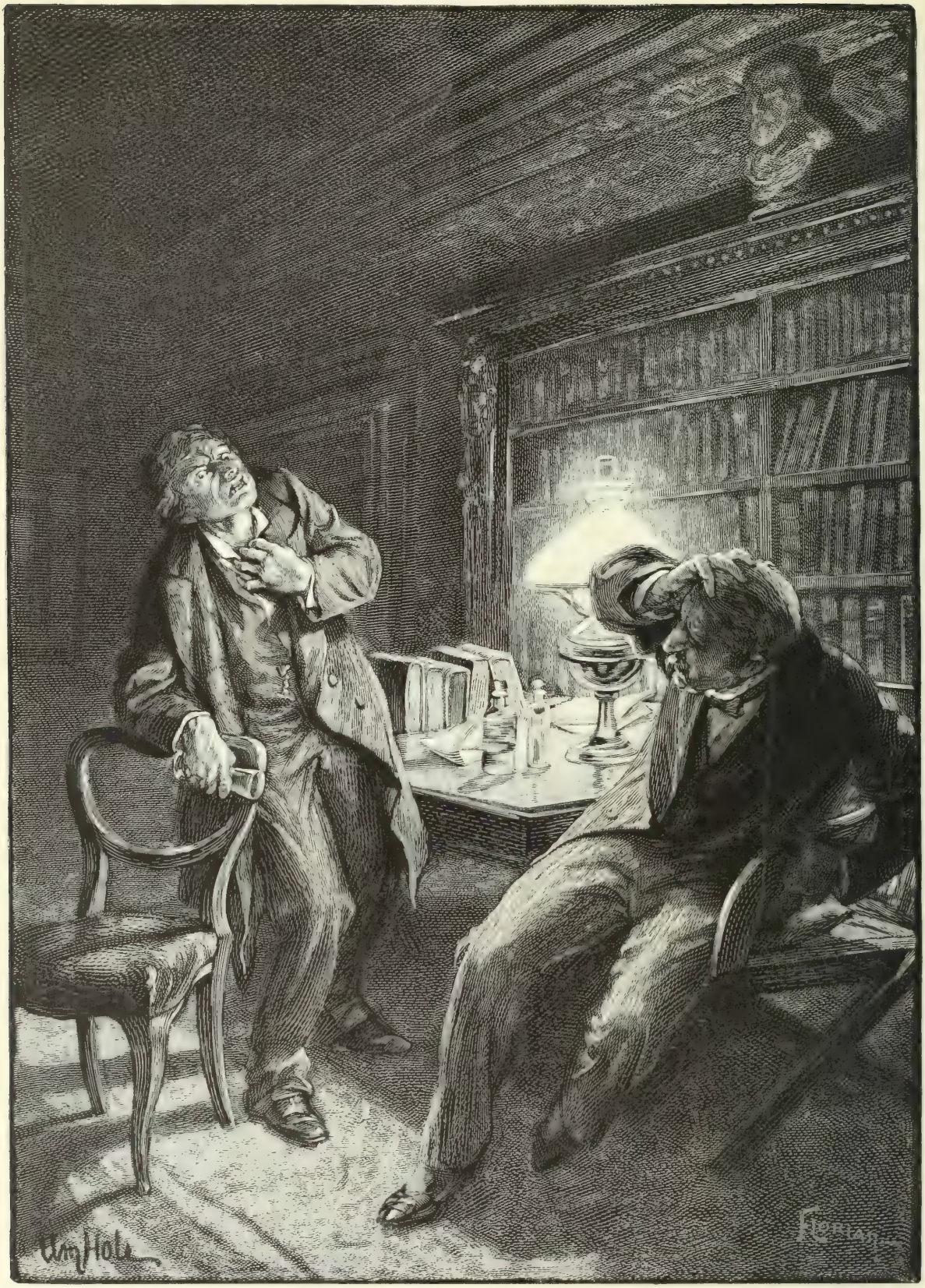
Are our Elevators Safe?

One company of elevator-builders has come, from the perfection of its plant and the good conduct of its machines, to have almost a monopoly of elevator construction in this country, and it was this concern that built the elevator which recently made such a frightful *faux pas* in New York. But it was an experiment with the high-pressure hydraulic system, and it is safe to say that the innovation will not be popular. Such a high-pressure plant made a saving in operating expenses, but the poor elevator-man found that the slightest movement of his lever would send his car shooting up or down with startling precipitation. The troubles of the new system culminated in the ominous incident described.

The margin of safety is naturally extremely generous in elevators, and there are various forms of safety clutches, many of them automatic in their action; but the experience of New York goes to show that none of these can be a full substitute for the air-cushion in the pit. The action of this device in insuring safety is almost magical. When the bottom of the elevator-well is shut within air-tight walls, except at the top, which is left open to receive the cage, and the perpendicular walls are made to slope so as to leave the open top slightly larger than the inclosed bottom, there is a safeguard worth all the springs and rubber buffers and safety clutches put together. In some experiments with such an elevator-well in a famous and altitudinous store the car was taken to the top of the building and allowed to fall with the brake off. An eye-witness of the experiment says:

"It fell to the top of the pit with tremendous force, and struck the cushion of air with a sound as if it had struck soft earth; it seemed to stop suddenly at the top of the pit and then slowly settled down to the bottom. It was clear that the pit was too small at the top; that the slope of the sides was too slight; that if the escape of air had been freer at the impact, the stopping would have been sensibly gradual. The stop was really gradual, as was shown by the fact that a half-dozen eggs in a paper bag (that I had put on the elevator-floor for the trial) survived the fall without injury."





SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—IV.

THE TRANSFORMATION IN DR. LANYON'S OFFICE.—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Chapter IX.*

And as I looked there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

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WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R.A.

By Cosmo Monkhouse

MR. ORCHARDSON holds a very distinct position among modern painters of the British School. He is not only a born artist but he possesses all, or nearly all, the special faculties of a painter. The list of them I shall not here attempt to exhaust, but he certainly has the gift of color in a remarkable degree, and what is even rarer, a power of inward vision which presents to his mind pictures so clear and strong, almost to their details, that he can transfer them to his canvas with little hesitation or trial. This is a faculty denied to many artists —to Mr. Watts, for instance, whose designs have to be worked out by degrees, and with labor; it is possessed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, who informed me that even when he began to draw he saw his design on the paper, and practically "traced" it with his pencil; Mr. Alma-Tadema has, no doubt, a fertile pictorial imagination, but a great deal of thought and tentative effort go to the construction of his pictures, the last aspect of which is often very different from the first. No one could see more distinctly what was present to his eyes than Sir John Millais, but it is doubtful whether he often, or even ever, saw his whole picture clearly before he began. Of artists generally it may be said that their compositions are literally "puttings together," and probably there have not been many at any time whose conceptions were so complete as Mr. Orchardson's—sentiment, color, action, all fused together in one impulse of creation. It is no doubt to this rare faculty that is to be attributed the unity of his designs, and the force and directness of their appeal; for the centre of interest is never doubtful, and the focus of the mind is always identical with that of the eye. There is, perhaps, no living painter whose claims to be considered as a true artist will meet with less opposition than Mr. Orchardson's. As a colorist his light and delicate schemes may not suit all tastes, but few will dispute that he is one of the few men who possess a fine and original gift of color, or that he employs it to produce harmonies which are exquisite and subtle. Nor will it be easy, even for the captious, to find much fault with his draughtsmanship, which is at once careful and free, essentially true, and thoroughly vital, extremely delicate, and yet



Sketch for the Figure of Napoleon in Orchardson's Picture of "Napoleon on Board H.M.S. Bellerophon, July 23, 1815." By permission of the artist.

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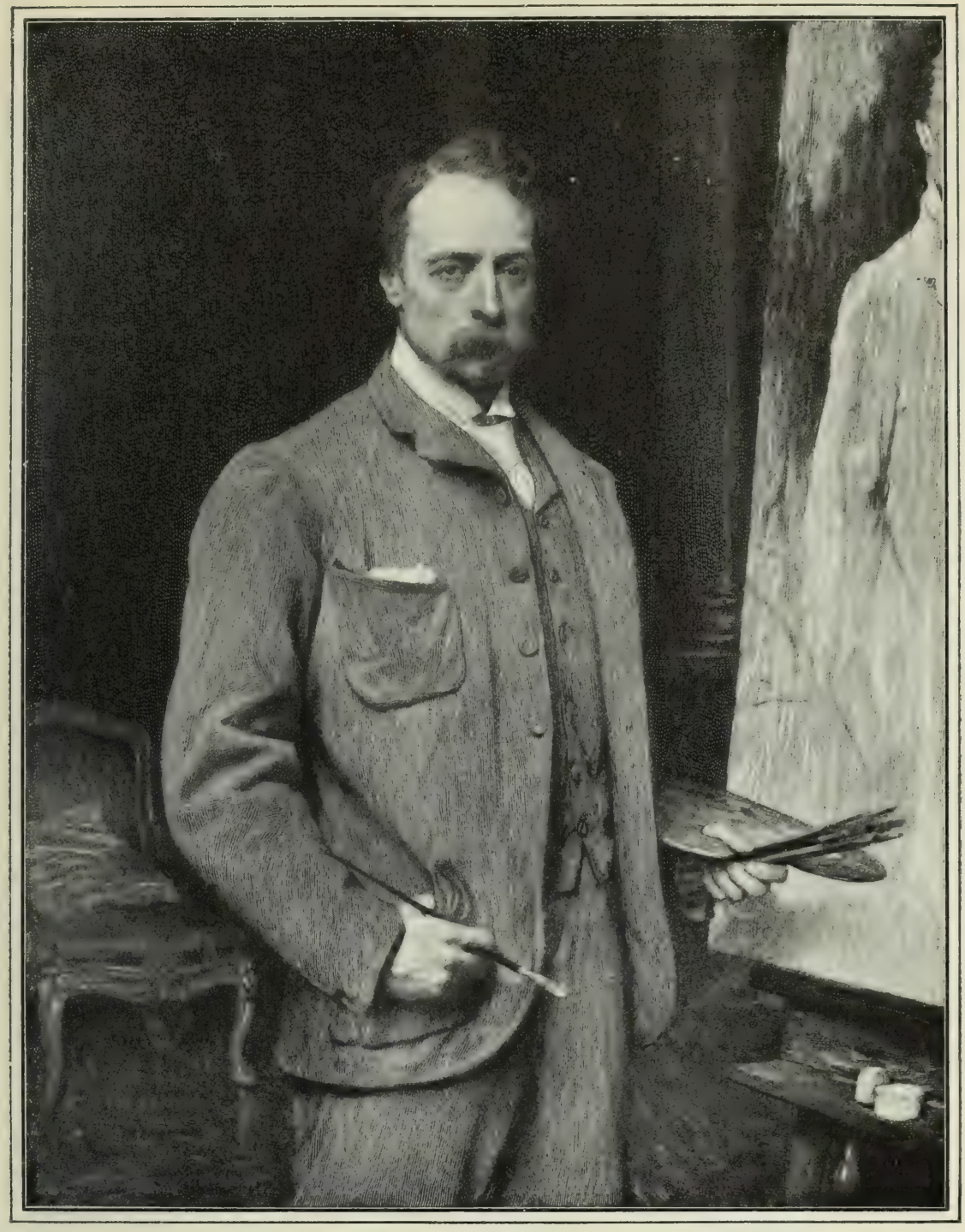


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HILDA, DAUGHTER OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

full of emphasis. His arrangements of form, and balance of light and shade, while anything but conventional, satisfy the sense of symmetry, while their art is so concealed as to appear unforced and even accidental. Technically he may be said to form a link between the older and more modern art, holding out a hand to each, which neither will refuse to take; and it is the same with his subjects and his treatment of them. He has not, indeed, that carelessness of subject which marks the most "advanced" of modern painters, but his choice of it is regulated by a purely artistic instinct. He does not give the cold shoulder to sentiment, or exclude what is termed the "literary idea," but if he tells a story, or touches our feelings, it is always by the eloquence of form and color.

Mr. Orchardson's work is so personal throughout that it is difficult to select its



In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

PORTRAIT OF W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

most distinctive qualities, but high among them must be placed his taste, a quality which is growing somewhat old-fashioned. Although he seeks rather for character than for beauty of type, he has a limit of elegance and refinement which he never oversteps. He is, I think, since Stothard, our best painter of what would once have been called "genteel comedy," but he observes a certain measure in expression and a certain reticence in gesture, which give repose and dignity to his figures, of whatever rank or however employed. This reserve is a sign not of weakness but of strength, suggesting more than could be expressed with greater violence. His dramatic tact is of the finest; he never overcrowds his scenes, and he is a master of gesture or "pantomime." He will make two figures fill a space which would look

empty under another's treatment, an effect due not only to the wonderful (sometimes almost magical) painting of accessories, but also to the large style of the figures themselves, which seem to demand space in which to feel and breathe and think; and he will put more expression into a turn of the wrist than many another into a whole body. Someone once remarked to me of Millais that the very clothes of his figures were alive, and this remark might be extended in the case of Orchardson to his chairs and his tables, his floors and his walls, in which respect, as in others, he reminds one of his great forerunner, Hogarth. With all his elegance he is always manly, and his refinement never degenerates into weakness. If he paints a "Farmer's Daughter" petting her beautiful pigeons, or Madame Récamier as the queen of a brilliant society, you will find both equally healthy, and, in their different ways, equally attractive. If he cannot be vulgar, neither can he be affected; his taste forbids the one, his nature the other. He will paint you affected people certainly, but most unaffectedly, like the magnificent buck who is displaying his fine figure in "Her First Dance." He will give the humors of Poins and Falstaff, but without any stage trick of expression or gait. His *dramatis personæ* are not actors but real men and women. For him art is a selection from Nature, concentrated and emphasized to produce a particular impression, in isolation and completeness, and few artists have such a just sense of the various compromises of which all fine art is composed. Fewer still have such command of all the elements of a picture that their creative faculty can employ all at once to produce a complex design which has the effect of an impromptu.

Orchardson was twenty-seven years old when he came to London, in 1862. He had already won for himself a reputation in Edinburgh as one of the most brilliant of the pupils of Robert Scott Lauder, the master of the Trustees' Academy, who, since his appointment in 1856 (which was also the year when Orchardson entered this Academy), had infused new life and vigor into Scottish painting. Among Orchardson's most intimate associates were the late John Pettie, R.A., and C. E. Johnson, the landscape-painter, and all three of these came up to London about the same time, and after a little while took up their residence together for a few years at 37 Fitzroy Square, a house afterward inhabited by the late Ford Madox Brown. No one of the three was long in making his way, and though Mr. Johnson, unlike his more fortunate comrades, failed to gain the honors of the Academy, he achieved, and still maintains, a considerable reputation as a landscape-painter. The other two may almost be said to have taken the Academy by storm. Their free and painter-like handling, their original and effective color, "made holes," as the phrase has it, in the Academy walls, and compelled attention, soon followed by admiration. Pettie, by the greater robustness of his style, the greater richness of his color, the more powerful chiaroscuro, and the more vigorous animation of his figures, at first attracted most notice. These two friends painted so much in the same way, and their coloration was (in comparison with that of other painters) so similar, that it was impossible to avoid a certain rivalry. They appeared to the public like brothers, of which Orchardson was the weaker. Nor were the public altogether wrong, for Pettie, despite his age (he was some years younger than Orchardson), was the more mature artist of the two. There was an apparently careless sketchiness which gave a thin and flimsy character to Orchardson's work at this time. The lightness and luminous quality of his paint was there, the love of delicate gradations also, and those subtle harmonies of faint tints, which we recognize now as his distinction as a colorist, but he had not yet got sufficient mastery over them to make his light backgrounds recede quite so far as they should, or to unite the more positive local colors of his foreground with the paleness of the grays behind them. But in considering the reasons which made not only the public but the Academy of the day set a higher value on the work of the younger man, we must remember three things. 1. That Pettie had exhibited at the Royal Academy three years before Orchardson began to do so. 2. That his election, as Associate, preceded that of Orchardson by one year only. 3. That neither had long to wait for this important event in an ar-



By permission of Mr. Arthur Sanderson.

SKETCH FOR "THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS."



By permission of the artist.

Sketch for "The Salon of Madame Récamier."

tist's career. It is indeed rather astonishing that Orchardson made his way so quickly as he did, as we were not accustomed to work of this style at all. The conservative portion of the public liked good clear outlines, as if cut by the knife, rich brown shadows, and plenty of them, cheeks like waxwork, with vermilion lips and nostrils, and everything neatly rounded and tangible. The more advanced spirits clove still to the Preraphaelite style of workmanship, with any quantity (the more the better) of elaborate detail, and the brightest of bright colors peppered all over the canvas. Pictures like Orchardson's, in which there was no brown deeper than a light toast, figures in light dresses, scarcely relieved against walls almost as white, or a little whiter, and all things represented by a series of streaks and dabs in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, were daring novelties indeed. But the note of the new colorist was heard, and his grace and dexterity won their way by their own merit, and his pictures were welcomed everywhere—at the Royal Academy, where his charming "Hamlet and Ophelia" made an impression in 1865, at the old British Institution, where he sent "Peggy" (from Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd") in 1864, and at Mr. Wallis's French Gallery in Piccadilly, where his spirited "Challenge" (a Cavalier presenting a note to a Roundhead on the tip of his sword) carried off the prize of £100. The refinement of his humor was again displayed in his pictures of "Christopher Sly" at the French gallery in 1866, and his second subject from Shakespeare, "Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne," at the Royal Academy in 1867, probably assured his election as Associate in the winter of that year. At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878 he was awarded a medal for the "Challenge" and the "Christopher Sly," and his later pictures—"The Queen of the Swords," "The Ante-Chamber" and "Hard Hit."

Another excellent scene from Shakespeare (now belonging to the artist's mother-in-law, Mrs. Moxon) made its appearance in 1868. There we are introduced to a room in the Palace, one side of which is hung with tapestry, the delicate faded colors of which form a delightful relief for the merry figures of Prince Henry and Poins. The latter has just asked Falstaff to leave them alone that he may persuade the Prince to take part in the famous adventure at Gadshill. Sir John's back is turned to us, but it is almost as eloquent as the animated faces of the others. In 1870 the sources of Mr. Orchardson's inspirations were enlarged by a visit to Venice. Hitherto they had been, to a great extent, literary, his most telling pictures being suggested by Shakespeare or Sir Walter Scott. Good as works of art, they were also excellent "illustrations," showing remarkable sympathy with the imagination of the writers, and thorough realization of character. In this matter he again shows a balance of qualities seldom possessed by painters in such just proportions. An illustrator generally sacrifices himself to the author, or the author to himself, producing designs which are either deficient in artistic quality, or fail to assist in realizing the text. But Orchardson always steered between this Scylla and Charybdis.

In Venice he was in a world of pictorial suggestiveness, a treasure-house of both art and nature, which has stimulated painters in the present no less than in the past. It



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"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."—SHELLEY.

is here that were bred and nurtured the mighty powers of Giorgione and Titian; here where Turner's genius found its fullest satisfaction and ultimate home, and in our own days it has become the happy hunting-ground of the genre painter, from Orchardson and Van Haanen to a hundred others. There is scarcely any kind of art that has not at one time or another budded and blossomed there. Although Mr. Orchardson did but little work at Venice, making only a few sketches, his pictures for the next four years showed that it had made a great impression on him.

In 1870, among other works, he exhibited at the Academy: "The Market Girl

from the Lido," and in 1871, "On the Grand Canal, Venice," and "In St. Mark's, Venice." After this he reverted to his old class of subject for two years, which produced "Casus Belli," "The Protector," "Oscar and Brin" (two dogs), and "Cinderella;" but in 1874 came "A Venetian Fruit-Seller," together with two scenes from "Hamlet" and another picture of dogs called "Escaped," now belonging to Mr. Humphrey Roberts, in which we see two blood-hounds stopping with their scent checked by a stream on which the cap of their quarry is sailing. In 1875 appeared two more Venetian subjects, "Too Good to be True" (in which a fruit-seller is offering some of his dainties to two shy children), and "Moonlight on the Lagoons."

In 1876 he sent "Flotsam and Jetsam," "The Bill of Sale," "The Old Soldier," and "A Portrait." The next year he exhibited a picture which marks a new departure and the end of the Venetian wave. This, though suggested by a scene from a novel, may be regarded as the first bold exercise of his personality. In the "Queen of Swords" he "let himself go." The subject was taken from the dance-scene in "The Pirate," where Minna Troil, "whom Halcro had long since entitled 'The Queen of the Swords,' . . . moved amidst the swordsmen with an air which seemed to hold all the drawn blades as the proper accompaniments of her person and the implements of her pleasure." But Scott was only the fire from which the artist lit his own candle.*

It is, in the true sense of the word, a picture—a spectacle created for delight by a pictorial imagination — complete in its organization and self-sufficient. The oblong of the canvas is broken by a waving, broad band of light, of elegant shape, composed of sweeping, sympathetic curves. In this band, and striking diagonally across the picture, stand two ranks of gallant beaux, full of grace, style, and movement, who, with swords crossed above their heads, form an arcade through which the ladies of the dance are passing in single file. One (Minna Troil), the Queen of the Swords, in a maize-colored dress, is just emerging, with much grace and dignity, from the human avenue. Behind are musicians and groups of "sitters (or, rather, "standers") out," watching and talking. The whole is wrought in a light key, and the costumes are arranged to present delicate alternations of warm and cool color.

A picture of the same year, "Jessica," from the "Merchant of Venice," was, I think, his last scene from Shakespeare, and with it ended his career as an Associate. He was elected to the full honors of the Academy in December, 1877. From this time may be said to date his period of full maturity, which was accompanied by a change in the choice of his subjects. Henceforth no more Scott, or Shakespeare, or Venice; instead, scenes of his own imagination from more or less modern society, dramas mostly of the drawing-room, and a few (the most highly wrought and elaborately designed) from the France of the later Louis and Napoleon the Great. Not exactly to be placed in either of these categories, and perhaps the most dramatic of all his works, was the celebrated "Hard Hit" of 1879, now in the possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts. A handsome youth, gayly dressed in Mr. Orchardson's favorite costume of the end of the last century, with natural hair *en queue*, swallow-tail coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches, is leaving the room where he has just been plucked by three hard-faced scoundrels. These "hawks" are eying their "pigeon," as he goes, with half-concealed contempt and cynical politeness. He has overturned a chair in his anger, and the floor is strewn with innumerable cards.† The different characters of the "hawks" are finely distinguished. The oldest scoundrel shuffles the cards and looks at his victim out of the corners of his eyes, one of the others leans back in his chair with impudent nonchalance, and the other stands and stares with brazen indifference. To some modern critics all these dramatic qualities will seem inconsiderable in comparison with others of a more technical kind, but these are there also—tone, illumination, atmosphere, the

* The original picture is in the possession of Mr. James Keiller, but an admirable sketch of it belongs to Mr. Arthur Sanderson, of Glasgow.

† "For this part of the picture Orchardson used fifty packs of cards, throwing them down successively at each corner of the table, so that the actual pattern we see represents two hundred packs."—*The Portfolio*, February, 1895 (Walter Armstrong).



By permission of the artist and Mr. Henry Tate.

HER MOTHER'S VOICE.

painter's touch, personality, and temperament, and all of a sufficiently high order to conciliate, if not to satisfy, the most exacting pedant.

The first important picture of the French series was "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1880. Its remarkable merit was recognized at once, and it was purchased by the Royal Academy as trustees of the Chantrey bequest. The Emperor, in long gray coat and cocked hat, is standing in the right foreground of the picture, his small form firmly planted on his parted feet, as he takes his last long look at France. The figure is the embodiment of energy, imprisoned but indomitable. Behind, at some little distance, stand his personal suite and the officers of the ship, chatting and watching the solitary figure which seems already in exile. The only person unconcerned (and this is a true touch of Nature) is the young Las Cases, who, with his back turned to the rest, looks over the poop-rail on to the quarter-deck. The largest and most elaborate of all Mr. Orchardson's compositions is the scene in the "Salon of Madame Récamier," which he painted on commission from Mr. John Aird. It appeared at the Royal Academy in 1885. The arrangement is a sort of converse of that of the "Napoleon." All lines equally tend to the principal character which is the focus of the composition, but this social Empress is in the background. Nevertheless she dominates the canvas. Her elegant sofa is a throne on which she sits alone, and, although she is the centre of a most brilliant circle, she is isolated (pictorially) almost as completely as the captive on the Bellerophon. The picture is a masterpiece of design, the figures (about thirty) are massed without crowding, and the large light spaces of wall and carpet (treated with the artist's singular dexterity) give a sense of amplitude and freedom, besides aiding greatly in the brilliant illumination. Among the company there is scarcely one that is not well known. Fouché talks to Madame from a respectful distance, and near them are Delille, Cuvier, Metternich. At the other side of the room are Madame de Stäel, Talleyrand, Lucien Bonaparte, Brillat-Savarin, Talma, Bernadotte, and others. Yet, notwithstanding the abundance and variety of fact, there is no sense of difficulty in arranging and controlling it. Each figure is placed on the canvas with as much ease and vitality as if he had been painted from the life. The artist's power of fusing heterogeneous material into one living spectacle has never been shown more triumphantly than in this picture.

Two other French pictures of great elaboration and skill are the "Voltaire" of 1883, and the "Young Duke" of 1889. Both are alike in rendering a convivial scene under the "old Régime," both are rich in accessories of costume and furniture, and bathed in the mellow glow of many candles. Both are splendid with the sheen of napery, the glitter of plate, and the variegated colors of flowers. But all this magnificent display of material is still accessory to the life and animation, the spirit and character of the human actors. In one we see Voltaire nettled beyond description, making his futile complaint to the Duke of Sully of the drubbing he has received at the hands of the Chevalier de Rohan's footmen. Cold comfort he gets from his host and his boon companions. In the other we have what appears to be a grand banquet to celebrate the coming of age of a young nobleman. Very select and aristocratic and dissipated is this assembly of young nobles in wigs and laced coats pledging their host. Here there is no particular history, no complicated passion, no moral intended or suggested, unless, indeed, the picture may be taken to symbolize the reckless self-indulgence of the French aristocracy which preceded the Revolution.

In his pictures of social life of the present day, or of nearly the present day, Mr. Orchardson strikes a note quite as personal, while appealing more directly to the feeling of his generation. He sometimes approaches tragedy, as in the two scenes of "Mariage de Convenance;" sometimes he is pathetic, as in "Her Mother's Voice;" sometimes gently humorous, as in "Her First Dance;" at others, as in the "Farmer's Daughter," or the "Young Housewife," he is content with a charming vision, appealing simply to our sense of beauty, with just sufficient sentiment to set some gentle chord of human sympathy vibrating. He never leaves us alone with



By permission of the Glasgow Gallery.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

a bare transcript of fact. In the least emotional of his pictures, as "The Tender Chord," or "Music when Sweet Voices Die, Vibrates in the Memory" (both in the possession of Mr. Humphrey Roberts), there is scarcely need for any attraction beyond those of exquisite design and perfect painting. In the "Tender Chord" the delicate shimmer of the girl's dress relieved as by magic against the wall, which is of almost the same tone, the marvellous painting of the piano, with its rich wood suggested in color of the finest "quality," are technical triumphs which the artist has never excelled; in the "Music, etc.," while the manipulation is nearly, if not quite, as fine, the motive is even more exclusively pictorial. The lines of the curious harp-shaped piano are reflected in the form and gown of the performer, and all together

complete a shape of beauty which is a picture in itself. The remarkable instruments which have had so much to do with the creation of these charming pictures are both in the possession of the artist. The lightness and elasticity with which Mr. Orchardson touches every subject is one of his most peculiar characteristics, especially on this side of the Channel, where we are apt to be a little heavy and over-anxious, even when engaged upon the slightest themes. His elegance, his daintiness, his *esprit*, have seldom been approached by any English artist, and even when his imagination is engaged on such serious matters as the "Napoleon," or the "Mariage de Convenance" he is never ponderous. At such times he reminds us of Hogarth, though "with a difference."

In the "Mariage de Convenance," as in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," the artist is concerned with an old story, which it is to be feared will go on repeating itself till love and money cease to be. It was Hogarth's business in the first place to lash the follies and vices of his own age. With these Orchardson has no particular concern. He is, in the first place, a painter, not a satirist. But he is not only a painter, but a man of good sense and right feeling, and he has sedulously kept his great gifts to give pleasure of a pure kind, while such moral influence as his pictures have is always on the right side. A recorder rather than a censor, it is the tragedy rather than the turpitude of mercenary alliances that he places before our eyes. He tells the essence of the story in the tersest manner. He cuts his tales "down to the bone." Two scenes of three persons suffice for him, instead of Hogarth's six comparatively crowded stages. In one we see the middle-aged Crœsus and his young wife at opposite ends of a long luxurious dinner-table, which acts as a symbol of the spiritual distance between them. The old butler, who pours out his wine, is nearer to him in person and in sympathy. In the second scene he is in the same room brooding alone before the fire. In both pictures the space is large, the figures few; but there is no "room to let" in the compositions, for the emptiness is full of meaning, and is made pictorially interesting by its masterly treatment. Another admirable scene of the same order is "The First Cloud." Here the husband is younger, and stands choking with anger on the hearth-rug, while the wife is slowly sailing from the room with contemptuous dignity in every line of her lithe and graceful figure. Seldom so much dramatic effect has been achieved by such slight means as in these pictures. They would furnish the germ of a three-volume novel, for such pictures as these breed literature, as a fine story will suggest pictures. So closely does the literary entwine with the pictorial, that any work of imagination in one kind suggests an echo in the other.

When Mr. Orchardson touches a purer pathos, as in "Her Mother's Voice," or "Trouble" (the last of all his completed works), he strikes his note no less surely and simply. Other painters may shoot at higher marks (for he does not attempt the grand or the ideal), but within his own domain of light comedy he is supreme. In this respect, as in others, he has much affinity with Mr. Austin Dobson among poets. They both love the modes of the eighteenth century in England and in France, they both study style and elegance, they both see life through the eyes of the artist. Moreover, each of them chooses with unfailing taste those themes which are specially suitable to their means of expression; and, finally, both, with all their art, are thoroughly human, touching the lighter emotions with incomparable verve and vivacity, and approaching those that are graver with more caution, indeed, but with equal truth and taste.

It remains to say a word about his portraits, which are as fine and characteristic as any of his work. No one has a greater power of transferring to his canvas the very life and character of his sitter, and it is doubtful whether any painter of the present day, so prolific and distinguished in this branch of art, can equal the spirit and refinement of his portraits of gentlewomen. Among these may be mentioned those of Mrs. Keiller, Mrs. Joseph, Mrs. Winchester Clowes, and Mrs. Ralli. Nor is he less successful with his own sex, as is testified by his portraits of Sir Walter Gilbey, Professor Dewar, Sir Andrew Walker, and Sir David Stewart, late Lord Provost of Aberdeen. On his easel at the present moment is an unfinished portrait of a

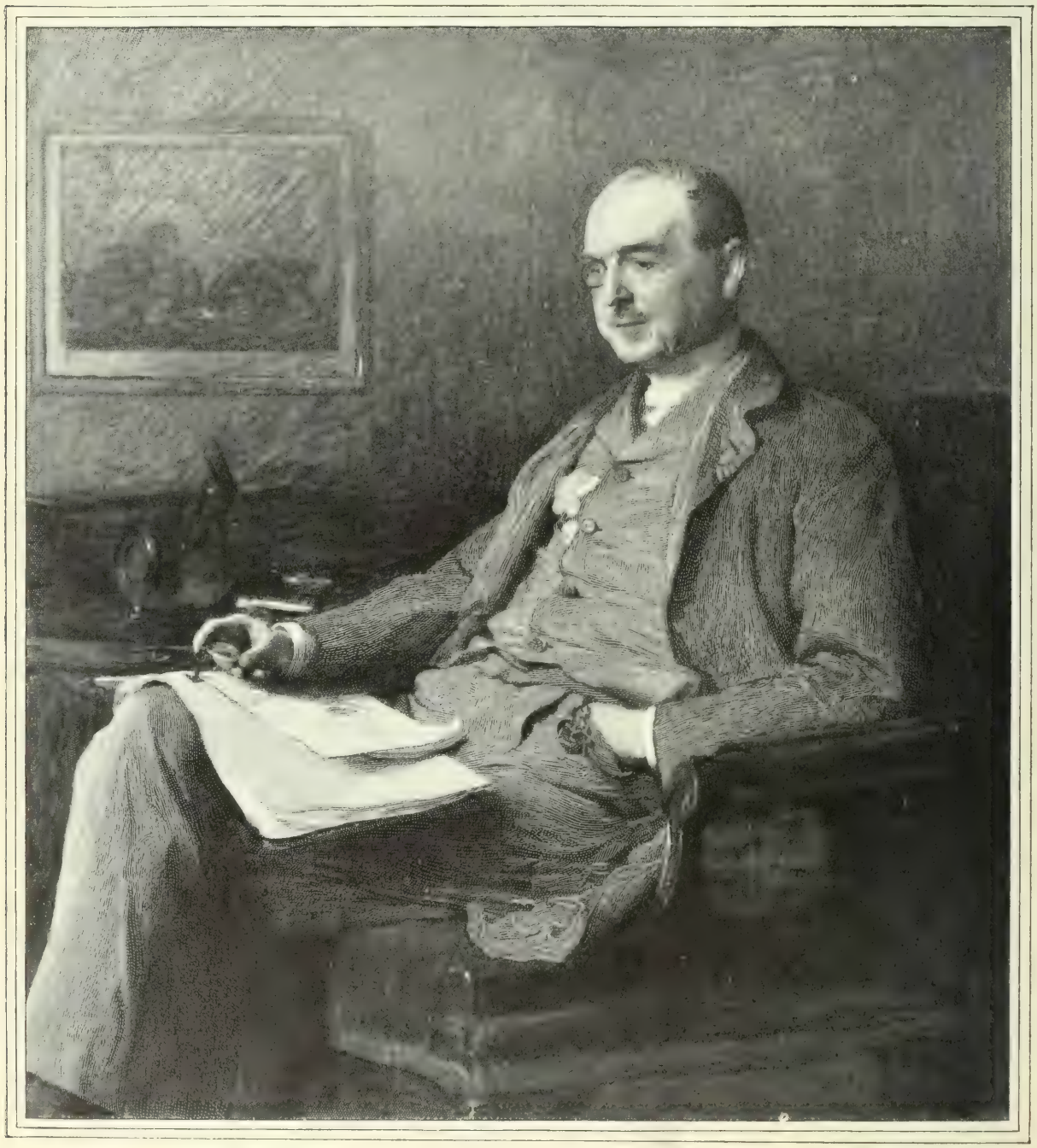


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HER FIRST DANCE.

learned Scotsman, which promises to rank among his very best works of this kind.

Respecting Mr. Orchardson's career, there is little to add. Since his election as a Royal Academician, as before, he has lived a painter's life, and has won a wide reputation at home and abroad. Among the higher honors that have fallen to his share should be mentioned the invitation to paint his portrait for the famous gallery of the Uffizi, and his election as a Member of the Institute of France. All his painting, with the exception of a few sketches at Venice, has been done in England, and save an occasional holiday on the Continent and elsewhere, his life has been spent in his English home and studio. He is one of those who are either hard at work or hard at play, and is as devoted to his family as to his art. He was a keen huntsman before his marriage, and an ardent player at tennis for long after. By his old house at Westgate-on-Sea, where he lived for seventeen years, he built a private tennis-court (the only open one in England); but now



By permission of Sir Walter Gilbey.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

the saddle has given place to the fishing-rod, and tennis to golf. His changes of residence in London have been numerous, but for the last nine years he has lived at No. 13 Portland Place There he has built himself a noble studio of large and fine proportions, specially proportioned to suit several grand pieces of Spanish and Flemish tapestry with which the walls are hung. He has lately taken a country house near Dartford, where he is building a new studio, but he does not intend to give up his London studio, and will retain his London house, at least for the present. That he should ever give it up is the fear of his large circle of friends, who rightly appreciate his society no less than his art.

There is indeed a wonderful likeness between them, for of him it may be said that the style is truly the man; good sense, good taste, good feeling, combined with unusual humor, spirit, and sincerity, are as distinctive of his conversation as of his work.

YO ESPERO

By Robert W. Chambers

I

"GOOD-MORNING!" said the young fellow, lifting his cap.

"Good-morning!" said the girl.

It was the third time they had met; they had never before spoken. The young fellow buttoned his tweed jacket to the throat, glanced over the wooden railing of the foot-bridge, and then looked up at the sky. The sky was pale blue, fleckless and untroubled, save for a shred of filmy vapor suspended in the zenith; that was all, except the gilt incandescent disk of the sun —all, except a speck, high in the scintillating vault, that circled slowly, slowly southward, and vanished in mid-air.

The speck was a buzzard.

The young fellow turned from the glimmering water and looked diffidently at the girl. She bent her gray eyes upon the stream.

"Would you mind telling me whether there are trout in this river?" he asked, moving a step toward her.

She raised her head instantly, smiling.

"Gay Brook was a famous trout-stream —once," she answered.

"Then I suppose there are still a few left in it?" he asked, also smiling.

"But," continued the girl, "that was very, very long ago." She was looking again at the water, pensively.

"How long ago?" he persisted, drawing a little nearer.

"About seventy-five years ago," she replied, without raising her head "Buck Gordon says so. Do you know Buck Gordon? His boys are the telegraph agents at the station above. I don't know the Gordon boys; I have spoken twice with old man Gordon. I do not suppose," she continued, reflectively, "that there has been a trout in Gay Brook for fifty years. Do you know why?"

"No," he said; "but I should be glad to know."

He had drawn a little nearer, and now leaned on the wooden railing of the bridge, his back to the water, his hands in his pockets. A leather rod-case was slung over his shoulders. The Southern sun crisped the edges of his short hair and shorter mustache.

"The reason," said the girl, gazing dreamily into the stream again—"the reason is because they cut off so much timber in the mountain notch yonder that now the freshets come every spring and last for weeks, and the water is nothing but yellow mud. Trout can't live in mud."

After a silence he said: "And so there are no more trout."

She shook her head. The sun burnished her dark hair and tinged the delicate contour of cheek and throat with a warmer

flush. Her white cambric sun-bonnet swung from her wrist by both strings. Presently she put it on and turned toward him, holding the tips of the strings between the forefinger and thumb of her left hand. Her right hand lay indolently along the gray railing of the bridge. It was dimpled and tanned to a creamy tint.

"I have seen you three times here at the bridge," she observed.

"And I have seen you," he said. "I wish I had spoken before."

She tore a tiny splinter from the sun-bleached railing and dropped it into the water.

"I wondered why you came to fish in Gay Brook," she went on. "I might have told you that there are nothing but minnows here. I nearly did tell you."

"I wish I had asked the first time we—I saw you," he said; "it would have saved me no end of disappointment. Why did you not tell me?"

"Because—you didn't ask me. I might have, anyway, if I had not seen that you were from the North."

"You dislike Northern people?"

"I? Oh, no—I don't know any."

"But you say that if——"

"I mean that I do not understand Northern strangers."

The young fellow looked at her curiously.

"Why I thought you also were from the North," he said; "you do not speak with a Southern accent."

"I am from Texas; but I have lived here in North Carolina nearly all of my life. The season that I do not speak with a Southern accent is because my uncle is from the North and I have lived alone with him ever since I can remember."

"Here?"

"Yes. I am very glad you spoke to me. When do you go away to the North again?"

The young fellow touched his short mustache and gave her a sharp glance. His sunburnt cheeks were tinged with a faint color.

"I am very glad, too," he said; "I find it a bit lonely at the hotel."

"The hotel," she repeated; "there are two hundred people there!"

"And I am lonely," he said, simply.

"You can't be—how can you be?" she persisted, raising her gray eyes to his.

"Because," he replied, "I haven't anything in common with any of them."

"I don't understand," she insisted. "It seems to me that if I had the happiness of being with a great many people, I should have all in the world that I long for. I have nobody—except my uncle."

"You have your friends," he said.

"No, nobody except my uncle. I do not count Zeke and the boys."

"Zeke?"

"Zeke Chace."

"Oh," he said. "I've heard of him. He runs the blockade, doesn't he?"

"Does he?" she asked, demurely.

He laughed and rested his head on his wrist, looking into her face. Her face was half hidden in the shadow of her sun-bonnet, so she met his gaze placidly.

"Doesn't Zeke Chace run the blockade?" he repeated.

"What blockade?" she asked. Her gray eyes were very round and innocent.

"Have you never heard of blockade whiskey?" he demanded.

She had to laugh.

"I might have heard something about it," she admitted.

His pleasant, serious face questioned hers, and her lips parted in the merriest laugh again.

"How silly!" she cried; "everybody has heard of blockade whiskey."

"Oh," he said. "I have often asked, but the people around here won't talk about it."

"Perhaps they take you for a revenue office," she ventured, gravely.

"Very probably," he answered.

At this she laughed outright. It occurred to him that she was making fun of him, and he glanced at her again sharply.

"How do you know that I am not a revenue officer?" he asked.

Her laughing eyes met his.

"Can you tell a coon from a 'possum?" she asked, in return.

"I? Of course."

"So can I," she said, trying hard to look serious. After a moment they both laughed outright.

"You have teased me unmercifully," he said; "don't you think you ought to tell me where I can catch a trout or two?"

"Then I will," she answered, impulsively moving a step nearer. "But Zeke won't like it. There are trout in the Buzzard Run."

"The Buzzard Run?"

"It's yonder, behind Mist Mountain. Zeke won't like it," she repeated.

"Why? Does Zeke fish, too?"

"Zeke? H'm! Not exactly. Never mind—I shall tell Zeke about you and nobody will bother you. But you must be a little careful; there are snakes on Mist Mountain."

"Not dangerous snakes—are there?"

"I don't know what kind you are used to," she said; "there are rattlers in the rocks on Mist Mountain."

After a pause he asked her if there were many rattlesnakes there.

"Sometimes one sees two or three, sometimes none at all," she answered. "They give you warning; they run if you let them. It might be better if you kept to the path. There is a path all the way."

"Then I'll stick to it," he said, lightly. "I suppose it's too late to go to-day?" He looked at his watch and raised his eyebrows. "Why, it's twelve o'clock!" he exclaimed.

She refused to believe it and bent her dainty head over his shoulder to see.

"Dear me," she cried. "Uncle will question me!"

They stood looking at each other with new-born awkwardness. She took one short step backward.

"Are you going?" he asked, scarcely conscious of what he said.

"Why, yes—I must."

He leaned over the bridge railing and looked at ripples. After awhile she also bent over, resting her elbows on the railing. A brilliant green tiger-beetle ran across the bleached board, halted, spread its burnished wings and buzzed away across the stream. A small fluffy honey-wasp alighted between her elbows and crept quickly into a hole in the splintering plank.

She repeated: "I must go."

"I should like to see you again," he said.

"Really? Oh, I suppose I shall pass the bridge again before you go."

"How do you know? Suppose I should go to-morrow?"

"You said you were going fishing to-morrow—didn't you?"

"Why, no, I didn't say so," he said, eagerly; "I would rather talk with you."

"Why don't you go fishing?"

"I would rather talk to you," he repeated.

"What shall we talk of—blockade whiskey?"

They laughed. He had moved up beside her once more.

"I want to see you again," she said. "I think you know that I do. I could come to the bridge to-morrow. My uncle has forbidden me to speak to anybody except Zeke and the boys. When I was a child I did not feel very lonely; now I have the greatest longing to know people—girls of my own age. I dare not."

"Have you no girl friends at all?"

"No. I should like to know older women, too. At night, in bed, I often cry and cry—there! I should not tell you such things."

"Tell me," he said, soberly.

But she only smiled faintly and shook her head, saying: "It is lonely at Yo Espero."

He looked into her gray eyes; they troubled him.

"I dare not wait any longer," she said; "good-by, will you come to-morrow?"

"Here? Yes. Shall I come early?"

"Oh, yes."

"At seven?"

"Yes."

He offered her his hand, but she did not take it.

"Wait," she said. "I do not know your name—no, don't tell me now—let me think a little of what I have done. If I come to-morrow, then you may tell me."

He watched her hurry away up the woodland path that led to Yo Espero. When she was gone he stood still, idly tearing dried splinters from the bridge railing.

II

The piazzas of the Diamond Spring Hotel were empty; the guests came trooping through the wide square hall and into the big dining-room to be fed.

Young Edgeworth arrived late and silently took his seat, bowing civilly to his neighbors.

There were fifteen people at his table—including the Reverend Dr. Beezeley, who presided, flanked by his wife, his progeny, and a bottle of Diamond Spring water. Near to the Reverend Orlando Beezeley sat another minister, a little pink gentleman with bulging eyes. His name was Samuel Meeke, and he looked it. But he wasn't.

Now the Reverend Orlando Beezeley and Dr. Samuel Meeke were both of a stripe, differing on one or two obscure questions. One reverend gentleman was a pillar of the "Pure People's League;" the other wore the badge of the "Charity Band." And they squabbled.

For their Leagues, their Bands, and their squabbles, Edgeworth cared nothing. He believed that all people should be allowed to worship God in their own fashion, even by squabbling, if they chose. He was disposed to be pleasant and courteous to the two ministers and their wives and young. It was difficult, however, partly because they were inquisitive, partly on account of the Reverend Orlando's personal habits, which were maddening. He put his fingers into everything, including his mouth; they were always greasy; and this, combined with cuffs that came too far over his knuckles, oppressed Edgeworth. The Reverend Orlando's fingers were obtrusive. When he walked they spread out—perhaps to stem the downward avalanche of cuff. He also twiddled them when he had no other use for them; and Heaven knows he put them to uses for which they were never intended.

All this interfered with Edgeworth's appetite, and he shunned the Reverend Orlando Beezeley when possible. Once, at the table, the minister asked him why he didn't go to the Sunday services which he, Dr. Beezeley, held in the hotel parlors; and when Edgeworth said it was because he didn't want to, the Reverend Orlando sniffed offensively. For a week the atmosphere was surcharged with unpleasantness; but one day Dr. Beezeley asked Edgeworth what he did for a living, and Edgeworth pleasantly told him that it was none of his business. The atmosphere at once cleared up and the Reverend Orlando became irksomely affable. This was because he was afraid of Edgeworth and disliked him.

Therefore, when Edgeworth entered the dining-room and slipped quietly into his chair, Dr. Beezeley said: "Hey! been a fishin'?"

"No," said Edgeworth.

"Where you been, then?" urged Mrs. Beezeley, devoured by curiosity. She had contracted this disease in the little Boston suburb where she lived, and she had inoculated her whole family.

"I have been out," said Edgeworth, pleasantly.

Dr. Samuel Meeke, who had pricked up his ears, relapsed into a dull contemplation of Mrs. Dill again.

But Mrs. Beezeley was not defeated. She turned to the pallid lady beside her, Mrs. Dill, and said, in a thin high voice, "Pass the trout to Mr. Edgeworth; he can't seem to catch any—even off the old foot-bridge."

Edgeworth was intensely annoyed, for it was plain that some of the Beezeley brood had been spying. He looked at Master Ballington Beezeley, who grinned at him impertinently.

His father was busy feeding himself with mashed potato, but he observed his heir's impudence and was not displeased.

"I seen you," cried the youthful Beezeley, writhing with the pressure of untold secrets; "you was mashin' a country girl, Mister Edgeworth; I seen you!"

"Te-he!" tittered Mrs. Dill.

"I *saw* you, would perhaps be more correct," said Edgeworth; "unless perhaps your parents have instructed you to the contrary."

"Ballington!" cried Mrs. Beezeley, turning red, "how dare you use such grammar?"

Edgeworth surveyed the defeat of the Beezeleys without any particular emotion.

Mrs. Dill attempted to save the day, but choked on an olive and was assisted from the room by Dr. Samuel Meeke. Then the Beezeleys made Mrs. Meeke wretched with significant looks and smiles and half-suppressed coughs, until she rose to find out why Mrs. Dill and her husband did not return. Poor little woman! Her bosom friend, Mrs. Beezeley, had long ago quenched for her what little comfort in life she ever knew.

When the Reverend Orlando Beezeley had fed to repletion, he removed the napkin from his chin, cleared his throat, picked

his teeth, and finally took himself off to the piazza.

"I can't stand this tableful much longer," muttered Edgeworth to himself; and he called to the head-waiter, a majestic personage of color and also a Baptist deacon.

"Deacon," said he, "give me a place at another table to-night; can you?"

"Sho'ly, sho'ly, Mistuh Edgewurf," said the majestic one; "might you prefer to be seated at Mis' Weldon's table, Mistuh Edgewurf?"

Edgeworth looked across at Mrs. Weldon and then at her pretty daughter, Claire.

"Go over and ask Mrs. Weldon whether she objects," he said.

Mrs. Weldon did not object and neither did Claire, so Edgeworth walked over and said some polite things which he forgot a minute afterward. So did Mrs. Weldon. I am not sure about Claire.

When Edgeworth went out on the veranda to smoke his pipe, a young fellow in white flannels who was sitting astride the railing said, "Hello, Jim! it's all over the hotel that you're sweet on some country girl."

"Tommy," said Edgeworth, in a low, pleasant voice, "go to the deuce!"

Tommy O'Hara smiled serenely.

"I suppose it's that Beezeley whelp; eh, Jim?"

"I fancy it is. A fellow can't brush his hair but it's reported in Diamond Spring."

"Oh, there's truth in it, then," laughed O'Hara.

"That," observed Edgeworth, "is none of your business;" and they strolled off together, arm in arm, smoking furiously.

"These Beezeleys," said O'Hara, "are blights on the landscape. They ought to be exterminated with Paris green."

"Or drowned in tubs," said Edgeworth.

"Like diseased kittens," added O'Hara.

"Come," said Jim Edgeworth, "what was that yarn you wanted to spin for me this morning?"

"Yarn? 'Tis no yarn, my boy," said O'Hara; "it's the truth and it troubles me. Sit down here on the grass till I tell you. Look at the veranda, Jim; it's like a circus with the band playing."

"The girls' frocks are very pretty; I like lots of color," said Edgeworth.

"There's plenty in Claire Weldon's cheeks," observed O'Hara, gloomily.

"It's natural," said Jim.

"It was before you came. Now she puts more on in your honor; confound it, man, can't you see the lass is forever making eyes at you?—and, Jim, it's death to me!"

Edgeworth stared at him.

"Oh, you're blinder than the white bat of Drumgilt!" said O'Hara; "you've eyes in your head, but there're only there for ornament. Don't you know I am in love with Claire Weldon, now?"

"Why, no," said Edgeworth; "are you really, Tommy?"

"Am I really, Tommy? Faith, I thought even the fish in Gay Brook knew it."

"Well," laughed Edgeworth, "go in and win, old chap!"

"Do you mean it?" said Tommy, gravely.

"Mean it? My dear fellow, why shouldn't I?"

O'Hara beamed on him and grasped his hand. "There!" he cried, "I knew it! I've told her ye didn't care tuppence for any lass, and if she didn't take me she'd be doing herself but ill service."

Edgeworth burst into fits of laughter. "Is that the way you woo a girl, Tom O'Hara?"

"There are ways and ways," said O'Hara, doggedly.

"How about Sir Brian?" asked Jim, checking his mirth.

Sir Brian was Tommy's father. The several thousand miles that separated father and son did not lessen Tommy's uneasiness concerning his father's approval.

"I can't help it," said Tom; "if he disowns me I'll go to work. That I will! and Claire knows it."

"They say," said Edgeworth, "that the O'Hara's always get what they want."

"They do. My grandfather loved a lass who died, so he blew out his brains and caught her in heaven."

"H'm!" coughed Edgeworth.

"Do you know to the contrary?" demanded O'Hara.

"No," said Jim; "I'll have to wait a bit to verify this story. Have you any tobacco? Thanks—my pipe's out. Look at the sky, Tom; it's pretty, isn't it?"

They sprawled on their backs and

kicked up their heels—two bronzed young athletes, as trim a pair as one might see anywhere betwixt the poles of this planet.

"Hark," said Edgeworth, "hear Beezeley and Meeke squabbling over their Maker. Do you suppose He hears them? He is so very far away. Hark how they wrangle over their future blessedness. I should think they would be ashamed to have God hear them."

"Beezeley says he believes in hell but doesn't want to go there," said O'Hara, lazily.

"There's no hell," said Edgeworth. He hadn't lived long enough to know; he was nineteen.

O'Hara raised himself on one elbow and looked at him.

"No hell?" he asked.

"No."

If he had seen the lines in O'Hara's face, the faint marks about the eyes and mouth, he might have answered differently.

The afternoon sunlight lay warm across the level meadow. The locust-trees were in full bloom, deep laden with heavy drooping clusters of white blossoms. Every wandering breeze bore the penetrating sweetness of the locusts and the delicate odor of hemlock and pine. Great scarlet trumpet-flowers swayed in the May wind; from the nearer forest came the scent of dogwood and azalia. Over the greensward butterflies fluttered—little white ones, chasing each other among the dandelions; great swallow-tailed butterflies, yellow and black, flopping around the phlox, or pursuing a capricious course along the river-bank. There were others, too; gay comma-butterflies, delicate violet or blue swallow-tailed butterflies, and now and then a rare shy comrade of theirs, pale sulphur and gray, striped like a zebra, that darted across the flower-beds and flitted away to its dusky haunts among the shrub-oak and holly of the mountain-sides. An oriole, gorgeous in orange and black, uttered a sweet call from the lower branches of an oak. A blue-bird dropped into the longer grass under the bushes. Then a cat-bird began to sing and trill and warble until the whole air rippled with melody.

"'Tis a nightingale, or I'm in Drumgilt!" said O'Hara, sitting up.

"It's a male cat-bird," said Edgeworth, rising; "come on, Tom!"

O'Hara picked himself up from the grass, scraped out his pipe, ran a grass-stem through it, and looked at the sun.

"We have loafed the whole afternoon away," he said.

"I was anxious to kill time," said Edgeworth. He was thinking of the girl at the bridge.

"Kill time! Kill time!" said O'Hara, impatiently, "why, man, 'tis time that kills us! I'm going to find Miss Weldon, and I'd be obliged to ye to stay away."

"Bosh!" said Edgeworth, "you're worth twenty like me."

"That I am!" said Tom; "but I'll be saying good-night, lad! And for the love of me, stay away from Claire Weldon. You don't want my curse?"

"Oh, no," laughed Edgeworth; "but I'm going to dine at their table. I asked the Deacon to fix it. I can't stand the holy alliance any longer."

"All right," said O'Hara; "when a girl has to see a man eat three times a day, she loses her illusions concerning him."

"What's that?" demanded Edgeworth.

But O'Hara swung off across the clover, whistling "Terry Bowen" and buttoning his cricket jacket with an irritating air of self-satisfaction.

"The mischief take Tom and his girls!" said Edgeworth to himself; but he looked after Tom and smiled, for he thought the world revolved about O'Hara. Still, he began to be lonely again, now that O'Hara had gone.

"Why the deuce can't he spend a half-hour now and then with me?" he muttered to himself; "what can he find to talk about all day to one girl?"

III

That night after dinner he found himself joining the procession upon the veranda, walking with a pretty girl whom he did not remember meeting, but from whose conversation he knew he must have danced attendance on somewhere or other.

In the half light of the mellow Japanese lanterns he caught glimpses of familiar faces in the throng. Dr. Beezeley, unctious and sticky-fingered; the faded Mrs. Dill with Dr. Samuel Meeke; poor little Mrs. Meeke, anxiously smiling when she caught the protruding eyes of her husband; Mrs. Weldon,

gracious and serene, walking with some tall, heavy-whiskered Southerner; Tommy O'Hara conducting Miss Claire Weldon with something of the determination that one notices in troopers who convoy treasure-trains. In and out of the lights they passed him, vague impressions of filmy draperies and lantern-lit faces, with now and then a shadowy gesture or a sparkle of eyes in the twilight. Beyond, the dark foliage of sycamore and maple loomed, motionless, with never a wind to stir the tender leaves, but the locust-trees, where the grape-like bunches of white blossoms hung, were all hazy with the quivering wings of dusk-moths. Slender sphinx-moths darted and turned and hovered over the phlox, gray wraiths of dead humming-birds, poised above phantom flowers. Below the fountain spray, drifting fine as a veil of mist across the shadowy blossoms of white iris, a hidden tree-frog quavered a sweet treble, and on every twig-tip gauzy-winged creatures scraped resonant accompaniment.

"Of what are you thinking, Mr. Edgeworth?" asked the girl beside him.

He started slightly; he had quite forgotten her. He was thinking of the girl at the bridge and the tryst next morning, but he said: "I was listening to the tree-frog. It means rain to-morrow."

"I am very sorry," said the girl. "I was going to Painted Mountain on horseback. Shall we sit here a moment?" She shook out her skirts and seated herself, and he found a place on the veranda railing beside her.

"Painted Mountain?" he asked; "that is beyond Yo Espero, isn't it?"

"Yo Espero is on the southern slope. I heard such an interesting story about Yo Espero to-day; shall I tell you?"

He looked at her sharply, then nodded, saying: "Tell me first what Yo Espero means. It's Spanish, isn't it?"

"I don't know, I suppose so. The village—there's only one house, you know—was named Yo Espero by the only inhabitant. They say he took the name from the label on the lid of an old cigar-box that he found among the rocks."

"Very unromantic and intensely American," said Edgeworth, laughing.

"Ah, but wait; there's more to come. The man who lives at Yo Espero has a niece, a beauty they say, and would you believe it, the man, her uncle, named her also Yo Espero!"

"Oh," said Edgeworth, musingly.

"Poor girl, named from a cigar brand! It is wicked, don't you think so, Mr. Edgeworth?"

"Yo Espero," he repeated, softly. "I don't know—Yo Espero."

"Her uncle calls her Io for short when he does not call her Yo Espero. He must be a brute. They say he knows things about the blockade too."

Edgeworth became interested.

"I have never seen the girl," she continued, "but Mrs. Weldon has, and she says the girl is simply a raving beauty. Dr. Beezeley tried to call on the uncle, but was shown the door without ceremony. They say the man is well educated and from the North, but he won't allow anybody to enter his house or speak to his niece."

"Do you know his name?" asked Edgeworth.

"Mrs. Beezeley says it is Clyde. He is some broken-down Northern man of good family who has sunk low enough to mix himself up with the blockade. People say the revenue officers are after him and will get him, sooner or later. I wonder what the girl will do then?"

"I wonder," repeated Edgeworth, under his breath. "Hello! here's Tommy O'Hara, the pride of Drumgilt!"

"And the Pride has had a fall," said O'Hara, sentimentally. "Did—did you notice if Miss Weldon was passing this way, Jim? Ah, did you see her pass, Miss Marwood? With Colonel Scarborough? Oh, the mischief!"

"Come," laughed Miss Marwood, "we'll go and find them. Mr. Edgeworth doesn't care—he likes solitude——"

Edgeworth attempted to protest, but was bidden to go with them or stay, as he pleased. And he stayed—to smoke and muse and ponder on the long, dim porch, while the dew dripped from the perfumed vines, and the great stars spangled the sky, and the million voices of the night sang of summers past and summers to come. And the burden of the song was always the same—Yo Espero, Yo Espero.

At seven o'clock next morning Edgeworth stood on the little foot-bridge leaning both elbows upon the wooden railing. Between his elbows was a fresh white cut

in the weather-stained plank, from which a shaving of wood had recently been planed, and on this white space was printed, in pencil :

" I shall not see you again."

He never doubted that the message was for him. He leaned idly upon the rail, reading and re-reading it. A fine warm rain, scarcely more than a mist, was falling through the calm air. The tiny globules powdered his cap and coat, shining like frost dust.

Presently he fumbled in his pocket, found a jack-knife, opened it, and deliberately shaved the writing from the plank. Then in his turn he wrote :

"If you will not see me I shall go tomorrow."

"Let the Beezeley whelp read that and make the most of it," he muttered, turning away with an unaccustomed feeling of wistfulness.

What he longed for he did not know ; perhaps for a little of O'Hara's society, so he lighted his pipe and started toward the hotel, his hands deep in his pockets, his tanned cheeks glistening with the fine rain.

After a few moments it occurred to him that he had put it rather strongly ; in fact it was an unwarranted and idiotic thing to write. Why in the world should he leave Diamond Spring because a girl, whom he had met three times and spoken to once, refused to meet him again? He hesitated, mused a little, and finally resumed his course. Let it stay as it was ; it mattered nothing to him anyway. He would leave the hotel ; he would leave the State, too, for that matter ; for he was sick and weary of the Carolinas, and of the big hotels filled with invalids who sat in hot baths and drank nasty bottles full of " waters." Would O'Hara go with him? He thought of Claire Weldon and frowned.

" She's spoiled O'Hara, that's what she's done ! " he thought, bitterly.

When he came in sight of the hotel he saw Dr. Beezeley pottering about the croquet-ground. When the reverend gentleman walked, his flat feet scraped the gravel and lapped over each other in front, like the toes of a Shanghai rooster.

" Hey," said Dr. Beezeley, " been a-walkin' ? "

Edgeworth nodded.

" Want to play croquet? " asked Beezeley, looking at him over his glasses ; " it ain't goin' to rain much more."

Edgeworth said he never played croquet.

Beezeley straightened a wicket, hammered a painted stake, and sniffed.

His face, with the bunchy chop-whiskers cut a little close, reminded Edgeworth of the countenance of some big rabbit. The reverend gentleman also had other peculiarities of the species, such as a perpetual appetite and a prehensile lip.

O'Hara hailed Edgeworth from the tennis-courts and he went over, puffing his pipe moodily. But when he found that Tommy intended to invite two girls to make up doubles, Edgeworth flatly refused to play.

" Confound it, Tommy," he said, " you are good enough company for me and I ought to be for you. What's the use of lugging in strangers every minute? "

" Ladies are never strangers," said Tom, airily. " One of them is Miss Weldon."

" That's all right," said Edgeworth, savagely, " but she can't play tennis. Is it a kindergarten you're setting up, Tom O'Hara? "

" Listen to the lad," said O'Hara. " Why, man, I'll go with you where you like, and I'll do what you like—only," he added, " I have an appointment to ride at ten with Miss Weldon."

" Ride then," said Edgeworth, with a scowl, and turned on his heel, leaving O'Hara a sadly puzzled man.

" What the mischief is the matter with me, anyhow? " muttered Edgeworth, striding wrathfully away across the meadow. " Why can't I let Tommy alone with his girl? I'm making a nuisance of myself, I fancy."

The restlessness which possessed him he did not even attempt to analyze. That it was caused by something or somebody outside of himself he was convinced.

" These people here," he thought, " are empty-headed, fashionable dolls — when they're not sanctimonious and vulgar. I'll be hanged if I'm going to spend the time talking platitudes to girls in golf-gowns."

Of course it was their fault that he felt irritable and bored. He thought of his book, " The Origin of the Cherokee Indian," but the prospect of shutting himself in

his room to drive a pen over reams of foolscap, had small attraction for him. The rain had ceased, the heavy perfumed air, vague with vapor, oppressed him, and he looked up at the mountains half veiled in mist. But climbing was out of the question—he didn't know exactly why—but it was clearly out of the question. He would not go fishing either; neither would he read. What was there left to do? Nothing—except to go back to the foot-bridge.

So when at last, by the highways and byways of cogitation, he had completed the circle, and had arrived at the point from which he started, he found that his legs had secured the precedence of his brain, for already they were landing him at the foot-bridge.

He was really a little surprised when he found himself there. He stepped to the railing to find his inscription. Somebody had shaved it off with a knife, and in its place was written:

"Good-by."

It was then that Jim Edgeworth experienced a most amazing, not to say painful sensation. It started in the region of the heart, and, before he was aware, it began to affect his throat.

"Good-by."

He looked stupidly at the word, repeating it aloud once or twice. Presently he pulled out his knife and hacked away the writing with a misty idea that it might bother him less when it was obliterated. On the contrary it bothered him more than ever. A desire possessed him to go away; but when he pictured himself in a train rushing northward, the prospect was not as alluring as he felt it should be. Perhaps it was because he knew O'Hara would not go with him.

"The devil take Tom O'Hara!" he blurted out.

The effect of this outburst did not soothe him; it did, however, frighten a small hedge-sparrow nearly to death.

He looked up at the sun-warped signpost on the end of the bridge. It bore the following valuable information:



Hog Mountain..... 6 miles.
Buzzard Run..... 10 "



Red Rock..... 1 mile.
Yo Espero..... 3 miles.

"Yo Espero!" he repeated aloud.

There was a step on the creaking planks behind him—a light step—but he heard it.

They faced each other for a moment in silence. The sun shone out of the mist above and tinged the edges of his hair with a mellow radiance.

"Come," she said, "we can't stay here!"

"Where—then?"

Their eyes met. Her lips were slightly parted; perhaps she had walked fast, for her breast rose and fell irregularly. In that silent exchange of glances each read for one brief second a line in the book of fate; each read—but whether they understood or not God knows, for they smiled at each other and turned away, side by side, into the forest.

IV

"Yo Espero, Yo Espero!"

Asleep, awake, the words haunted him, night and day they rang in his ears; "Yo Espero, Yo Espero." The brooks sang it; in the hot mid-day the cadence of the meadow creatures took it up; the orioles repeated it across the fields, the thrushes hymn was for her alone—"Yo Espero, Yo Espero."

Days dawned and vanished, brief as the flash of a firefly wing—for him. The locust-trees powdered the greensward with white blossoms; the laurel, dainty and conventional, spread its flowered cambric out to dry, and the dogwood leaves drifted through the forest like snow-flakes.

O'Hara, the triumphant affianced of Claire, provoked the wrath of all unaffianced gods and men. He simply mooned. Guests arrived and guests left the Diamond Spring Hotel, but the Beezeley's stayed on forever. There were captains and colonels and generals from the South; the names of Fairfax and Marmaduke and Carter and Stuart were heard in corridor and card-room. There were Rittenhouses and Appletons and Van Burens, too, and the flat bleat of Philadelphia echoed the colorless jargon of Boston and the semi-civilized accent of New York.

It was the middle of May. The catbirds had ceased their music and now haunted the garden, mewing from every thicket. A blue-jay, ominous prophet of

distant autumn, screamed viciously at the great belted kingfishers, but wisely avoided these dagger-billed birds, and also the occasional cock-of-the-woods that flew into the oak grove and tapped all day on the loose bark.

Edgeworth loved all these creatures. A few weeks previous he hadn't cared twopence for them. But now it was different; he felt at home with all the world; he smiled knowingly at the thrushes, he nodded gayly to the great blue heron, and laughed when that dignified but snobbish biped cut him dead. Flowers, too, he was on good terms with; he haunted the woods, now all ablaze with azalias, he sat among blue and violet larkspurs and felt that he was among friends. The little wood-violets peeped up at him fearlessly; they knew he would never pick them; the big orange lady-slippers arranged themselves neatly two by two as he passed, but he laughingly disregarded their offers. True, the girl at his side—for he never rambled alone—was worthy of such self-sacrifice on the part of any lady-slipper, orange or maroon.

The girl at his side was Yo Espero.

"Io," he said, as they lay in the forest on the heights above Diamond Spring, "can you realize it all? I scarcely can. Was it yesterday, was it last week—was it years ago that I said good-morning to you there on our bridge?"

"Jim, I don't know."

Her hair had fallen down and she flung it like a glistening veil from her face. She lay full length across the soft pine-needles, her scarlet lips parted, tearing bits of flame-colored azalia blossoms from a cluster at her belt.

"See the lizards," said Edgeworth, sitting up beside her, "see them race over the dry leaves! There! They've run up a tree! Look, Io."

"I see," she said. But she was looking up at him.

He bent over her and kissed her, both hands clasped in hers.

"You didn't look at all," he said.

"Didn't I?" whispered Yo Espero.

It was true that she had not looked. When her eyes were not fastened upon his face they were closed.

So he sat smiling down at her, with her slim fingers twisted in his; and that shadow of wistfulness that ever hovers close to happiness fell over his eyes. And he said: "Do you ever regret—anything—Io?"

She smiled faintly.

"No—nothing, dear."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Then you are happy?"

"Yes."

What had she to regret? She loved him. To him she came, sick at heart for the companionship which she had never known. He had delivered her from her loneliness. First she listened to him with the fierce happiness of the lonely; then she idolized him; then she loved him. Love was all she had to give; and she gave it, even before he asked—gave it without thought or regret.

"Do you know," he said, "that you have the prettiest hands in the world?"

"Have I?"

"Don't you know it?"

She raised one hand indolently and placed the fingers across his lips.

"What do I care?" she said.

"But I care," he whispered; "to think that you—all, all of you, with your beautiful eyes and your neck and your lips and these two little hands, are mine—all mine!"

"And that brown hair above me—is mine—isn't it?" murmured the girl; "I never asked you before, but don't—don't I own some of you, too? I have given you all of myself."

It was little to ask; the question was a new one though, and he suddenly began to wonder how much of him she did own. He looked at her curiously as she lay there, her innocent face upturned, her young figure flung across the pine-needle matting of the forest. Her eyes told him she loved him; every line and curve of her sweet body solemnized the vow.

"Io," he said, "all of me that is worth owning you own."

"This hand?" she asked, locking her fingers in his.

"Both," he said.

"Everything? All—all?"

"All, Yo Espero."

"You never said so—before."

"I say it now; all! all! all!"

. . . . . .

"We will go to Silver Mine Creek," said Yo Espero, "and we will fish there for a

little fish. There are bass in the French Broad, and you shall catch them from the rifts below Deepwater Bridge. We will gallop on horseback to Painted Sands, and we will go to Bubbling Spring. All this will take time, you know; but you are never going away, are you? Hush! I could not live until sunrise. Then, in the fall, we will go across to the little Hurricane, where there are deer. You shall shoot a great wild-turkey, also! Dear me! What can a man ask for more? And then there are teal and mallard on the French Broad before the ice has bridged the Little Red Horse. You will love the South."

"Yes, dear," he answered, soberly—but his eyes were turned to the North.

"I know lots of springs in the forest," she said, watching his face.

"And blockade stills?" he smiled.

She laughed outright and sat up, gathering her heavy hair into a twist.

"There is one within a few steps of where we sit; you could never find it," she said, tauntingly.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, "whose?"

"Zeke's," said the girl, "I could go to it in two minutes. Hark! was that a gunshot from the valley?"

"I think it was," he said; "it came from that way," and he pointed to the west.

"From Painted Mountain! Did it sound like a rifle, Jim?"

Her eyes were bright. Two red spots glowed on either cheek.

"I don't know, dear, why?"

As he spoke he rose and stepped back two paces. And as he took the second step there came a whirr, a girl's scream, and a rattlesnake struck him twice above the ankle.

For one second the forest swam before his eyes; then a cold sweat started from the roots of his hair, and he bent and picked up a stick, shaking in every limb. It was over in a moment; the snake lay dead, shuddering and twisting among the rocks, but it was Yo Espero who had crushed it, and now she turned to him a face as bloodless as his own.

"Wait!" she panted, "there's whiskey at Zeke's!" and she sprang across the mountain-side and vanished among the thickets.

He bent over and tore down his stocking; then his head whirled and he sank trembling upon the ground.

As he lay there great throbs of pain swept through him in waves, succeeded by momentary numbness; and through the mist of faintness, and the delirium of pain he heard the dead snake thumping among the leaves. Then all was one great thrill of agony; but, as his senses reeled again, a touch fell upon his arm and he heard her voice:

"Drink—quickly—all—all you can!"

And he did, blindly, guided by her arm. She held the demijohn until his head fell back.

The girl knelt, ripped her own sleeve from wrist to shoulder and stared at her round white arm. Two blue marks, close together, capped the summit of a terrible swelling, and she cried out once for help. Then with all the strength that remained she dragged the demijohn to her mouth and stretched out on the ground, the crystal clear liquor running between her teeth. She tried hard to swallow. Once she murmured: "I knew there was not enough for both—I guess there isn't much left; I guess—it's—too late——"

After a minute or two she wandered in her delirium, but still she swallowed desperately until the demijohn rolled away from her nerveless grasp and she seemed to lose consciousness. With the last spark of understanding left in her numbed brain, she turned over and stretched out, her lips against his face.

Zeke found them. Whether it was the smell of blockade whiskey, coupled with the absence of his demijohn, or whether it was Providence, cannot be successfully argued here. But he found them, and he carried them into his ramshackle cabin and laid them side by side across his mattress.

After he had looked at them for half an hour's absolute silence he spat the remains of a hard chewed quid into a corner, picked up his gun and wended his way down the mountain-side to the Diamond Spring Hotel.

Here he was promptly arrested by two pale-faced revenue officers, and here, for the first time, he learned that Clyde, the tenant of Yo Espero on Painted Mountain, had been shot dead, two hours before, for resisting arrest at the hands of United States officers.

The hotel was in commotion, but when Zeke drawled out his story, panic reigned supreme, and the Beezeleys started in a body for Zeke's hut. How they got lost on the mountain and were frightened by snakes, and how Dr. Samuel Meeke headed a rescue party in their behalf, has no place in this story—nor, I imagine, in any story. O'Hara went on Zeke's bond, and Zeke, followed by O'Hara and the proprietor of the Diamond Spring Hotel, started for the blockader's burrow. The proprietor's name was Eph Doom, but, unlike his namesake, nothing about him was sealed, not even his lips, and he chattered continually until Zeke drawled out: "Shet up yew damfool mewl of misery!"

Once O'Hara spoke:

"You left them both lying across your bed, Zeke?"

"'Bout a foot apart," drawled Zeke.

But when O'Hara burst into the cabin, he cried: "Thank God!" For they were in each other's arms.

. . . . . .

And that is all there is to say.

Eph Doom recounts a great deal more; he tells how those two striplings, dazed by alcohol and numbed with poison, clung together blindly; he tells how he, personally, drove a shoal of Beezeleys and Meekes and Dills from the door of the cabin, and he relates with fire how young Edgeworth sat up—giddy, pale, trembling—and demanded that he, Ephraim Doom, should, as a Justice of the Peace, then and there instantly unite in holy wedlock James Edgeworth and Yo Espero Clyde. Which he did not do, because O'Hara whispered: "Wait till he's sober." How Zeke escaped the clutches of the law needs a story by itself.

How Dr. Samuel Meeke and Mrs. Dill—but that is scandal.

How Yo Espero and Edgeworth loved is all that concerns this story.

UNAWARE

By H. C. Bunner

I WOULD not have you so kindly
Thus early in friendship's year—
A little too gently, blindly,
You let me near.

So long as my voice is duly
Calm as a friend's should be,
In my eyes the hunger unruly
You will not see.

The eyes that you lift so brightly,
Frankly to welcome mine—
You bend them again as lightly
And note no sign.

I had rather your pale cheek reddened
With the flush of an angry pride—
That a look with disliking deadened
My gaze defied.

If so in the Spring's full season
Your glance should soften and fall,
When, reckless with fever's unreason,
I tell you all.

Concert on Board an Atlantic Liner.



THE ART OF TRAVEL

OCEAN CROSSINGS

By Lewis Morris Iddings

THERE are more Atlantic crossings than the man of average information might think. Nearly thirty companies, big and little, send steam-ships which carry passengers from New York to Europe, but the guide-books mark only ten with a star. Other lines run from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston; perhaps fifty in all from the Eastern ports of the United States; and steamers ply also from Canadian cities. From England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, ships are sent regularly across the Atlantic to South America — fine ones, too. Not all of these companies make the carrying of travellers a regular business, yet on most steam-ships, wherever bound, it is possible to take passage in one way or another, although one must often be entered on the ship's papers as a member of the crew, and receive a shilling in wages at the end of the voyage. It is reasonably

easy to secure quarters on many sailing vessels, if a slow voyage is required for the sake of health or escape from the law. But most people, when contemplating a trip to Europe, assume that they must cross in one of the big, fast ships belonging to one of the half-dozen great companies. Passage in them costs much money—from fifty dollars to several hundred dollars for a single berth; but the voyage is the shortest from land to land, and quick time has a wonderful attraction for the modern man. The boats on some of the less conspicuous and cheaper lines offer entirely comfortable quarters, good food, and sufficient service; but Fashion has large influence in one's choice of a ship, as in everything else. There is the feeling, too, that on the best and newest vessels one will find the latest and most approved appliances for safety which might be lacking on older and smaller ships. One likes also to be insured against dangerous freight, and perhaps against too many immigrants.



A Globe Trotter.

The North Atlantic is a rough ocean and has a bad reputation for wrecks and other accidents, although, perhaps, its casualties are not more numerous in proportion to the number of craft sailing over it than elsewhere. Indeed, when one takes into consideration the careful construction of the ships, the skill with which they are handled and navigated, and the absence on the route of reefs, currents, and other natural points of danger even in approaching harbor (save in the English Channel and the North Sea), a voyage from North America to Europe may be regarded as the safest in the world. Except in a fog there is almost no danger; and with real water-tight compartments, as now built, even collisions in fog with icebergs, derelicts, or other ships are not certain to be fatal. There was the Arizona, for instance, which struck an iceberg fairly as could be, in 1887, and yet was kept afloat by her water-tight compartments; and since that day the construction of these bulk-heads has been greatly improved. Now they have no doors to be found open when the accident comes. One cannot think without pain of the number of small fishing-boats on the Banks which are cut down and sunk by the great steamships in their rapid course, which the public never knows of because they are seldom reported; but the danger to the passengers on the big ships is certainly almost none at all.

As for comfort, ordinary quarters afloat now are better than the best of a few years ago, and cheaper; while the best that can be had for money simply amount to lying on beds of flowery ease, and getting there almost without effort; so that the only evil inherent in Atlantic voyages to-day is sea-sickness. Bad air, cramped spaces, and too little privacy are annoyances practically eliminated, and danger from fire nearly disappeared when electric lighting was introduced in ships built of iron and steel. There is less of danger and discomfort in an Atlantic voyage than in the railway journey between New York and San Francisco; this is true, although, taking the world over, three or four ships are lost at sea every week in the year.

Ocean routes from Europe to South America do not especially concern the American traveller; but if one wants to go to the southern hemisphere from the United States he will wisely sail to England first, and thence to Rio Janeiro or the ports of Argentina, or perhaps to the West Indies. The Royal Mail of England certainly sends out magnificent ships to these ports. They have comfortable cabins, large, airy state-rooms, much deck space, excellent table and service, and no great crowd. It is three weeks from Southampton to Buenos Ayres, sailing over summer seas all the way, except perhaps in crossing the Bay of Biscay,

and the heat is seldom great even in crossing the equator. In these voyages, therefore, lies the opportunity of the traveller who is seeking a long, agreeable sea-passage. An objection is, that unless one can put up with the hardship of crossing South America to Chili (part of the way on mule-back), or going around Cape Horn, the voyage to Buenos Ayres or Rio leads nowhere beyond, and one must eventually return to the port of departure. From New York to Buenos Ayres *via* England, and return, would occupy about two months. Many islands of the West Indies are also best reached from the United States by the way of England.



The dull hours in the smoking-room.

The boats of the Allan Line, of Canada, for instance, are most acceptable, safe, and well patronized; but if the Dominion is ever to have a great line of fast ships, for which she is ambitious, it must start from some actual seaport like Halifax, and not from Montreal or Quebec. The part of the voyage which now must be made on the St. Lawrence River is sure to be foggy, so that to go safely the ships cannot steam fast at all. It is true that the farther north one goes on the Atlantic the narrower that ocean is east and west, and the shorter the voyage from land to land. But during most of the year it would be an awfully bad crossing.

The southern route, recently established by the German steamships from New York to Genoa and other Italian ports, has grown rapidly in public favor. It is not a quick trip, because the fast ships have agreed to keep their time down to that of the slow boats; but one may now, in two weeks, enjoy a stroll in America, Africa, and Europe. Twelve or thirteen

days are required to reach Genoa, pretty generally over a comfortable sea. There is more sociability afloat on these voyages than farther north—but that would not be a point in their favor in the eyes of many; and an element of discomfort is the irrepressible brass band. Not only is it an advantage to be able to cross to Europe in the winter months with increased chances of better weather than may be expected between New York and England or France at that season, but the latter part of the trip offers some features of interest to a mind not entirely bored through. One sees, for instance, the islands of the Azores, which look barren enough, and which indeed are so incapable of furnishing subsistence for the 250,000 inhabitants that the Portuguese Government periodically compels some of them to remove to the main-land. It is also permitted to disembark at Gibraltar and remain until the next steamer of the line comes along. This suggests a trip into Spain, which would be agreeable if the climate were good in the winter season, and if Spanish railway trains did not, as a rule, start at four o'clock in the morning; and it allows a visit in Tangier, three hours away in Africa. A friend of mine who undertook last winter to remain in Tangier paid $1,000 to get away in a cattle-boat bound for Marseilles. It was that or the cholera. So far as I have heard no one has yet been drowned in trying to go ashore at Gibraltar in the tender, which is too often crowded, and sometimes swept by the waves; but this immunity is due to God's mercy and not to the company's care. By leaving the steam-ship at Naples the traveller can go for delightful days, south to Sorrento, Amalfi, or to Sicily, or north to Rome, Venice, Florence, and Vienna; then travel through Switzerland to France or Germany, and home again without retracing his footsteps. It seems to me that the opening of this route has added much to the value of life for Americans of leisure and wealth. They can now divide their time to an ideal schedule: spend the late fall and the early and mid-winter in New York; sail away late in January to Genoa; stay on the Riviera or in the south of France during February and March (the greatest swells and the greatest blacklegs of Europe are then in Monte Carlo); move on to Paris in May, to London in June, and return early in July to enjoy an American summer home in the mountains or by the sea, until it is time to go back to the city in the autumn. This arrangement allows the giddy devotee of fashion and pleasure to be constantly in a good climate, where the high season is continuously in full force, and to fulfil all the pressing duties of life in the right place and at the right time — except perhaps the purchase in Paris, in September, of the winter's wardrobe. This is, indeed, a serious objection to my scheme, for, as everyone knows, woman's summer clothes are not often so important as the winter's outfit.



Grandeur—Her Triumph.

There are really no steamships in the world comparable with the best of those plying between New York

and Europe, not even on the lines of the Royal Mail already referred to; and if one's ideas of comfort afloat are founded upon what is offered on the Teutonic, for instance, he is sure to find travelling anywhere else a decided hardship. One hears much about the splendid ships steaming to the East Indies, to Australia, to China, and Japan. They are not splendid at all. A good place to form ideas on this point is at Marseilles in France. This is a great port of international travel, and ships from all parts of the world touch there. The visitor at Marseilles, therefore, may be much interested if, on steamer day, he goes down to see the people off to the British Colonies, to China, to Africa, or to South America. The ships are actually large and comfortable; but those which are referred to in the advertisements as splendid or magnificent will strike the Atlantic traveller as quite the reverse. Limited deck space and contracted public cabins, even when the state-rooms are of some size, will not look attractive after the quarters offered on the best North Atlantic ships. The Suez Canal is largely responsible for the comparative smallness of many of these vessels, because it will not take ships of more than a certain draught. Sometimes one may recognize a vessel which was once acceptable as an Atlantic liner, but now sails on distant seas under a new name. Such, for instance, is the Nuremberg, now afloat on the China Sea, but in 1874 a North German Lloyd steamship sailing between Baltimore and Southampton, and an excellent one, too. Like hers is the fate of many other once popular ships between New York and European ports, and possibly it is not remote today from the excellent Britannic and Germanic.

The main Atlantic crossing, after all is said for the others, is still between New York and the ports of England, northern France, and Germany. And since the early springtime in Europe is as agreeable as it unfortunately is otherwise in America, the rush of travel eastward is greatest at that season. The wise traveller therefore makes up his mind about a date early in the preceding winter. The announcements of sailings run so far ahead that it is possible to select the very steam-ship preferred long in advance. Not that one is most comfortable to go with the crowd. On the contrary, a leading principle in the art of travelling which an intelligent man evolves early in his experience, is to go ahead of the crowd, or behind it. If one must start in the spring or early summer, it is best de-



Decadence—a Day Later.

cided in December, and passage promptly engaged. Many berths are taken even in October or November. It requires strength of character to make plans so far in advance ; but the pains of indecision are justly increased when the date of sailing is left undetermined long after the voyage is once decided upon. It is all very well to go abroad with the intention of drifting about as one is inclined ; but for comfort it is essential that the date of sailing thither and hither shall be settled long in advance. He is a poor traveller who does not know his own mind on these points. The financial risk is small, because the agents are able easily to resell the privilege at the last moment. It has been said that there is occasionally speculation in berths on the best ships, to be sold at an advance just before the day of sailing, but the assertion is hardly true except of a few agents. Even more important is the early selection of a date for sailing home. Ships steaming westward are crowded in September and early October, and if one wishes to return comfortably in those months, passage must be engaged not later than March. It is often easy, however, to get one of the very expensive rooms just before the day of departure. If the traveller has a return ticket in his pocket, it is well enough to learn what berths are disengaged before mentioning the fact ; otherwise the agent will be apt to offer him small choice, and keep the best rooms for those people who are in a position to decline passage if the state-rooms do not suit them.

It is quite impossible to say which is the best month for sailing. One is liable to suffer from an exceedingly bad passage at any time; and yet often when the worst is expected it does not come. The chances against good weather are greatest perhaps from the middle of September to the first of November, and in February and March. Yet I have crossed in October and December when it was like summer, and the worst storm I ever met was in July. It is a mistaken notion that the best time may be made on a perfectly smooth sea. What is wanted to allow the engines to do their best is a fair head-wind, which strengthens the draft in the furnaces and keeps the stokers from dying.



Steerage Diversions.

When the day of sailing from the home port arrives, the expert traveller goes on board certainly an hour before the scheduled time of departure. To borrow the style of Baedeker : His hand-baggage should consist of two rugs of the warmest possible kind—one to sit on, one to throw over him, done up in a canvas cover. This is now the improved form of shawl-strap ; and holds besides the rugs, a greatcoat and a mackintosh, and overshoes, with very warm gloves in the outside pocket, together with a book or two. The North Atlantic is apt to be a boisterous, cold, and rainy place even in the warm-



The Chaperones' Review of the Day; while their charges are safe on deck.

est months of the year, and one must be prepared to dress warmly to be comfortable. Some elaborate travellers now use a bag made of rugs into which they put themselves, feet foremost, before being deposited in their steamer-chairs. The trouble is in getting out again; but such a bag is good for children. Canes and umbrellas are strapped together; and rugs, hat-box, and sticks, three bundles in all, are not so heavy but that one may carry them on or off himself, if a porter cannot be found. Other necessaries for a week go in the steamer trunk, plainly marked "Cabin" or "Wanted," though access is now allowed on almost all ships to big baggage in the hold an hour each morning. No man can tell what the feminine traveller would consider as indispensable hand-baggage, but women need warmer wrappings than men, and an outside garment lined with fur must be the greatest possible comfort. A man with ladies in his travelling train may scorn, but he will occasionally enjoy a hot-water bag, and such advantages as a spirit-lamp offers; as, for instance, freshly boiled water for tea or toddy.

After seeing to it personally that his cabin baggage has been placed in the right state-room, and agreeing with the bath steward as to the hour for a morning bath, the old hand at travelling, whose ways we are now considering, returns to the pier to register his baggage for the hold, if that was not already done at his house. One checks his trunks at the steamer or at home now, just as if preparing for a railway journey; but instead of several ounces of brass tablets, one receives a paper receipt, a much more convenient article. Since we now have checks and labels showing the initial of the family name, furnished by the company, it is no longer so necessary as formerly to decorate the baggage fantastically with red, yellow, or blue stripes, or stars or crescents, or other device of a striking kind. It was a long time before this system of registration was adopted by the steamship companies, but even the English agents now admit its convenience. Yet the ocean traveller, all ready to sail, wisely ascertains, if he can, that the baggage has been received, or at least is not in sight on the pier. If he travels on a steamboat train from Paris or London, he should never lose sight of trunks or bags until they are all put in the van in his presence; and no one but the head of the party can be trusted to write or tie on tags. Leave it to the best of servants, and the steamer-trunk will surely be marked for the hold. On the way to his state-room to arrange his effects before the ship starts, so that he may have leisure on deck at that interesting moment, our expert may drop into the cabin to count any baskets of flowers, or read the telegrams which are awaiting him, and pause for a word with the chief steward about a seat at the table. This conversation is not likely to be satisfactory, for the rule with the steward appears to be, first come worst served, so that he may be able to arrange people better a little later, and thus, by seeming to favor them, establish his claim to a larger fee. At some offices in Europe a seat at the table may be engaged several days in advance, and it is worth while to

try to do so both at home and abroad. There is less effort now to get a place at the captain's table than formerly; perhaps because the struggle therefor was once so fierce, and success therein so barren of real distinction that a reaction has set in. Atlantic captains have not grown in sociability of late years. Two or three of them, who once enjoyed great reputation for politeness to the ladies, suddenly found themselves relieved from their positions for mere nominal reasons, and perhaps the rest of them thought this was a hint to the wise to attend more exclusively to business. A great deal of solemnity of reputation doth hedge about the captain of an Atlantic liner, which often has no reason except mere tradition. These officers are supposed to be impressed, or even oppressed, by the sense of responsibility for human life which rests upon them; some of them certainly realize it, and some of them apparently do not. There is good authority for saying that, one day, on a great ship, in the early spring of 1896, when the doctor had a punch in his room to celebrate his birthday, the captain and most of the officers drank too much. Two passengers, who of all the ship's load, had been invited to the entertainment, soon left the state-room in indignation at the spectacle. The lax discipline which the captains of one line, at least, allow on board makes a passenger shudder at the thought of the scenes which would be enacted if an accident compelled crew and passengers to take to the boats. And what shall be said of the captains who race their ships or do not go slowly in foggy or rough weather? Are not the tidal waves we occasionally hear of merely one big wave followed quickly by another which the ship rushed forward to meet before the first one had passed over the vessel? If to sit at the captain's table binds one to defend the captain's reputation under all circumstances, it is an honor not to be ardently sought. The day will come, perhaps, when the captain and his principal officers will not trouble themselves to sit at the tables with the passengers, but will be served in their own dining-room, so that no social temptations may ever come in their way. The safe conduct of a great ship is enough for them to undertake.



Continental Tourists.

A real cabin advantage is a seat near the entrance facing with the ship, from which, or into which, one can slip in a hurry without disturbing anyone else. Another good position at table is on a sofa where one can lean back against the side of the vessel. The regular cabin seat is an uncomfortable pivotal affair, but the table steward will sometimes remove it, if requested, and give one an ordinary straight-backed chair. These little matters having been at least started toward arrangement, the shrewd voyager puts his state-room in complete order and gets into his sea clothes. His brushes, combs, slippers, bath-gown, and the like should now be so distributed that, sick or well, he can find everything without trouble upon returning below deck to sleep or suffer. These tasks are the business of valet or maid, when one commands the services of such a person, and then the master has nothing to do except to loiter on deck; but comparatively few Americans travel with body-servants. It is not with that class in mind that the big ships are arranged. A good maid, courier, or valet can easily be engaged upon arriving abroad, if a little inquiry is under-

taken. Questions among one's friends who have recently returned from Europe generally will discover the addresses of such persons; or travellers' agencies will supply them; or the proprietors of hotels suggest means of finding them.

Being now all ready for actual departure, the expert mounts above again and points out to the deck steward his steamer-chair, perhaps with the remark that if it is found every morning in a nicely sheltered position, out of the wind, and in a sunny or shady spot, and if the rugs are properly looked after and dried, such service will be properly rewarded. A nominally separate company now supplies steamer-chairs at fifty cents or a dollar a voyage, to be hired from the deck steward on board, or at the steamship company's office previously. These are numbered, tied with a tag from which the rain quickly washes the renter's name, and should be immediately decorated by the owner with a piece of bright ribbon, so as to be found at a glance. To hire a chair is a distinct gain over carting one's own about, to and from the ship, and storing it abroad until the return voyage; but the steamship companies themselves ought to provide deck-chairs without extra cost; they are as essential to the passenger's comfort as seats anywhere else on the boat. This is a point of grave discussion at sea, and it is common to hear it often, and vehemently asserted, that no particular chair should belong to any particular person; but that when chairs are once placed on deck, any one should be at liberty to take the unoccupied seat which pleases him. Every passenger in such case would have to be taxed for his seat when buying his ticket, or the people who did not hire would be the first to drop into some one else's chair. It all returns, therefore, to the point that the company should supply free a chair for each passenger; then one could sit where he could find place, and worry nobody else. Under the present arrangements, even, a good many passengers are enabled to show their inexperience in travelling, not to say their innate lack of good breeding, by sitting in other people's places, or by moving other people's chairs without permission, when once they have been arranged for the day, thus forcing the owner to ask the usurper to rise. Such a request is not agreeable to make, but people who easily infringe on others' rights are not generally of the kind who are sensitive, or who suffer deeply when rebuked. Of course, if it is a big, fast ship, greatly crowded, one will probably have to take his chair as he finds it every day.



The man who speaks to no one.

Finally, the time has come for fond adieus, lingering farewells, or for writing another word of good-by to somebody in the interior, which may go ashore with the pilot; and as the kind attentions of one's friends are exceedingly grateful to the right-minded traveller, it is best for a popular man to be on shipboard even two hours before sailing. Pretty girls do not often travel alone, so that while the parent or chaperon is below struggling with the state-room's disorder, or superintending a maid, they are properly on deck, the centre of affectionate and admiring groups. It is customary for a certain class of Americans, who have crossed the ocean at least as often as twice, to say that they prefer that no one shall go to see them off; but there never can cease to be the feeling in every really human breast that, just before sailing out of the busy world, and away from all communication with it, for a week or more, it is cheering to hear affectionate words and kind wishes. The bunches of flowers are thrown overboard and the stewards may eat the choice fruit rather than see it rot, but the memories of affectionate good-byes will last until

the voyage is well begun or nearly finished, nay, sometimes until one is safely landed on foreign soil.

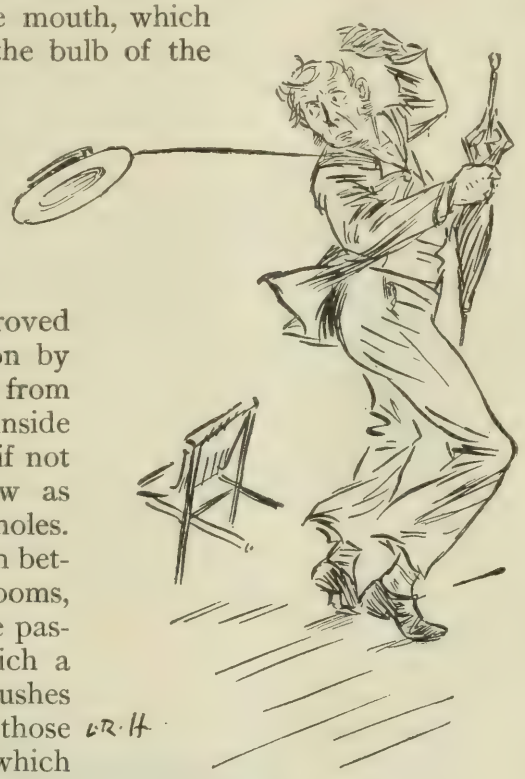
When once the big ship has struck its regular gait on the regular ocean swell, the novice easily learns that he is at sea. Experienced travellers, women especially, often give up at this point, and lie quietly in their berths for twenty-four hours. There is no sure preventive of sea-sickness which I know, except to go to sea so often that finally the motion is not noticed. A strong will may hasten the cure, but it cannot greatly delay the inevitable nor hold the elements down ; nor will champagne, nor brandy, nor a piece of writing-paper carefully put over the pit of the stomach, serve to this end. To be in good condition before sailing (to which a one-grain calomel pill swallowed two nights previous may contribute), and to eat a little plain food often when on board, so that the stomach is not empty, aid recovery. The most disconsolate, if they can be persuaded to it, often rally on hot gruel with a little salt in it. Most important of all, after a day below, is to get on deck ; then a glass of champagne and ice may be acceptable. There can be no general rule applicable. Each man must work out his own cure for sea-sickness, but fresh air is essential. Seasickness lessens one's value of conventionalities. The Bishop once seeing a very miserably sick woman, sitting on a bench on deck, with the head of a much sicker-looking man, presumably her husband, lying in her lap, was touched to the heart, and felt that he must do something to relieve so much misery. Approaching, with sympathy in his face and manner, he asked the woman if he could do anything to relieve her discomfort. "No, thanks," she replied, without raising her eyes, "it's no use!" "But let me get something for your husband ; he seems very wretched," continued the Bishop. At this the woman lifted her eyes, but spoke without emotion. "He isn't my husband," she said, "never saw him before." Then she resumed her indifferent attitude and expression, and the Bishop withdrew.



One may perhaps venture to refer to such clothes as are put on at sea because that certainly is not talking about the fashions. Formerly people wore their old things on shipboard, and presented the general appearance of guys. This is still done with impunity, but since the voyage has been cut down to six days, half of which may be spent in one's berth, less effort is made to get a little more wear out of well-worn garments. Knickerbockers and sweaters, short skirts and gaiters are rather smart on deck if the weather is fine. The aged female sticks to her hood, and sometimes the pretty ones as well. It is the most suitable head-gear for women at sea, for it defies the penetrating wind, and there certainly is no comfort on deck unless one is warm. Gloves which come up high on the wrist are indispensable. A black coat and fair linen on a man at dinner respond sufficiently to the very slight attempts at dressing which ladies deem in good taste. Unless one has a sturdy stomach, diving into a trunk and making a toilet have a disturbing effect. It is on the homeward voyage, when the ship is going to her pier, that gay hats and pretty dresses make the decks bright, and when normal man returns to tall hats and new gloves and a cane.

Perhaps the use of the incandescent electric light, next to larger cabins, is the greatest improvement on shipboard in behalf of the traveller's comfort. It is only a few years ago

that the state-rooms on the best ships were lighted by a candle burning dimly in a triangular glass lantern set in the partitions between the rooms. Miserable as it was, the light was only allowed to burn until eleven o'clock. Now one may have a fine illumination at any time, without danger of fire, by merely turning a button. The light is so bright sometimes that it is often well to have on hand a black silk or cambric bag, with an elastic cord running around the mouth, which may be slipped on the bulb of the electric burner, in order to give a subdued effect in the state-room for the benefit of some sea-sick person. Electricity for light, and the improved means of ventilation by forcing down air from above, have made inside state-rooms nearly, if not quite, as good now as those with port-holes. Indeed there is often better air in the inside rooms, situated next to the passage-way, down which a current of fresh air rushes all the time, than in those cabins with ports which can only be opened in good weather. Unless one is sick he is only in his cabin to sleep and dress; and if he is sick, so long as the air is good his misery is no greater in a state-room without a port than in one with two. Rooms on the south side of the ship as she crosses are the best. That is the side that the sun shines on, and it always seems to be less wave-beaten than to the north; one's chances of having the port open, if the weather is tolerable at all, are therefore better. On the big ships there are state-rooms on four decks: the promenade deck, from which one can slip into the open air at once; the *salon* deck, where the public rooms and the officers' cabins are, and also most of the bad smells; the main deck, given up almost entirely to state-rooms; and the lower deck, where people do not stay unless they must. Down there is the least motion; but this advantage is offset by the least fresh air. The main deck is a compromise between motion and air. When a ship is high between decks, the stairs must be considered, and they are so serious a drawback to some people that to be on the level with the dining-cabin, or to have only one flight to descend to meals from the promenade, is a highly prized advantage. On the upper two decks the ports can generally remain open except in the very roughest weather; but the higher one is there is more motion, and in winter these deck rooms are often too cold, just as in summer the heat may be too great on the decks below. All these points, as well as the price, are to be considered seriously in the selection of a berth by those who suffer much from sea-sickness, and the decision must always be a compromise between economy and comfort. To a very good sailor, as I have already said, it does not matter much where he sleeps provided he has air enough. Yet a room to one's self is worth the price it costs to get it, generally one and a half fare. In some ships the sofa berth, when made up, is as comfortable as any, but generally this is not the case. The regular lower berth is the thing, and an experienced traveller always stipulates that he shall have it. I have been told that on some ships sailing to hot countries the mattresses are air mattresses, which must be very fine. In regard to ventilation, notwithstanding all that has been said in favor of inside rooms, it should be added that in some of the finest ships of late construction there is a patent ventilator in every state-room, or every other state-room, which furnishes air from without, even when the ports are closed. When this convenience exists there is no doubt of the superiority of outside rooms over inside rooms.



Convenience to the bath is a consideration of value and amidships there is the

Scenes.

least motion. Yet at that point the noise and vibration due to the powerful machinery may try one's nerves. The recoil from the strokes of the engine often suggests that the ship is likely to fall in two. This was the danger in one of the fine great ships now so popular. After her trial voyage across the ocean she had to be strengthened amidships by forty huge stanchions : and still she shakes awfully.

It is hardly worth while to complain about giving fees to servants on one's travels when fees are expected and given in the house of one's friends. Indeed the custom had its origin in the middle ages, when the lord of the castle willingly offered the traveller shelter and food, but whose servants reasonably expected to be paid for the extra work which devolved upon them. Gratuities now must be reckoned as a part of one's legitimate travelling expenses. If these points are borne in mind, and one puts himself in the proper mental attitude toward those who serve him on shipboard, in hotels, and on railway trains, the practice loses some of its disagreeable features. Serving has lost the personal element, which naturally seems involved, and has become an industry. Modern servants do not minister to others out of love or philanthropy ; nor are they any more the affectionate old creatures devoted to the family, to reward whom a society exists in France but does not find much to do. Travellers are to those who wait upon them so many articles of merchandise, from the handling of which so much profit is expected. The comfortable frame of mind toward these people, therefore, is the correlative of theirs toward you—a gentle indifference, except where they fail in their duty—a mental attitude, it is said, which comes naturally only to those who are of an ancestry accustomed to personal service, but which certainly may be attained by others through an effort of the intellect. One's self-respect indicates the necessity of civility to the serving class always, as to every other class ; but when to this civility is added proper fees, one's duty is done, and done, too, in a way which the serving man or woman abroad prefers above all others. What is known as a kind word does not touch them. The amount of fees should be regulated without much desire to please, and no expectation of being able to satisfy, the recipient. Whatever is given is of grace, and the question is not what one would like if he himself had to perform such services, but what a servant has a right to expect, taking all circumstances into consideration. In no other way can one give reasonable fees and be comfortable. I have seen a French railway porter take ten centimes and say thank you to a Frenchman, and sneer and shrug his shoulders openly at half a franc from an American for the same service. He knew that the Frenchman had given what was his due, but experience had perhaps taught him that Americans dislike terribly to seem mean or small, and sometimes increase their gratuities in the impossible hope of satisfying the demand. By such an incident as this an expert traveller is neither exasperated nor moved in any way.

Fees are too indefinite to be regulated by rule, but certain amounts are customary at sea. The voyager, if he is not seasick, is dependent for comfort first on the table steward. To this man it seems to



Her Paris Hat.

be the rule, to give $2.50 for one, or $5.00 for two or three persons in a party, whether one is served in regular courses or orders what he pleases from the bill. Late suppers might increase the fee. One's next best friend is the deck steward, if he is attentive and has followed out suggestions about the steamer-chair and rugs. Sometimes one can eat on deck when it is fatal to go below, and then, if the deck steward is obliging, he deserves the larger part of what would go to the table steward in regular course. If the weather is at all fair it is most agreeable to find one's chair well placed, and the rugs dry every morning, especially if one is inclined to sea-sickness. Moreover, this steward is the one who continuously brings sandwiches and broth on deck, and as he is obliged himself to fee the cook's assistant to get these articles prepared, it is clear that he should be well remembered at parting if anyone is. On many lines his pay, like that of most of the steward's, is not higher than $12.00 a month, and the company, on general principles, keeps back one-third to pay for breakage. Another third goes to the cooks in fees. Where, therefore, would he be without his tips ?



Formerly when one could not have a steamer-chair unless he carried it along, there was more space free on deck and greater opportunity to obtain an advantageous position—in the sun or out of it, and out of the wind ; and it was not then the steward's duty to place chairs for the day. One was obliged to get up early in the morning and put his own chair in position and arrange his rugs. This was nearly a sunrise task, and the earliest worm got the best place. In those days it was well worth a fat fee ($2.00) to have the steward attend to these early arrangements while the voyager slept, and to command his best attention, at will, during the day. But now, when the companies furnish the chairs for a consideration, and the decks are crowded, the stewards put the chairs every day in the same place, and one must take his chance of being on the better side of the ship ; hence the value of a conversation with the deck steward when the passenger first goes on board. It is impossible in a crowded ship to get much attention on deck anyway, and, if the attention is small, a shilling or two is sufficient fee. Say that five hundred people are on board, and the four deck stewards between them get a shilling from each, surely they would be treated handsomely.

If one is sick at all, or takes a cup of tea before he gets up, and finds his bedroom steward attentive and obliging, the latter is sure of $2.50 or more. The smoking-room steward receives nothing from the company, but still is handsomely paid if he gets the pools, and fifty cents or a dollar from each man who frequents his precincts. The steward who prepares the bath and calls one when it is ready needs a dollar or a dollar and a half ; a shilling or two should go to boots, and a shilling to the library steward, if one has used his services. These amounts, if added up, equal an appreciable per cent. upon the price of an ordinary berth, and surely are liberal fees. Practically, by the feeing system, the company forces the passengers to pay a part of its servants' wages. Why this expense should be laid indirectly upon the passenger rather than added frankly to his passage-money is not easily understood, except perhaps that, in this way, if the season is a bad one, the stewards have to divide the loss with the stockholders of the line. One's passage-money, therefore, may be from five to ten per cent. more than the company's agents demand. The latest

imposition afloat is the fee, incident to the brass band which is made up of the steerage or second-cabin stewards. It plays during the dinner, and for an hour in the morning on deck. There is not much music about it, but it adds a certain gayety to life on board, which some people must like, or it would not be supplied. It savors strongly of the Coney Island excursion-boat. The fee for it is collected in most highwayman-like manner, by passing a paper about at one of the final dinners, headed by some passenger who has been treated with special consideration. He naturally leads off with a liberal sum, and foolish people are therefore sometimes induced, by force of bad example, to put their names down for more than they ought. Here is another occasion where one should do as he sees fit, regardless of how it looks in black and white. The contribution is paid when the head steward sends his bill for wine or mineral water. Ordinary gratuities to stewards, either chief or subordinate, do not elicit profuse thanks. If that agreeable manifestation is sought the passenger must be lavish. People who take the most expensive state-rooms often give in fees two or three times the amounts I have mentioned, especially if they are lacking in good sense and experience. Naturally, if one is ill all the way over, and is most carefully waited on by his bedroom steward, he will perhaps concentrate his compensation on this attendant; but no fee should be given to anyone until all service is fully performed. If the bedroom steward gets his money before the cabin baggage is carried off, you will have to carry it off yourself.

There seems to be no reason why the head steward should be tipped at all, unless he has obliged one in the matter of a very good seat, or the arrangement of a large party at one table. If any one goes without it should be he; yet he generally gets something, especially if he has looked after baskets of fruit, sterilized milk, special cream, boxes of fresh eggs, one's own coffee, or tea, or butter. The head steward is, or sometimes the purser, the one to whom complaints are directed to be made; but complaining is ungracious business and not always well received. Once I had occasion to remonstrate concerning an inattentive bedroom steward on the French line. He disappeared from my service like magic, and another competent man took his place. In contrast with this was the result of a complaint on a German ship. Instead of changing the inefficient servant without delay the chief steward undertook to hold a judicial inquiry, summoned the complainant and the accused before him, and then requested the passenger to substantiate the charge which the accused person had denied. Naturally the passenger declined to enter into any discussion of the matter and the affair was dropped. The same steward remained, but was satisfactory after that. Yet on this same steamer there are printed notices, conspicuously posted, asking the passengers not only to complain if any servant is inattentive, but to suggest any improvements possible in the service which would add to the general comfort. All idle words intended to sooth ruffled feelings in advance! I know, because I once sent in a remark or two which were never acknowledged or heeded. As I did it to make a test case the result in no way hurt my feelings. On the German and the English lines they expect you to like what they like. One's best friends, however, will resent honest criticism sometimes, even when they seek advice; then why complain to a corporation? But the day has gone past when the average head steward is competent to manage the ship's service. The task should be in the hands of some man who has had adequate experience in the conduct and management of a large hotel. Only in that way can the comfort or needs of five hundred cabin passengers be attended to. What would a hotel come to if its head waiter undertook to manage the business?

It has seemed to me that, beyond question, the best way to serve meals on shipboard is by courses—*table d'hôte*, it is sometimes called. One may then consult the bill of fare in advance, and, if he feels uncomfortable, need not go down until just before that course is served which he desires—generally the roast, if he is a wise man. Eating is thus quickly over, and the half-way sick person is not obliged to remain in the dining-cabin longer than he likes; fortunately, it is often the best of manners at

sea to retire abruptly from the table. On the German boats it is easy to arrive just in time for the chosen course, because the awful band plays a piece before each course is served. Yet it is asserted that a course dinner is not acceptable to Americans, who prefer, even now, what is known as the American plan, which is to command what one pleases from an elaborate bill of fare. If the order comes promptly it is sure to be bad, as it must have been cooked and kept standing; if it is prepared after it is ordered, the delay is often fatal to a disturbed stomach. It was owing to American preferences, it is reported, that the American Line of steamships abandoned the plan of serving luncheon and dinner in courses. In my judgment that ship is bound to become tremendously popular which first serves good tea and coffee. Nobody, I suppose, ever tasted these beverages on shipboard when they were fit to drink. To supply one's own tea-leaves and coffee-berries does not help it. The trouble must lie in the water, which doubtless is never boiled freshly, but is heated by a suffusion of steam. To carry one's butter and eggs aboard is not so often necessary now as formerly; but if one does provide his own supply of these things, he makes sure of two sources of acceptable food. One's own fruit, if the traveller is particular, is also essential. Most of the fruit served, both on shipboard and in the hotels, is only fit to be thrown away.

Cutting down the time of crossing the Atlantic to six days, more or less, has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. If the weather is bad, if one is on urgent business, or is sick all the way over, the sooner one arrives the better; but in fine weather small benefit is derived from a quick trip, while a ten-day or twelve-day voyage would be really health-giving. On a fast ship no sooner has the passenger got on his sea-legs than he must go ashore; the sea-sick people who are laid up for four or five days lose the other pleasant days that might follow recovery, and those who took care of them have no rest. The shortness of the voyage has also largely killed off the cordiality which is apt to break out among fellow-passengers long at sea together, despite themselves. This short period of good fellowship is not so repugnant to an experienced traveller as to some others, if there happen to be agreeable people on board. He does not misunderstand civility as an effort on the part of the people to make his acquaintance. He knows enough to mind his own business on sea or land; but the man who relaxes conventionalities not at all on shipboard is apt to have a pretty dull time, which, however, is often just what a dull man likes. A civil word, a passing remark, or even two remarks, can do a person of tact no harm, nor lead to social complications later. A friendly attitude is more sensible than standing conspicuously aloof from everything, or than repressing all signs of interest in existence, or than rigidly disregarding the fact that anyone is on the ship besides one's self; and defensive airs are generally offensive—at least they are airs. Some Americans seem to think that a haughty demeanor will have the effect of a title upon their fellow-passengers, but it generally does not. Sir Walter Scott is credited with repeating Montaigne's remark that every man knew some one thing better than he did, and when he met a stranger, therefore, he engaged him in conversation to find that one thing out. In Scott's day to be a courteous gentleman or a gracious lady under all circumstances, was not considered bad form. One of the most popular men I ever saw on shipboard was a New Yorker, whose family, whose social position, and whose public station and influence are most enviable. Wherever he is, is the best society. On the trip I have in mind he seemed to have said, or done, or looked something amiable toward everybody; yet I don't believe anybody tried to presume upon his civility then or afterward. I suspect that he simply felt kindly disposed toward his fellow-creatures, and that his admirable manner was only the result of his inner consciousness. Certainly he made no visible effort to be agreeable, did not wear tan-colored shoes, nor pitch rope-rings, nor engage in deck games, nor even enter the smoking-room, nor walk miles up and down, in turn, with the energetic women on board. Not that I would be understood objecting to deck-walking, when I am not bunted over by inconsiderate people, three abreast.

Properly conducted this exercise has a right tendency to counteract the bad effects of the over-feeding generally indulged in at sea, when one can eat at all. Old-fashioned, sea-going cordiality among passengers now seems to be relegated to the longer ocean voyages—to Australia, the East Indies, or to South America. It is said that on most such trips the passengers all know one another at the end of one week, call one another by their first names at the end of the second week, and are not on speaking terms at all when the ship arrives at her destination. This is a rather worse condition of affairs than what one observes on voyages between New York and Europe.

A good deal has been said in the newspapers about gambling at sea, but the evil seems to have been much exaggerated. Possibly it is true, as reported, that as soon as the New York police learned that gamblers sailed regularly on the big ships in order to fleece the innocent, detectives were stationed at the gangways of outgoing steamers to tell the offenders as they went aboard that they were known, and that anyone whom they engaged in play would immediately be informed as to the character of his partner or adversary. Few thieves or other disreputable people undertake to prosecute their business afloat. The biggest ship is too small and too public to be agreeable to them, for it is not possible to slip off unobserved if there is a row. It is always safe to avoid cards with strangers, yet to go into the little pools on the day's run, on the color of the pilot's hat, or on the foot he puts on deck first, or on the number of his boat, is harmless enough if the money goes to the smoking-room steward. The smoking-room, generally amidships, is apt to be a snug refuge in rough weather for one who does not mind tobacco, and it is a convenient place from which to sally forth to see what is going on. He who keeps too early hours loses some entertainment on board ship. From ten o'clock at night on, in pleasant weather, the upper deck may be an amusing place for an observer who sees but does not appear to be looking. A good deal of conventionality is dropped then, and some quarts of champagne are consumed by the chaperons ; after which affairs are lively. Demureness in the daytime often blossoms forth into extravagance toward midnight, if sufficiently encouraged. To sleep late in the morning, and not to hurry off to bed is a rule it is well to follow if one wishes to kill time and get all the fun possible out of the voyage. An hour of moonlight lost at sea on a calm, warm night in summer is a joy lost, never to be recovered this side of paradise.

If the weather is fine, so that one can spend most of the time on deck, the passage seems far too short to him who likes the sea, even on slow boats, which mean eight or nine days out. One even begrudges the short time taken from the sunshine and fresh salt air in the last few days of the voyage, which must be spent in packing up the state-room baggage, in trying to pay the steward's bill, in buying the railway tickets from the port of entry to the metropolis, or in distributing such fees as can with wisdom be distributed before one is actually done with the ship ; yet all possible tasks are wisely completed before the morning of the day when one reaches port. Letters finished twenty-four hours previously, are now given to the purser, whose acquaintance one may have made some time before when buying as much foreign money from him as he will spare ; on the last day, naturally, he has no change at all. Fortunately fees can be paid in any money or currency. The fleeting hours just preceding arrival in port have a flavor of agreeable excitement, even for an old traveller, while to the novice (always to be envied) they are positively thrilling. Not a moment should be spent below after land is seen, except that one must, perhaps, just run down to inquire for letters or telegrams as soon as is reasonable after the company's agents come out on the tender. Passengers finally go ashore pell-mell, as sheep follow a leader ; but it does not matter, if one brings up near his cabin trunk. This he never leaves until all his belongings are deposited close by, and when parcels count up to the required number, then, and not till then, may the bedroom steward have his fee. Customs examinations are not difficult abroad as a rule, but no exasperation, however justified, should be shown. It



A Quiet Afternoon in the Tropics on a P. & O. Liner.

only pleases the other fellow. Finally, with all the cigars, the cigarettes, the brandy, and the playing-cards safe (although they hardly were in danger), the traveller is free to step into his carriage, engaged previously, or into the long-detained omnibus, or into the other railway train. Of ways that are peculiar every city has its own, but these may be easily learned on the voyage from someone who has landed before, unless to ask a question is against one's ideas of what is good form at sea.

Probably fewer Americans travel abroad than is commonly supposed. Indeed the number of people in the world who travel at all can hardly be so large as the public imagination suggests, which explains in part why one is always meeting with people he knows. The wonder really might be why more do not go; it is so easy when one is started. We could determine without difficulty how many of our fellow-countrymen go abroad every year if Americans always took out passports, or had to get permission of the Government to leave home, as the Russians do. But under present circumstances it is difficult to arrive even at a correct principle of calculation. Estimates of steamships' agents are especially open to suspicion. Some observers, however, among them so good an authority as a leading manager of Cook's Travelling Agency, are of the opinion that the number of Americans visiting Paris in a year may be fairly said to measure the number crossing the ocean for all Europe, because, practically, everybody who goes abroad now arrives in Paris sooner or later. If this be true, then something is the matter with the returns of passengers sailing from America, as furnished to the Government through the steamship companies' courtesy. From the New York customs district the number of first- and second-cabin passengers embarking annually for all foreign ports (except to Dominion ports or Newfoundland) is announced as between eighty and one hundred thousand. Many of these certainly do not belong to the pleasure-loving group whose unpatriotic course in spending their money where they please, has excited the wrath of their fellow-citizens who cannot afford to go; and the number must include foreigners in transit from China, Japan, and the British colonies, as well as Canadians, who generally sail from New York. In my judgment the number of



Convalescents.



The Right and the Wrong Place on the Deck of a Channel Steamer.



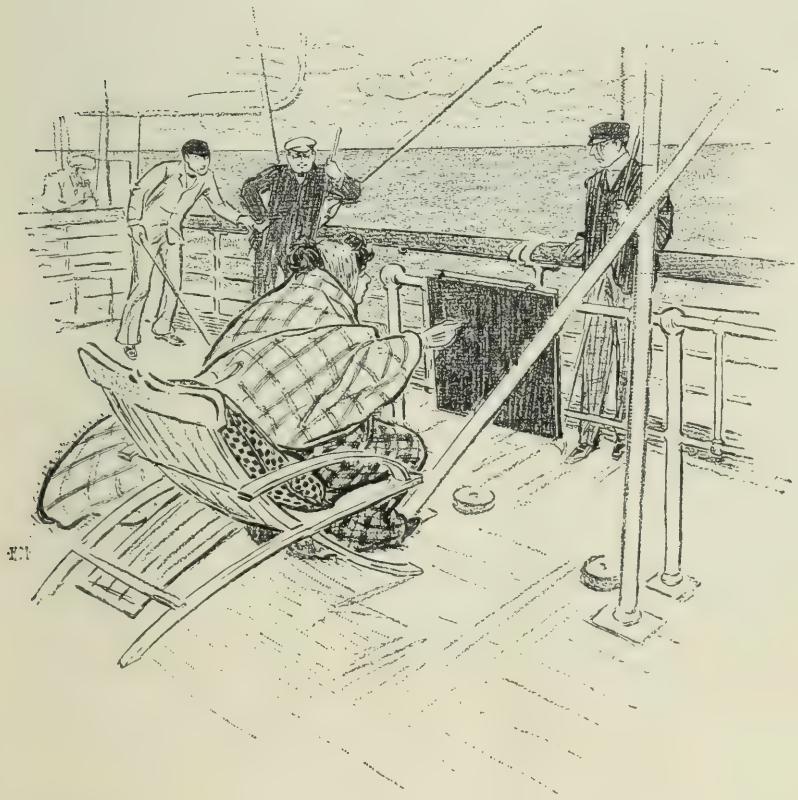
Sunday Morning Service on an Atlantic Liner.

Americans who spend much money in travelling for pleasure only is well measured, as has already been suggested, by the number of Americans who visit Paris, yearly. I offer the following figures, which were obtained through the courtesy of the chief of police of Paris as a pertinent contribution to the discussion. Exact statistics of visitors in Paris have been kept by the police, under the present detailed system, only from 1893. Since then all arrivals in that city have been carefully reported at the Prefecture by the proprietors of hotels and pensions, under pain of a fine for neglect, and they may be in part tabulated as follows :

	1893.	1894.	1895.
English	46,190	44,027	43,373
Americans	39,322	40,685	42,317
Germans	31,402	33,278	36,224

It will be observed that the English have fallen off since 1893, but that the Americans and Germans have steadily increased. The opening of 1896 was not marked by a good season either in Egypt, on the Riviera, or at other winter resorts, so that the number of travellers abroad in 1896 will hardly exceed those of 1895. But these statistics show, if the principle of calculation be correct for all nationalities, that the English are the greatest travellers in the world, that Americans are next, and that the Germans are close upon us. Some persons are undoubtedly counted more than once in the police reports, because they arrive in Paris more than once ; but the number of Americans registered there, say twice annually, is probably not greater than the contingent who go to Europe but keep out of Paris ; and one class may therefore about offset the other, leaving 42,317 a fair estimate of the number leaving home each year bent on pleasure only. If, on an average, each of these spends $1,000 on his trip, the total of which would be required to meet their expenses is $42,317,000, which is a good deal less than $100,000,000, the sum estimated and accepted in recent discussions on this point. In 1883, according to police estimates, Americans visiting Paris were not more than 20,000, so that the number has more than doubled in thirteen years. These statistics do not include the resident Americans—about 10,000—who constitute the so-called American colony in Paris. Artists and all, they probably spend $10,000,000, which must be added to the $42,317,000. I asked the Chief of Police what nationality among foreigners furnished the most arrests in Paris. He replied that it would not be polite to tell.

In regard to the English statistics, it may be admitted that they contain more duplications than the American, but the duplications will hardly exceed the total of Englishmen who sail from English ports to the colonies. All considerations, then, suggest the English as the greatest travellers in the world.



Shuffle-board.



In the quiet of one's own cabin.

Whether more of them are pleasure-seekers, pure and simple, like the majority of the Americans, may be doubted. They always outnumber, two or three times, the Americans, in statistics of visitors in Swiss, French, Italian, or Austrian winter resorts. About 20,000 Americans visit Rome each winter.

That the Germans travel a great deal will surprise no one who has been much abroad himself in late years. Now they are found everywhere, but most numerously, perhaps, in Italy. It was different some twenty years ago. Then they were not frequently met with, but since the formation of the empire they have prospered greatly. Complaints about their bad manners are as numerous as were formerly complaints about Americans. I have never thought them worse, Germans or Americans, than any other nationality. All strange ways and strangers are disagreeable until one becomes acquainted with them. It is often impossible, however, to become reconciled to a Frenchman with a cigarette. The Germans have a great fondness for Paris, but among the number visiting the French capital must be included many German waiters, who go there to learn enough French to insure them good places in hotels along the routes of international travel. It has even been explained that one reason why the young German Emperor of late has been apparently more conciliatory in his attitude toward the French is his desire to attend the Exposition of 1900, and have a really good time in the gay capital.

The total number of foreigners alighting in Paris annually, according to the police, is about 250,000. Apart from the 122,000 English, Germans, and Americans, classified above, 128,000 remain to be apportioned among the other nationalities of the world, principally as Russians, Austrians, Italians, Belgians, Swiss, Swedes, British colonists, Servians, Roumanians, and Greeks. French provincials who

visit Paris every year are 600,000, also according to official figures. An annual visit to their capital gives the French all the diversion they need, doubtless, for it is well known they go little abroad unless for business purposes. It is to this total, then, of 850,000 non-residents, that the dressmakers and other vicious classes of Paris cater. Is it not a relief to know that Americans are not the most numerous; that it cannot be from our vices and extravagances that the greatest profit is made; and that it is not for us, even so much as for the English, that the indecencies of the Paris stage and concert-hall, and the swindling devices of the shopkeepers and hotel proprietors, are arranged?

The Saloon of a Greek Steamer on the Ægean Sea.



C. D. GIBSON.



Langham . . . shoved his face down between his knees into the sand.—Page 463.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

IX

CLAY slept for three hours. He had left a note on the floor instructing MacWilliams and young Langham not to go to the mines but to waken him at ten o'clock, and by eleven the three men were galloping off to the city. As they left the Palms they met Hope returning from a morning ride on the Alameda, and Clay begged her, with much concern, not to ride abroad again. There was a difference in his tone toward her. There was more anxiety in it than the occasion seemed to justify, and he put his request in the form of a favor to himself, while the day previous he would simply have told her that she must not go riding alone.

"Why?" asked Hope, eagerly. "Is there going to be trouble?"

"I hope not," Clay said, "but the soldiers are coming in from the provinces for the review, and the roads are not safe."

"I'd be safe with you, though," said Hope, smiling persuasively upon the three men. "Won't you take me with you, please?"

"Hope," said young Langham, in the tone of the elder brother's brief authority, "you must go home at once."

Hope smiled wickedly. "I don't want to," she said.

"I'll bet you a box of cigars I can beat you to the veranda by fifty yards," said MacWilliams, turning his horse's head.

Hope clasped her sailor hat in one hand and swung her whip with the other. "I think not," she cried, and disappeared with a flutter of skirts and a scurry of flying pebbles.

"At times," said Clay, "MacWilliams shows an unexpected knowledge of human nature."

"Yes, he did quite right," assented Langham, nodding his head mysteriously. "We've no time for girls at present, have we?"

"No, indeed," said Clay, hiding any sign of a smile.

Langham breathed deeply at the thought of the part he was to play in this coming struggle, and remained respectfully silent as they trotted toward the city. He did not wish to disturb the plots and counterplots that he was confident were forming in Clay's brain, and his devotion would have been severely tried had he known that his hero's mind was filled with a picture of a young girl in a blue shirt-waist, and a whipcord riding-skirt.

Clay sent for Stuart to join them at the restaurant, and MacWilliams arriving at the same time, the four men seated themselves conspicuously in the centre of the café and sipped their chocolate as though unconscious of any imminent danger and in apparent freedom from all responsibilities and care. While MacWilliams and Langham laughed and disputed over a game of dominoes, the older men exchanged, under cover of their chatter, the few words which they had met to speak.

The manifestoes, Stuart said, had failed of their purpose. He had already called upon the President and had offered to resign his position and leave the country, or to stay and fight his maligners, and take up arms at once against Mendoza's party. Alvarez had treated him like a son and bade him be patient. He held that Cæsar's wife was above suspicion because she was Cæsar's wife, and that no canards posted at midnight could affect his faith in his wife or in his friend. He refused to believe that any *coup d'état* was imminent, save the one which he himself meditated when he was ready to proclaim the country in a state of revolution, and to assume a military dictatorship.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Clay. "What is a military dictatorship without soldiers? Can't he see that the army is with Mendoza?"

"No," Stuart replied. "Rojas and

I were with him all the morning. Rojas is an old trump, Clay. He's not bright and he's old-fashioned—but he is honest. And the people know it. If I had Rojas for a chief instead of Alvarez, I'd arrest Mendoza with my own hand, and I wouldn't be afraid to take him to the cartel through the streets. The people wouldn't help him. But the President doesn't dare. Not that he hasn't pluck," added the young lieutenant, loyally, "for he takes his life in his hands when he goes to the review to-morrow, and he knows it. Think of it, will you, out there alone with a field of five thousand men around him. Rojas thinks he can hold half of them, as many as Mendoza can, and I have my fifty. But you can't tell what any one of them will do for a drink or a dollar. They're no more soldiers than these waiters. They're bandits in uniform, and they'll kill for the man that pays best."

"Then why doesn't Alvarez pay them?" Clay growled.

Stuart looked away and lowered his eyes to the table. "He hasn't the money, I suppose," he said, evasively. "He—he has transferred every cent of it into drafts on Rothschild. They are at the house now. Representing five millions of dollars in gold—and her jewels, too—packed ready for flight."

"Then he does expect trouble?" said Clay. "You told me——"

"They're all alike; you know them," said Stuart. "They won't believe they're in danger until the explosion comes, but they always have a special train ready and they keep the funds of the government under their pillows. He engaged apartments on the Avenue Kleber six months ago."

"Bah!" said Clay. "It's the old story. Why don't you quit him?"

Stuart raised his eyes and dropped them again, and Clay sighed. "I'm sorry," he said.

MacWilliams interrupted them in an indignant stage-whisper. "Say, how long have we got to keep up this fake game?" he asked. "I don't know anything about dominoes, and neither does Ted. Tell us what you've been saying. Is there going to be trouble? If there is, Ted and I want to be in it. We are looking for trouble."

Clay had tipped back his chair and was surveying the restaurant and the blazing plaza beyond its open front with an expression of cheerful unconcern. Two men were reading the morning papers near the door, and two others were dragging through a game of dominoes in a far corner. The heat of midday had settled on the place, and the waiters dozed, with their chairs tipped back against the walls. Outside, the awning of the restaurant threw a broad shadow across the marble-topped tables on the sidewalk, and half a dozen fiacre drivers slept peacefully in their carriages before the door.

The town was taking its siesta, and the brisk step of a stranger who crossed the tessellated floor and rapped with his knuckles on the top of the cigar-case was the only sign of life. The new-comer turned with one hand on the glass case and swept the room carelessly with his eyes. They were hard blue eyes under straight eyebrows. Their owner was dressed unobtrusively in a suit of rough tweed, and this and his black hat, and the fact that he was smooth-shaven, distinguished him as a foreigner.

As he faced them the forelegs of Clay's chair descended slowly to the floor, and he began to smile comprehendingly and to nod his head as though the coming of the stranger had explained something of which he had been in doubt. His companions turned and followed the direction of his eyes, but saw nothing of interest in the new-comer. He looked as though he might be a concession hunter from the States, or a Manchester drummer, prepared to offer six months' credit on blankets and hardware.

Clay rose and strode across the room, circling the tables in such a way that he could keep himself between the stranger and the door. At his approach the new-comer turned his back and fumbled with his change on the counter.

"Captain Burke, I believe?" said Clay. The stranger bit the cigar he had just purchased, and shook his head. "I am very glad to see you," Clay continued. "Sit down, won't you? I want to talk with you."

"I think you've made a mistake," the stranger answered, quietly. "My name is——"

"Colonel, perhaps, then," said Clay.

"I might have known it. I congratulate you, Colonel."

The man looked at Clay for an instant, with the cigar clenched between his teeth and his blue eyes fixed steadily on the other's face. Clay waved his hand again invitingly toward a table, and the man shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and, pulling a chair toward him, sat down.

"Come over here, boys," Clay called. "I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Captain Burke."

The man called Burke stared at the three men as they crossed the room and seated themselves at the table, and nodded to them in silence.

"We have here," said Clay, gayly, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic Consul-General."

Burke smiled grimly, with a condescending nod, and putting away the cigar, took out a brier pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco-pouch. "The Captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself," Clay continued, lightly; "so I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions, and that is what makes me so glad to see him again. He knows all about the present crisis here, and he is going to tell us all he knows as soon as he fills his pipe. I ought to warn you, Burke," he added, "that this is Captain Stuart, in charge of the police and the President's cavalry troop. So, you see, whatever you say, you will have one man who will listen to you."

Burke crossed one short fat leg over the other, and crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"I thought you were in Chili, Clay," he said.

"No, you didn't think I was in Chili," Clay replied, kindly. "I left Chili two years ago. The Captain and I met there," he explained to the others, "when Balmaceda was trying to make himself dictator. The Captain was on the side of the Congressionalists, and was furnishing arms and dynamite. The Captain is always on the winning side, at least he always has been—up to the present. He is not a creature of sentiment; are you, Burke? The Captain believes with Napoleon that God is on the side that has the heaviest artillery."

Burke lighted his pipe and drummed absentmindedly on the table with his matchbox.

"I can't afford to be sentimental," he said. "Not in my business."

"Of course not," Clay assented, cheerfully. He looked at Burke and laughed, as though the sight of him recalled pleasant memories. "I wish I could give these boys any idea of how clever you are, Captain," he said. "The Captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano-cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England, and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa and Mobile and Jamaica, ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the Captain," Clay continued, gleefully, and quite unmindful of the other's continued silence, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the island of Ceylon. You may remember, boys, that when Dufferin saved Arabi from hanging, the British shipped him to Ceylon as a political prisoner. Well, the Captain was sent by Arabi's followers in Egypt to bring him back to lead a second rebellion. Burke had everybody bribed at Ceylon and a fine schooner fitted out and a lot of ruffians to do the fighting, and then the good, kind British Government pardoned Arabi the day before Burke arrived in port. And you never got a cent for it; did you, Burke?"

Burke shook his head and frowned.

"Six thousand pounds sterling I was to have got for that," he said, with a touch of pardonable pride in his voice, "and they set him free the day before I got there, just as Mr. Clay tells you."

"And then you headed Granville Prior's expedition for buried treasure off the island of Cocos, didn't you?" said Clay. "Go on, tell them about it. Be sociable. You ought to write a book about your different business ventures, Burke, indeed you ought; but then," Clay added, smiling,

"nobody would believe you." Burke rubbed his chin, thoughtfully, with his fingers, and looked modestly at the ceiling, and the two younger boys gazed at him with open-mouthed interest.

"There ain't anything in buried treasure," he said, after a pause, "except the money that's sunk in the fitting out. It sounds good, but it's all foolishness."

"All foolishness, eh?" said Clay, encouragingly. "And what did you do after Balmaceda was beaten? After I last saw you?"

"Crespo," Burke replied, after a pause, during which he pulled gently on his pipe. "Caroline Brewer—cleared from Key West for Curaçao, with cargo of sewing-machines and ploughs—beached below Maracaibo—thirty-five thousand rounds and two thousand rifles—at twenty bolivars apiece."

"Of course," said Clay, in a tone of genuine appreciation. "I might have known you'd be in that. He says," he explained, "that he assisted General Crespo in Venezuela during his revolution against Guzman Blanco's party, and loaded a tramp steamer called the Caroline Brewer at Key West with arms, which he landed safely at a place for which he had no clearance papers, and he received forty thousand dollars in our money for the job—and very good pay, too, I should think," commented Clay.

"Well, I don't know," Burke demurred. "You take in the cost of leasing the boat and provisioning her, and the crew's wages, and the cost of the cargo; that cuts into profits. Then I had to stand off shore between Trinidad and Curaçao for over three weeks before I got the signal to run in, and after that I was chased by a gun-boat for three days, and the crazy fool put a shot clean through my engine-room. Cost me about twelve hundred dollars in repairs."

There was a pause, and Clay turned his eyes to the street, and then asked, abruptly, "What are you doing now?"

"Trying to get orders for smokeless powder," Burke answered, promptly. He met Clay's look with eyes as undisturbed as his own. "But they won't touch it down here," he went on. "It doesn't appeal to 'em. It's too expensive, and they'd rather see the smoke. It makes them think——"

"How long did you expect to stay here?" Clay interrupted.

"How long?" repeated Burke, like a man in a witness-box who is trying to gain time. "Well, I was thinking of leaving by Friday, and taking a mule-train over to Bogota instead of waiting for the steamer to Colon." He blew a mouthful of smoke into the air and watched it drifting toward the door with apparent interest.

"The Santiago leaves here Saturday for New York. I guess you had better wait over for her," Clay said. "I'll engage your passage, and, in the meantime, Captain Stuart here will see that they treat you well in the cartel."

The men around the table started, and sat motionless looking at Clay, but Burke only took his pipe from his mouth and knocked the ashes out on the heel of his boot. "What am I going to the cartel for?" he asked.

"Well, the public good, I suppose," laughed Clay. "I'm sorry, but it's your own fault. You shouldn't have shown yourself here at all."

"What have you got to do with it?" asked Burke, calmly, as he began to refill his pipe. He had the air of a man who saw nothing before him but an afternoon of pleasant discourse and leisurely inactivity.

"You know what I've got to do with it," Clay replied. "I've got our concession to look after."

"Well, you're not running the town, too, are you?" asked Burke.

"No, but I'm going to run you out of it," Clay answered. "Now, what are you going to do, make it unpleasant for us and force our hand, or drive down quietly with our friend MacWilliams here? He is the best one to take you, because he's not so well known."

Burke turned his head and looked over his shoulder at Stuart.

"You taking orders from Mr. Clay, today, Captain Stuart?" he asked.

"Yes," Stuart answered, smiling. "I agree with Mr. Clay in whatever he thinks right."

"Oh, well, in that case," said Burke, rising reluctantly, with a protesting sigh, "I guess I'd better call on the American Minister."

"You can't. He's in Ecuador on his annual visit," said Clay.

"Indeed! That's bad for me," muttered Burke, as though in much concern. "Well, then, I'll ask you to let me see our Consul here."

"Certainly," Clay assented, with alacrity. "Mr. Langham, this young gentleman's father, got him his appointment, so I've no doubt he'll be only too glad to do anything for a friend of ours."

Burke raised his eyes and looked inquiringly at Clay, as though to assure himself that this was true, and Clay smiled back at him.

"Oh, very well," Burke said. "Then, as I happen to be an Irishman by the name of Burke, and a British subject, I'll try Her Majesty's representative, and we'll see if he will allow me to be locked up without a reason or a warrant."

"That's no good, either," said Clay, shaking his head. "You fixed your nationality, as far as this continent is concerned, in Rio harbor, when Peixoto handed you over to the British Admiral, and you claimed to be an American citizen, and were sent on board the Detroit. If there's any doubt about that we've only got to cable to Rio Janeiro—to either legation. But what's the use? They know me here and they don't know you, and I do. You'll have to go to jail and stay there."

"Oh, well, if you put it that way, I'll go," said Burke. "But," he added, in a lower voice, "it's too late, Clay."

The expression of amusement on Clay's face, and his ease of manner, fell from him at the words, and he pulled Burke back into the chair again. "What do you mean?" he asked, anxiously.

"I mean just that, it's too late," Burke answered. "I don't mind going to jail. I won't be there long. My work's all done and paid for. I was only staying on to see the fun at the finish, to see you fellows made fools of."

"Oh, you're sure of that, are you?" asked Clay.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed the American, with a suggestion in his speech of his Irish origin, as his interest rose. "Did you ever know me to go into anything of this sort for the sentiment of it? Did you ever know me to back the losing side? No. Well, I tell you that you fellows have no more show in this than a parcel of Sunday-school children. Of course I can't say when they mean to strike. I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did. But when they do strike there'll be no striking back. It'll be all over but the cheering."

Burke's tone was calm and positive. He held the centre of the stage now, and he looked from one to the other of the serious faces around him with an expression of pitying amusement.

"Alvarez may get off, and so may Madame Alvarez," he added, lowering his voice and turning his face away from Stuart. "But not if she shows herself in the streets, and not if she tries to take those drafts and jewels with her."

"Oh, you know that, do you?" interrupted Clay.

"I know nothing," Burke replied. "At least, nothing to what the rest of them know. That's only the gossip I pick up at head-quarters. It doesn't concern me. I've delivered my goods and given my receipt for the money, and that's all I care about. But if it will make an old friend feel any more comfortable to have me in jail, why, I'll go, that's all."

Clay sat with pursed lips looking at Stuart. The two boys leaned with their elbows on the tables and stared at Burke, who was searching leisurely through his pockets for his match-box. From outside came the lazy cry of a vendor of lottery tickets, and the swift, uneven patter of bare feet, as company after company of dust-covered soldiers passed on their way from the provinces, with their shoes swinging from their bayonets.

Clay slapped the table with an exclamation of impatience.

"After all, this is only a matter of business," he said, "with all of us. What do you say, Burke, to taking a ride with me to Stuart's rooms, and having a talk there with the President and Mr. Langham? Langham has three millions sunk in these mines, and Alvarez has even better reasons than that for wanting to hold his job. What do you say? That's better than going to jail. Tell us what they mean to do, and who is to do it, and I'll let you name your own figure, and I'll guarantee you that they'll meet it. As long as you've no sentiment, you might as well fight on the side that will pay best."

Burke opened his lips as though to

speak, and then shut them again, closely. If the others thought that he was giving Clay's proposition a second and more serious thought, he was quick to undeceive them.

"There *are* men in the business who do that sort of thing," he said. "They sell arms to one man, and sell the fact that he's got them to the deputy-marshals, and sell the story of how smart they've been to the newspapers. And they never make any more sales after that. I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, bringing stuff into this country, and getting paid for it, and then telling you where it was hid, and everything else I knew? I've no sentiment, as you say, but I've got business instinct, and that's not business. No, I've told you enough, and if you think I'm not safe at large, why I'm quite ready to take a ride with your young friend here."

MacWilliams rose with alacrity, and beaming with pleasure at the importance of the duty thrust upon him.

Burke smiled. "The young 'un seems to like the job," he said.

"It's an honor to be associated with Captain Burke in any way," said MacWilliams, as he followed him into a cab, while Stuart galloped off before them in the direction of the cartel.

"You wouldn't think so if you knew better," said Burke. "My friends have been watching us while we have been talking in there for the last hour. They're watching us now, and if I was to nod my head during this ride, they'd throw you out into the street and set me free, if they had to break the cab into kindling-wood while they were doing it."

MacWilliams changed his seat to the one opposite his prisoner, and peered up and down the street in some anxiety.

"I suppose you know there's an answer to that, don't you?" he asked. "Well, the answer is, that if you nod your head once, you lose the top of it."

Burke gave an exclamation of disgust, and gazed at his zealous guardian with an expression of trepidation and unconcealed disapproval. "You're not armed, are you?" he asked.

MacWilliams nodded. "Why not?" he said; "these are rather heavy weather times, just at present, thanks to you and your friends. Why, you seem rather afraid of fire-arms," he added, with the intolerance of youth.

The Irish-American touched the young man on the knee, and lifted his hat. "My son," he said, "when your hair is as gray as that, and you have been through six campaigns, you'll be brave enough to own that you're afraid of fire-arms, too."

X

Clay and Langham left MacWilliams and Stuart to look after their prisoner, and returned to the Palms, where they dined in state, and made no reference, while the women were present, to the events of the day.

The moon rose late that night, and as Hope watched it, from where she sat at the dinner-table facing the open windows, she saw the figure of a man standing outlined in silhouette upon the edge of the cliff. He was dressed in the uniform of a sailor, and the moonlight played along the barrel of a rifle upon which he leaned, motionless and menacing, like a sentry on a rampart.

Hope opened her lips to speak, and then closed them again, and smiled with pleasurable excitement. A moment later King, who sat on her right, called one of the servants to his side and whispered some instructions, pointing meanwhile at the wine upon the table. And a minute after, Hope saw the white figure of the servant cross the garden and approach the sentinel. She saw the sentry fling his gun sharply to his hip, and then, after a moment's parley, toss it up to his shoulder and disappear from sight among the plants of the garden.

The men did not leave the table with the ladies, as was their custom, but remained in the dining-room, and drew their chairs closer together.

Mr. Langham would not believe that the downfall of the Government was as imminent as the others believed it to be. It was only after much argument, and with great reluctance, that he had even allowed King to arm half of his crew, and to place them on guard around the Palms. Clay warned him that in the disorder that followed every successful revolution, the homes of unpopular members of the Cabinet were often burned, and that he feared

should Mendoza succeed, and Alvarez fall, that the mob might possibly vent its victorious wrath on the Palms because it was the home of the alien, who had, as they thought, robbed the country of the iron mines. Mr. Langham said he did not think the people would tramp five miles into the country seeking vengeance.

There was an American man-of-war lying in the harbor of Truxillo, a seaport of the republic that bounded Olancho on the south, and Clay was in favor of sending to her captain by Weimer, the Consul, and asking him to anchor off Valencia, to protect American interests. The run would take but a few hours, and the sight of the vessel's white hull in the harbor would, he thought, have a salutory effect upon the revolutionists. But Mr. Langham said, firmly, that he would not ask for help until he needed it.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Clay. "I should very much like to have that man-of-war here. However, if you say no, we will try to get along without her. But, for the present, I think you had better imagine yourself back in New York, and let us have an entirely free hand. We've gone too far to drop out," he went on, laughing at the sight of Mr. Langham's gloomy countenance. "We've got to fight them now. It's against human nature not to do it."

Mr. Langham looked appealingly at his son and at King. They both smiled back at him in unanimous disapproval of his policy of non-interference.

"Oh, very well," he said, at last. "You gentlemen can go ahead, kill, burn, and destroy if you wish. But, considering the fact that it is my property you are all fighting about, I really think I might have something to say in the matter." Mr. Langham gazed about him helplessly, and shook his head.

"My doctor sends me down here from a quiet, happy home," he protested, with humorous pathos, "that I may rest and get away from excitement, and here I am with armed men patrolling my garden-paths, with a lot of filibusters plotting at my own dinner-table, and a civil war likely to break out, entirely on my account. And Dr. Winter told me this was the only place that would cure my nervous prostration!"

Hope joined Clay as soon as the men left the dining-room, and beckoned him to the farther end of the veranda. "Well, what is it?" she said.

"What is what?" laughed Clay. He seated himself on the rail of the veranda, with his face to the avenue and the driveway leading to the house. They could hear the others from the back of the house, and the voice of young Langham, who was giving an imitation of MacWilliams, and singing with peculiar emphasis, "There is no place like Home, Sweet Home."

"Why are the men guarding the Palms, and why did you go to the Plaza Bolivar this morning at daybreak? Alice says you left them there. I want to know what it means. I am nearly as old as Ted, and he knows. The men wouldn't tell me."

"What men?"

"King's men from the Vesta. I saw some of them dodging around in the bushes, and I went to find out what they were doing, and I walked into fifteen of them at your office. They have hammocks swung all over the veranda, and a quick-firing gun made fast to the steps, and muskets stacked all about, just like real soldiers, but they wouldn't tell me why."

"We'll put you in the cartel," said Clay, "if you go spying on our forces. Your father doesn't wish you to know anything about it, but, since you have found it out for yourself, you might as well know what little there is to know. It's the same story. Mendoza is getting ready to start his revolution, or, rather, he has started it."

"Why don't you stop him?" asked Hope.

"You are very flattering," said Clay. "Even if I could stop him, it's not my business to do it as yet. I have to wait until he interferes with me, or my mines, or my workmen. Alvarez is the man who should stop him, but he is afraid. We cannot do anything until he makes the first move. If I were the President, I'd have Mendoza shot to-morrow morning and declare martial law. Then I'd arrest everybody I didn't like, and levy forced loans on all the merchants, and sail away to Paris and live happy ever after. That's what Mendoza would do if he caught any one plotting against him. And that's what Alvarez should do, too, according to his lights, if he had the courage of his convictions, and of his education. I like to see a man play his part properly, don't you? If you

are an emperor, you ought to conduct yourself like one, as our German friend does. Or if you are a prize-fighter, you ought to be a human bull-dog. There's no such thing as a gentlemanly pugilist, any more than there can be a virtuous burglar. And if you're a South American Dictator, you can't afford to be squeamish about throwing your enemies into jail or shooting them for treason. The way to dictate is to dictate. Not to hide in doors all day while your wife plots for you."

"Does she do that?" asked Hope. And do you think she will be in danger—any personal danger, if the revolution comes?"

"Well, she is very unpopular," Clay answered, "and unjustly so, I think. But it would be better, perhaps, for her if she went as quietly as possible, when she does go."

"Is our Captain Stuart in danger, too?" the girl continued, anxiously. "Alice says they put up placards about him all over the city last night. She saw his men tearing them down as she was coming home. What has he done?"

"Nothing," Clay answered, shortly. "He happens to be in a false position, that's all. They think he is here because he is not wanted in his own country; that is not so. That is not the reason he remains here. When he was even younger than he is now, he was wild and foolish, and spent more money than he could afford, and lent more money to his brother-officers, I have no doubt, than they ever paid back. He had to leave the regiment because his father wouldn't pay his debts, and he has been selling his sword for the last three years to one or another king or sultan or party all over the world, in China and Madagascar, and later in Siam. I hope you will be very kind to Stuart and believe well of him, and that you will listen to no evil against him. Somewhere in England Stuart has a sister like you — about your age, I mean, that loves him very dearly, and a father whose heart aches for him, and there is a certain royal regiment that still drinks his health with pride. He is a lonely little chap, and he has no sense of humor to help him out of his difficulties, but he is a very brave gentleman. And he is here fighting for men who are not worthy to hold his horse's bridle, because of a woman. And I tell you this because you will hear many lies about him—and about her. He serves her with the same sort of chivalric devotion that his ancestors felt for the woman whose ribbons they tied to their lances, and for whom they fought in the lists."

"I understand," Hope said, softly. "I am glad you told me. I shall not forget." She sighed and shook her head. "I wish they'd let you manage it for them," she said.

Clay laughed. "I fear my executive ability is not of so high an order; besides, as I haven't been born to it, my conscience might trouble me if I had to shoot my enemies and rob the worthy merchants. I had better stick to digging holes in the ground. That is all I seem to be good for."

Hope looked up at him, quickly, in surprise.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded. There was a tone of such sharp reproach in her voice that Clay felt himself put on the defensive.

"I mean nothing by it," he said. "Your sister and I had a talk the other day about a man's making the best of himself, and it opened my eyes to—to many things. It was a very healthy lesson."

"It could not have been a very healthy lesson," Hope replied, severely, "if it makes you speak of your work slightingly, as you did then. That didn't sound at all natural, or like you. It sounded like Alice. Tell me, did Alice say that?"

The pleasure of hearing Hope take his part against himself was so comforting to Clay that he hesitated in answering in order to enjoy it the longer. Her enthusiasm touched him deeply, and he wondered if she were enthusiastic because she was young, or because she was sure she was right, and that he was in the wrong.

"It started this way," Clay began, carefully. He was anxious to be quite fair to Miss Langham, but he found it difficult to give her point of view correctly, while he was hungering for a word that would re-establish him in his own good opinion. "Your sister said she did not think very much of what I had done, but she explained kindly that she hoped for better things from me. But what troubles me is, that I will never do anything much better or very different in kind from the work I have done lately, and so I am a bit discouraged about it in consequence. You see," said Clay, "when I come to die, and

they ask me what I have done with my ten fingers, I suppose I will have to say, 'Well, I built such and such railroads, and I dug up so many tons of ore, and opened new countries, and helped make other men rich.' I can't urge in my behalf that I happen to have been so fortunate as to have gained the good-will of yourself or your sister. That is quite reason enough to me, perhaps, for having lived, but it might not appeal to them. I want to feel that I have accomplished something outside of myself—something that will remain after I go. Even if it is only a breakwater or a patent coupling. When I am dead it will not matter to anyone what I personally was, whether I was a bore or a most charming companion, or whether I had red hair or blue. It is the work that will tell. And when your sister, whose judgment is the judgment of the outside world, more or less, says that the work is not worth while, I naturally feel a bit discouraged. It meant so much to me, and it hurt me to find it meant so little to others."

Hope remained silent for some time, but the rigidity of her attitude, and the tightness with which she pressed her lips together, showed that her mind was deeply occupied. They both sat silent for some few moments, looking down toward the distant lights of the city. At the farther end of the double row of bushes that lined the avenue they could see one of King's sentries passing to and fro across the roadway a long black shadow on the moonlit road.

"You are very unfair to yourself," the girl said at last, "and Alice does not represent the opinion of the world, only of a very small part of it—her own little world. She does not know how little it is. And you are wrong as to what they will ask you at the end. What will they care whether you built railroads or painted impressionist pictures? They will ask you 'What have you made of yourself? Have you been fine, and strong, and sincere?' That is what they will ask. And we like you because you are all of these things, and because you look at life so cheerfully, and are unafraid. We do not like men because they build railroads, or because they are prime-ministers. We like them for what they are themselves. And as to your work!" Hope added, and then paused in eloquent silence. "I think it is a grand work, and a noble work, full of hardships and self-sacrifices. I do not know of any man who has done more with his life than you have done with yours." She stopped and controlled her voice before she spoke again. "You should be very proud," she said.

Clay lowered his eyes and sat silent, looking down the roadway. The thought that the girl felt what she said so deeply, and that the fact that she had said it meant more to him than anything else in the world could mean, left him thrilled and trembling. He wanted to reach out his hand and seize both of hers, and tell her how much she was to him, but it seemed like taking advantage of the truths of a confessional, or of a child's innocent confidences.

"No, Miss Hope," he answered, with an effort to speak lightly, "I wish I could believe you, but I know myself better than any one else can, and I know that while my bridges may stand examination—*I* can't."

Hope turned and looked at him with eyes full of such sweet meaning that he was forced to turn his own away.

"I could trust both, I think," the girl said.

Clay drew a quick, deep breath, and started to his feet, as though he had thrown off the restraint under which he had held himself.

It was not a girl, but a woman who had spoken then, but, though he turned eagerly toward her, he stood with his head bowed, and did not dare to read the verdict in her eyes.

The clatter of horses' hoofs coming toward them at a gallop broke in rudely upon the tense stillness of the moment, but neither noticed it. "How far," Clay began, in a strained voice, "how far," he asked, more steadily, "could you trust me?"

Hope's eyes had closed for an instant, and opened again, and she smiled upon him with a look of perfect confidence and content. The beat of the horses' hoofs came now from the end of the driveway, and they could hear the men at the rear of the house pushing back their chairs and hurrying toward them. Hope raised her head, and Clay moved toward her eagerly. The horses were within a hundred yards. Before Hope could speak, the sentry's

voice rang out in a hoarse, sharp challenge, like an alarm of fire on the silent night. "Halt!" they heard him cry. And as the horses tore past him, and their riders did not turn to look, he shouted again, "Halt, damn you!" and fired. The flash showed a splash of red and yellow in the moonlight, and the report started into life hundreds of echoes which carried it far out over the waters of the harbor, and tossed it into sharp angles, and distant corners, and in an instant a myriad of sounds answered it; the frightened cry of nightbirds, the barking of dogs in the village below, and the footsteps of men running.

Clay glanced angrily down the avenue, and turned beseechingly to Hope.

"Go," she said. "See what is wrong," and moved away as though she already felt that he could act more freely when she was not near him.

The two horses fell back on their haunches before the steps, and MacWilliams and Stuart tumbled out of their saddles, and started, running back on foot in the direction from which the shot had come, tugging at their revolvers.

"Come back," Clay shouted to them. "That's all right. He was only obeying orders. That's one of King's sentries."

"Oh, is that it?" said Stuart, in matter-of-fact tones, as he turned again to the house. "Good idea. Tell him to fire lower next time. And, I say," he went on, as he bowed curtly to the assembled company on the veranda, "since you have got a picket out, you had better double it. And Clay see that no one leaves here without permission—no one. That's more important, even, than keeping them out."

"King, will you—" Clay began. "All right, General," laughed King, and walked away to meet his sailors, who came running up the hill in great anxiety.

MacWilliams had not opened his lips, but he was bristling with importance, and his effort to appear calm and soldierly, like Stuart, told more plainly than speech that he was the bearer of some invaluable secret. The sight filled young Langham with a disquieting fear that he had missed something.

Stuart looked about him, and pulled briskly at his gauntlets. King and his sailors were grouped together on the grass before the house. Mr. Langham and his daughters, and Clay, were standing on the steps, and the servants were peering around the corners of the house.

Stuart saluted Mr. Langham, as though to attract his especial attention, and then addressed himself in a low tone to Clay.

"It's come," he said. "We've been in it since dinner-time, and we've got a whole night's work cut out for you." He was laughing with excitement, and paused for a moment to gain breath. "I'll tell you the worst of it first. Mendoza has sent word to Alvarez that he wants the men at the mines to be present at the review to-morrow. He says they must take part. He wrote a most insolent letter. Alvarez got out of it by saying that the men were under contract to you, and that you must give your permission first. Mendoza sent me word that if you would not let the men come, he would go out and fetch them in himself."

"Indeed!" growled Clay. "Kirkland needs those men to-morrow to load ore-cars for Thursday's steamer. He can't spare them. That is our answer, and it happens to be a true one, but if it wasn't true, if to-morrow was All Saints' Day, and the men had nothing to do but to lie in the sun and sleep, Mendoza couldn't get them. And if he comes to take them to-morrow, he'll have to bring his army with him to do it. And he couldn't do it then, Mr. Langham," Clay cried, turning to that gentleman, "if I had better weapons. The five thousand dollars I wanted you to spend on rifles, sir, two months ago, might have saved you several millions to-morrow."

Clay's words seemed to bear some special significance to Stuart and MacWilliams, for they both laughed, and Stuart pushed Clay up the steps before him.

"Come inside," he said. "That is why we are here. MacWilliams has found out where Burke hid his shipment of arms. We are going to try and get them to-night." He hurried into the dining-room and the others grouped themselves about the table. "Tell them about it, MacWilliams," Stuart commanded. "I will see that no one overhears you."

MacWilliams was pushed into Mr. Langham's place at the head of the long table, and the others dragged their chairs up close around him. King put the candles at the opposite end of the table, and set some decanters and glasses in the cen-

tre. "To look as though we were just enjoying ourselves," he explained, pleasantly.

Mr. Langham, with his fine, delicate fingers beating nervously on the table, observed the scene as an on-looker, rather than as the person chiefly interested. He smiled as he appreciated the incongruity of the tableau, and the contrast which the actors presented to the situation. He imagined how much it would amuse his contemporaries of the Union Club, at home, if they could see him then, with the still, tropical night outside, the candles reflected on the polished table and on the angles of the decanters, and showing the intent faces of the young girls and the men leaning eagerly forward around MacWilliams, who sat conscious and embarrassed, his hair dishevelled, and his face covered with dust, while Stuart paced up and down in the shadow, his sabre clanking as he walked.

"Well, it happened like this," MacWilliams began, nervously, and addressing himself to Clay. "Stuart and I put Burke safely in a cell by himself. It was one of the old ones that face the street. There was a narrow window in it, about eight feet above the floor, and no means of his reaching it, even if he stood on a chair. We stationed two troopers before the door, and sent out to a café across the street for our dinners. I finished mine about nine o'clock, and said 'Good-night' to Stuart, and started to come out here. I went across the street first, however, to give the restaurant man some orders about Burke's breakfast. It is a narrow street, you know, with a long garden-wall and a row of little shops on one side, and with the jail-wall taking up all of the other side. The street was empty when I left the jail, except for the sentry on guard in front of it, but just as I was leaving the restaurant I saw one of Stuart's police come out and peer up and down the street and over at the shops. He looked frightened and anxious, and as I wasn't taking chances on anything, I stepped back into the restaurant and watched him through the window. He waited until the sentry had turned his back, and started away from him on his post, and then I saw him drop his sabre so that it rang on the sidewalk. He was standing, I noticed then, directly under the third window from the door of the jail. That was the window of Burke's cell. When I grasped that fact I got out my gun and walked to the door of the restaurant. Just as I reached it a piece of paper shot out through the bars of Burke's cell and fell at the policeman's feet, and he stamped his boot down on it and looked all around again to see if anyone had noticed him. I thought that was my cue, and I ran across the street with my gun pointed, and shouted to him to give me the paper. He jumped about a foot when he first saw me, but he was game, for he grabbed up the paper and stuck it in his mouth and began to chew on it. I was right up on him then, and I hit him on the chin with my left fist and knocked him down against the wall, and dropped on him with both knees and choked him till I made him spit out the paper — and two teeth," MacWilliams added, with a conscientious regard for details. "The sentry turned just then and came at me with his bayonet, but I put my finger to my lips, and that surprised him, so that he didn't know just what to do, and hesitated. You see, I didn't want Burke to hear the row outside, so I grabbed my policeman by the collar and pointed to the jail door, and the sentry ran back and brought out Stuart and the guard. Stuart was pretty mad when he saw his policeman all bloody. He thought it would prejudice his other men against us, but I explained out loud that the man had been insolent, and I asked Stuart to take us both to his private room for a hearing, and, of course, when I told him what had happened, he wanted to punch the chap, too. We put him ourselves into a cell where he could not communicate with any one, and then we read the paper. Stuart has it," said MacWilliams, pushing back his chair, "and he'll tell you the rest." There was a pause, in which everyone seemed to take time to breathe, and then a chorus of questions and explanations. King lifted his glass to MacWilliams, and nodded.

"Well done, Condor," he quoted, smiling.

"Yes," said Clay, tapping the younger man on the shoulder as he passed him. "That's good work. Now show us the paper, Stuart."

Stuart pulled the candles toward him, and spread a slip of paper on the table.

"Burke did this up in one of those paper boxes for wax matches," he explained, "and weighted it with a twenty-dollar gold piece. MacWilliams kept the gold piece, I believe."

"Going to use it for a scarf-pin," explained MacWilliams, in parenthesis. "Sort of war-medal, like the Chief's," he added, smiling.

"This is in Spanish," Stuart explained. "I will translate it. It is not addressed to any one, and it is not signed, but it was evidently written to Mendoza, and we know it is in Burke's handwriting, for we compared it with some notes of his that we took from him before he was locked up. He says, 'I cannot keep the appointment, as I have been arrested.' The line that follows here," Stuart explained, raising his head, "has been scratched out, but we spent some time over it, and we made out that it read: 'It was Mr. Clay who recognized me, and ordered my arrest. He is the best man the others have. Watch him.' We think he rubbed that out through good feeling toward Clay. There seems to be no other reason. He's a very good sort, this old Burke, I think."

"Well, never mind him; it was very decent of him, any way," said Clay. "Go on. Get to Hecuba."

"'I cannot keep the appointment, as I have been arrested,'" repeated Stuart. "'I landed the goods last night in safety. I could not come in when first signalled, as the wind and tide were both off shore. But we got all the stuff stored away by morning. Your agent paid me in full and got my receipt. Please consider this as the same thing—as the equivalent'—it is difficult to translate it exactly," commented Stuart—"'as the equivalent of the receipt I was to have given when I made my report to-night. I sent three of your guards away on my own responsibility, for I think more than that number might attract attention to the spot, and they might be seen from the ore-trains.' That is the point of the note for us, of course," Stuart interrupted himself to say. "Burke adds," he went on, "'that they are to make no effort to rescue him, as he is quite comfortable, and is willing to remain in the cartel until they are established in power.'"

"Within sight of the ore-trains!" exclaimed Clay. "There are no ore-trains but ours. It must be along the line of the road."

"MacWilliams says he knows every foot of land along the railroad," said Stuart, "and he is sure the place Burke means is the old fortress on the Platta inlet, because——"

"It is the only place," interrupted MacWilliams, "where there is no surf. They could run small boats up the inlet and unload in smooth water within twenty feet of the ramparts; and another thing, that is the only point on the line with a wagon road running direct from it to the Capital. It's an old road, and hasn't been travelled over for years, but it could be used. No," he added, as though answering the doubt in Clay's mind, "there is no other place. If I had a map here I could show you in a minute; where the beach is level there is a jungle between it and the road, and wherever there is open country, there is the limestone formation and rocks between it and the sea, where no boat could touch."

"But the fortress is so conspicuous," Clay demurred; "the nearest rampart is within twenty feet of the road. Don't you remember we measured it when we thought of laying the double track?"

"That is just what Burke says," urged Stuart. "That is the reason he gives for leaving only three men on guard—'I think more than that number might attract attention to the spot, as they might be seen from the ore-trains.'"

"Have you told any one of this?" Clay asked. "What have you done so far?"

"We've done nothing," said Stuart. "We lost our nerve when we found out how much we knew, and we decided we'd better leave it to you."

"Whatever we do must be done at once," said Clay. "They will come for the arms to-night, most likely, and we must be there first. I agree with you entirely about the place. It is only a question now of our being on time. There are two things to do. The first thing is, to keep them from getting the arms, and the second is, if we are lucky, to secure them for ourselves. If we can pull it off properly, we ought to have those rifles in the mines before midnight. If we are hurried or surprised, we must dump them off the fort into the sea." Clay laughed

and looked about him at the men. "We are only following out General Bolivar's saying, 'When you want arms take them from the enemy.' Now, there are three places we must cover. This house, first of all," he went on, inclining his head quickly toward the two sisters, "then the city, and the mines. Stuart's place of course, is at the Palace. King must take care of this house and those in it, and MacWilliams and Langham and I must look after the arms. We must organize two parties, and they had better approach the fort from here and from the mines at the same time. I will need you to do some telegraphing for me, Mac, and King, I must ask you for some more men from the yacht. How many have you?"

King answered that there were fifteen men still on board, ten of whom would be of service. He added that they were all well equipped for fighting.

"I believe King's a pirate in business hours," Clay said, smiling. "All right, that's good. Now go tell ten of them to meet me at the round-house in half an hour. I will get MacWilliams to telegraph Kirkland to run an engine and flat cars to within a half mile of the fort on the north, and we will come up on it with the sailors and Ted, here, from the south. You must run the engine yourself, MacWilliams, and perhaps it would be better, King, if your men joined us at the foot of the grounds here and not at the round-house. None of the workmen must see our party start. Do you agree with me?" he asked, turning to those in the group about him. "Has anybody any criticism to make?"

Stuart and King looked at one another ruefully and laughed. "I don't see what good I am doing in town," protested Stuart. "Yes, and I don't see where I come in, either," growled King, in aggrieved tones. "These youngsters can't do it all; besides, I ought to have charge of my own men."

"Mutiny," said Clay, in some perplexity, "rank mutiny. Why, it's only a picnic. There are but three men there. We don't need sixteen white men to frighten off three Olanchians."

"I'll tell you what to do," cried Hope, with the air of having discovered a plan which would be acceptable to everyone, "let's all go."

"Well, I certainly mean to go," said Mr. Langham, decidedly. "So some one else must stay here. Ted, you will have to look after your sisters."

The son and heir smiled upon his parent with a look of affectionate wonder, and shook his head at him in fond and pitying disapproval.

"I'll stay," said King. "I have never seen such ungallant conduct. Ladies," he said, "I will protect your lives and property, and we'll invent something exciting to do ourselves, even if we have to bombard the Capital."

The men bade the women good-night, and left them with King and Mr. Langham, who had been persuaded to remain overnight, while Stuart rode off to acquaint Alvarez and General Rojas with what was going on.

XI

THERE was no chance for Clay to speak to Hope again, though he felt the cruelty of having to leave her with everything between them in this interrupted state. But their friends stood about her, interested and excited over this expedition of smuggled arms, unconscious of the great miracle that had come into his life and of his need to speak to and to touch the woman who had wrought it. Clay felt how much more binding than the laws of life are the little social conventions that must be observed at times, even though the heart is leaping with joy or racked with sorrow. He stood within a few feet of the woman he loved, wanting to cry out at her and to tell her all the wonderful things which he had learned were true for the first time that night, but he was forced instead to keep his eyes away from her face and to laugh and answer questions, and at the last to go away content with having held her hand for an instant, and to have heard her say "good-luck."

MacWilliams called Kirkland to the office at the other end of the Company's wire, and explained the situation to him. He was instructed to run an engine and freight-cars to a point a quarter of a mile north of the fort, and to wait there until he heard a locomotive whistle or pistol shots, when he was to run on to the fort as quickly and as noiselessly as possible.

He was also directed to bring with him as many of the American workmen as he could trust to keep silent concerning the events of the evening. At ten o'clock MacWilliams had the steam up in a locomotive, and with his only passenger-car in the rear, ran it out of the yard and stopped the train at the point nearest the cars where ten of the Vesta's crew were waiting. The sailors had no idea as to where they were going, or what they were to do, but the fact that they had all been given arms filled them with satisfaction, and they huddled together at the bottom of the car smoking and whispering, and radiant with excitement and satisfaction.

The train progressed cautiously until it was within a half mile below the fort, when Clay stopped it, and, leaving two men on guard, stepped off the remaining distance on the ties, his little band following noiselessly behind him like a procession of ghosts in the moonlight. They halted and listened from time to time as they drew near the ruins, but there was no sound except the beating of the waves on the rocks and the rustling of the sea-breeze through the vines and creepers about them.

Clay motioned to the men to sit down, and, beckoning to MacWilliams, directed him to go on ahead and reconnoitre.

"If you fire we will come up," he said. "Get back here as soon as you can."

"Aren't you going to make sure first that Kirkland is on the other side of the fort?" MacWilliams whispered.

Clay replied that he was certain Kirkland had already arrived. "He had a shorter run than ours, and he wired you he was ready to start when we were, didn't he?" MacWilliams nodded.

"Well, then, he is there. I can count on Kirk."

MacWilliams pulled at his heavy boots and hid them in the bushes, with his helmet over them to mark the spot. "I feel as though I was going to rob a bank," he chuckled, as he waved his hand and crept off into the underbrush.

For the first few moments the men who were left behind sat silent, but as the minutes wore on, and MacWilliams made no sign, they grew restless, and shifted their positions, and began to whisper together, until Clay shook his head at them, and there was silence again until one of them, in trying not to cough, almost strangled, and the others tittered and those nearest pummelled him on the back.

Clay pulled out his revolver, and after spinning the cylinder under his finger-nail, put it back in its holder again, and the men, taking this as an encouraging promise of immediate action, began to examine their weapons again for the twentieth time, and there was a chorus of short, muffled clicks as triggers were drawn back and cautiously lowered and levers shot into place and caught again.

One of the men farthest down the track raised his arm, and all turned and half rose as they saw MacWilliams coming toward them on a run, leaping noiselessly in his stocking feet from tie to tie. He dropped on his knees between Clay and Langham.

"The guns are there all right," he whispered, panting, "and there are only three men guarding them. They are all sitting on the beach smoking. I hustled around the fort and came across the whole outfit in the second gallery. It looks like a row of coffins, ten coffins and about twenty little boxes and kegs. I'm sure that means they are coming for them to-night. They've not tried to hide them nor to cover them up. All we've got to do is to walk down on the guards and tell them to throw up their hands. It's too easy."

Clay jumped to his feet. "Come on," he said.

"Wait till I get my boots on first," begged MacWilliams. "I wouldn't go over those cinders again in my bare feet for all the buried treasure in the Spanish Main. You can make all the noise you want; the waves will drown it."

With MacWilliams to show them the way, the men scrambled up the outer wall of the fort and crossed the moss-covered ramparts at the run. Below them, on the sandy beach, were three men sitting around a driftwood fire that had sunk to a few hot ashes. Clay nodded to MacWilliams. "You and Ted can have them," he said. "Go with him, Langham."

The sailors levelled their rifles at the three lonely figures on the beach as the two boys slipped down the wall and fell on their hands and feet in the sand below, and then crawled up to within a few feet of where the men were sitting.

As MacWilliams raised his revolver one of the three, who was cooking something over the fire, raised his head and with a yell of warning flung himself toward his rifle.

"Up with your hands!" MacWilliams shouted in Spanish, and Langham, running in, seized the nearest sentry by the neck and shoved his face down between his knees into the sand.

There was a great rattle of falling stones and of breaking vines as the sailors tumbled down the side of the fort, and in a half minute's time the three sentries were looking with angry, frightened eyes at the circle of armed men around them.

"Now gag them," said Clay. "Does anybody here know how to gag a man?" he asked. "I don't."

"Better make him tell what he knows first," suggested Langham.

But the Spaniards were too terrified at what they had done, or at what they had failed to do, to further commit themselves.

"Tie us and gag us," one of them begged. "Let them find us so. It is the kindest thing you can do for us."

"Thank you, sir," said Clay. "That is what I wanted to know. They are coming to-night, then. We must hurry."

The three sentries were bound and hidden at the base of the wall, with a sailor to watch them. He was a young man with a high sense of the importance of his duties, and he enlivened the prisoners by poking them in the ribs whenever they moved.

Clay deemed it impossible to signal Kirkland as they had arranged to do, as they could not know now how near those who were coming for the arms might be. So MacWilliams was sent back for his engine, and a few minutes later they heard it rumble heavily past the fort on its way to bring up Kirkland and the flat cars. Clay explored the lower chambers of the fort and found the boxes as MacWilliams had described them. Ten men, with some effort, could lift and carry the larger coffin-shaped boxes, and Clay guessed that, granting their contents to be rifles, there must be a hundred pieces in each box, and that there were a thousand rifles in all.

They had moved half of the boxes to the side of the track when the train of flat cars and the two engines came crawling and twisting toward them, between the walls of the jungle, like a great serpent, with no light about it but the glow from the hot ashes as they fell between the rails. Thirty men, equally divided between Irish and negroes, fell off the flat cars before the wheels had ceased to revolve, and, without a word of direction, began loading the heavy boxes on the train and passing the kegs of cartridges from hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder. The sailors spread out up the road that led to the Capital to give warning in case the enemy approached, but they were recalled before they had reason to give an alarm, and in a half hour Burke's entire shipment of arms was on the ore-cars, the men who were to have guarded them were prisoners in the cab of the engine, and both trains were rushing at full speed toward the mines. On arriving there Kirkland's train was switched to the siding that led to the magazine in which was stored the rackarock and dynamite used in the blasting. By midnight all of the boxes were safely under lock in the zinc building, and the number of the men who always guarded the place for fear of fire or accident was doubled, while a reserve, composed of Kirkland's thirty picked men, were hidden in the surrounding houses and engine-sheds.

Before Clay left he had one of the boxes broken open, and found that it held a hundred Mannlicher rifles.

"Good!" he said. "I'd give a thousand dollars in gold if I could bring Mendoza out here and show him his own men armed with his own Mannlichers and dying for a shot at him. How old Burke will enjoy this when he hears of it."

The party from the Palms returned to their engine after many promises of reward to the men for their work "over-time," and were soon flying back with their hearts as light as the smoke above them.

MacWilliams slackened speed as they neared the fort, and moved up cautiously on the scene of their recent victory, but a warning cry from Clay made him bring his engine to a sharp stop. Many lights were flashing over the ruins and they could see in their reflection the figures of men running over the same walls on which the lizards had basked in undisturbed peace for years.

"They look like a swarm of hornets

after some one has chucked a stone through their nest," laughed MacWilliams. "What shall we do now? Go back, or wait here, or run the blockade?"

"Oh, ride them out," said Langham; "the family's anxious, and I want to tell them what's happened. Go ahead."

Clay turned to the sailors in the car behind them. "Lie down, men," he said. "And don't any of you fire unless I tell you to. Let them do all the shooting. This isn't our fight, yet, and, besides, they can't hit a locomotive standing still, certainly not when it's going at full speed."

"Suppose they've torn the track up?" said MacWilliams, grinning. "We'd look sort of silly flying through the air."

"Oh, they've not sense enough to think of that," said Clay. "Besides, they don't know it was we who took their arms away, yet."

MacWilliams opened the throttle gently, and the train moved slowly forward, gaining speed at each revolution of the wheels.

As the noise of its approach beat louder and louder on the air, a yell of disappointed rage and execration rose into the night from the fort, and a mass of soldiers swarmed upon the track, leaping up and down and shaking the rifles in their hands.

"That sounds a little as though they thought we had something to do with it," said MacWilliams, grimly. "If they don't look out some one will get hurt."

There was a flash of fire from where the mass of men stood, followed by a dozen more flashes, and the bullets rattled on the smokestack and upon the boiler of the engine.

"Low bridge," cried MacWilliams, with a fierce chuckle. "Now, watch her!"

He threw open the throttle as far as it would go, and the engine answered to his touch like a race-horse to the whip. It seemed to spring from the track into the air. It quivered and shook like a live thing, and as it shot in between the soldiers they fell back on either side, and MacWilliams leaned far out of his cab-window shaking his fist at them.

"You got left, didn't you?" he shouted. "Thank you for the Mannlichers."

As the locomotive rushed out of the jungle, and passed the point on the road nearest to the Palms, MacWilliams loosened three long triumphant shrieks from his whistle and the sailors stood up and cheered.

"Let them shout," cried Clay. "Everybody will have to know now. It's begun at last," he said, with a laugh of relief.

"And we took the first trick," said MacWilliams, as he ran his engine slowly into the railroad yard.

The whistles of the engine and the shouts of the sailors had carried far through the silence of the night, and as the men came hurrying across the lawn to the Palms, they saw all of those who had been left behind grouped on the veranda awaiting them.

"Do the conquering heroes come?" shouted King.

"They do," young Langham cried, joyously. "We've got all their arms, and they shot at us. We've been under fire!"

"Are any of you hurt?" asked Miss Langham, anxiously, as she and the others hurried down the steps to welcome them, while those of the Vesta's crew who had been left behind looked at their comrades with envy.

"We have been so frightened and anxious about you," said Miss Langham.

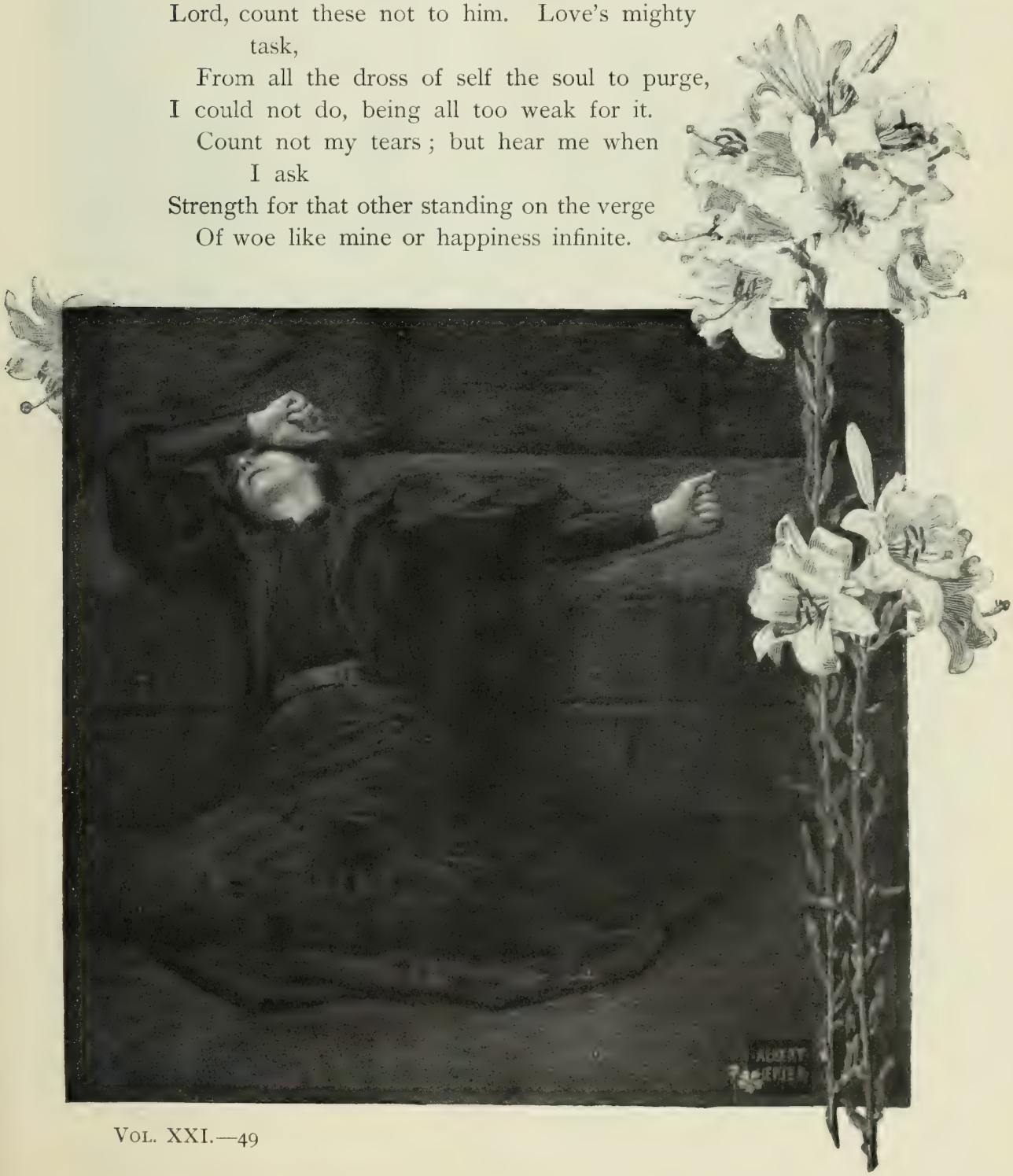
Hope held out her hand to Clay and greeted him with a quiet, happy smile, that was in contrast to the excitement and confusion that reigned about them.

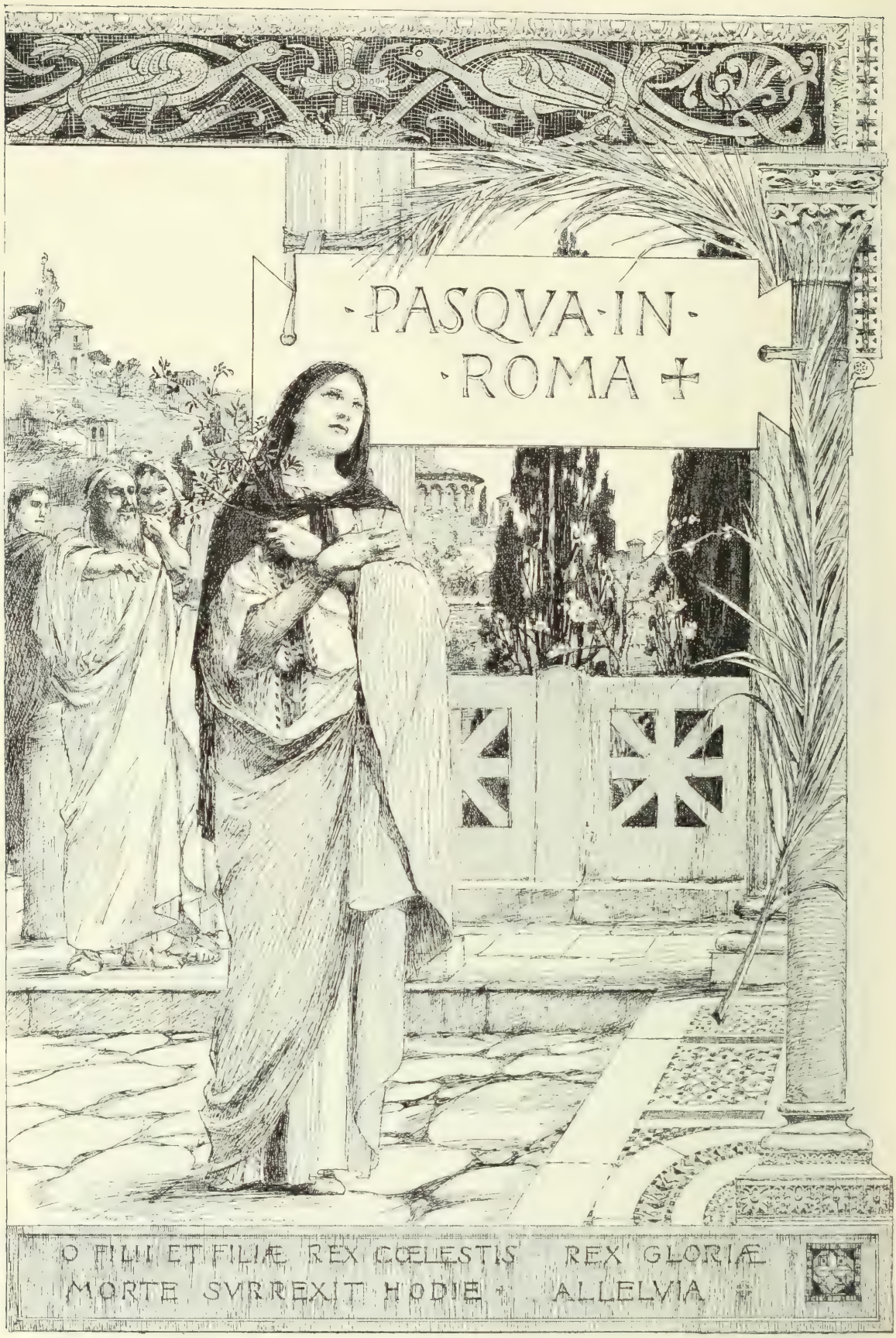
"I knew you would come back safely," she said. And the pressure of her hand seemed to add "to me."

(To be continued.)

COR PECCATRIX

SINCE my Beloved has been false to me,
Thou knowest, Lord! the tears that I have wept,
And the long, unstarred vigils I have kept—
So long I had not known that nights could be—
So long, I oft have to my window crept,
Bewildered lest my fearful eyes should see
That Time had dawned into Eternity,
While I had watched and while the world had slept.
Lord, count these not to him. Love's mighty task,
From all the dross of self the soul to purge,
I could not do, being all too weak for it.
Count not my tears; but hear me when I ask
Strength for that other standing on the verge
Of woe like mine or happiness infinite.




·PASQVA·IN·
·ROMA +
O FILII ET FILIÆ REX CŒLESTIS REX GLORIÆ
MORTE SVRREXIT HODIE ALLELVIA

A ROMA



EASTER.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

By Henry van Dyke

While May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

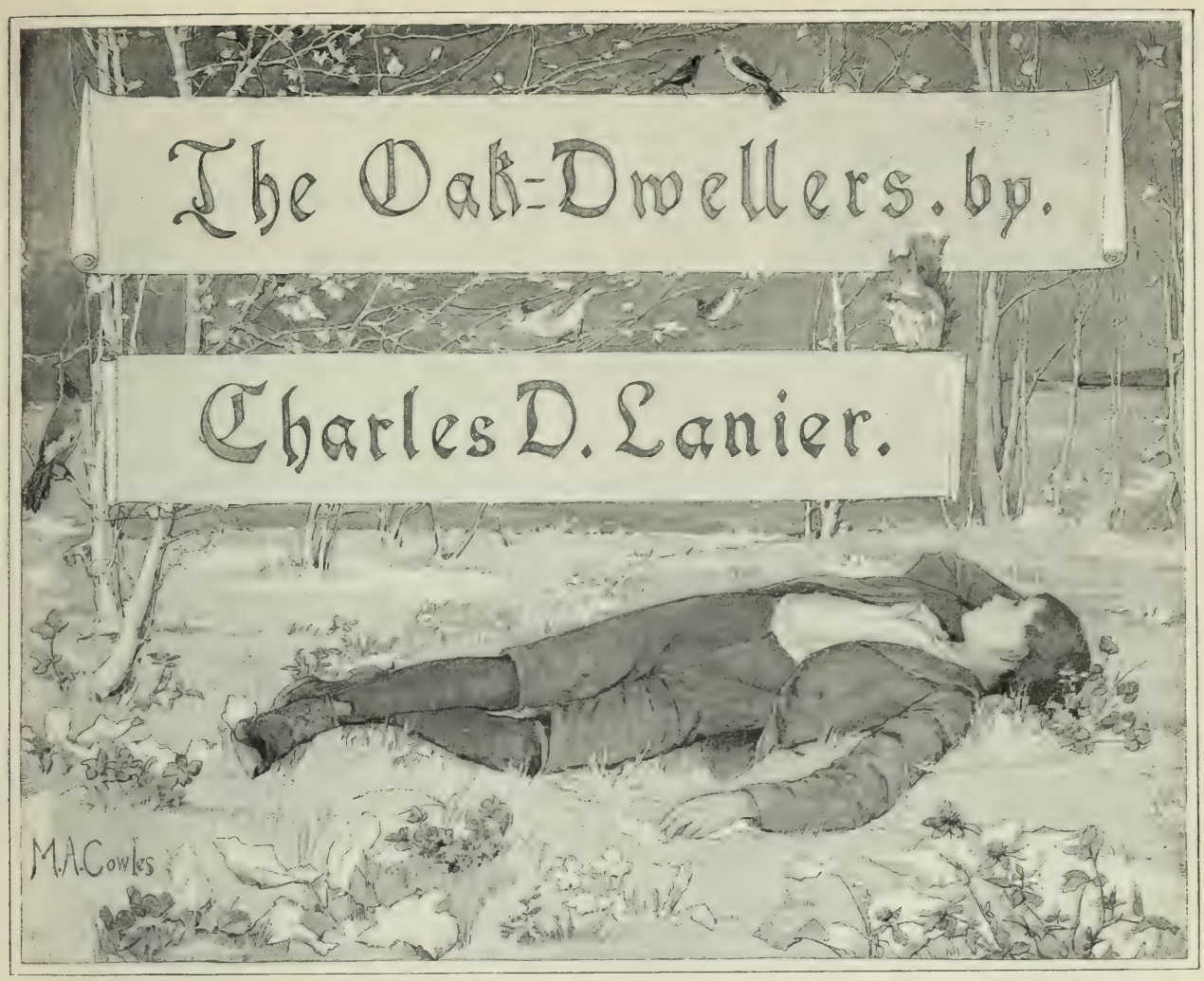
An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the Yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows:
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try, to call her down this way,
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she—
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
Witchery—witchery—witchery.

Along the shady road I look;
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!





AS beautiful as Dr. Holmes makes the story of his tree-loves — we all remember what delight he had in seeking out the hugest of the graceful New England elms to proudly "wed" them with his tape-measure—it has seemed to me that in the sympathy we have for the personal majesty of trees there may be deeper notes which escape the poet and the botanist to thrill the untrained, but very keen, ear of the hunter. Be assured that one has not exhausted their loveliness nor their most charming secrets when the tape-measure is read and the spread of boughs computed. For there is such a fulness and variety of life in the cosey nooks and voluminous foliage of a single forest tree—one finds with riper friendship so many flying and climbing households never suspected when one was on less intimate terms—that a realization comes of the *terra incognita* this must be for those who may not loaf and hunt their way into the confidence of woody things.

That this privilege is not restricted to the naturalist and such as have names out of dead languages at glib command for unoffending insects and frogs and birds, I hope to prove by recalling my intimacy with a tree that was, and always will be, a very real friend to me. Certainly the writer did not come in the specialist category, for he was a boy with quite his share of native boy ignorance and barbarism.

When the sunshine and soft rains of summer had brought great billowing clouds of foliage to the noble army of oaks, hickories, and chestnuts, towering on the hills of western Maryland, we could see between the luxuriant sprays of ivy that clothed the façade of our school a strange silhouette against the distant sky above Horsehead Woods. It was the front of a horse rampant, bearing an Indian warrior whose very eagle feathers showed out in serrated fierceness. This dashing figure-

head was pointed out to visitors as the genius of the place, and godfather of the forest. But there were two or three of the less thrifty school-boys — of the well-defined cult chronically late for chapel, untidy in its uniforms, and silent on Commencement and prize-giving occasions — who knew many more and better things about that group of giant trees and the *Waldgeist* in Horsehead.

They were the biggest oaks in a wood famous among us for its primeval growth. And the one that threw its topmost branches into the proudly curving neck of the rearing steed was chiefest of them all, and that was my tree.

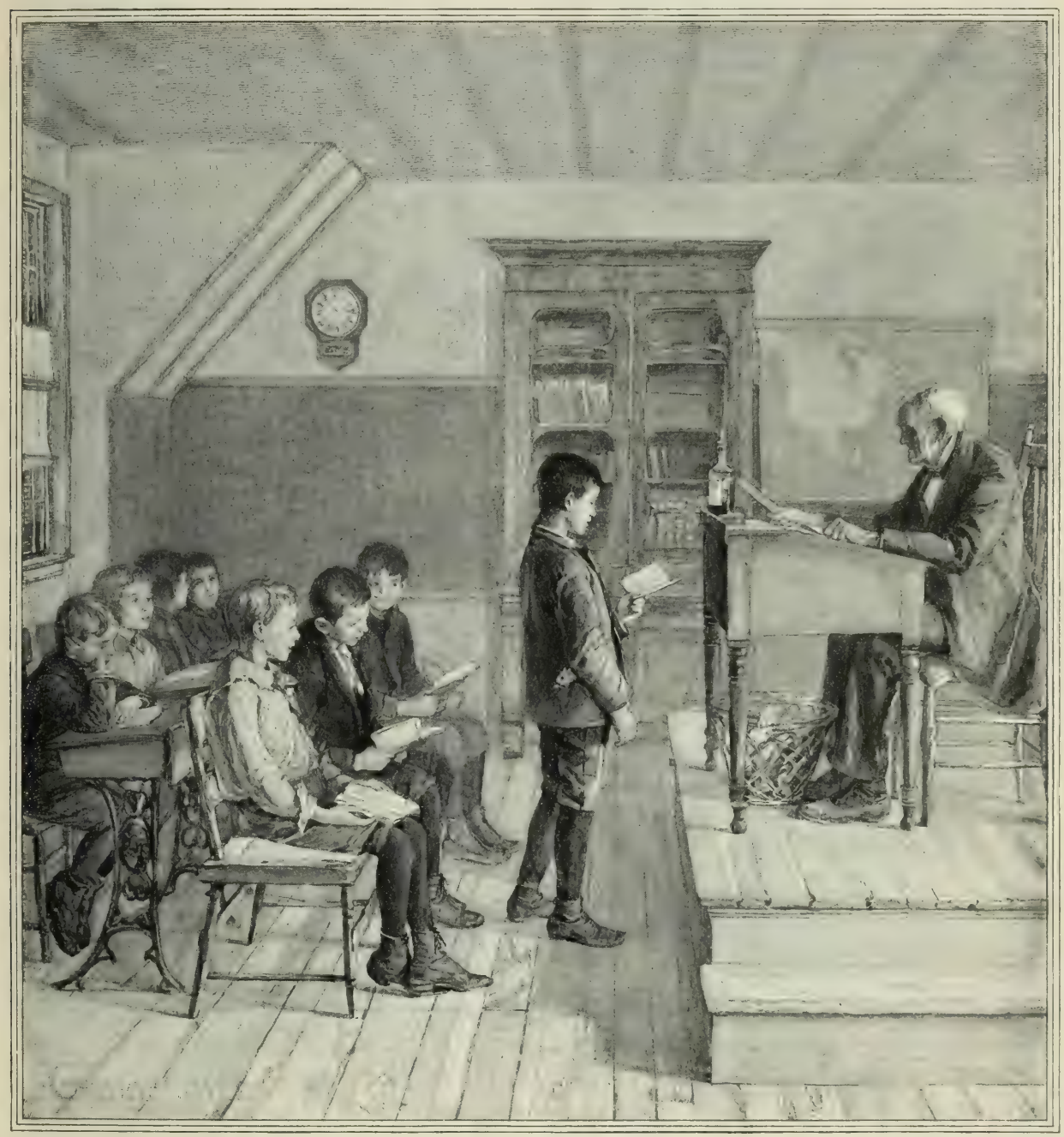
In the summer season it was no easy task to push one's way through the dense growth of dogwood, alder, hickory, haws, and rare blackberry bushes, grown out of all rhyme and reason; and the dark mouldy soil was honeycombed with springs that kept off everyone except such pertinacious young hunters as we were. But when one knew the secret of the narrow strip of firm ground, and had followed it to the home of the giant, one was rewarded with a pleasant bit of clear turf-covered glade, through which flowed, silent and deep and crystal-clear, the icy waters of the Big Spring. For about this enchanted spot, guarded by the oak, all things grew in a more generous mould.

The hawks first led me to it—two fiercely screaming red-tailed buzzards. From a lazy bed in the clover, I had often watched them slowly circle up into the blue, not moving a wing, but nevertheless rising mysteriously higher and higher until it hurt one's eye to follow them. Their gibing enemies, the crows, betrayed them in nesting-time, and I found the ungainly bundle of sticks and leaves in the vertical crotch of the oak eighty feet from the ground. It was the work of hours to get at it; but when I peered breathlessly over the edge of the clumsy affair to see the three great eggs, of a delicate green-white ground-color, handsomely splotched with autumn-leaf brown on the larger end, there was no more thought of bruised shins, torn trousers, or gouged eyes, nor of the agony suffered in the slow descent made with the prizes in a furry cap which I held in my teeth, and which set them very distressingly on edge.

As the buzzards were the largest and most savage of my feathered tenants, I shall tell next of the prettiest and tiniest of them all. It was Sunday afternoon when they became known to me, and I lay on the close turf with head propped against a monster root that the oak sent coiling off into the ground. The sun was near to leaving. Two thrushes twittered about their nest in the low crotch of the wild cherry, containing four eggs of a beautiful blue, but too "easy" to tempt our rapacity; ever and anon the poetry which the woods had distilled through the brown-coated songsters melted into an infinitely tranquil, mellow note, never heard in its full charm save thus as a voice of the forest symphony, to the melodious accompaniment of some quiet fall of softly modulated waters. Stilled by the harmony my half-closed eyes were turned toward the lower bough, the nearer aisles of the vast leafy temple. Suddenly a glint shot from the point where my gaze was dreamily focused. That was all; but suspicion and savage instincts were aroused. For ten minutes my eyes followed the contour of each of the small boughs twenty feet above me, mere twigs from a higher and greater branch, which in turn declined from a mighty outstretched arm of the giant. Presently suspicion centred in an insignificant, lichen-covered wart on the upper side of a branch as large, perhaps, as a lady's wrist. It was like a dozen others, yet not exactly like them. The lichen seemed to me just a shade grayer and more regular, and the knot was a trifle too round. I feared to take my eyes away, lest it were lost before I had proved it to be only a natural excrescence. The sudden glint again struck my eye, there was a strange, tuneful hum, and—Eureka! Directly above the point I was watching there hovered, with wings vibrating themselves into a misty point, an exquisite ruby-throat. Then it settled on the diminutive cup of lichen, and I had found my first humming-bird's nest. By climbing far up above, and then crawling carefully down on a separate limb, one could look over into the nest, scarcely a yard away, to admire the two tiny white eggs, and the even more fairy-like nest, marvellously woven inside with the finest and softest fibre, and

coated on the outer periphery against the weather with delicate lichen, which just turned the rim so as to shed any insistent raindrop that might penetrate the manifold roof of leaves overhead. The whole would have fitted in a circle made by joining the index-finger and thumb.

of twigs which they tossed into one of the lower crotches to hold their curiously mottled green eggs, as if they had been building a palace. Fortunate it was that they did not come while the hawks were nesting, or there would have been no peace in that part of Horsehead.



The School-room.

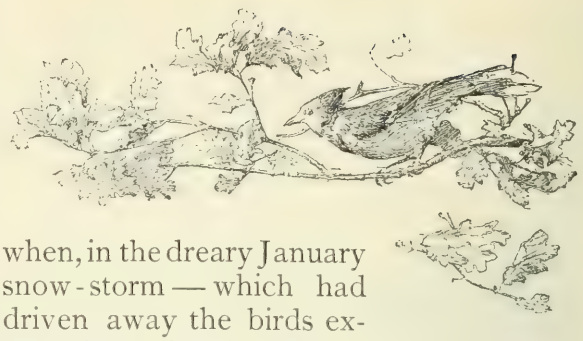
I am going to draw a hasty veil over the subsequent history of the dainty household, and proceed to some less picturesque boarders in this very democratic apartment-house. A pair of scolding jays were tenants for two years. They made as much noise over the disreputable handful

But even without the hawks the jays always had a cause of complaint. Besides frequent passages-at-arms with the woodpeckers, they contrived to get up a notable feud with the red squirrels. These did not live in the oak, where their big gray cousins had a famous den ; they came

over from the long slit in the maple, like the roystering brawlers they were, and gave the jays some fearful battles. I could never certainly make out whether they were after the eggs or not—these red squirrels. They had a bad name as bird-nesters, and that was probably the secret of their forays ; at any rate the encounters were long and fierce. The instant Mr. Bluejay discovered one of the red robbers on the tree, he gave a shriek of rage which brought his valiant spouse to the scene, and together they chased the interloper over the oak, from one branch to another, so fast and furiously that it was frequently difficult to tell, in the fluttering, revolving *mêlée*, which was bird and which was beast. So savage did the fray become that the jays actually ceased their slogan, and the sullen combat went swiftly on with only the sound of snapping beaks and scampering claws.

One afternoon, in the midst of these swashbuckler affairs, the two birds made such a desperate concerted dash at one of the squirrels, while he was running along a limb too small to give the firmest support, that he was fairly dashed off into mid-air and to the ground. Scarcely had he thumped on it when both assailants were upon him. Though I took a hand in it, they paid no attention to me for several seconds, and with the advantage of his slightly dazed condition I am sure they would have killed him.

This hatred of red squirrels was at least one bond of union between the jays and the woodpeckers, who lived much higher up, in a short, dead branch, stripped of its bark—relic of some hurricane that had struck the forest years ago. The holes they had hewn in it could be seen on both sides, round and even as if they had been bored by an auger. Like the gray squirrels the woodpeckers were all-the-year lodgers, and their discordant call sounded out in the coldest winter, just as in the warm, burgeoning days of spring and summer. One quite forgave the exceeding bad taste of their crass red, white, and black plumage, and even their garrulous buffoonery,



when, in the dreary January snow-storm — which had driven away the birds except for a lonely red-bird in the thickets, a diminutive creeper here and there, and a swarm of uninteresting snowbirds—their loud challenge sounded out as defiant as ever, to be followed by a cheery *rap-tap-tap*. Their eggs, too, were a redeeming feature—six shapely ovals, of the most beautiful clear white texture, and polished so highly that the finest ivory could not rival them.

But I am leaving small space to tell of three families of lovely transients that came on different occasions to occupy their little coigne of vantage in the vast, hospitable spread of the oak. A flaring tanager, with rich black and scarlet coat, I always suspected of having nested there ; but, if so, she kept her secret well. It was not so easy for the Baltimore oriole to hide from prying eyes her long, purse-like nest, which depended from some slight flexible twigs far up in the air. How it rocked when the wind blew before a sudden thunder-shower ! But it was woven of handsome flax-like grasses, and was lashed with perfect workmanship to the tough oak twigs. The mouth narrowed, so as to leave the eggs safe in the bulging pockets below, unless it were actually turned upside down. These eggs were among the most artistic things of their kind, showing graceful curlicues and dashes of black or burnt sienna on a light background just tinted with green. The birds themselves, with their velvety, brilliant coloring of orange and black, and their mellifluous, sensuous, gentle notes, seemed to me the very spirits of summer and sunshine, the fittest symbol of the season when life and love come forth in nature.

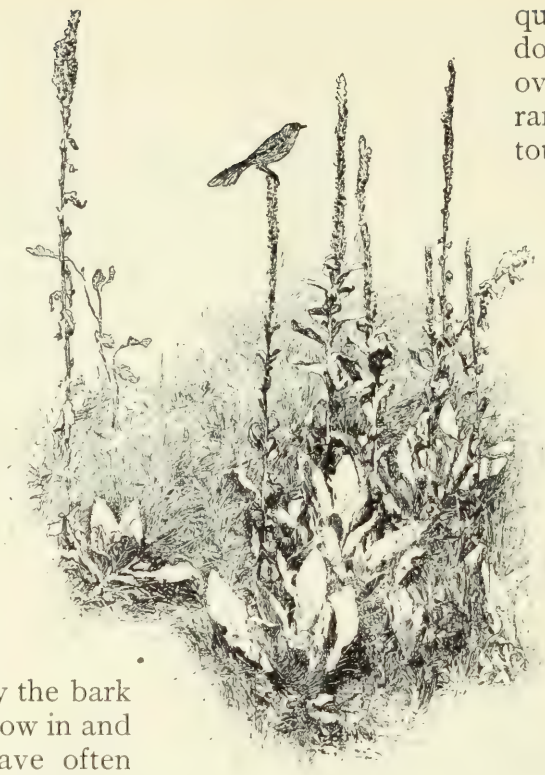
The amorous warblings of the orioles had not begun to be heard when a retiring, modest-hued little stranger came to build in quite as airy a site as they had chosen. Everyone knows the common pewee, which nests and lays its dull-white eggs



A pleasant bit of clear, turf-covered glade.

in old stone-work, or the rafters of barns, or under bridges, and which gives forth the plaintive pee-wee from a perch on the tip of a mullein-stalk. Not so many boast an acquaintance with the wood pewee, which rejoices in a dogwood on the border of a forest footpath for its slight hanging nest. There is a third little cousin, much resembling these as one sees him from a distance, who leads a gentle life deep in the great woods. Few people ever do see him at all, but the boy with a collection of eggs knows that the tree pewee fashions a nest of moss and bark and clay in tall oaks and chestnuts, and that if he is so lucky as to find one that can be reached, it will contain the most charming roundish eggs, of a soft cream hue, ringed on the butt with spots of purple and brown—an indescribably dainty, yet

rich, combination. I am very glad now that the small cup which the tree pewee of the oak put at a giddy height on the stock of a dead limb, could *not* be reached!



After all, my favorite boarders in the oak were the gray squirrels. The boys knew their hole from the woodpeckers' at a glance, for it was in the living trunk of the tree, and the red-brown margin always showed where their powerful teeth had been cutting away the bark which threatened to grow in and close them up. I have often wondered how the woodpeckers knew that it would imprison them, and that they must put up with the dead limb. As for the grays, they were not afraid to live in the heart of the oak; and what stores of nuts, harvested in the hickories on the hill, they did manage to "tote" up there! There must have been a peck, at least, when I ruthlessly chopped into the hollow with a sharp hatchet, and captured a fine brood of young ones that were soon tamed into graceful and affectionate pets. The old father and mother we did not want, even if we could have caught them, because they were fierce and untamable in captivity. The abduction of their pretty children did not seem to weigh much on their minds; they gave no sign of the poignant grief, not to be comforted, that I have seen, for instance, in bluebirds whose nest had been despoiled—but refitted their den as snugly as before and raised another family.

Of all the subtle wood-scents that linger for a lifetime with such sweet suggestions, there is to me none more pleasant than the delicate, nutty effluvia of the squirrels in their home—a delicious compound of the dry oak-leaves, the shells of hickory-nuts and acorns, the timbers of the tree, and the secretions of their own cleanly fur. For he is a dainty chap, the gray squirrel—in fact he is quite an exquisite in his way. One does not find him running over muddy ground on the rare occasions when he touches mother earth at all. He trips along the length of every fallen log, and only plays in the clean brown leaves on dry autumn days. Nor does he venture out from his snug home quarters in windy, wet weather, when the dripping branches would dash against his handsome gray coat. Such inclement days he spends at his club, in the shelter of the oak walls.

When my squirrels went harvesting—you must not think of them as like the Central Park variety; they were as wild as deer—one of them first held his head in the mouth of the hole for half a minute to see if the coast was clear. Presently out he whisked, and stopped again to make sure, while his mate followed. Then Mr. Squirrel gave a rasping, long-drawn bark of defiance, which must have filled his lady's heart with admiration for his boldness, and with apprehension lest some unwary creature should come within reach of her lord's anger. Then—if you didn't betray yourself and send both scampering in wildest fright back to the hole—after playing hide-and-seek for a few moments, they ran in single file out to the topmost twigs of a great bough, gained a branch of the neighboring bare walnut, and crossing to its farther side, made a desperate flying leap into the top of a young hickory. Running halfway down this they used a succession of dogwoods and oak saplings until they had reached the grove of tall, straight hickories on the hill, an eighth of a mile from their hole in the oak. Come on them suddenly now, if you would care to see fast time made over this queer course, and some record-breaking leaps that fairly take away one's breath!

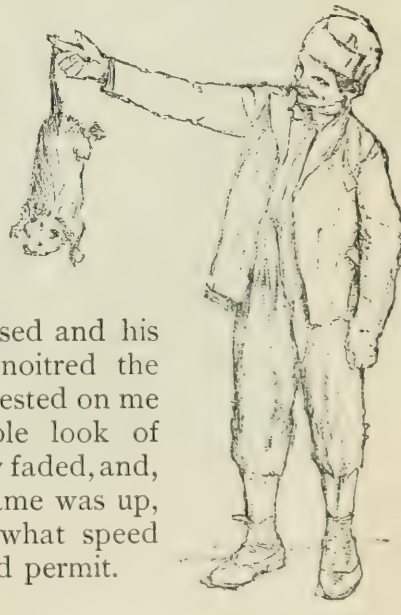
But let us get back to the oak, and be

silent about many other habits of the grays, for they were not the only squirrels in this big *pension*. At the base of a huge root that showed a partially decayed side, there was a narrow entrance half-filled with chips and oak-dust ; here dwelt the little ground-squirrel, whose silky flanks were striped so tastefully with brown-red and white and a dash of chocolate. He did not dare to climb up the great oak among the more aristocratic lodgers, and lived a modest, harmless life in the basement. But his cellars were bravely stocked with acorns, and such hickory-nuts as he could find on the ground ; for he is a famous provider, and on every sunny day is to be found about the stumps and rock-piles on the hill, from which he returns with the elastic pouch in his jaw swollen out with acorns to an extent that suggests a fearful attack of the toothache. If you walk near him up there he will sit perfectly still until you are within a few yards, and then, with comic precipitation, he flings up his scanty tail, gives a shrill, piercing *chee-eep !* of alarm, and scampers into a crevice of the rock-pile.

Even this Liliputian beast was not, however, the smallest of the oak's squirrel-folks. Between his home in the roots and the gray-coats' lofty abode, in a decayed limb very like that which holds the woodpeckers' nest, there were six timid flying-squirrels. They do not have the pride in their domestic arrangements which the woodpeckers show by keeping the edges of the entrance so marvellously smooth and round ; but this is probably because a jagged edge would rumple and break the bird's feathers, while the soft, mouse-like fur of the flying squirrel allows her to be less careful. But when she is once inside, Mrs. Flying-Squirrel makes a most comfortable, downy nest of pliable grass and moss and fibres and bits of fur, into which she and her family burrow for warmth, and lie there during the cold snaps, just as if someone had packed them nicely in excelsior. We tamed them with perfect ease, and shortly after their breeding season certain of the boys could scarcely stand examination, even during recitations and chapels, as to their pockets and sleeves and desks ; for the soft little bead-eyed fellows were perfectly satisfied to inhabit these close quarters.

And do they really fly ? I never saw one start from the ground, flap a pair of wings, and go soaring off. But I have climbed, with a great expense of energy, a high tree to capture one, and have come within arm's length of him at the top, only to enjoy a good view of his graceful, parabolic flight to another tree, fifty yards away. When he extends his four legs, the loose skin forms a web on either side, which, though it cannot be flapped, allows him to skim down from a height, and then, as he seems about grounded, to rise a surprising distance with the momentum gained.

The oak gave shelter to other four-footed creatures, too. A howling autumn northeaster once drove me to crouch in the great hollow at its base. As I was shivering at the cheerless prospect outside, my eye caught a long, thistle-like strand of fur, held in the rough bark at the edge of the opening. It told me that a 'possum was, or very lately had been, somewhere above my head. In a few minutes a lithe hickory pole with a forked end was experimenting in the dark hollow above, and presently it drew down the sly old marsupial, wearing a very sickly grin on his fox-like countenance. Though not a bit the worse for the adventure, he closed his eyes and lay down on the ground in a most palpable attempt to " play off " dead. His face showed such a rank affectation of innocence as I held him up by the long, naked tail, and he looked so *wohlbehagen*, as the Germans say, in his fat, round sides and well-conditioned pelt, that it was a great temptation to see him play out his little farce. I put him on the ground and retired to a fallen log, which he could not see from his supine position. Ten minutes he lay, a motionless corpse, and then, slowly and cautiously, his sharp snout was raised and his little pig-eyes reconnoitred the situation until they rested on me —when the ineffable look of cunning immediately faded, and, realizing that the game was up, he trotted off with what speed his fat paunch would permit.



So my friendship with the oak people was not without its comical side. There was one dramatic chapter, which must be curtailed in these garrulous reminiscences, when we found in the cavernous hollow, midway up the trunk, a big raccoon with a litter of four young cubs, crawling about in the den of dry leaves. It was a famous fight when, reinforced by several boys with pitchforks and clubs, we attempted to make a capture of the fierce old mother. For a long time we could not persuade her to come out; but, when she did, it was with a rush that sent one of us tumbling to the ground, and so disconcerted the auxiliaries at the foot of the tree, that they made no effective demonstrations when the enemy swarmed down plump among them.

It has taken so long just to enumerate the inhabitants of the oak that there is no space to tell how, on peaceful Sunday afternoons, my chum and I lay in its cool shade and spied on such of its people as were abroad; nor how we always paused here to draw a long breath of grateful relief after the sweetest and coolest draught of water that refreshed our weary, hot tramp. No lessons ever came so quickly elsewhere as when they were studied prone beside the Big Spring, and examinations, prefaced by sessions beneath the oak, were likely to prove rare exceptions to the rule. As for "Quentin Durward" and "The Pathfinder," smuggled in the inside lining of one's jacket to this little island of the oak, did we not fairly writhe in the mingled ecstasies of the time, the place, and the book?

And even with a boy there are tragic moments; there are premonitions, at least, of the *Sturm und Drang* of life. What passions of hurt sensibility, of boy-remorse, of great hopes and mighty resolutions could one not share with such a stalwart friend, with its rough, kindly bark and myriad whispering leaves?



THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IV

Louise kept wondering, the whole way back, how Maxwell had managed the recasting of the love-business, and she wished she had stayed with him, so that he could have appealed to her at any moment on the points that must have come up all the time. She ought to have coached him more fully about it, and told him the woman's side of such a situation, as he never could have imagined how many advances a woman can make with a man in such an affair, and the man never find it out. She had not made any advances herself when she wished to get him back, but she had wanted to make them; and she knew perfectly that he would not have noticed it if she had done the boldest sort of things to encourage him, to let him know that she liked him; he was so simple, in his straightforward egotism, beside her sinuous unselfishness.

She began to think how she was always contriving little sacrifices to his vanity, his modesty, and he was always accepting them with a serene ignorance of the fact that they were offered; and at this she strayed off on a little by-way in her revery, and thought how it was his mind, always, that charmed her; it was no ignoble fondness she felt; no poor, grovelling pleasure in his good looks, though she had always seen that in a refined sort he had a great deal of manly beauty. But she had held her soul aloof from all that, and could truly say that what she adored in him was the beauty of his talent, which he seemed no more conscious of than of his dreamy eyes, the scornful sweetness of his mouth, the purity of his forehead, his sensitive nostrils, his pretty, ineffective little chin. She had studied her own looks with reference to his, and was glad to own them in nowise comparable, though she knew she was more graceful, and she could not help seeing that she was a little taller; she kept this fact from herself as much as possible. Her features were not regular, like his, but she could perceive that they had charm in their irregularity; she could only wonder whether he thought that line going under her chin, and suggesting a future double chin in the little fold it made, was so very ugly. He seemed never to have thought of her looks, and if he cared for her, it was for some other reason, just as she cared for him. She did not know what the reason could be, but perhaps it was her sympathy, her appreciation, her cheerfulness; Louise believed that she had at least these small merits.

The thought of them brought her back to the play again, and to the love-business, and she wondered how she could have failed to tell him, when they were talking about what should bring the lovers together, after their prefatory quarrel, that simply willing it would do it. She knew that after she began to wish Maxwell back, she was in such a frenzy that she believed her volition brought him back; and now she really believed that you could hypnotize fate in some such way, and that your longings would fulfil themselves if they were intense enough. If he could not use that idea in this play, then he ought to use it in some other, something psychological, symbolistic, Maeterlinckish.

She was full of it when she dismounted from the barge at the hotel and hurried over to their cottage, and she was intolerably disappointed when she did not find him at work in the parlor.

"Brice! Brice!" she shouted, in the security of having the whole cottage to herself. She got no answer, and ran up to their room, overhead. He was not there, either, and now it seemed but too probable that he had profited by her absence to go out for a walk alone, after his writing, and fallen from the rocks, and been killed—he was so absent-minded. She offered a vow to Heaven that if he were restored to her she would never leave him again, even for a half-day, as long as either of them lived. In reward for this she saw him coming from the direction of the

beach, where nothing worse could have befallen him than a chill from the water, if the wind was off shore and he had been taking a bath.

She had not put off her hat yet, and she went out to meet him ; she could not kiss him at once, if she went to meet him, but she could wait till she got back to the cottage, and then kiss him. It would be a trial to wait, but it would be a trial to wait for him to come in, and he might stroll off somewhere else, unless she went to him. As they approached each other she studied his face for some sign of satisfaction with his morning's work. It lighted up at sight of her, but there remained an inner dark in it to her eye.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as she put her hand through his arm, and hung forward upon it so that she could look up into his face. "How did you get on with the love-business?"

"Oh, I think I've got that all right," he answered, with a certain reservation. "I've merely blocked it out, of course."

"So that you can show it to Godolphin?"

"I guess so."

"I see that you're not sure of it. We must go over it before he comes. He hasn't been here yet?"

"Not yet."

"Why are you so quiet, Brice? Is anything the matter? You look tired."

"I'm not particularly tired."

"Then you are worried. What is it?"

"Oh, you would have to know, sooner or later." He took a letter from his pocket and gave it to her. "It came just after I had finished my morning's work."

She pulled it out of the envelope and read :

"MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, Friday.

"DEAR SIR : I beg leave to relinquish any claim that you may feel I have established to the play you have in hand. As it now stands, I do not see my part in it, and I can imagine why you should be reluctant to make further changes in it, in order to meet my requirements.

"If I can be of any service to you in placing the piece, I shall be glad to have you make use of me.

"Yours truly,

"LAUNCELOT GODOLPHIN."

"You blame *me* !" she said, after a blinding moment, in which the letter darkened before her eyes, and she tottered in her walk. She gave it back to him as she spoke.

"What a passion you have for blaming!" he answered, coldly. "If I fixed the blame on you it wouldn't help."

"No," Louise meekly assented, and they walked along toward their cottage. They hardly spoke again before they reached it and went in. Then she asked, "Did you expect anything like this from the way he parted with you yesterday?"

Maxwell gave a bitter laugh. "From the way we parted yesterday I was expecting him early this afternoon, with the world in the palm of his hand, to lay it at my feet. He all but fell upon my neck when he left me. I suppose his not actually doing it was an actor's intimation that we were to see each other no more."

"I wish you had nothing to do with them!" said Louise.

"They appear to have nothing to do with me," said Maxwell. "It comes to the same thing."

They reached the cottage, and sat down in the little parlor where she had left him so hopefully at work in the morning, where they had talked his play over so jubilantly the night before.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, after an abysmal interval.

"Nothing. What is there to do?"

"You have a right to an explanation ; you ought to demand it."

"I don't need any explanation. The case is perfectly clear. Godolphin doesn't want my play. That is all."

"Oh, Brice!" she lamented. "I am so dreadfully sorry, and I know it was my fault. Why don't you let me write to him, and explain ——"

Maxwell shook his head. "He doesn't want any explanation. He doesn't want the play, even. We must make up our minds to that, and let him go. Now we can try it with your managers."

Louise felt the unkindness of his calling them her managers, but she was glad to have him unkind to her ; deep within her Unitarianism she had the Puritan joy in suffering for a sin ; her treatment of Godolphin's suggestion of a skirt-dance, while very righteous in itself, was a sin

against her husband's interest, and she would rather he were unkind to her than not. The sooner she was punished for it and done with it, the better; in her unscientific conception of life, the consequences of a sin ended with its punishment. If Maxwell had upbraided her with the bitterness she merited, it would have been to her as if it were all right again with Godolphin. His failure to do so left the injury unrepaired, and she would have to do something. "I suppose you don't care to let me see what you've written to-day?"

"No, not now," said Maxwell, in a tone that said, "I haven't the heart for it." They sat awhile without speaking, and then she ventured, "Brice, I have an idea, but I don't know what you will think of it. Why not take Godolphin's letter on the face of it, and say that you are very sorry he must give up the play, and that you will be greatly obliged to him if he can suggest some other actor? That would be frank, at least."

Maxwell broke into a laugh that had some joy in it. "Do you think so? It isn't my idea of frankness, exactly."

"No, of course not. You always say what you mean, and you don't change. That is what is so beautiful in you. You can't understand a nature that is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

"Oh, I think I can," said Maxwell, with a satirical glance.

"Brice!" she softly murmured, and then she said, "Well, I don't care. He *is* just like a woman."

"You didn't like my saying so last night."

"That was a different thing. At any rate, it's I that say so now, and I want you to write that to him. It will bring him back flying. Will you?"

"I'll think about it," said Maxwell; "I'm not sure that I want Godolphin back, or, not at once. It's a great relief to be rid of him, in a certain way, though a manager might be worse slavery. Still, I think I would like to try a manager. I have never shown this play to one, and I know the Odeon people in Boston, and, perhaps——"

"You are saying that to comfort me!"

"I wouldn't comfort you for worlds, my dear. I am saying this to distress you. But since I have worked that love-business over, it seems to me much less a one-part play, and if I could get a manager to take a fancy to it I could have my own way with it much better; at least, he wouldn't want me to take all the good things out of the other characters' mouths and stuff them into Haxard's."

"Do you really think so?"

"I really thought so before I got Godolphin's letter. That made him seem the one and only man for me."

"Yes," Louise assented, with a sad intelligence.

Maxwell seemed to have got some strength from confronting his calamity. At any rate he said, almost cheerfully, "I'll read you what I wrote this morning," and she had to let him, though she felt that it was taking her at a moment when her wish to console him was so great that she would not be able to criticise him. But she found that he had done it so well, there was no need of criticism.

"You are wonderful, Brice!" she said, in a transport of adoration, which she indulged as simply his due. "You are miraculous. Well, this is the greatest triumph yet, even of *your* genius. How you have seized the whole idea! And so subtly, so delicately! And so completely disguised! The girl acts just as a girl *would* have acted. How could you know it?"

"Perhaps I've seen it," he suggested, demurely.

"No, no, you *didn't* see it! That is the amusing part of it. You were as blind as a bat all the time, and you never had the least suspicion; you've told me so."

"Well, then, I've seen it retrospectively."

"Perhaps that way. But I don't believe you've seen it at all. You've divined it; and that's where your genius is worth all the experience in the world. The girl is twice as good as the man, and you never experienced a girl's feelings or motives. You divined them. It's pure inspiration. It's the prophet in you!"

"You'll be stoning me next," said Maxwell. "I don't think the man is so very bad, even if I didn't divine him."

"Yes, for a poor creature of experience and knowledge, he will do very well. But he doesn't compare with the girl."

"I hadn't so good a model."

She hugged him for saying that. "You pay the prettiest compliments in the world, even if you don't pick up handkerchiefs."

Their joy in the triumph of his art was unalloyed by the hope of anything outside of it, of any sort of honor or profit from it, though they could not keep the thought of these out very long.

"Yes," she said, after one of the delicious silences that divided their moments of exultation. "There won't be any trouble about getting your play taken, *now*."

After supper they strolled down for the sunset and twilight on the rocks. There, as the dusk deepened, she put her wrap over his shoulders as well as her own, and pulled it together in front of them both. "I am not going to have you taking cold, now, when you need all your health for your work more than ever. That love-business seems to me perfect just as it is, but I know you won't be satisfied till you have put the very last touch on it."

"Yes, I see all sorts of things I can do to it. Louise!"

"Well, what?"

"Don't you see that the love-business is the play now? I have got to throw away all the sin-interest, all the Haxard situation, or keep them as they are, and write a new play altogether, with the light, semi-comic motive of the love-business for the motive of the whole. It's out of tone with Haxard's tragedy, and it can't be brought into keeping with it. The sin-interest will kill the love-business, or the love-business will kill the sin-interest. Don't you see?"

"Why, of course! You must make this light affair now, and when it's opened the way for you with the public, you can bring out the old play," she assented, and it instantly became the old play in both their minds; it became almost the superannuated play. They talked it over in this new aspect, and then they went back to the cottage, to look at the new play as it shadowed itself forth in the sketch Maxwell had made. He read the sketch to her again, and they saw how it could be easily expanded to three or four acts, and made to fill the stage and the evening.

"And it will be the most original thing that ever was!" she exulted.

"I don't think there's been anything exactly like it before," he allowed.

From time to time they spoke to each other in the night, and asked if he were asleep, or she were asleep, and then began to talk of the play again. Toward morning they drowsed a little, but at their time of life the loss of a night's sleep means nothing, and they rose as glad as they had lain down.

"I'll tell you, Brice," she said, the first thing, "you must have it that they have been engaged, and you can call the play, 'The Second Chapter,' or something more alliterative. Don't you think that would be a good name?"

"It would make the fortune of any play," he answered, "let alone a play of such merit as this."

"Well, then, sha'n't you always say that I did something toward it?"

"I shall say you did everything toward it. You originated the idea, and named it, and I simply acted as your amanuensis, as it were, and wrote it out mostly from your dictation. It shall go on the bills, 'The Second Chapter,' a demi-semi-serious comedy by Mrs. Louise Hilary Maxwell—in letters half a foot high—and by B. Maxwell—in very small lower case, that can't be read without the aid of a microscope."

"Oh, Brice! If you make him talk that way to her, it will be perfectly killing."

"I dare say the audience will find it so."

They were so late at breakfast, and sat there so long talking, for Maxwell said he did not feel like going to work quite so promptly as usual, that it was quite ten o'clock when they came out of the dining-room, and then they stayed awhile gossiping with people on the piazza of the hotel before they went back to their cottage. When they came round the corner in sight of it they saw the figure of a man pacing back and forth on the veranda, with his head dropped forward, and swinging a stick thoughtfully behind him. Louise pulled Maxwell convulsively to a halt, for the man was Godolphin.

"What do you suppose it means?" she gasped.

"I dare say he will tell us," said Maxwell, dryly. "Don't stop and stare at him. He has got eyes all over him, and he's clothed with self-consciousness as with a garment, and I don't choose to let him think that his being there is the least important or surprising."

"No, of course not. That would be ridiculous," and she would have liked to pause for a moment's worship of her husband's sense, which appeared to her almost as great as his genius. But it seemed to her an inordinately long time before they reached the cottage-gate, and Godolphin came half way down the walk to meet them.

He bowed seriously to her, and then said, with dignity, to her husband, "Mr. Maxwell, I feel that I owe you an apology — or an explanation, rather — for the abrupt note I sent you yesterday. I wish to assure you that I had no feeling in the matter, and that I am quite sincere in my offer of my services."

"Why, you're very good, Mr. Godolphin," said Maxwell. "I knew that I could fully rely upon your kind offer. Won't you come in?" He offered the actor his hand, and they moved together toward the cottage; Louise had at once gone before, but not so far as to be out of hearing.

"Why, thank you, I *will* sit down a moment. I found the walk over rather fatiguing. It's going to be a hot day." He passed his handkerchief across his forehead, and insisted upon placing a chair for Mrs. Maxwell before he could be made to sit down, though she said that she was going indoors, and would not sit. "You understand, of course, Mr. Maxwell, that I should still like to have your play, if it could be made what I want."

Maxwell would not meet his wife's eye in answering. "Oh, yes, the only question with me is, whether I can make it what you want. That has been the trouble all along. I know that the love-business in the play, as it stood, was inadequate. But yesterday, just before I got your note, I had been working it over in a perfectly new shape. I wish, if you have a quarter of an hour to throw away, you'd let me show you what I've written. Perhaps you can advise me."

"Why, I shall be delighted to be of any sort of use, Mr. Maxwell," said Godolphin, with softened state; and he threw himself back in his chair with an air of eager readiness.

"I will get your manuscript, Brice," said Louise, at a motion her husband made to rise. She ran in and brought it out, and then went away again. She wished to remain somewhere within ear-shot, but, upon the whole, she decided against it, and went upstairs, where she kept herself from eavesdropping by talking with the chambermaid, who had come over from the hotel.

V

Louise did not come down till she heard Godolphin walking away on the plank. She said to herself that she had shipwrecked her husband once, by putting in her oar, and she was not going to do it again. When the actor's footfalls died out in the distance she descended to the parlor, where she found Maxwell over his manuscript at the table.

She had to call to him, "Well?" before he seemed aware of her presence.

Even then he did not look round, but he said, "Godolphin wants to play Atland."

"The lover?"

"Yes. He thinks he sees his part in it."

"And do you?"

"How do I know?"

"Well, I am glad I let him get safely away before I came back, for I certainly couldn't have held in when he proposed that, if I had been here. I don't understand you, Brice! Why do you have anything more to do with him? Why do you let him touch the new play? Was he ever of the least use with the old one?"

Maxwell lay back in his chair with a laugh. "Not the least in the world." The realization of the fact amused him more and more. "I was just thinking how everything he ever got me to do to it," he looked down at the manuscript, "was false and wrong. They talk about a knowledge of the stage as if the stage were a difficult science, instead of a very simple piece of mechanism whose limitations and possibilities anyone can seize at a glance. All that their knowledge of it comes to is clap-trap, pure and simple. They brag of its resources, and tell you the carpenter can do anything you want nowadays, but if you attempt anything outside of their tradition they are frightened. They think that their exits and their entrances are great matters, and that they must come on with such a speech,

and go off with such another; but it is not of the least consequence how they come or go if they have something interesting to say or do."

"Why don't you say these things to Godolphin?"

"I do, and worse. He admits their truth with a candor and an intelligence that are dismaying. He has a perfect conception of Atland's part, and he probably will play it in a way to set your teeth on edge."

"Why do you let him? Why don't you keep your play and offer it to a manager or some actor who will know how to do it?" demanded Louise, with sorrowful submission.

"Godolphin will know how to do it, even if he isn't able to. And, besides, I should be a fool to fling him away for any sort of promising uncertainty."

"He was willing to fling you away!"

"Yes, but I'm not so important to him as he is to me. He's the best I can do for the present. It's a compromise all the way through; a cursed spite from beginning to end. Your own words don't represent your ideas, and the more conscience you put into the work the farther you get it from what you thought it would be. Then comes the actor with the infernal chemistry of his personality. He imagines the thing perfectly, not as you imagined it, but as you wrote it, and then he is no more able to play it as he imagined it than you were to write it as you imagined it. What the public finally gets is something three times removed from the truth that was first in the dramatist's mind. But I'm very lucky to have Godolphin back again."

"I hope you're not going to let him see that you think so."

"Oh, no! I'm going to keep him in a suppliant attitude throughout, and I'm going to let you come in and tame his spirit, if he—kicks."

"Don't be vulgar, Brice," said Louise, and she laughed rather forlornly. "I don't see how you have the heart to joke, if you think it's all so bad as you say."

"I haven't. I'm joking without any heart." He stood up. "Let us go and take a bath."

She glanced at him with a swift inventory of his fagged looks, and said, "Indeed, you shall not take a bath this morning. You couldn't react against it. You won't, will you?"

"No, I'll only lie on the sand, if you can pick me out a good warm spot, and watch you."

"I shall not bathe, either."

"Well, then, I'll watch the other women." He put out his hand and took hers. She felt his touch very cold. "You are excited I can see. I wish——"

"What? That I was not an intending dramatist?"

"That you didn't have such excitements in your life. They will kill you."

"They are all that will keep me alive."

They went down to the beach, and walked back and forth on its curve several times before they dropped in the sand at a discreet distance from several groups of hotel acquaintance. People were coming and going from the line of bath-houses that backed upon the low sand-bank behind them, with its tufts of coarse silvery green grasses. The Maxwells bowed to some of the ladies who tripped gayly past them in their airy costumes to the surf, or came up from it sobered and shivering. Four or five young fellows, with sun-blackened arms and legs, were passing ball near them. A pony-carriage drove by on the wet sand; a horseman on a crop-tailed roan thumped after it at a hard trot. Dogs ran barking vaguely about, and children with wooden shovels screamed at their play. Far off shimmered the sea, of one pale blue with the sky. The rocks were black at either end of the beach; a line of sail-boats and dories swung across its crescent beyond the bathers, who bobbed up and down in the surf, or showed a head here and there outside of it.

"What a singular spectacle," said Maxwell. "The casting off of the conventional in sea-bathing always seems to me like the effect in those dreams where we appear in society insufficiently dressed, and wonder whether we can make it go."

"Yes, isn't it?" His wife tried to cover all the propositions with one loosely fitting assent.

"I'm surprised," Maxwell went on, "that some realistic wretch hasn't put this sort of thing on the stage. It would be tremendously effective; if he made it realistic enough it would be attacked by the press

as improper and would fill the house. Couldn't we work a sea-bathing scene into the 'Second Chapter?' It would make the fortune of the play, and it would give Godolphin a chance to show his noble frame in something like the majesty of nature. Godolphin would like nothing better. We could have Atland rescue Salome, and Godolphin could flop round among the canvas breakers for ten minutes, and come on for a recall with the heroine, both dripping real water all over the stage."

"Don't be disgusting, Brice," said his wife, absently. She had her head half turned from him, watching a lady who had just come out of her bath-house and was passing very near them on her way to the water. Maxwell felt the inattention in his wife's tone and looked up.

The bather returned their joint gaze steadily from eyes that seemed, as Maxwell said, to smoulder under their long lashes, and to question her effect upon them in a way that he was some time finding a phrase for. He was tormented to make out whether she were a large person or not; without her draperies he could not tell. But she moved with splendid freedom, and her beauty expressed a maturity of experience beyond her years; she looked very young, and yet she looked as if she had been taking care of herself a good while. She was certainly very handsome, Louise owned to herself, as the lady quickened her pace, and finally ran down to the water and plunged into a breaker that rolled in at the right moment in uncommon volume.

"Well?" she asked her husband, whose eyes had gone with hers.

"We ought to have clapped."

"Do you think she is an actress?"

"I don't know. I never saw her before. She seemed to turn the sunshine into limelight as she passed. Why! that's rather pretty, isn't it? And it's a verse. I wonder what it is about these people. The best of them have nothing of the stage in them; at least the men haven't. I'm not sure, though, that the best women haven't. There are lots of women off the stage who are actresses, but they don't seem so. They're personal; this one was impersonal. She didn't seem to regard me as a man; she regarded me as a house. Did you feel that?"

"Yes, that was it, I suppose. But she regarded you more than she did me, I think."

"Why, of course. You were only a matinée."

They sat half an hour longer in the sand, and then he complained that the wind blew all the warmth out of him as fast as the sun shone it into him. She felt his hand next her and found it still cold; after a glance round she furtively felt his forehead.

"You're still thinking," she sighed. "Come! We must go back."

"Yes. That girl won't be out of the water for half an hour yet; and we couldn't wait to see her clothed, and in her right mind afterward."

"What makes you think she's a girl?" asked his wife, as they moved slowly off.

He did not seem to have heard her question. He said, "I don't believe I can make the new play go, Louise, I haven't the strength for it. There's too much good stuff in Haxard; I can't throw away what I've done on it."

"That is just what I was thinking, Brice! It would be too bad to lose that. The love-business as you've remodelled it is all very well. But it *is* light, it's comedy; and Haxard is such splendid tragedy. I want you to make your first impression in that. You can do comedy afterward; but if you did comedy first, the public would never think your tragedy was serious."

"Yes, there's a law in that. A clown mustn't prophesy. If a prophet chooses to joke, now and then, all well and good. I couldn't begin now and expand that love-business into a whole play. It must remain an episode, and Godolphin must take it or leave it. Of course he'll want Atland emaciated to fatten Haxard, as he calls it. But Atland doesn't amount to much, as it is, and I don't believe I could make him; it's essentially a passive part; Salome must make the chief effect in that business, and I think I'll have her a little more serious, too. It'll be more in keeping with the rest."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be serious. There's nothing ignoble in what she does."

"No. It can be very impassioned."

Louise thought of the smouldering eyes of that woman, and she wondered if they

were what suggested something very impassioned to Maxwell ; but with all the frankness between them, she did not ask him.

On their way to the cottage they saw one of the hotel bell-boys coming out. "Just left a telegram in there for you," he called, as he came toward them.

Louise began, "Oh, dear, I hope nothing's the matter with papa ! Or your mother."

She ran forward, and Maxwell followed at his usual pace, so that she had time to go inside and come out with the despatch before he mounted the veranda steps.

"You open it ! " she entreated, piteously, holding it toward him.

He pulled it impatiently open, and glanced at the signature. "It's from Godolphin," and he read, "Don't destroy old play. Keep new love-business for episode. Will come over this afternoon." Maxwell smiled. "More mind transferrence."

Louise laughed in hysterical relief. "Now you can make him do just what you want."

VI

Maxwell now, at least, knew that he had got his play going in the right direction again. He felt a fresh pleasure in returning to the old lines after his excursion in the region of comedy, and he worked upon them with fresh energy. He rehabilitated the love-business as he and his wife had newly imagined it, and to disguise the originals the more effectively, he made the girl, whom he had provisionally called Salome, more like himself than Louise in certain superficial qualities, though in an essential nobleness and singleness, which consisted with a great deal of feminine sinuosity and subtlety, she remained a portrait of Louise. He was doubtful whether the mingling of characteristics would not end in unreality, but she was sure it would not ; she said he was so much like a woman in the traits he had borrowed from himself that Salome would be all the truer for being like him ; or, at any rate, she would be finer, and more ideal. She said that it was nonsense, the way people regarded women as altogether different from men ; she believed they were very much alike ; a girl was as much the daughter of her father as of her mother ; she alleged herself as proof of the fact that a girl was often a great deal more her father's daughter, and she argued that if Maxwell made Salome quite in his own spiritual image, no one would dream of criticising her as unwomanly. Then he asked if he need only make Atland in her spiritual image to have him the manliest sort of fellow. She said that was not what she meant, and, in any case, a man could have feminine traits, and be all the nicer for them, but, if a woman had masculine traits, she would be disgusting. At the same time, if you drew a man from a woman, he would be ridiculous.

"Then you want me to model Atland on myself, too," said Maxwell.

She thought a moment. "Yes, I do. If Salome is to be taken mostly from me, I couldn't bear to have him like anybody but you. It would be indelicate."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what, I'm not going to stand it," said Maxwell. "I am going to make Atland like Pinney."

But she would not be turned from the serious aspect of the affair by his joking. She asked, "Do you think it would intensify the situation if he was not equal to her? If the spectator could be made to see that she was throwing herself away on him, after all?"

"Wouldn't that leave the spectator a little too inconsolable? You don't want the love-business to double the tragedy, you want to have it relieve it, don't you?"

"Yes, that is true. You must make him worth all the sacrifice. I couldn't stand it if he wasn't."

Maxwell frowned, as he always did when he became earnest, and said, with a little sigh, "He must be passive, negative, as I said ; you must simply feel that he is *good*, and that she will be safe with him, after the worst has happened to her father. And I must keep the interest of the love-business light, without letting it become farcical. I must get charm, all I can, into her character. You won't mind my getting the charm all from you?"

"Oh, Brice, what sweet things you say to me ! I wish everybody could know how divine you are."

"The women would all be making love to me, and I should hate that. One is quite enough."

"*Am* I quite enough?" she entreated.

"You have been, up to the present time."

"And do you think I shall always be?" She slid from her chair to her knees on the floor beside him, where he sat at his desk, and put her arms round him.

He did not seem to know it. "Look here, Louise, I have got to connect this love-business with the main action of the play, somehow. It won't do simply to have it an episode. How would it do to have Atland know all the time that Haxard has killed Greenshaw, and be keeping it from Salome, while she is betraying her love for him?"

"Wouldn't that be rather tawdry?" Louise let her arms slip down to her side, and looked up at him, as she knelt.

"Yes, it would," he owned.

He looked very unhappy about it, and she rose to her feet, as if to give it more serious attention. "Brice, I want your play to be thoroughly honest and true from beginning to end, and not to have any sort of catchpenny effectivism in it. You have planned it so nobly, that I can't bear to have you lower the standard the least bit; and I think the honest and true way is to let the love-business be a pleasant fact in the case, as it might very well be. Those things *do* keep going on in life alongside of the greatest misery, the greatest unhappiness."

"Well," said Maxwell, "I guess you are right about the love-business. I'll treat it frankly for what it is, a fact in the case. That will be the right way, and that will be the strong way. It will be like life. I don't know that you are bound to relate things strictly to each other in art, any more than they are related in life. There are all sorts of incidents and interests playing round every great event that seem to have no more relation to it than the rings of Saturn have to Saturn. They form the atmosphere of it. If I can let Haxard's wretchedness be seen at last through the atmosphere of his daughter's happiness!"

"Yes," she said, "that will be quite enough." She knew that they had talked up to the moment when he could best begin to work, and now left him to himself.

Within a week he got the rehabilitated love-business in place, and the play ready to show to Godolphin again. He had managed to hold the actor off in the meantime, but now he returned in full force, with suggestions and misgivings which had first to be cleared away before he could give a clear mind to what Maxwell had done. Then Maxwell could see that he was somehow disappointed, for he began to talk as if there were no understanding between them for his taking the play. He praised it warmly, but he said that it would be hard to find a woman to do the part of Salome.

"That is the principal part in the piece now, you know," he added.

"I don't see how," Maxwell protested. "It seems to me that her character throws Haxard's into greater relief than before, and gives it more prominence."

"You've made the love-business too strong, I think. I supposed you would have something light and graceful to occupy the house in the suspense between the points in Haxard's case. If I were to do him, I should be afraid that people would come back from Salome to him with more or less of an effort. I don't say they would, but that's the way it strikes me now; perhaps someone else would look at it quite differently."

"Then, as it is, you don't want it?"

"I don't say that. But it seems to me that Salome is the principal figure now. I think that's a mistake."

"If it's a fact, it's a mistake. I don't want to have it so," said Maxwell, and he made such effort as he could to swallow his disgust.

Godolphin asked, after awhile, "In that last scene between her and her father, and in fact all the scenes between them, couldn't you give more of the strong speeches to him? She's a great creation now, but isn't she too great for Atland?"

"I've kept Atland under, purposely, because the part is necessarily a negative one, and because I didn't want him to compete with Haxard at all."

"Yes, that is all right; but as it is, *she* competes with Haxard."

After Godolphin had gone, Louise came down, and found Maxwell in a dreary muse over his manuscript. He looked up at her with a lack-lustre eye, and said, "Godolphin is jealous of Salome now. What he really wants is a five-act mono-

logue that will keep him on the stage all the time. He thinks that as it is, she will take all the attention from him."

Louise appeared to reflect. "Well, isn't there something in that?"

"Good heavens! I should think you were going to play Haxard, too!"

"No; but of course you can't have two characters of equal importance in your play. Someone has to be first, and Godolphin doesn't want an actress taking all the honors away from him."

"Then why did you pretend to like the way I had done it," Maxwell demanded, angrily, "if you think she will take the honors from him?"

"I didn't say that I did. All that I want is that you should ask yourself whether she would or not."

"Are *you* jealous of her?"

"Now, my dear, if you are going to be unreasonable, I will not talk with you."

Nothing maddened Maxwell so much as to have his wife take this tone with him, when he had followed her up through the sinuosities that always began with her after a certain point. Short of that she was as frank and candid as a man, and he understood her, but beyond that the eternal womanly began, and he could make nothing of her. She evaded, and came and went, and returned upon her course, and all with as good a conscience, apparently, as if she were meeting him fairly and squarely on the question they started with. Sometimes he doubted if she really knew that she was behaving insincerely, or whether, if she knew it, she could help doing it. He believed her to be a more truthful nature than himself, and it was insufferable for her to be less so, and then accuse him of illogicality.

"I have no wish to talk," he said, smothering his rage, and taking up a page of manuscript.

"Of course," she went on, as if there had been no break in their good feeling, "I know what a goose Godolphin is, and I don't wonder you're vexed with him, but you know very well that I have nothing but the good of the play in view as a work of art, and I should say that if you couldn't keep Salome from rivalling Haxard in the interest of the spectator, you had better go back to the idea of making two plays of it. I think that the 'Second Chapter' would be a very good thing to begin with."

"Why, good heavens! You said just the contrary when we decided to drop it."

"Yes, but that was when I thought you would be able to subdue Salome."

"There never was any question of subduing Salome; it was a question of subduing Atland!"

"It's the same thing; keeping the love-business in the background."

"I give it up!" Maxwell flung down his manuscript in sign of doing so. "The whole thing is a mess, and you seem to delight in tormenting me about it. How am I to give the love-business charm, and yet keep it in the background?"

"I should think you could."

"How?"

"Well, I was afraid you would give Salome too much prominence."

"Didn't you know whether I had done so or not? You knew exactly what I had done before Godolphin came!"

"If Godolphin thinks she is too prominent, you ought to trust his instinct."

Maxwell would not answer her. He went out, and she saw him strolling down the path to the rocks. She took the manuscript and began to read it over.

He did not come back, and when she was ready to go to supper, she had to go down to the rocks for him. His angry fit seemed to have passed, but he looked abjectly sad, and her heart ached at sight of him. She said, cheerfully, "I have been reading that love-business over again, Brice, and I don't find it so far out as I was afraid it was. Salome is a little too *prononcée*, but you can easily mend that. She is a delightful character, and you have given her charm—too much charm. I don't believe there's a truer woman in the whole range of the drama. She is perfect, and that is why I think you can afford to keep her back a little in the passages with Haxard. Of course Godolphin wants to shine there. You needn't give him her speeches, but you can put them somewhere else, in some of the scenes with Atland; it won't make any difference how much she outshines *him*, poor fellow."

He would not be entreated at once, but after letting her talk on to much the same effect for awhile, he said, "I will see what

can be done with it. At present I am sick of the whole thing."

"Yes, just drop it for the present," she said. "I'm hungry, aren't you?"

"I didn't know it was time."

She was very tender with him, walking up to the hotel, and all that evening she kept him amused, so that he would not want to look at his manuscript. She used him, as a wife is apt to use her husband when he is fretted and not very well, as if he were her little boy, and she did this so sweetly that Maxwell could not resent it.

The next morning she let him go to his play again, and work all the morning. He ended about noon, and told her he had done what she wanted done to the love-business, he thought, but he would not show it to her, for he said he was tired of it, and would have to go over it with Godolphin, at any rate, when he came in the afternoon. They went to the beach, but the person with the smouldering eyes failed to appear, and in fact they did not see her again at Magnolia, and they decided that she must have been passing a few days at one of the other hotels, and gone away.

Godolphin arrived in the sunniest good-humor, as if he had never had any thought of relinquishing the play, and he professed himself delighted with the changes Maxwell had made in the love-business. He said the character of Salome had the true proportion to all the rest now; and Maxwell understood that he would not be jealous of the actress who played the part, or feel her a dangerous rival in the public favor. He approved of the transposition of the speeches that Maxwell had made, or at least he no longer openly coveted them for Haxard.

What was more important to Maxwell was that Louise seemed finally contented with the part, too, and said that now, no matter what Godolphin wanted, she would never let it be touched again. "I am glad you have got that 'impassioned' rubbish out. I never thought that was in character with Salome."

The artistic consciousness of Maxwell, which caught all the fine reluctances and all the delicate feminine preferences of his wife, was like a subtle web woven around him, and took everything, without his willing it, from within him as well as from without, and held it inexorably for future use. He knew the source of the impassioned rubbish which had displeased his wife; and he had felt while he was employing it that he was working in a commoner material than the rest of Salome's character; but he had experimented with it in the hope that she might not notice it. The fact that she had instantly noticed it, and had generalized the dislike which she only betrayed at last, after she had punished him sufficiently, remained in the meshes of the net he wore about his mind, as something of value, which he could employ to exquisite effect if he could once find a scheme fit for it.

In the meantime it would be hard to say whether Godolphin continued more a sorrow or a joy to Maxwell, who was by no means always of the same mind about him. He told his wife sometimes, when she was pitying him, that it was a good discipline for him to work with such a man, for it taught him a great deal about himself, if it did not teach him much else. He said that it tamed his overweening pride to find that there was artistic ability employing itself with literature which was so absolutely unlike literary ability. Godolphin conceived perfectly of the literary intention in the fine passages of the play, and enjoyed their beauty, but he did not value them any more than the poorest and crudest verbiage that promised him a point. In fact, Maxwell found that in two or three places the actor was making a wholly wrong version of his words, and maturing in his mind an effect from his error that he was rather loath to give up, though when he was instructed as to their true meaning, he saw how he could get a better effect out of it. He had an excellent intelligence, but this was employed so entirely in the study of impression that significance was often a secondary matter with him. He had not much humor, and Maxwell doubted if he felt it much in others, but he told a funny story admirably, and did character-stuff, as he called it, with the subtlest sense; he had begun in sketches of the variety type. Sometimes Maxwell thought him very well versed in the history and theory of the drama; but there were other times when his ignorance seemed almost creative in that direction. He had apparently no feeling for values; he would want a good effect used, without regard to the havoc it made of the whole picture, though doubtless if it

could have been realized to him, he would have abhorred it as thoroughly as Maxwell himself. He would come over from Manchester one day with a notion for the play so bad that it almost made Maxwell shed tears; and the next with something so good that Maxwell marvelled at it; but Godolphin seemed to value the one no more than the other. He was a creature of moods the most extreme; his faith in Maxwell was as profound as his abysmal distrust of him; and his frank and open nature was full of suspicion. He was like a child in the simplicity of his selfishness, as far as his art was concerned, and in all matters aside from it he was chaotically generous. His formlessness was sometimes almost distracting; he presented himself to the author's imagination as mere human material, waiting to be moulded in this shape or that. From day to day, from week to week, Maxwell lived in a superficial uncertainty whether Godolphin had really taken his play, or would ever produce it; yet at the bottom of his heart he confided in the promises which the actor lavished upon him both in the written and the spoken word. They had an agreement carefully drawn up as to all the business between them, but he knew that Godolphin would not be held by any clause of it that he wished to break; he did not believe that Godolphin understood what it bound him to, either when he signed it or afterward; but he was sure that he would do not only what was right, but what was noble, if he could be taken at the right moment. Upon the whole, he liked him; in a curious sort, he respected and honored him; and he defended him against Mrs. Maxwell when she said that Godolphin was wearing her husband's life out, and that if he made the play as greatly successful as "Hamlet," or the "Trip to Chinatown," he would not be worth what it cost them both in time and temper.

They lost a good deal of time and temper with the play, which was almost a conjugal affair with them, and the struggle to keep up a show of gay leisure before the summering world up and down the coast told upon Mrs. Maxwell's nerves. She did not mind the people in the hotel so much; they were very nice, but she did not know many of them, and she could not care for them as she did for her friends who came up from Beverly Farms and over from Manchester. She hated to call Maxwell from his work at such times, not only because she pitied him, but because he came to help receive her friends with such an air of gloomy absence and open reluctance; and she had hated still worse to say he was busy with his play, the play he was writing for Mr. Godolphin. Her friends were apparently unable to imagine anyone writing a play so seriously, and they were unable to imagine Mr. Godolphin at all, for they had never heard of him; the splendor of his unknown name took them more than anything else. As for getting Maxwell to return their visits with her, when men had come with the ladies who called upon her, she could only manage it if he was so fagged with working at his play that he was too weak to resist her will, and even then he had to be torn from it almost by main force. He behaved so badly in the discharge of some of these duties to society, and was, to her eye at least, so bored and worried by them, that she found it hard to forgive him, and made him suffer for it on the way home till she relented at the sight of his thin face, the face that she loved, that she had thought the world well lost for. After the third or fourth time she made him go with her she gave it up and went alone, though she was aware that it might look as if they were not on good terms. She only obliged him after that to go with her to her father's, where she would not allow any shadow of suspicion to fall upon their happiness, and where his absent-mindedness would be accounted for. Her mother seemed to understand it better than her father, who, she could see, sometimes inwardly resented it as neglect. She also exacted of Maxwell that he should not sit silent through a whole meal at the hotel, and that, if he did not or could not talk, he should keep looking at her, and smiling and nodding, now and then. If he would remember to do this she would do all the talking herself. Sometimes he did not remember, and then she trod on his foot in vain.

The droll side of the case often presented itself for her relief, and, after all, she knew beforehand that this was the manner of man she was marrying, and

she was glad to marry him. She was happier than she had ever dreamed of being. She was one of those women who live so largely in their sympathies that if these were employed she had no thought of herself, and not to have any thought of one's self is to be blessed. Maxwell had no thought of anything but his work, and that made his bliss ; if she could have no thought but of him in his work, she could feel herself in Heaven with him.

VII

July and August went by, and it was time for Godolphin to take the road again. By this time Maxwell's play was in as perfect form as it could be until it was tried upon the stage and then overhauled for repairs. Godolphin had decided to try it first in Toronto, where he was going to open, and then to give it in the West as often as he could. If it did as well as he expected he would bring it on for a run in New York about the middle of December. He would want Maxwell at the rehearsals there, but for the present he said he preferred to stage-manage it himself ; they had talked it up so fully that he had all the author's intentions in mind.

He came over from Manchester the day before his vacation ended to take leave of the Maxwells. He was in great spirits with the play, but he confessed to a misgiving in regard to the lady whom he had secured for the part of Salome. He said there was only one woman he ever saw fit to do that part, but when he named the actress the Maxwells had to say they had never heard of her before. "She is a Southerner. She is very well known in the West," Godolphin said.

Louise asked if she had ever played in Boston, and when he said she had not, Louise said "Oh !"

Maxwell trembled, but Godolphin seemed to find nothing latent in his wife's offensive tone, and after a little further talk they all parted on the friendliest terms. The Maxwells did not hear from him for a fortnight, though he was to have tried the play in Toronto at least a week earlier. Then there came a telegram from Midland :

"Tried play here last night. Went like wildfire. Will write. Godolphin."

The message meant success, and the Maxwells walked the air. The production of the piece was mentioned in the Associated Press despatches to the Boston papers, and though Mrs. Maxwell studied these in vain for some verbal corroboration of Godolphin's jubilant message, she did not lose faith in it, nor allow her husband to do so. In fact, while they waited for Godolphin's promised letter, they made use of their leisure to count the chickens which had begun to hatch. The actor had agreed to pay the author at the rate of $5 an act for each performance of the play, and as it was five acts long a simple feat of arithmetic showed that the nightly gain from it would be $25, and that if it ran every night and two afternoons, for matinées, the weekly return from it would be $200. Besides this, Godolphin had once said, in a moment of high content with the piece, that if it went as he expected it to go he would pay Maxwell over and above this $25 a performance five per cent. of the net receipts whenever these passed $1,000. His promise had not been put in writing, and Maxwell had said at the time that he should be satisfied with his $5 an act, but he had told his wife of it, and they had both agreed that Godolphin would keep it. They now took it into the account in summing up their gains, and Mrs. Maxwell thought it reasonable to figure at least $25 more from it for each time the play was given ; but as this brought the weekly sum up to $400, she so far yielded to her husband as to scale the total at $300, though she said it was absurd to put it at any such figure. She refused, at any rate, to estimate their earnings from the season at less than $15,000. It was useless for Maxwell to urge that Godolphin had other pieces in his repertory, things that had made his reputation, and that he would naturally want to give sometimes. She asked him whether Godolphin himself had not voluntarily said that if the piece went as he expected he would play nothing else as long as he lived, like Jefferson with Rip Van Winkle ; and here, she said, it had already, by his own showing, gone at once like wildfire. When Maxwell

pleaded that they did not know what wildfire meant she declared that it meant an overwhelming house and unbridled rapture in the audience ; it meant an instant and lasting triumph for the play. She began to praise Godolphin, or, at least, to own herself mistaken in some of her decrials of him. She could not be kept from bubbling over to two or three ladies at the hotel, where it was quickly known what an immense success the first performance of Maxwell's play had been. He was put to shame by several asking him when they were to have it in Boston, but his wife had no embarrassment in answering that it would probably be kept the whole winter in New York, and not come to Boston till some time in the early spring.

She was resolved, now, that he should drive over to Beverly Farms with her, and tell her father and mother about the success of the play. She had instantly telegraphed them on getting Godolphin's despatch, and she began to call out to her father as soon as she got inside the house, and saw him coming down the stairs in the hall. "*Now*, what do you say, papa? Isn't it glorious? Didn't I tell you it would be the greatest success? Did you ever hear anything like it? Where's mamma? If she shouldn't be at home, I don't know what I shall do ! "

"She's here," said her father, arriving at the foot of the stairs, where Louise embraced him, and then let him shake hands with her husband. "She's dressing. We were just going over to see you."

"Well, you've been pretty deliberate about it ! Here it's after lunch, and I telegraphed you at ten o'clock." She went on to bully her father more and more, and to flourish Maxwell's triumph in his face. "We're going to have three hundred dollars a week from it at the very least, and fifteen thousand dollars for the season. What do you think of that? Isn't that pretty good, for two people that had nothing in the world yesterday? What do you say *now*, papa? "

There were all sorts of lurking taunts, demands, reproaches, in these words, which both the men felt, but they smiled across her, and made as if they were superior to her simple exultation.

"I should say you had written the play yourself, Louise," said her father.

"No," answered her husband, "Godolphin wrote the play ; or I've no doubt he's telling the reporters so by this time."

Louise would not mind them. "Well, I don't care ! I want papa to acknowledge that I was right, for once. Anybody could believe in Brice's genius, but I believed in his star, and I always knew that he would get on, and I was all for his giving up his newspaper work, and devoting himself to the drama ; and now the way is open to him, and all he has got to do is to keep on writing."

"Come now, Louise," said her husband.

"Well," her father interposed, "I'm glad of your luck, Maxwell. It isn't in my line, exactly, but I don't believe I could be any happier, if it were. After all, it's doing something to elevate the stage. I wish someone would take hold of the pulpit."

Maxwell shrugged. "I'm not strong enough for that, quite. And I can't say that I had any conscious intention to elevate the stage with my play."

"But you had it unconsciously, Brice," said Louise, "and it can't help having a good effect on life, too."

"It will teach people to be careful how they murder people," Maxwell assented.

"Well, it's a great chance," said Hilary, with the will to steer a middle course between Maxwell's modesty and Louise's overweening pride. "There really isn't anything that people talk about more. They discuss plays as they used to discuss sermons. If you've done a good play, you've done a good thing."

His wife hastened to make answer for him. "He's done a *great* play, and there are no ifs or ans about it." She went on to celebrate Maxwell's achievement till he was quite out of countenance, for he knew that she was doing it mainly to rub his greatness into her father, and he had so much of the old grudge left that he would not suffer himself to care whether Hilary thought him great or not. It was a relief when Mrs. Hilary came in. Louise became less defiant in her joy then, or else the effect of it was lost in Mrs. Hilary's assumption of an entire expectedness in the event. Her world was indeed so remote from the world of art that she could value success in it only as it related itself

to her family, and it seemed altogether natural to her that her daughter's husband should take its honors. She was by no means a stupid woman; for a woman, born and married to wealth, with all the advantages that go with it, she was uncommonly intelligent; but she could not help looking upon æsthetic honors of any sort as in questionable taste. She would have preferred position in a son-in-law to any distinction appreciable to the general, but wanting that it was fit he should be distinguished in the way he chose. In her feeling it went far to redeem the drama that it should be related to the Hilarys by marriage, and if she had put her feeling into words, which always oversay the feelings, they would have been to the effect that the drama had behaved very well indeed, and deserved praise. This is what Mrs. Hilary's instinct would have said, but, of course, her reason would have said something quite different, and it was her reason that spoke to Maxwell, and expressed a pleasure in his success which was very gratifying to him. He got on with her better than with Hilary, partly because she was a woman and he was a man, and partly because, though she had opposed his marriage with Louise more steadily than her husband, there had been no open offence between them. He did not easily forgive a hurt to his pride, and Hilary, with all his good will since, and his quick repentance at the time, had never made it quite right with Maxwell for treating him rudely once, when he came to him so helplessly in the line of his newspaper work. They were always civil to each other, and they would always be what is called good friends; they had even an air of mutual understanding, as regarded Louise and her exuberances. Still, she was so like her father in these, and so unlike her mother, that it is probable the understanding between Hilary and Maxwell concerning her was only the understanding of men, and that Maxwell was really more in sympathy with Mrs. Hilary, even about Louise, even about the world. He might have liked it as much as she, if he had been as much of it, and he thought so well of it as a world that he meant to conquer one of the chief places in it. In the meantime he would have been very willing to revenge himself upon it, to satirize it, to hurt it, to humble it—but for his own pleasure, not the world's good.

Hilary wanted the young people to stay the afternoon, and have dinner, but his wife perceived that they wished to be alone in their exultation, and she would not let him keep them beyond a decent moment, or share too much in their joy. With only that telegram from Godolphin they could not be definite about anything but their future, which Louise, at least, beheld all rose color. Just what size or shape their good fortune had already taken they did not know, and could not, till they got the letter Godolphin had promised, and she was in haste to go back to Magnolia for that, though it could not arrive before the next morning at the earliest. She urged that he might have written before telegraphing, or when he came from the theatre after the play was given. She was not satisfied with the reception of her news, and she said so to Maxwell, as soon as they started home.

"What did you want them to do?" he retorted, in a certain vexation. "They were as cordial about it as they could be."

"Cordial is not enough. You can't expect anything like uproar from mamma, but she took it too much as a matter of course, and I *did* suppose papa would be a little more riotous."

"If you are going to be as exacting as that with people," Maxwell returned, "you're going to disappoint yourself frightfully; and if you insist, you will make them hate you. People can't share your happiness any more than they can share your misery; it's as much as they can do to manage their own."

"But I did think my own father and mother might have entered into it a little more," she grieved. "Well, you are right, Brice, and I will try to hold in after this. It wasn't for myself I cared."

"I know," said Maxwell, so appreciatively that she felt all her loss made up to her, and shrunk closer to him in the buggy he was driving with a lax, absent-minded rein. "But I think a little less Fourth of July on my account would be better."

"Yes, you are wise, and I shall not say another word about it to anybody; just treat it as a common every-day event."

He laughed at what was so far from her possibilities, and began to tell her of the scheme for still another play that had occurred to him while they were talking with her father. She was interested in the scheme, but more interested in the involuntary workings of his genius, and she celebrated that till he had to beg her to stop, for she made him ashamed of himself even in the solitude of the woodland stretches they were passing through. Then he said, as if it were part of the same strain of thought, "You have to lose a lot of things in writing a play. Now, for instance, that beautiful green light there in the woods." He pointed to a depth of the boscage where it had almost an emerald quality, it was so vivid, so intense. "If I were writing a story about two lovers in such a light, and how it bathed their figures and illumined their faces, I could make the reader feel it just as I did. I could make him see it. But if I were putting them in a play, I should have to trust the carpenter and the scene-painter for the effect; and you know what broken reeds they are."

"Yes," she sighed, "and some day I hope you will write novels. But now you've made such a success with this play that you must do some others, and when you've got two or three going steadily you can afford to take up a novel. It would be wicked to turn your back on the opportunity you've won."

He silently assented and said, "I shall be all the better novelist for waiting a year or two."

(To be continued.)

THE VISITOR

By Clinton Scollard

WITHOUT my door at morning-tide
  There rang a summons hale and fair;
I roused and threw the portal wide,
  And lo! young April there.

I saw the sunlight in her eyes,
  And her anemone lips aglow;
She beckoned in beguiling wise;
  I could not choose but go.

The grass beneath her quickening feet
  Rippled with silvery green once more,
And many a rill ran singing sweet
  By many a leaning shore.

She led me high among the hills
  By paths that wilding wanderers use,
Where the magician Morn distils
  The honey of his dews.

Bloom-secrecies she showed to me,
  The coils through which all being stirs,
Till, spelled by her soft witchery,
  My heart was wholly hers.

So now when up the year's bright slope
  A call comes ringing o'er and o'er,
I fling the portal wide, in hope
  'Tis April at the door.



PORTRAIT.

See *The Field of Art*, page 522.





A Sidewalk Artist.

LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

III.—LONDON PARKS

THE first and most natural question asked of any city is, "Show us your people." In answer to this, London may safely begin by pointing to its parks, and especially so during any Sunday during the season, for on that day you can best see how caste has assorted and parcelled the city off into so many exhibits, as carefully arranged as the specimens in the British Museum.

The walks in Hyde Park have their special social value, as much so as the walks in life; and in the park or in life, whichever path an Englishman uses, it is safe to suppose that his ancestors walked there before him. The parks of London are handy. From a Piccadilly club window can be seen sheep enough to fill a barn-yard, and a stone's throw from the Horse Guards is St. James's Park with its duck island, where all kinds of rare birds flock together; and their relatives in far-away countries are no better fed than these happy exiles in the heart of the great city, and the peacocks that ornament the banks of the Serpentine are as happy as the boys who sail the toy-boats on that toy river.

Sunday is Hyde Park's day "At Home," and in the shape of a blue sky she sends her invitation to all London, and her popularity is easily shown by the number and variety of her friends. By long odds the best-looking exhibit is to be seen during church-parade. It extends from Hyde Park Corner to Stanhope Gate, and consists of the well-to-do, most of whom probably first came to the park with their nurses and a little later with their tutors, and they now come grown up and with white hair to pay their respects to the good doctor of their childhood. These good-looking people always struck me as closely resembling

each other. They form what is distinctly a Sunday gathering, and one as serious as a wedding. Seldom a loud voice is heard. There is a feeling of rest throughout the whole scene, and it is impossible to be there without entering into the spirit of it. In the solemn throng that pass and repass I have seen a noisy steamer acquaintance thoroughly subdued and looking like an undertaker in the long coat and high hat that he was probably wearing for the first time. Everyone else seemed to have been there from childhood. The old gentleman in the Row undoubtedly first appeared there on Shetland ponies under the watchful eye of the groom. Here and there under the trees a duchess or an American heiress is holding a reception, and the men about them and the ladies themselves are all Du Mauriers. This must be the reason that to me the scene is always reminiscent. It is not a thing to tire of, and Sunday after Sunday these well-dressed and well-behaved people attend church-parade as seriously as they attend church. A little farther into the park are the shopkeepers and domestics listening to the band. Here you are likely to meet the real-estate agent and tailor with whom you have already had dealings. They are a distinct class, and very different from the first exhibit. They keep their frock-coats carefully buttoned, and are apparently not so much at their ease. Separated from these people by another social gulf, and toward Marble Arch, are the unemployed listening to the park actors and park orators. If you are tall enough to look over the heads of an English crowd you will see in some of these groups strolling players at work. One Sunday last summer two men and a woman were acting a melodrama. The scene was supposed to be the interior of a banker's office, and if threats and rough handling had been of any avail the woman would have been forced to disclose the combination of an imaginary safe. In the centre of the next group a short, red-faced park orator was declaring that a Prime Minister had robbed him. A little of it went a long way ; the hat was constantly being passed, and as no amusing argument arose between the speaker and his audience, I found it all very dull, and was glad to go back to the first exhibit and watch the good-looking people until one o'clock, when they began leaving the



After Hours.



Church Row.



A Park Orator.



Park Types.

park. This was a sure sign that it was lunch-time, and I was finally left alone, with here and there a dingy loafer walking between long rows of little green chairs, looking for any trinket that might have dropped during the morning from the rich man's table.

The farther away from these shady paths the sadder London is. Among them foreigners feel at home. Little home-sick law students from India may mope in Piccadilly, but in Hyde Park they look happy. Once there the British soldier is no longer warlike; he becomes helpless and happy, surrounded by nature and under the influence of some pink-cheeked domestic.

In the early part of the day the parks are occupied by very young people; the visitors become older with the day. The nurses and their charges leave, and evening finds an old lady leaning on her husband's arm, walking slowly along their favorite path, while their carriage follows at a little distance. And as night comes on they roll back into the great city among the never-ceasing tread of feet, past the sidewalk artist sitting by his pictures on the pavement, looking anxiously at the passers-by —and the park's day is done—a curtain of darkness falls on the great stage; the peacocks go to roost in its trees; the ducks are undisturbed by wet dogs, and the Serpentine's small fish are no longer in danger of bent pins; and the park, London's kind friend and good physician, is resting.

C. D. G.

BIRD PICTURES

By William E. D. Scott

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF STUFFED BIRDS BY A. R. DUGMORE, ESQ.

THE Germans have an old proverb likening any person or object embodying stiffness and grotesqueness to a stuffed bird. It seems a fair comparison, looking at the multitude of specimens on the shelves of the cases in our great museums, both here and abroad, and having at the same time in mind feathered acquaintances of the forest, meadow, river, and seashore. Or, referring to more intimate friends, though it seems almost a sacrilege to attempt to preserve them, who has been at all satisfied with the effort to reproduce the form of the pet canary known for years, or the parrot who has become a familiar daily friend ?

It is not difficult to give sufficient reason for this. The people who come into our daily life rarely get portraits, whether by painter or camera, that please. The critic most difficult to deal with is the close and old friend, who has idealized the personality, has seen something the artist failed to discriminate or the camera to detect. The subtle attribute that goes to make the personality of the individual is what we expect, what we hope for, what we rarely realize.

The silent birds and beasts of our great collections, having their due share of beauty and grace, of high and low attributes, in short, or their individuality, are in the main dealt with from the mechanical side, by mechanics, with the result of a certain set conventionality of position and expression, that being duplicated many, many thousand times, has become a thing proverbial for stiffness :

" Er sieht wie ein ausgestopfter Vogel aus."

The writer wishes fully to recognize whatever steps have been taken in the British Museum, in the American Museum, and by many professional and amateur ornithologists to raise the standard of this kind of work, and the special attention of the reader is called to an article entitled " Ornithology at South Kensington," by R. Bowdler Sharpe, in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for December, 1887, pp. 165–175. Nor must the efforts in the same direction at the American Museum at Central Park, or the recent writing of Dr. R. W. Shufeldt on this subject, be overlooked, and yet all these are but steps in the right direction, leaving much to be desired.

Not wishing in any way to disparage the many patient workers whose lives have been given to the preservation of birds and other animals, yet one must seek in these



Florida Clapper-rail.
Rallus longirostris scottii (Senn).



Blackburn's Warbler.

Dendroica blackburniæ (Gmel.).



American Sparrow-hawk.

Falco sparverius (Linn.).

workers themselves some of the causes for much that is bad in this art, for art it is. They have been, largely of their own fault, mechanics, and treated as such. Poorly paid, the love of their work has often been their chief reward; the stipend of the best has rarely reached the wages of a good carpenter or mason. If working for a boss they have been required to turn out about so much result per diem, and he, taking this canary or that hawk to *stuff* at so much a head, from a commercial stand-point, must protect himself and is really not to be blamed. Painters and sculptors are paid as the world appraises their efforts, and the plea here is that art work in attempting to reproduce life-like birds can only be attained when it ceases to be looked upon and treated as mechanical work, so and so many pieces to be turned out in a given time.



Ward's Heron.

Ardea wardi (Ridgw.).

Whether they go properly before or after this view of the subject, two great and vital reasons for the bad results existing are to be found in the lack of general knowledge and special training. To consider the first of these requisites, it seems to the writer that general and wide knowledge and cultivation is fundamental to all good art. The mechanic, the craftsman, the artist is each so much greater for it; so much more able to see, to discriminate, to execute, to convey to the mind of others the impression of his senses through the work of his hands.

The other factor is special training. Great painters serve for years learning to draw and color, to see, to observe, to discriminate, to execute. Constant study of live models is indispensable to the great sculptor or figure painter. Does the man who is to make the

bird live hope to approach that goal less easily? And where are his models? In the trees, in the bushes, in swamps, on lake and stream, on the ocean, and in the air; out of doors. Wild and elusive models, and just so much more difficult to photograph on the mind of the observer. Patience and eternal striving may hope for a reward.



American Robin.

Merula migratoria (Linn.).

It would seem obvious that to make a bird look as nearly alive as possible when stuffed (and this is art) adds much to the scientific value of the specimen. Nevertheless, if we are to judge by the overwhelming majority of results, almost any bird reasonably smooth, and not on the face of it grotesque, is good enough in the eyes of most curators to show to the public what this or that bird is like. Again, the reasons are not obscure. Quantity seems to overshadow quality in the minds of those who have charge of amassing collections.

The conventional T-shaped perch on which all perching birds are placed, or the painted or varnished board that suffices as a stand for such birds as habitually walk on the ground or swim on the water, have made nearly impossible a faithful life-like reproduction. Recognizing this, in recent years there have been attempts, and some very successful, to reproduce the natural environment of the birds exhibited. These are often very attractive and instructive, but generally overwhelming. The frame has become greater than the portrait. The bird, so environed, is in many cases the same conventional, stiff, even grotesque acquaintance, who suggests strongly in his new surroundings the long rows of T-shaped perches on overcrowded shelves. Composition in a picture is fundamental; and in a portrait it hardly seems good art to overshadow the central thought, the individual, by a too detailed background. Perhaps it may be hazarded here that suggestions of environment are all that we can hope to present, and that often a single twig, a bit of grass land, a hint of sandy beach, marsh, river, or ocean, will convey to the public an idea of the life-habits of this or that bird, leaving the bird the great central figure, not overshadowed by an entire limb with all its leaves, or an elaborated section of landscape. *Suggestions* of impressions from nature, not portrayals of its infinite details, should be the aim.



Little Blue Heron.

Ardea cærulea (Linn.).

(Intermediate Plumage.)

To the worker the advice is ventured—beware of the photograph. The camera sees what you do not. If you attempt to copy its results, the end attained will not



Screech-Owl.

Megascops asio (Linn.).



Bittern.

Botaurus lentiginosus (Montag.).

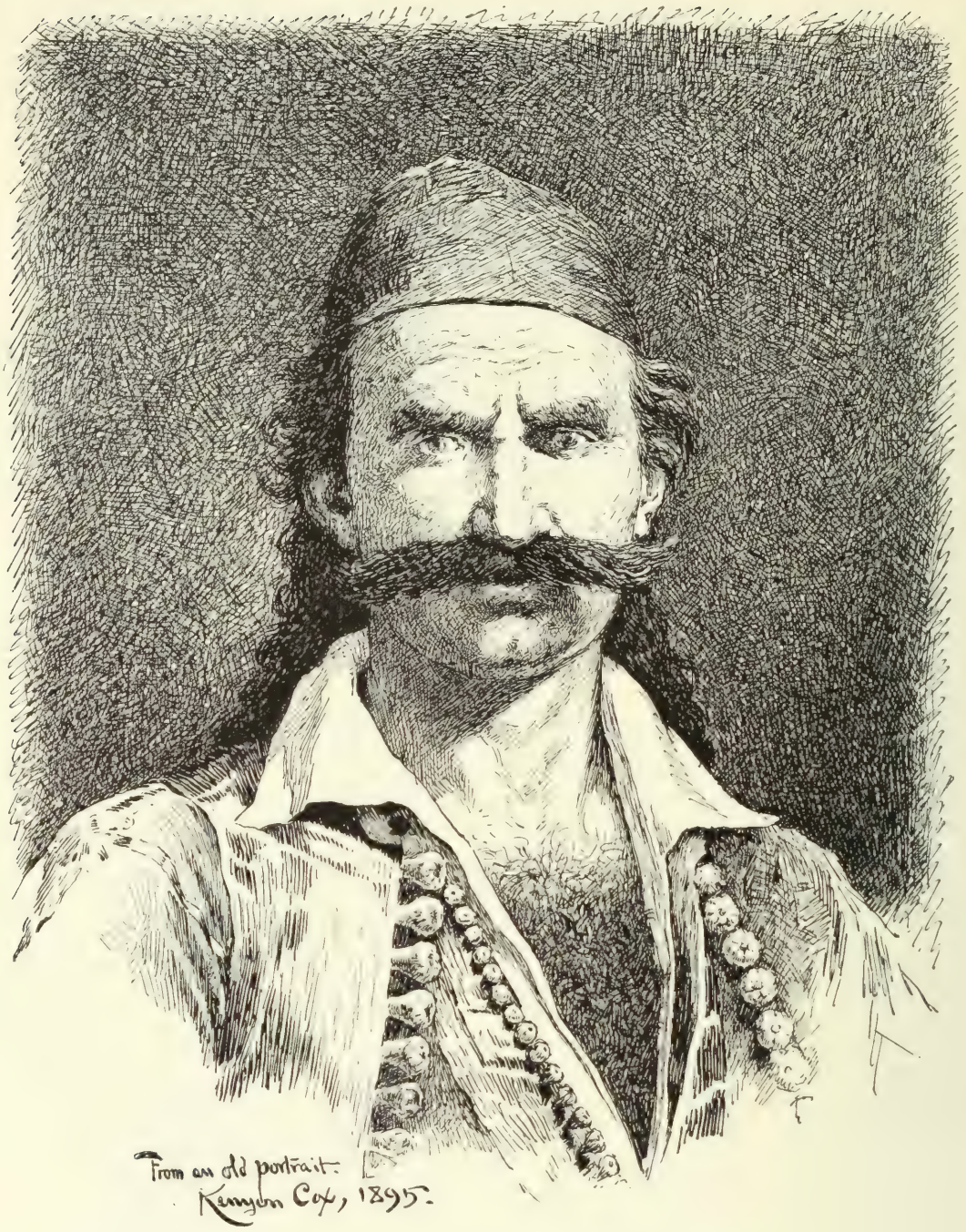
appeal to those who have not seen with a camera, but who have observed and retained certain impressions of birds through their unaided senses.

Do not imitate. Copy no other man's idea of how a bird looks. It is at its best how he thinks it looks. His impression, not yours. The bane of this work has been copying and imitating, not observing and originating; so that we have the duck, the heron, the hawk, eagle, owl, and thrush of tradition in positions much oftener learned in the house from stuffed birds or pictures than from the real model, which is free to every one who cares to try to reproduce his impression of it gained out of doors.

You can never tell where or when your chance will come to meet and get a vivid picture of this or that one. Therefore be always ready. Store observation upon observation away in your brain. They will all come into play. The results will come to the persistent observer, and the stuffed birds of the future will do much to escape the ridicule cast by common consent on most of those of to-day.

The illustrations accompanying this article are presented with the hope that they represent some of the ideas which are fundamental in it, and that they record a step toward a higher place for this kind of art work. They are reproductions of *photographs of stuffed birds.*

Odysseus, from an Old Greek Print.



ODYSSEUS AND TRELAWNY

A SEQUEL TO BYRON'S GRECIAN CAREER

By F. B. Sanborn

IN the last years of Shelley and his friend Byron, the beginning of the Greek Revolution turned the minds of these two poets, and of all western Europe and North America, toward the fair land which the genius of Byron had anew revealed to the civilized world. Byron, in the early cantos of "Don Juan" (written in 1820, but not published till 1821), had foreshadowed the Grecian revolt; and Shelley, in the summer of 1821, when that revolt was in full tide of its early success, wrote his drama, "Hellas," turning on those successes, and dedicated to Prince

Mavrocordato, so famous throughout the national history of Greece. In this poem he makes allusion to one of the most distinguished of the Greek chieftains, Odysseus (Ulysses, born in Ithaca, like Homer's hero, his namesake), with whom Shelley's Cornish friend, Trelawny, was soon after to be disastrously associated :

> A brighter Hellas rears its mountains,
> From waves serener far,
> A new Peneus rolls its fountains
> Against the morning-star ;
> *A new Ulysses leaves once more*
> *Calypso for his native shore.*

This " new Ulysses " was Odysseus Androutsos (the second name was his father's), who, early in 1821, had left the Ionian Islands, where he was born in 1790, and gone to the neighborhood of Mount Parnassus, where both he and his father had been Turkish governors, and there taken command of revolutionary troops. Some rumor of his skirmishes with the Turkish army had perhaps reached Shelley at Pisa, and led to this mention of a hero who till then had only a local reputation for manly beauty and crafty valor, such as gained renown for his father and other Greek *klephts*, robber-chieftains who were the legendary heroes of the mountains once sacred to Apollo, Pan, and the peaceful Muses. The story of this one family, extinct since 1836, when the boy Leonidas, son of Androutsos's son Odysseus, died of cholera at Munich, is full of interest for the Greeks, who dramatize it for their local stage, and also for the readers of Shelley ; because Trelawny, the dear friend for thirty years of Shelley and his pathetic wife, mixed his blood and fortunes with those of this romantic race. Circumstances made me acquainted, early in 1893, while travelling in Greece, with incidents in this story not generally known, and have led me to tell it briefly and consecutively.

The family name of Androutsos was Varouses ; they lived in Livanatai, a small district of Locris, about twelve miles from the seaport Atalanti, near which I sailed in the voyage from Athens to Thermopylæ, which also is not far from the birthplace of the young Varouses, who about 1750 got the name of Androutsos (" Big or Bold Andrew ") from his stalwart valor among the Grecian subjects of Turkey. His father, Athanasios, was a farmer, but the son turned his attention to war and brigandage, and by the time he was twenty had a strong band of followers, *armatoloi*, as they were styled, acting by turns as *gens d'armes* (which the word signifies) and as bandits. He was friendly to the revolt of 1769, but did not fly from Greece when it was put down ; on the contrary, he rose to power among the Turks by his valor and cunning, and, during his occasional residence at Prevesa, in Albania, he was sought as a son-in-law by a wealthy Greek there, Jarlampas by name, and in 1788, or thereabout, married his daughter, Akrivos. She bore him an only son, in the Island of Ithaca, whither he seems to have taken refuge with his Bœotian friend Katsones, who was active in the attempted revolt engineered by the Russian Orloff, in the years 1786–90. During these troubles, Androutsos took up arms against the Sultan, but was obliged to flee into Montenegro ; and in Cattaro, then held by the Venetians, he was given up to the Turks. They carried him to Constantinople, where he was executed. His household seems to have gone back to Prevesa, where his wife remarried with Philip Kamenos, and by this union had four sons and one daughter, Tarsitsa Kamenou, half-sister of Odysseus, who afterward married Edward John Trelawny, and lived with him in the Parnassian cave soon to be described. She was many years younger than her English spouse, if we may trust the romancing Frenchman, Eugène de Villeneuve, who met her with Trelawny at Athens, July 30, 1825, and then thought her " hardly fourteen."

Androutsos had been friends with Ali Pacha, the tyrant of Albania, and when the latter captured Prevesa, soon after the death of Androutsos, he took notice of the son of his old comrade, and had him brought up in his own bloody and treacherous court at Jannina. The story that the young chief outran one of the swiftest horses of Ali, though told by many writers, among them Dr. Howe, was declared by Odysseus, in the presence of George Finlay, to be a mere fable. Yet he was remarkable from childhood for swiftness, strength, and manly grace. His Grecian biographer, Anastasios N. Gouda, a painstaking chronicler, who has preserved many letters of Odysseus, says : " He was of

lofty stature and the greatest symmetry; thick-haired, not only on his head—heavy eyebrows and bushy mustaches—but also on his breast.* He had a stern and frowning look that showed confidence and daring. His eyes and hair were chestnut, his nose thin and straight, his forehead prominent, his head large, and his shoulders broad. It might be said with truth that Odysseus was the very man celebrated in the popular song quoted by Passow:

A sturdy rock his shoulders broad, his locks are chestnut-brown,
His breast is like a brazen wall—no force can break it down.

"Moreover, he was very strong-handed, fleet-footed, and able to make long marches; they even say he outran some of the swiftest horses. Certainly he had few equals in strength, courage, sagacity, and physical beauty."

When Ali made his cruel campaign against the people of Gardoki, to revenge an injury they had done his Albanian mother, forty years before, he ordered young Odysseus to go along with him, "so that I may see with my own eyes whether thou art a son worthy of Androutsos, or whether it is only in Jannina that thou canst brawl and fire the pistol." The youth justified his descent, fought gallantly, and was wounded in the foot; so that he had no active part in the massacre of the Gardokiotans, perpetrated by the tyrant after their surrender. He declared that he did not even see it, but only from his sick-bed heard the cries of the victims.

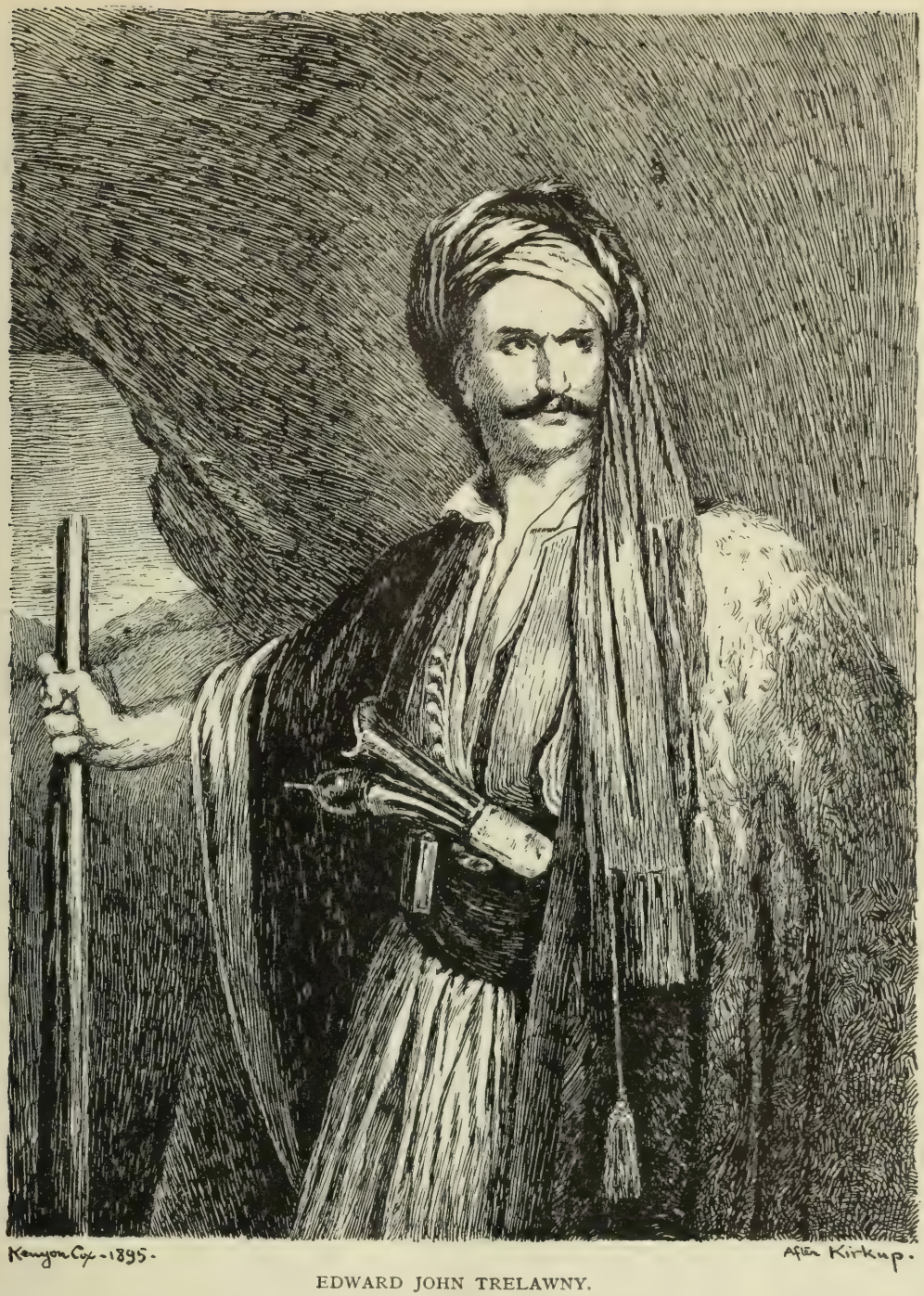
Ali Pacha survived till 1822, and his long-continued revolt against the Sultan was one of the aids the Greeks had in their first year's campaign against their oppressors, beginning in March, 1821. He had long before made Odysseus one of his captains of *armatoloi* in his province of Livadia, on the slopes of Parnassus and in the plain of Bœotia, of which the chief town was then Lebadeia, near the old cave of Trophonius, and not many miles from the Parnassian cavern where Odysseus and Trelawny afterward took refuge. And while giving his young follower this important command, which his father held before him, he provided him also with a bride, Helen Karéli, a daughter of one of the richer and more powerful Greek families in Kalaretai, a town not far distant from Jannina. No children of this marriage seem to have survived their father's death, except Leonidas, already mentioned, who was born in the cave on Parnassus, early in 1824.

This, then, was the situation of Odysseus in the spring of 1821; the revolt of Ali Pacha had drawn down the vengeance of the Sultan, whose army, entering Livadia, compelled Ali's captain, against his will, to retire, first to Prevesa, where his mother still lived, and then to the Ionian Islands, under British protection, as Colocotroni had done a dozen years earlier. As soon as the Greek Revolution opened, he left his wife in the little island of Paxi, near Ithaca, chartered a small vessel, and sailed to Patras. There he was initiated a member of the secret brotherhood of the *Hetæria*, and at once sailed for Galaxithi, on the Corinthian Gulf, under Parnassus, where he issued a proclamation in the jargon of that region, calling on his "dear people" to rise against the Turks. This paper, which Gouda prints, was dated April 3d, hardly two weeks after the first rising.† It can be said then, that he was one of the earliest, as Androutsos had been in the last century, to revolt against the slavery to which he was unhappily born. In the next three years he fought, with varying fortune, to drive the Turks out of Greece; and in March, 1824, when Byron was planning and organizing for the Greeks at Missolonghi, Odysseus was in command at Athens, and was then the most conspicuous of the Greek chieftains, Marco Botzaris having been slain, and Karaiskakis not yet risen to his later fame.

It was in the autumn of 1823, while Byron was still loitering in Cephalonia, after sailing from Genoa in July, 1823, with Trelawny and Count Gamba, that his English comrade left him and pushed on to Athens to make the acquaintance of Odysseus.

* This last peculiarity is shown in his portrait, and always on the stage.

† See the *Bioi Paralleloi* of Anastasios N. Gouda, vol. vi., edition of 1876, for memoirs of Odysseus (pp. 121–162). The sketches of the Botzaris and the Colocotroni families immediately precede that of Androutsos and his son. These "Parallel Lives" are a sort of modern Greek Plutarch. "The Hero-Age of the Greek Revolution," by Stephen Xenos (Athens, 1871) is a historic novel with valuable notes. Quite as fanciful, though professing to be history, is the work of E. Yemeniz, "Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance de la Grèce Moderne" (Paris, Michel Levy, 1869).



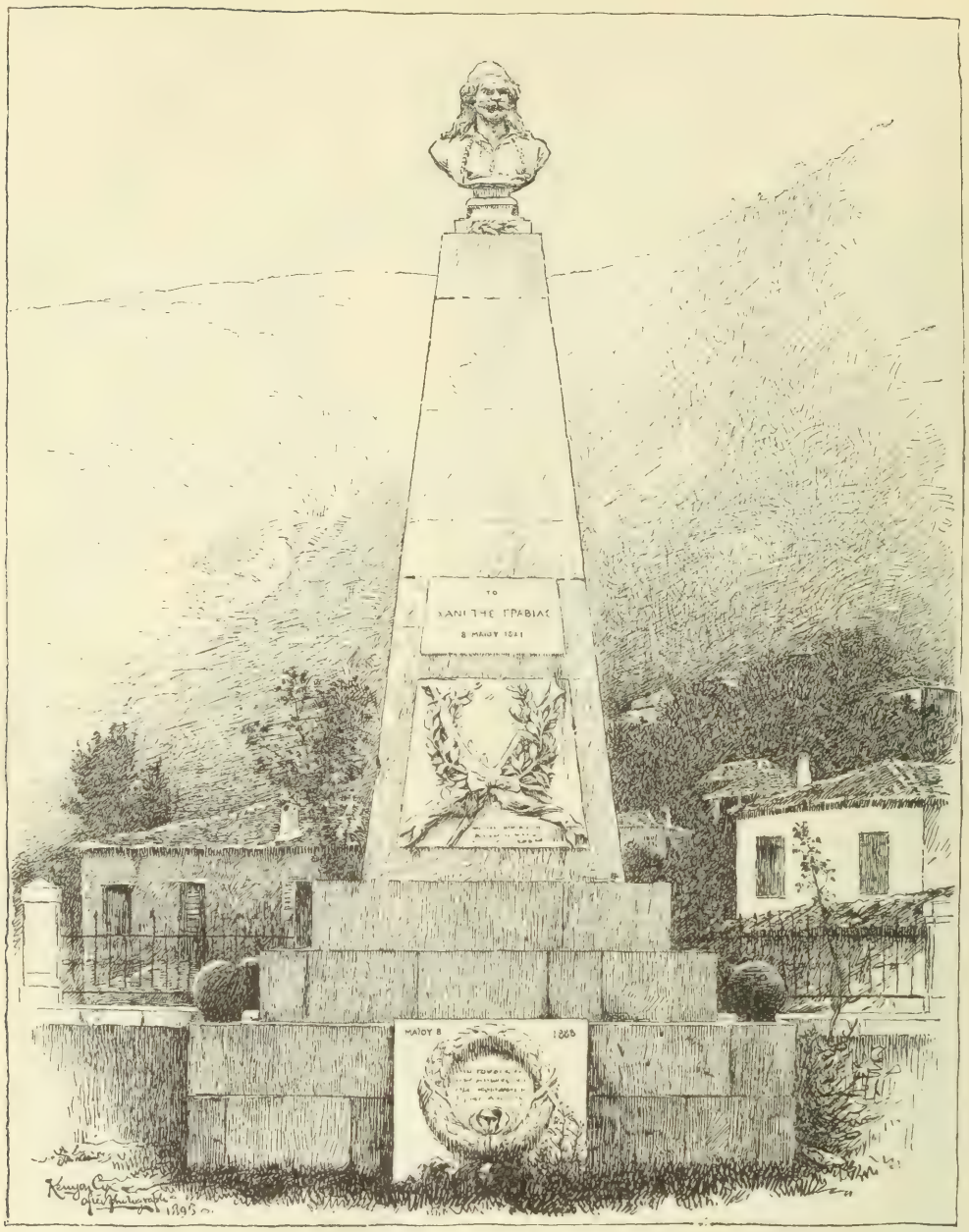
EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

Giovani Temple Leader, Esq., of Florence, Italy, owner of the picture, through whose courtesy the photograph used in the above drawing was made, wrote of the painting in April, 1895: "Seymour Kirkup's original portrait (from the life) painted more than seventy years ago, of E. J. Trelawny, who was my intimate friend, and lived with me for many years in my villa on Putney Hill, that is from 1838-1848," etc.

Dr. Millingen, an English physician, who was with Byron in his last illness, gave this account, in 1831, of the two comrades, and how they took to each other at first sight.

"Growing weary of home, Trelawny (January, 1822) passed over to Italy. There he formed the acquaintance of Lord Byron, who derived no little pleasure from the company of so singular a character. He invited Trelawny to accompany him into Spain,* but hearing of the disasters the constitutional party had sustained, he proposed going to Greece.

* George Finlay, who saw much of Byron after November, 1823, when they first met in Cephalonia, gives the satiated poet's own words on this change of plan. They rode out together at Metaxata, and Byron, after some remarks uncomplimentary to the Greeks, went on: "Why, then, should I fight for them? Sickened with pleasure, more tired of scribbling, perhaps, than the public is of reading me, I felt the need of giving a completely new direction to my ideas; and the active, dangerous, glorious scenes of the military career struck my fancy. I went to Genoa, and was on the eve of sailing for Spain, when, informed of the overthrow of the Liberals, I perceived it was too late to join Sir



The Monument of Odysseus at the Khan of Gravia.

Arrived at Cephalonia (September, 1823), Trelawny discovered that Byron was not romantic enough to be his companion; and he started for the Peloponnesus, where, having roamed in vain in quest of a hero, he passed over to Athens. There he met with Odysseus, and so powerful is the force of sympathy that, although they could not understand each other's language, they became in an instant intimate friends. According to Trelawny, Odysseus was the personification of every perfection, mental and bodily. He swore by him, and imitated him in the minutest actions. His dress, gait, and air were not only perfectly similar, but he prided himself on being even as dirty. . . . This ridiculous imitation was in other respects very useful to him; for it enabled him to endure the privations and hardships inseparable from the Greek mode of warfare, sleeping on the bare earth, with a stone for a pillow, and sustaining a total want of every bodily comfort."

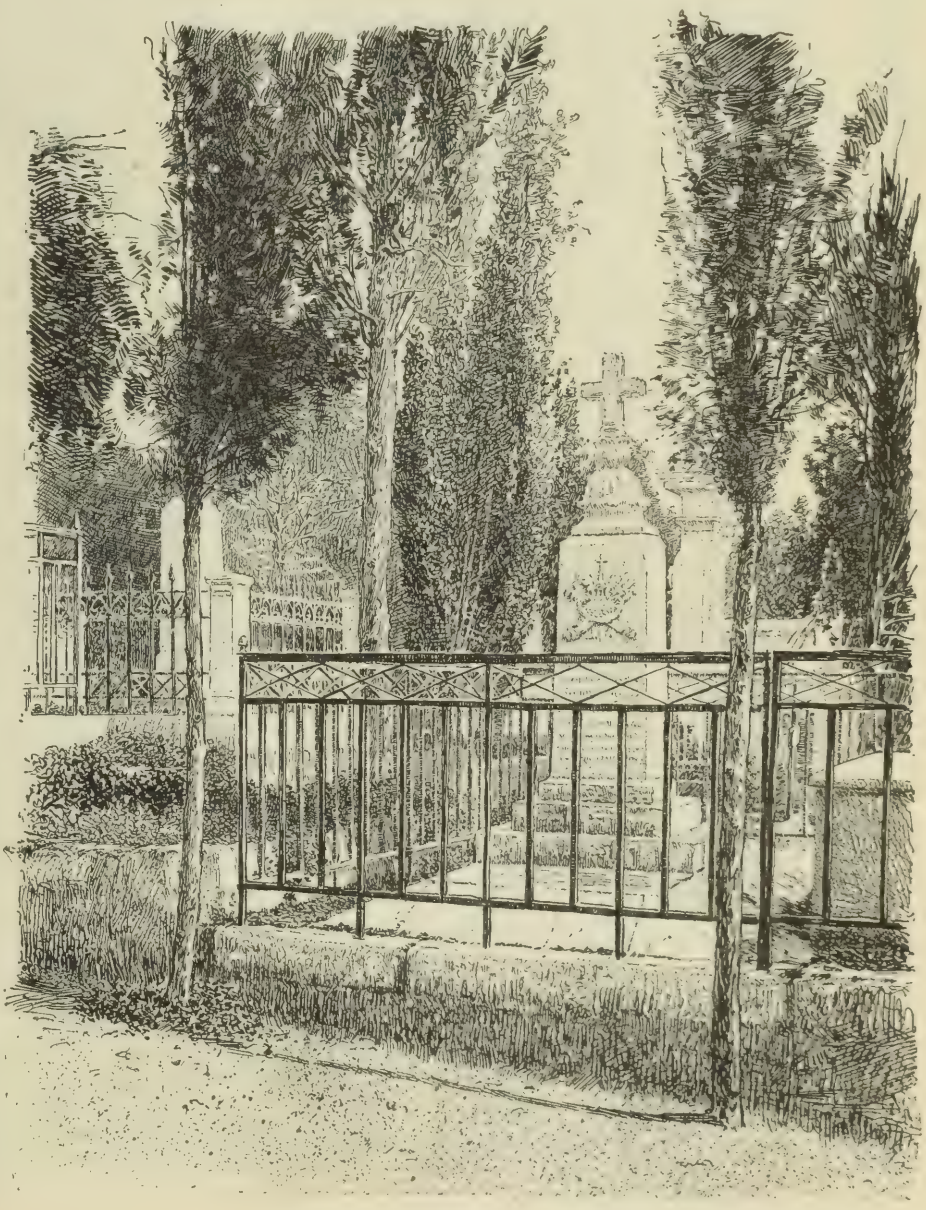
This joy of companionship with Odysseus found expression in a letter from Trelawny to the widow of his friend Shelley, who went to England soon after Byron sailed from Genoa (July 17, 1823) with

Robert Wilson, and then it was that I altered my intention, and resolved to sail for Greece." There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the lives of Byron and the heroic Sir Robert Wilson.

Trelawny—"Lord Byron with £10,000," said she, "and Trelawny with £50." * Soon after Byron's death, at Missolonghi, Trelawny wrote (April 30, 1824): "I have had the merit of discovering and bringing out a noble fellow, a gallant soldier, and a man of most wonderful mind, with as little bigotry as Shelley, and nearly as much imagination; he is a glorious being. I have lived with him—he calls me brother—wants to connect me with his family. We have been inseparable now for eight months—fought side by side. . . . Dear Mary, I am serious—turn your thoughts this way. No more a nameless being, I am now a Greek chieftain, willing and able to protect you; and thus I will continue, or follow our friends (Shelley and Byron) to wander over some other planet, for I have nearly exhausted this."

A word as to the situation in Greece when Trelawny arrived there. The Greeks held possession of a great part of the mainland, and many islands; Odysseus, then at the height of his fame (he was thirty-three years old), was in command at Athens, where he had strongly fortified the Acropolis, and soon after fought successfully in Eubœa, with Trelawny at his side.

George Finlay, who spent much of his after-life in Greece, and another Englishman, Captain W. H. Humphreys, were all in the country before Byron arrived, in January, 1824; both these young men were friendly to Odysseus; and Humphreys, who served under him, praised him warmly. "He was distinguished from his meanest soldier," says this writer, "only by his striking personal appearance. His sunburnt face and breast, rude attire, immense bushy mustache, and bent brow (to be matched only



The Tomb of Odysseus at Athens.

* Byron had joined the Greek committee of London, and was urged by them for a long time to go to Greece; he hesitated, and finally summoned Trelawny (June 15th) thus: "You must have heard that I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I want your aid, and am extremely anxious to see you. They all say I can be of use in Greece; I don't know how, nor do they; but, at all events, let us go." This was not the speech of a very ardent Philhellene; but once there, he behaved admirably—far better than Trelawny, though not so good a soldier. Our American Dr. Howe fought and fed the war better than both these Englishmen; but Byron's name helped vastly.

by that of a Redgauntlet) * made him the fine characteristic picture of a mountain chieftain. He was an excellent horseman, had all the tastes of a gentleman, and was fond of shooting, of horses, and dogs, as few of the Greeks are. In conversation, his expressions in Italian, of which he knew only a few words, were indicative of his forcible mind; his language in his own tongue was very elegant. He possessed the perfect military eye—observable in the spots he fixed on for halting at night, and in his pointing out as we passed the advantageous positions which the country afforded." No wonder, then, that these three Englishmen were anxious that Byron, who controlled much British money, and could give the tone to European opinion, should meet their hero; and for this purpose Byron was invited to a conference at Amphissa (then called Salona), the largest town at the foot of Parnassus, on the side of the Corinthian Gulf. Writing to Colonel Stanhope, afterward Earl Harrington, at Athens, from Amphissa, March 12, 1824, Humphreys said:

"I only arrived here this morning, and do not start for Missolonghi till to-morrow; but General Pannouria and Mons. Negris have both written letters to Mavrocordato, and Lord Byron likewise, soliciting his presence at the congress, which they are here equally anxious for. Blackett has just arrived from Missolonghi, and was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Finlay, who mentions Lord Byron as already *inclined* to come to Athens; so I shall have, with your letters, little difficulty in attaining my object, if I can get there—for I find the greatest difficulty in getting horses to proceed."

It was not the wish of Mavrocordato, however, that Byron should meet Odysseus, and he did not. Finlay, who had gone from Athens to Missolonghi in the end of February, on the same errand of persuasion, says: "Lord Byron and Mavrocordato were alone when I communicated my mission. His Lordship instantly complied. Mavrocordato declined an immediate answer, and, alluding to a foolish affair that had lately happened in Athens, with an English sloop of war (which the ignorant soldiery of Odysseus construed into an attempt to carry him off), hinted at the possibility of Odysseus intending to retaliate the supposed treachery on Lord Byron." Finlay adds that an alleged plot of the brave gypsy-general, Karaiskakis, to join the Turks, was contrived by Mavrocordato to alarm Byron, in March. "The affair of Karaiskakis was a farce, performed to prevent Byron from going to Salona; and I suspected Mavrocordato of having a hand in it." Had the poet gone to Salona, probably he would have escaped his fatal fever; but when Finlay himself set out the fever had begun, and on April 19, 1824, Byron died. From Amphissa Finlay went on to Athens; and there Trelawny sent him this remarkable letter, in which the erratic spelling of the "half-Arab Englishman," as Mrs. Shelley called him, is preserved.

Trelawny's First Letter from the Cave.

May 27, 1824.
The Cavern of Ulysses, M't Parnassus.

Dear Finlay:

I trust you are still with my captain. I arrived here yesterday with a splendid suit—and 55 horses—loaded with stores for Odysseus—a small brigade of mountain guns—300 of Flannel cartridges and grape-shot, and 20 picked artillery men, accompanied by a Capt'n Fenton, an approved good Artillery Officer; he was chief engineer to Gen'l Mina—that's enough—and to seal all he is a Scotchman of the right good sort—independent—will do anything, and wants nothing in payment but lice—of which we have enough.

What are you about? going on another Ambassadorship? 'tis premature to go to America. After this campaign—at present you will do nothing—tell Odysseus Mavro wants to go on that mission, but he must prevent that. I have pretty well finished the Prince—as I would all Royalty if I could. I have "scotched him," but not killed, and do not wish him to be revived by the sun of America. Byron brought him to life once.

Tell O I will get lots of powder, and otherwise attend to his proper interest with Gordon—Blackquire,† as by that means I am best serving Greece (so I think). Is he not a noble fellow—a Bolivar? let's make a Washington of him;

* Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, had the same peculiarity.

† Trelawnese for *Blaquière*.



The Cave on the West Side of Mount Parnassus, above Valitza.

there are elements in him to form one. I am thirsting to be with you, and only await till the return of my courier I forwarded to him eighteen days back. I want to complete some plans for rendering this cave the most beautiful as well as strongest fortress in the world—tell him to send me (a white litter). I have Gilo with me and all the tools and necessary things to do every thing.

My particular events—since we separated—must be told not written. Stanhope was ordered home by the King through influence of the Legitimate ambassadors. Gordon was hourly expected when I left Zant ; I left, as did Stanhope, letters to enlighten him as to who is who in Greece. The other commissioner unknown. Blackquire no authority ; he is, I suppose, by this time with you. I got your hundred paid, 50 I have spent, the other £50 I will bring you. Give a few dollars to Tindale for my women at Athens ; if you think it necessary, pay their removal to Calauria or Egina.

Mavro leads the life of a dog at Missolonghi ; the soldiers would have all come off with me, and fiered the city had I set them on ; he is impotent. Millingen has been at Death's door, but—Death would not let him in. He is out of great danger and sends his love—cannot write.

Do your utmost to get immediate supplies for O. I want him to defend Thermophile, and Fenton, Gilo and myself to fortify it. Don't let him take any Germans—they are all—charletans.

Your True and sincere friend,

TRELAWNY.

P.S.—I inclose you three letters. Lord Guilford sent 4,000 dollars for the service of Greece. Mavro has it. Byron spent nearly 30,000 dollars. Mavro must account for all the money he has extracted from the friends of Greece.

Although Trelawny wrote many letters from this cavern, during the year that he occupied it, either as a guest or tenant, no one of them has before been published, I think. He sent to Mrs. Shelley, in August, 1824, a fuller description of the "Cavern Fortress on Mount Parnassus," as he styled it, desiring her to print it in London ; but it was never done. Indeed, so little did Mrs. Shelley understand it, that she wrote to Leigh Hunt (August 22, 1824) : "Trelawny has made a hero of the Greek chief, Ulysses, and declares that there is a great cavern in Attica, which he and Ulysses have provisioned for seven years, and to which, if the cause fails, he and this chieftain are to retire ; but, if the cause is triumphant, he is to build a city in the Negropont, colonise it, and Jane (Williams) and I are to go out and be queens and chieftainesses of the island" (Eubœa). In truth, the cave is more than thirty miles from Attica, and in Phocis, not many miles from Velitsa, which is the nearest town. A similar mistake, but more natural, has been made by Spiridion Tricoupis, the Greek historian, and by Stephen Xenos, a later Greek novelist historian—for they both suppose the cave to be that called Korykios, often visited and described, on the other side of Parnassus, just above Delphi. The cavern of Odysseus is seldom visited, and little known, even in Greece ; its exact situation is given by Finlay and Humphreys, however, who saw Trelawny there more than once. Humphreys says : "A steep and difficult ascent leads to the foot of the crag ; a vast projecting arch, extending deep in the massive rock at one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular height from the ground, forms this impregnable hold. In the interior are houses, numerous magazines, and an extensive *terre-plein*, all completely open to the sun and light, but sufficiently sheltered by the arch to render it inaccessible from above. It is, indeed, a most romantic situation. Numerous eagles, once the undisturbed possessors of the cave, are constantly soaring above. The view from the arch is beautiful, extending over the rich plain of Livadia" (Bœotia and a corner of Phocis), "surmounted by the rising mountains of Eubœa, and the intervening sea." This shows precisely how the cavern fronted, toward what was then called Negropont, some fifty miles eastward, and the channel of Talanta, on which is Livanatai, the birthplace of Androutsos. The new line of railway (unfinished) from Thebes to Dadi, Lamia, and Larissa, now runs within a few miles of this cavern, which can be visited, though with some difficulty, in half a day from Dadi.

In the second edition of his "Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author," by Trelawny (London, 1878), he gives a fine view of this mountain-fortress—drawn from memory, for he never saw it after the summer of 1825—and in the same book he thus describes it :

"In one of the precipices of Parnassus there is a cavern, at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the plain ; this Odysseus had, with much ingenuity, managed to ascend and convert into a place of safety for his family and effects during the war. The only access was by ladders, bolted to the rock ; the first ladder, 45 or 50 feet in length, was placed against the face of the rock, and steadied by braces ; a second, resting on a projecting crag, crossed the first ; and a third, lighter and shorter, stood on its heel on a natural shelf in the fractured stone. This third ladder led to a trap-door, through which you entered a vaulted guard-room, pierced with lancet-holes for musketry, and opening on a broad terrace, 80 feet in length, screened by a parapet-wall breast-high, with embrasures mounted with cannon. The height of the natural arch spanning the cave is 30 feet above this lower terrace, so that it is particularly light, airy, and cheerful. Ascending by steps to a yet higher terrace of solid rock, the breadth and height of the cave diminish, till the end is reached. The towering mass of rock above the cave projects boldly over its base. To make it perfect, there was a never-failing supply of the purest water, filtering through fractures in the rock above, into a capacious cistern built on the upper terrace. This was our citadel, and, by removing the upper ladder, it became impregnable without the aid of a garrison."

In this stronghold, supplied with arms and ammunition from those sent in 1823–24 by the English committee, and other Philhellenes, as the above letter shows, Leonidas, the son of Odysseus, was born ; his mother, Helen Karéli, his grandmother, Akrívos Kamenou, and his child-aunt, Tarsitsa Kamenou, who afterward married Trelawny, being present at his birth, in 1824, and generally remaining in the cave until it was surrendered to the Greek Government, in 1826, or thereabout. Trelawny went and came at will, till he was shot there by "Capt'n Fenton," whom he praised so much in the letter of May 27th, and by a young Englishman, a friend of Dr. Howe, the American Philhellene, W. G. Whitcombe by name. This attempted assassination occurred in June, 1825—the precise date is a little difficult to fix, for Trelawny, never very exact, makes several conflicting statements on that point. Dr. Howe, who was in the service of the Greek Government, then at variance with Odysseus, but who abhorred the plot of Fenton and Whitcombe, has more than once told me the story, which also appears in his "Greek Revolution," and in my "Life of Howe."

In September, 1824, Odysseus was stripped of his command in Attica, which was given over to his lieutenant, Goura. He seems only to have returned once after this to his fortress, in February, 1825, after he had made a truce with the Turks, in order to protect the people of eastern Greece from being massacred, he told Trelawny. "On our parting, he called some of his principal followers, and said, 'I call you to witness, I give this Englishman the cavern, and everything of mine in it ;' then turning to me, he said, 'Do what you think best, without referring to me.'" Trelawny in vain sought to withdraw him from his truce with Omer Pacha. "As we sat on the turf by a broken fountain, he placed his rough hairy hand on my bosom, saying, 'You have a strong heart in a strong body ; you find fault with me for distrusting my countrymen. I never doubted you. I trusted you from the first day, as I do now on the last we may ever be together ; though I cannot understand why you give money, and risk life, to serve those who would shoot you for money—as they will me if they can.'" This was indeed their last interview ; he was arrested by Goura, to whom he fled from the Turks, two months later, in April, 1825, and in June he was tortured and assassinated.

While in Athens in 1893, I had access to many books in many languages, and to some manuscripts of authenticity bearing on the career of Odysseus, who is so far from being held as the Arnold of Greece, that he is a legendary popular hero. Many of these books are out of print, and only to be found in old libraries ; among them the early works of Captain Hum-

phreys, and of James Emerson, afterward better known as Sir J. Emerson Tennent. From these authors, and one or two others of the same period, valuable contemporary evidence may be quoted. Humphreys says :

" Goura, in the winter of 1824–25, instigated and guided by his secretary, Sophonopulo, a villanous character, had been supplanting Ulysses at Athens ; and though he obeyed the orders of Ulysses to come to him at Napoli, it was his last act of obedience, and he soon assumed the chief command. It was talked of to give Ulysses command of the forces against Dervish Pacha ; but, after having been shot at while sitting by a window in the house of Nikitas, at Napoli, his demands refused, and his nomination delayed, Ulysses, accompanied by Trelawny and Karaiskakis, had left Napoli in disgust, and, with about one thousand men, joined the Greek camp at Albani, near Amphissa. He soon learned that the government afforded no support to his soldiers, and that Goura was nominated to replace him in the command at Athens. Ulysses then made a seizure of government money, disbanded his soldiers, retired to his fortress on Parnassus, and the rumor spread that he was treating with the Turks."

Captain Humphreys goes on : " I had not seen Goura for more than a year, when with Ulysses, we played the jerreed together at Athens. He is a fine-looking fellow, and brave ; but the brutal acts of cruelty of which he has been guilty are disgraceful to human nature. Our army hardly amounted to 3,000 men, for numbers had deserted to return to Athens ; but we drew rations for 11,600, which, when regularly supplied, were sold by the captains. Karaiskakis, our most enterprising captain, acted independently of Goura, and we generally, after some delay, followed his steps ; for Goura's men had no confidence in his leading. Taking advantage of a day's inactivity, I made a rapid night march to the cave of Ulysses, to visit my countrymen (Trelawny and Fenton) in their far-famed wild dwelling ; as I had not seen them for many months. I passed the precipitous defiles in a rainy night, for the road by the plain was open to the Turks. My party consisted of an Italian officer, two men, and a lad, my pipe-bearer. We led a rough life on the heights of Parnassus, bivouacking in its sequestered valleys ; for we used to halt in some grass-grown dell, where was a supply of water, and where our fires were not likely to be discerned by the enemy. The cave could defy all open attack ; immediately in front of its crag rises another range of rocky mountains, between is a deep and precipitous ravine, down which rushes a rapid stream. We found Trelawny there, whose appearance and lofty bearing, his character and wild adventurous life, well accorded with the situation. He was reading the last novel that had reached Parnassus from the author of Waverley ; two small young deer, natives of the mountain, were kept there as a present for Scott, when it should be convenient to send them."

Sir James Tennent said of Fenton : " Among the inmates of the cavern was one Mr. Fenton, a native of Scotland, who had arrived, a mere adventurer, in Greece ; and, during his intercourse with the European residents of the Morea, had proved himself totally divested of every principle or feeling of a gentleman. He had even stooped so low as to offer himself to a person in power as the assassin of Ulysses, for a remuneration of a few dollars—I believe, not more than $60. The proposal had been accepted, but a disagreement in the terms, or some other circumstance, had prevented its execution."

In confirmation of this direct statement, and even more explicit in naming the " person in power," Humphreys wrote (June 17, 1825) to Captain Hamilton of the British war-vessel Cambria, " The villain Fenton was some months ago engaged *by Mavrocordato, to murder both Ulysses and Trelawny*. I was then with Ulysses, before he joined the Turks ; and Fenton at that time carried on the intrigue under the pretence to us (true or false) of entrapping Mavrocordato. A Mr. Jarvis, an American, now in Nauplia, was Mavrocordato's chief agent in the affair ; it passed over, but the other day Trelawny was attempted to be assassinated by the same Fenton ; and immediately after Ulysses was killed (how, heaven knows) at Athens. I am arrested and imprisoned among thieves and assassins, because I came for a surgeon for Trelawny."

A British sloop of war, the Rose, came

opportunely to Nauplia, where Humphreys was confined, the middle of June, and he was soon set free, as a British subject. At Zante, for which he then sailed, Philip Green, British vice-consul at Patras (who was friendly to the Turks), heard from him this story, which Green sent to England, July 13, 1825): "Mr. Humphreys arrived at Zante from Napoli, July 9th; he brings an account of the death of Odysseus, through the treachery of Goura, formerly his own right-hand man. He had been confined in a tower of the Acropolis, and wishing to effect his escape, concerted a plan for that purpose with Goura and others, who apparently connived at it; but having let him down a precipice, cut the rope when he was half-way, and their victim was killed on the spot. Upon the discovery of his mangled remains the next morning, a mock inquiry was instituted as to the cause of his death, which was attributed to the accidental breaking of the rope. Mr. Trelawny has narrowly escaped being assassinated by Fenton and Whitcombe, both Englishmen. There is no doubt that the attempt was premeditated, and the hope of obtaining possession of the riches of Odysseus was the chief inducement, at least with Fenton; but the truth will be difficult to arrive at, because Trelawny's attendants, hearing the report of fire-arms, rushed out and despatched Fenton on the spot. They would have inflicted similar summary punishment on his accomplice, had not Trelawny interfered, by whose order he was merely placed in confinement. It appears that the attempted assassination was planned by Fenton, who proposed a trial of skill in pistol-shooting, during which the conspirators attempted to shoot Trelawny. Fenton's pistol missed fire; but Whitcombe's, loaded with two balls, took effect, one entering his back and passing out at his breast, shattered his right arm, while the second entered his neck and injured his jaw-bone. This affair occurred after the death of Odysseus, and in the cave on Parnassus; whence Mr. Humphreys proceeded to Napoli for medical assistance, and persuaded Mr. Tindal, an English surgeon, to visit the wounded man; but this latter, from what cause does not appear, altered his mind when half-way, and turned back. In the meantime, the Senate at Napoli arrested Humphreys, and he only obtained his liberty through the arrival of the Rose, English sloop of war. Trelawny, with the other partisans of Odysseus, is closely blockaded in the cave on Parnassus."

The precise day of Fenton's crime and death is hard to fix; it seems to have been June 5th, while Odysseus was killed June 16th. These dates have been variously and erroneously stated, even by Finlay, usually so careful in his narration. Trelawny, who was far less exact, gives the impression that it was June 3d, although he also says, "It was *on the same day* that Odysseus was trapped, captured some distance from the cavern, was taken to the Acropolis of Athens, imprisoned in a tower, and put to the most excruciating tortures, to extort from him a confession of where he had hid his treasures. He was *afterward* hamstrung, and thrown from the tower in which he was confined." But we know that Odysseus gave himself up to Goura April 19th, and was fast prisoner on the day of the shooting in the cave. That he was tortured before death is the testimony of Tricoupis, of Stephen Xenos, and of his epitaph in Athens, put on his monument by his widow, and soon to be cited. General Gordon puts his death as June 17th, and Finlay probably meant to give it more exactly as June 16th—for he must have died in the night before the body was found.

I pass over Trelawny's own striking account of the shooting, the death of Fenton, and his pardon of Whitcombe, because it is so well known, and also because his unsupported evidence is not always to be trusted. Byron once said to Finlay, "Trelawny would have been an excellent fellow if he could have spelt his own language and spoken the truth;" and he said to Dr. Millingen that "Trelawny cannot tell the truth even to save his life." In the main, however, his story, except as to dates and details, is confirmed by others, among them Sir James Tennent, in whose journal occur these pages:

"*Napoli, July* 22, 1825.—Sailed this morning on His Majesty's corvette, the Sparrowhawk, Captain Stuart. I have already mentioned the name of Mr. Trelawny, the gentleman who had espoused the sister and fortunes of Odysseus. . . . A few days before Fenton made his attempt, the cave was visited by a young

English gentleman, whose age (nineteen) and romantic spirit were easily prevailed on by Fenton to become his accomplice, under a promise that, if successful, he should be made a prince of Livadia. It was in the latter end of May, about the 25th, that this young Englishman arrived at the cavern ; and four days after Fenton proposed to him that they should fire at a target, while Trelawny stood umpire. As soon as Trelawny, unsuspectingly, advanced to examine their first shots, the conspirators both made their attempt at the same moment. Fenton's pistol missed fire, but the young Englishman's took effect with two balls. . . . He fell immediately ; but his attendants, alarmed at the report of the pistols, rushed forward and instantly poignarded Fenton, who died on the spot. They then, by the direction of Trelawny, who still breathed, placed the Englishman in irons at the recess of the cave. Totally deprived of the assistance of a surgeon, Trelawny's recovery was long doubtful ; but nature at last prevailed. He is still confined in a weak state in the cavern, without any medical attendant, and without the power to leave it ; as every inlet is in possession of the troops of Goura. To attempt his rescue, Captain Stuart is now sailing for Athens, where he hopes to meet assistance from the local government to effect his purpose. . . . On our way we touched at Hydra, to receive on board Major Bacon, a personal friend of Mr. Trelawny, who had volunteered his services in his rescue."

Sir James left the Sparrowhawk at the Piræus and went on to Smyrna, July 27th. While waiting there he made this final entry, concerning the inmates of the cave on Parnassus :

"*Saturday, August* 13, 1825.—The Sparrowhawk arrived at Smyrna, with Mr. Trelawny and his wife on board, having succeeded in effecting their rescue, after, with difficulty, prevailing on Goura to grant them an exit from the cave ; which, however, is still in the hands of Ulysses's wife and her adherents. Trelawny is still weak, but is gradually recovering. Before his departure he had generously set the Englishman at liberty, in consideration of his youth, and from a regard for the feelings of his family, who are stated to be of the first respectability."

Trelawny, after these exciting adventures, led a wandering life in many countries. His career in the United States, where he spent nearly two years, is little known, but from the impressions of Wendell Phillips, who met him in Philadelphia in 1834, it was not much to his credit. His intimacy with Miss Kemble, which began in New York in the summer of 1833, continued for half a dozen years after her marriage with Pierce Butler. He did not go to America to follow Miss Kemble (who went over in August, 1832), but, according to Mrs. Shelley, to take part in the Nullification War in South Carolina, of all things in the world ! He seems to have had relapses into the wildness of his early years, and the recklessness of his first months in Greece, but he had one or more children to bring up ; his mother and sister were living in England ; and he long maintained a reputable standing in London, as is seen by the houses he visited. He married for a third time, after 1840, having previously been refused by Mrs. Shelley. He took a farm in Monmouthshire, and, as he said, made it pay. He bought a little house and land near Worthing, and about fifty miles from London, when seventy-eight years old, and died there of old age August 13, 1881. He sat for his portrait to Kirkup, in Florence, in the splendid Albanian dress ; to Keats's friend, Severn, in Rome ; to D'Orsay, in London, in 1836 ; and, finally, to Millais, in his eighty-second year, as the model for the "Old Sea-Captain." He was a little too vain of his personal advantages and continued to be a striking figure in English society, or on the hem of it, almost up to his death. He was cremated in Germany, and his ashes were buried beside Shelley's in the lovely Roman Cemetery, where he built a tomb for himself and his friend in 1822.

While Trelawny reached so great an age, notwithstanding his wild life and his fearful wounds, outliving by nearly half a century the more famous men with whom his name is associated, Odysseus was murdered at the age of thirty-five. For many years his shattered bones lay buried near the foot of the Acropolis wall, where he met his death, and where he had once ruled Athens. But in 1865, after the Greek Government was settled in order,

under the present King George, Helen Karéli, the widow, caused the removal of the remains to the principal cemetery of Athens, south of the Acropolis, and across the Ilissus, where, in 1891, Dr. Schliemann was buried under a huge monument. The monument of Odysseus is not far from this ambitious structure, but is modest and inconspicuous ; it stands in a small enclosure on the first path running west after you enter the north gate. Over the third grave on the left of that short path is a marble tomb, on which rises a gravestone, on a basis surmounted by a cross and adorned with Christian and military emblems—cannons, muskets, a flagstaff, bayonets, a sword, a yataghan, a trumpet, etc.—the whole structure less than eight feet high. On the marble *stele*, below the emblems, in a space perhaps 30 × 20 inches, is a rhymed poem in modern Greek, of which this is a fairly good version, both in metre and in meaning :

ODYSSEUS ANDROUTSOS.

Ended the long sad years, praise to our Chieftain Ulysses!
Here lies buried in peace Androutsos' illustrious son;
Down from his martyr-cross, to the shrine of a tomb, which this is,
He hath descended—the reign of bitter ingratitude's done.

Eager among the first to proclaim his nation's Uprising,
He with his hundred Greeks opened fair Victory's dance;
Then at the Khan of Gravia, Omer Pacha pulverizing,
Left a dead Turk where his steps marked his retreat and advance.

Triple the clasp of the Turk, when he our freedom would smother,
Two east and west on the mainland—on the Morea the last;
He broke the hold of the foremost, far he thrust off the other,
Then on the third his command slaughter and pestilence cast.

Mangled in treacherous death, lo, where our Chieftain is lying!
Slain not by powder and ball, neither by stroke of the sword;
Under the Parthenon wall, strangled, they left him dying;
Now from his grave he implores on them the grace of our Lord.

He was born about 1790, and he fell a sacrifice the night before June 17, 1825.

I find a rude magnanimous ring, in these rough Greek verses, more appropriate to this mountain chieftain than the smooth elegiacs in which it is the Grecian custom to honor their dead.

Before this tomb was erected, with its proud, forgiving epitaph, the Athenian newspapers announced the public funeral of Odysseus, at the cathedral church of the Metropolis. Dating her invitation March 1, 1865, and signing it "Helen, the widow of Odysseus Androutsos," the aged dame asks his old soldiers and her own friends to be present, March 5, at 10 A.M., to witness the funeral rites in the great church, "after a period of forty years since the death of her husband." She was still alive in 1876, when Gouda published his second edition of the "Parallel Lives;" but must have died soon after (I think, in 1879), and is buried in an uninscribed tomb beside her husband. Relatives of hers reside in Athens and Corfu, bearing the names of Papageorgios, etc., but no relative of Odysseus is now known to survive.

The character of Odysseus has been variously drawn. He was not a Washington, nor even a Bolivar, as the enthusiasm of Trelawny suggested to the cooler mind of George Finlay. The latter sets him down as cruel and treacherous, fond of money and of power, like most of his comrades the Capitani of Albania and Greece. He could hardly have been bred in a worse school than that of Ali Pacha ; nor were the years of revolution well fitted to develop an amiable, unselfish character, like that of Trelawny's other admiration—Shelley. On the other hand, there is little reason to charge him with treason, and compare him to our Arnold. He seems to have joined the Turks for his own purposes, not for theirs, and they never felt confidence in his aid. He left them of his own accord, without having done his country much harm ; and his people are now quite unwilling to drop him from their roll of heroes. Without being worshipped like Botzaris, he holds as high a rank as Karaiskakis, who was a better general, and who died in battle for Greece as Botzaris did. Romance has ever attached to the name of Odysseus, in spite of his crimes, and such must still be the case.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A NEWSPAPER — a careful Boston newspaper—in telling the other day of the address of a woman missionary of long experience in Turkey, to a Boston audience, represented her as saying of the Armenian massacres, that the victims being Christians, "recognized that these things could only exist with the approval of God, and that they were ready to accept the slaughters as the result of the divine will." It is very possible that she did not speak the precise words imputed to her, but the doctrine they express is familiar, and seems to the present lay writer to be sufficiently erroneous and misleading to be worth a remonstrance. The idea that the Armenian massacres and all horrors of the sort, as well as the plague in India, and famine, pestilence, and sudden death in all their manifestations occur "with the approval of God," is not only abhorrent to our sense of divine goodness, but altogether unnecessary to our belief in omnipotence. We are taught, it is true, that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without the divine knowledge, but knowledge is one thing and approval another. The least reflection must apparently convince any thinking person that the world abounds in things, actions, and occurrences, which a good God must regard with the profoundest disapproval. If He does not put a stop to them it is not because He approves but because that is not Inscrutable Wisdom's way of doing things.

"With the Approval of God."

No, good missionary, if you have told the poor Armenians that their slaughter is approved by God, you have told them what is not true; if you have assured them that God has afflicted them for a wise purpose, you have asserted what is exceedingly doubtful and what you cannot possibly prove; if you have advised them, as you say, to submit meekly to extirpation as being God's decree, you have given them bad advice; and if you had assured them that God permits nothing that is not for the welfare of his creatures, how had you the face to ask Boston to contribute to the relief of "the smitten people?"

You were right in asking for the money, but sadly out in the theology that led you up to it. If you would know what is God's will, shut up some of your theological treatises and come and look around. It accords with the observation of the wisest of mankind that when God made the world he made certain laws to govern it, and that, as a general thing, he leaves those laws alone and lets things work out according to them. Human bodies are heavier than water, therefore if even the kindest and best person falls in where the water is over his head and cannot swim, he drowns. It is God's will that fishes should be able to live under water, but He has made no provision for sub-marine men, and divers must take their own risks. It is God's will that pure water should be wholesome for human beings. Impure water He has reserved for the benefit of other forms of life. If a man, good or bad, drinks impure water it makes him sick; but if he dies it is not because God approves, but because he had ignorantly violated one of God's rules. God does not accept ignorance as an excuse for the violation of his physical laws, however it may be with moral ones.

As to the Armenians: It accords with God's laws that if a Kurdish soldier hits an Armenian hard in the head with a weapon, the Armenian shall die. But if the Armenian can hit the Kurd first, and hit him hard enough, why is it not equally agreeable to the Divine Will that the Kurd should die? Armenian or Kurd dies in accordance with natural laws; but that he dies with God's approval in any other

sense, is still less true than in the case of the drowning man. For the Kurd is a brute and an oppressor; and though God has endowed brute force and oppression with certain powers, the strongest of all the tendencies He has given us is to rise up against it.

Is even the mere instinct of self-preservation opposed to the will of God? If we suspect that there is sewer-gas in our houses, we do not bow to any supposed will of God and try to be patient under it. We get the plumbers in and rip up the premises and try to get it out. If we get diphtheria germs in our throats, we don't kiss the rod. We call in the doctor and try the latest serum. If we fall into the water we thank God that we have learned to swim. What should we do if Kurds come to knock us on the head and carry off our women? Would you tell us to kiss the rod, and that whatever happened was with God's approval? Oh, good, but illogical, missionary! You would say to us: "Fight! fight! kill! Die, if you must, but die hard. Since whatever happens, happens with God's approval, see to it, if you can, that it happens with your approval also!" Perhaps you can't say that to the Armenians; possibly the odds are too great, the conditions too desperate. But, at least, don't say that they are massacred with God's approval, nor tell us that you have bid them perish meekly.

A Note in William Morris's Poetry.

IN all that has been written of William Morris I have seen little of one characteristic note in his poems. I mean their view of death, or of the part it plays in life. The vanity of things, the shortness of living, the "weeping and laughter of man's empty day" have been the themes of all poets since the Preacher; but the part filled in life itself by the thought of death has in Morris a peculiar expression that I think is unlike any other. It might be possible to classify most of the expressions of this idea, indeed, as lawyers classify under leading cases: they trace back to Ecclesiastes, to Omar, to the soliloquy in "Hamlet," or to some other of the primary concepts of its different forms. Morris's has no such ancestry.

> So, set 'twixt pleasure and some soft regret,
> All cares of mortal men did they forget,
> Except the vague wish that they might not die,
> The hopeless hope to flee from certainty,
> Which sights and sounds we love will bring on us
> In this sweet fleeting world and piteous.

And later, in "The Life and Death of Jason:"

> O death, that maketh life so sweet,
> O fear, with mirth before thy feet,
> What have ye yet in store for us
> The conquerors, the glorious?

Or:

> If it shall happen unto me
> That I have thought of anything,
> When o'er my bones the sea-fowl sing,
> And I lie dead, how shall I pine
> For those fresh joys that once were mine,
> On this green fount of joy and mirth,
> The ever young and glorious earth.

So, too, in the most familiar of his poems:

> I cannot ease the burden of your fears
> Or make quick-coming death a little thing.
> . . . . . .
> Grudge every minute as it passes by
> Made the more mindful that the sweet days die.

And in "The Earthly Paradise:"

> Ah, what begetteth all this storm of bliss
> But Death himself, who crying solemnly,
> E'en from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,
> Bids us "Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die."

It is impossible to read five pages without coming on a passage of like tenor. Death making life sweet and adding to the zest of it, life made keen by death; this is the burden of a refrain not singular in subject, but in something not easily to be defined in its spirit; not tragic; perhaps in his own word "piteous," yet not altogether sad; a matter-of-course acceptance of the idea that the enjoyment of life and the thought of death are as inseparable as body and shadow, or soul and body, but certainly worthy of note in analyzing the quality of Morris's poetry.

I sometimes imagine, when I think of the strong hold his poetry took upon many of us who were young in the early seventies, when it first came to be widely known, that I can see in this note of it the reason why we so hotly claimed for it an even higher place than that which it is likely to fill, or our maturer judgments would give to it. For this intensely sensuous self-consciousness, so to speak, of life, which carries the imminence of death with it as a corollary, is eminently a part of youth's outfit and its chief fund of pathos, much less drawn upon as the years advance to a strenuous time when there are other supplies. And it is characteristic of Morris that

he was young to the last, in his dreams and his work alike.

I once heard it said of him that if he was a great poet, he was the only one whose work had furnished no passages likely to become familiar by quotation. I do not in the least believe in the implied theory, which indeed seems to me especially shallow; but the fact may be true as to Morris. Nevertheless, there are many and long passages that recur to me constantly, and I have certainly no exceptional verbal memory; and there are certain of them which seem to contain in themselves the whole essence of his quality, with its defects and its virtues. Such is the passage in the reply of Orpheus to the Sirens, beginning

> O the sweet valley of deep grass,
> Where-through the summer stream doth pass.

And such are especially, for some reason that I cannot define, two passages at the end of "The Death of Paris," which have no relevancy to anything here.

> Then, as a man who in a failing fight
> For a last onset gathers suddenly
> All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
> And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
> Of "Helen, Helen, Helen!"—yet the sky
> Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
> And merry was the world though he was dead.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I cannot tell what crop may clothe the hills,
> The merry hills Troy whitened long ago—
> Belike the sheaves, wherewith the reaper fills
> His yellow wain, no whit the weaker grow
> For that past harvest-tide of wrong and woe;
> Belike the tale, wept over otherwhere,
> Of those old days, is clean forgotten there.

THE influence of German scholarship upon American intellectual life is so much less direct and personal—perhaps so much less in all respects — than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, that some of its conspicuous figures lately passed away may almost be said to have outlived the American acquaintance with them. In the late sixties and early seventies American colleges were full of young professors who had brought back from post-graduate studies in Germany not only German learning but often a personal enthusiasm for their teachers and something of the feeling of disciples. So that we got in those days, in print and otherwise, a good deal of personal impression and reminiscence, and a general idea, not only of how the leading figures in German academic life taught and lectured, but of what manner of men they were. With some of the great physicists, and no doubt with the theologians, this may continue; but in the case of teachers of the humanities, and history, and economics, while more Americans numerically may sit in their lecture-rooms (I don't know what the statistics show as to this), they do not come out thence with quite the feeling that they used to have, that they must go out at once and spread this knowledge, and the knowledge of this man—if he was a man of any kindling power—to the uttermost parts of the earth. I am far from lamenting the fact, for which in part the Germans and in part our more catholic knowledge are responsible; but that it is a fact can hardly be disputed.

Heinrich von Treitschke.

Among these departed figures of last year there was one whose later political had perhaps dimmed the memory of his early academic activity, who made so strong an impression as a personality that I am surprised not to have seen him more often described. I mean Heinrich von Treitschke, the historian, and for years a member of the Reichstag. I cannot fancy anyone who ever sat in his lecture-room forgetting him, or the peculiarly stimulating influence his lectures had along all the lines of one's mental activity—for it extended into general literature, philosophy, theories of life, far outside the ordinary interpretation of the limits of his specialty. He was one of the most fierily eloquent men, certainly, who ever sat in a professor's chair; and his audiences responded in so unacademic a fashion, with kindling excitement and bursts of uncontrollable applause, that more than once in my time they had to be reminded that they were in a *wissenschaftliches Auditorium.* His lecture-hour was just at dusk, I remember, at Heidelberg, in 1868–69, and I shall never forget the tall, dark figure, alive with a kind of electrical energy, striding quickly through the dim-lighted, low-ceilinged hall where his packed audience was already seated, springing up the steps of the platform, pulling nervously at his gloves, and almost before the top step was mounted beginning quickly and sharply—with a singular monotonous intonation and a peculiar staccato division of the syllables, said to be due to his entire deafness —"Mein-e Herr-en"—and pouring out vivid words like a pent-up torrent let loose. The hour that followed seemed like ten minutes,

and you went out into the Universitätsplatz with your head full of nascent ideas and your eyes dazzled with the quick lights that seemed to have been thrown on all your favorite subjects of speculation.

This was entirely the influence of Treitschke's personality and his oratory; I have often tried in vain to reproduce any of the same sensation from his books. I doubt greatly whether he ever attempted to write down any of his lectures, or whether any were ever stenographed—if, indeed, with their torrent-like and peculiar delivery they could have been. His gift was that of the orator, as clearly as that of anyone I ever heard; but of the scholar-orator, or orator on purely intellectual themes, which may account for the fact that his Reichstag speeches, though eloquent, had not the effectiveness of his academic lectures.

He was absolutist; he was militarist; he denounced as silly sentimentalism some of the very things that make up the traditional sympathies of American youth (like the Polish revolution, for example, which was one of his *bêtes noires*); he was as wrongheaded as a man can be, in our opinion, on some of the chief matters in history and life; yet I should have no hesitation in asking any fellow-student who heard him understandingly for confirmation, after nearly thirty years, of all I have said about his extraordinary powers as a mover of younger men, and a stimulator—indeed, a very sower of the seed—of thought. There was one lecture on Byron and his influence on European thought which I will wager many men remember clearly now—not because it kept to its topic, but because it might better have been called a lecture on any man's *Sturm und Drang* period, and because it was like a bugle-call—something as little associated with the ordinary ideals of a German lecture-room as was Treitschke himself.

"TRAVELLERS' tales," although they have always been regarded with suspicion, were received by our ancestors in a singularly confiding spirit, and Marco Polo, and "that arch-liar" even, Sir John Mandeville himself, were treated with more or less respect. But as if to make up for their readiness to believe in "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire," when at a distance, other generations were singularly distrustful of most things near at hand. They displayed to a singular extent the wonderful scepticism that, in all things directly touching the person, generally accompanies ignorance. The state of mind was very much that of the honest farmer in the city who is in constant dread of being "buncoed."

The Credulity of Knowledge

Ignorance doubts itself, and consequently everybody and everything else. It is only complete knowledge that is more nearly credulous, and advance toward it has been shown as much by what men are willing to believe and the readiness with which they believe it as by anything else. When the marvels of the Rœntgen rays were announced, the attention of the world was brought up with a round turn by a discovery almost dramatic in its suddenness and surprise. Such sharp demands are becoming more and more frequent, but if there is anything more wonderful than the amazing nature of such inventions it is the way in which they are received. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world, did news of such startling novelty receive such instant and implicit belief, and never before would such confidence have been possible. The records of science are covered with accounts of the misfortunes of innovators; and it is not necessary to go back to the time when admittedly the best way to deal with an inventor was to roast him, for it is not so very long since, by contumely, scorn, and ostracism, his lot was made hard enough to serve for any illustration. But whereas it once seemed as if every invention was taken as an affront to their intelligence by men at large, nowadays everyone seems to take a personal pride in every advance; and unconsciously we are in the habit of considering ourselves rather clever fellows to have managed to belong to such a generation. We are anxious to give proof of our perspicacity—just as anxious as men always have been—only our way is different. We try rather to prove this by the amount that we are willing to believe, while others apparently sought to display it by doubt and denial. If we are living in the penumbra of many beliefs we have clearly passed out of a greater darkness, and can at last see more clearly, and, as we have heard since childhood, "seeing is believing."

THE FIELD OF ART

DRAWING — LONG ISLAND MOTIVES — SYSTEM IN DECORATION

IT may seem paradoxical to say, what is nevertheless quite true, that of the great qualities of the pictorial art the one that is the least appreciated is drawing. We all take drawing for granted as one of the necessities of good art, and we all think ourselves able to criticise it in a rough-and-ready way, and we fall foul of what we take to be bad drawing with great vigor; but how many of us appreciate the beauty of fine drawing as such and are ready to forgive, in a painting, weak color or lack of relief if the drawing be but beautiful? We may not understand the niceties of color, but rich or delicate coloring produces its effect directly upon our nerves, and we enjoy though we may not comprehend. Many of us even enjoy bright color for its brightness, without regard to its lack of subtlety. The case is the same with light and shade. From the full appreciation of Leonardo's delicate modulations, Rembrandt's sombre grandeur, or Corot's infinitely refined sense of values, down to the mere gratification of our desire for the illusion of relief, all of us find something that is pleasing. It is not even an exaggeration to say that mere qualities of texture and handling and richness of surface are appreciated by more people than is fine drawing.

The prevailing point of view is well expressed in the old saying, repeated *ad nauseam*, that color comes by nature, but drawing can be taught. "Anyone who can learn to write can learn to draw," said Chapman's "Drawing Book," from which some of us got our first notions of the art of design. According to this view drawing is a mere matter of a good eye and a little hard work—of the ability to see sizes and shapes and to take measurements—a thing we could all do if we would take the pains. The appreciation of the beauty and significance of line is so rare—the appeal of these qualities to our nervous organization is, in most cases, so feeble—that the world has hardly yet found out that great draughtsmen are rarer than great colorists, and that there have hardly been half a dozen of the first rank in the history of painting. Of the supreme force of Michelangelo and the supreme grace of Raphael we have indeed some dim notion; but how large is the audience for such work as that marvellous collection of pencil drawings by Ingres in the Louvre? The man whose perception is so delicate that he can pass a long morning before these little masterpieces with an ever-growing delight in their beauty, their subtlety, and their simplicity, and an ever-growing admiration for the refined genius that produced them, that man may flatter himself that he really has acquired some sensitiveness to the finer qualities of art.

Without desiring to place Mr. Cushing on a pedestal beside Ingres, it may fairly be said that the drawing of the head of a young woman, reproduced on page 493, has something of the qualities of the work of that renowned master. It is just, it is delicate, it is subtle, it is reticent in the use of material. The restrained grace and infinitesimal modulation of the line, and the production of a quite sufficient rotundity with so little use of shadow are technical qualities of a high order and show the born artist, the *gifted* person, rather than the product of routine and drill. Such qualities can no more be taught to, or acquired by, the average student than can the delightful sense of personality, the faculty of setting forth the characteristic charm of the sitter, which equally mark this refined bit of drawing. That such work cannot have been

done without long and thorough training is as obvious as that no one ever mastered the art of verbal expression or the mechanism of verse without strenuous study, but it is still true that the draughtsman, like the colorist and the poet, is born and not made.

THE lingering beauty of the fall is ever graciously reminding us of how great are the neglected pictorial treasures of "this fair land of ours." This is not a patriotic phrase; it expresses a conviction which has been only deepened by comparison with the characteristic and inspiring aspects of nature that have helped to produce the great landscape schools of Europe.

As far as true pictorial motives are concerned, there is no need to go to France for mystery, to Spain or Mexico for color, on the plea that there is nothing to paint here. There is plenty to paint in America. That the painter has to disentangle his motives from surroundings of sordid prose does not make them less paintable, it rather adds to their effect by contrast; while those who are inspired by the sense of a mission have plenty to incite them to paint. And the sense of a mission is not such an inartistic thing as some people declare. What is an artist but somebody who has something to say that he can't keep to himself? Our artists cannot be blind to the suggestions around them. All that is needed is for the public to learn to demand in art what they really enjoy in actuality.

Long Island, in the region of Bensonhurst, has not a name for either poetic or picturesque qualities. Yet a couple of early spring weeks there brought a succession of pictures of far-reaching suggestiveness. There is still an open, grassy space of No Man's Land overhanging the beach near Bensonhurst, where a grove of paintable old yews stand round in the grass and project their rugged Ruysdael forms and dark, warm colors against the tremulous paleness of the sea beyond. Such contrasts are of infinite value as motives. To one with a feeling for the modelling of trees (somewhat neglected of late), the fascination of the fantastic, well-knit and subtle forms of these boles and branches must prove irresistible, while what would seem a most tempting opportunity for a noble use of modern technique, with its fine observation of values is offered by the fine contrasts and subtle delicacies of color and chiaroscuro. Or take the sea by itself, on one of the hazy, luminous days. It proves a purer gray somehow, when one emerges from the framework of the grove, and every one of the hundreds of little sails fluttering on the broad, full bosom is a different study in grays and whites—the whole scene as suggestive as a passage of music in its richly modulated harmonies. And there is a clearness underlying the veiled softness, in some way distinctly American. Sunset brings a red ball at the horizon, bright rose-red reflections in the warm sand or under the dark rustic work of the long jetties, a water-surface spread with evanescent greens and tender peach-blows; moonlight or twilight an imaginative weirdness, that makes the presence of Coney Island, only a few miles away, seem almost impossible. Yet the weirdness is as much due to the handiwork of American man, as to the pictorial possibilities of the American climate. One of the characteristic features of the Long Island beaches is the many long wooden piers, or jetties, built out into the water—for noisy summer pleasure, alas! But they indubitably have a picturesque quality, which appeals strongly to one in early spring, while they are still deserted. Especially in the twilight, as they stand outlined against a deep orange strip of sky behind faintly visible hills. They are as Japanese as anything out of the prints of Hokusai and Hiroschige. Reminiscences of Japan—the Japan one knows from books and prints—often startle one, indeed, in features of American scenery, and in the curious way things, such as bridges and wharves and wooden gate-ways make themselves when not interfered with by the book-knowledge of architects. Would this help to account for the spreading appreciation of Japanese art?

Of great interest, too, is the comparison between the exquisite half-lights moving swiftly through the richly colored English mists, and the soft, moist haze of heat, or vivid play of light and shade, of American spring. On certain keen May days—all clearness and sparkle—to cross the bay on a ferry-boat is a thing not to be forgotten. Nor was the plain without its beauties when the heat came with its glamour, veiling the ugly houses, while the spring verdure was still fresh and feathery. Fringes and copses were blue in the haze; not blue by courtesy or comparison; a magic blue, more vivid than anything one has ever seen painted, like a scene of operatic fairy-land, against the yellows and salmons of the

afternoon atmosphere. Yet real enough, and as full of passages and gradations as anything in England, in an entirely different key of color, evoking an entirely different train of ideas, images, and comparisons.

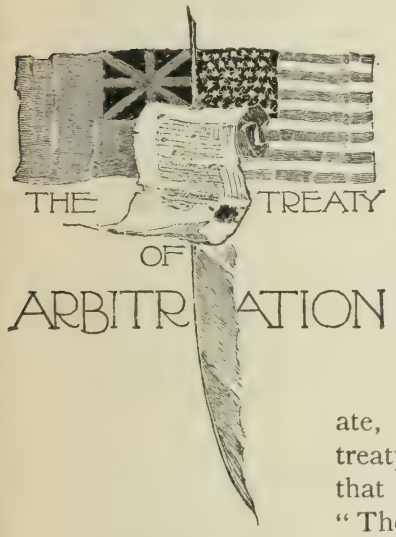
THE new enterprise that is agitating the painter mind just at present is the old enterprise of filling wall-space with decorative pictures. The demand for decoration as an adjunct to architecture is of recent origin here in America. Within a few years the needs of public buildings, libraries, and mammoth hotels have called for the services of the painter, and he has responded with perhaps more promptness than fitness. It was not to be supposed that he could turn from the easel-picture to the wall-space and instantly fulfil the requirements of the latter. Many of his mural paintings considered separately have been very satisfactory, but considered as a part of a whole they have often failed in conformity and harmony. This has resulted almost entirely from lack of a systematic plan covering the whole building to be decorated. In place of general supervision there has been individual license. We have learned much of good in the fine arts from France, but we have also taken from her the pernicious practice of giving out the wall or ceiling spaces of one building to many artists, regardless of their varying styles of work. The Pantheon, with panels by Puvis de Chavannes, Bonnat, Cabanel, Laurens, and others, each one different from the other, is an illustration to the point. And what could be more absurd than the Hôtel de Ville with, for instance, a flaming ceiling by Besnard, drab friezes by Lerolle, and smoky-gray *écoinçons* by Carrière all in one room; or Breton and Raffaelli on the same staircase. There is variety in it, to be sure, and so there is in a crazy-quilt; but what is needed in decoration is not variety but quiescent unity, unostentatious oneness of effect.

The works of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey, and Mr. Puvis de Chavannes are not in the same room of the Boston Public Library, but are there many good reasons why they should be in the same building? A library is not a picture-gallery, and a representation of all styles of art is not a necessity in its decoration. Whispers come to us from the Congressional Library at Washington that some of the pictures not only swear at each other, but at the building generally. What else could be expected? Many men of many minds were allowed to work in many styles. Evidently a well-ordered system was lacking.

If these large buildings are to be decorated in a proper manner, a scheme of form, light, and color, planned and controlled from cellar to roof by some one person, would seem absolutely necessary. And the scheme once established, the pictures by different painters should be painted to fit into it like cubes into a mosaic. Let Mr. A., who paints sage-greens, or Mr. B., who does an arrangement in red, or Mr. C., who affects the prismatic, conform to the scheme, or else stay out of it altogether. The true artist never yet suffered by architectural or decorative restrictions. Indeed, his best work has been done under them. The great painters of the Renaissance had wall-space, subject, and, oftentimes, form and color dictated to them. Their very skill in adapting themselves to the limitations showed their genius. When Signorelli was called to Orvieto to complete the chapel begun by Fra Angelico, he took up the color scheme of the latter and completed it harmoniously, notwithstanding the wide difference between the art of the two men. When Filippino completed the work of Masolino and Masaccio in the Brancacci chapel, he again followed the style of his predecessors; and Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo, and Franciabigio worked together perfectly in the court of the Annunziata. The argument is not for monotony, but for unity of scheme and purpose. There is variety enough in the Ducal palace at Venice, but there is also unity, because all the painters who painted there belonged to one school and had substantially the same idea regarding decoration. There is good reason why a marked individuality in style should not be welcomed in collaborative work. A dozen authors who write the different chapters of a book all conform to the plan of the editor, and together they make a united whole. Why should not painters work in the same way, conforming to the scheme of the architect or whoever heads the enterprise? The axiom of the whole being greater than any of the parts is as true in art as in mathematics, and the great aim of decoration should be the *ensemble*. An *omnium gatherum* of wall-paintings, however good they may be separately considered, is not decoration.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE TREATY OF ARBITRATION



IN formulating an opinion on the new treaty of arbitration between England and America, the unprejudiced citizen will doubtless take some middle ground between the enthusiasts — who describe the agreement as the most momentous occasion in the century's advance toward a higher civilization — and their opponents, who regard the whole matter as a scheme to betray us to the British. No one seems to have phrased the situation more veraciously than President Cleveland, in his message to the Senate, when the articles of treaty were presented to that body for ratification. "Though the results reached," he said, "may not meet the views of the advocates of the immediate and unlimited and irrevocable arbitration of all international controversies, it is, nevertheless, confidently believed that the treaty cannot fail to be recognized as making a long step in the right direction. . . . It is apparent that the treaty that has been formulated not only makes war between the parties to it a remote possibility, but precludes those fears and rumors of war which of themselves so often assume the proportions of a national disaster."

The text of this notable document covers eight pages and consists of 1,800 words. After a preamble sounding with amenities, the fifteen articles of the original treaty, unamended by our Senate, go on to provide for three different classes of arbitral tribunals. In disputes involving claims of less than $100,000 and touching on no territorial rights each party nominates an arbitrator, and the two arbitrators choose an umpire. If they cannot do so, King Oscar of Sweden does it for them.

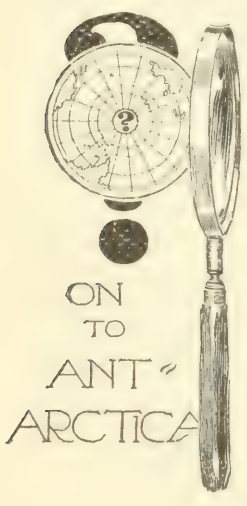
In large disputes, involving more than $500,000, the tribunal described above tries its hand first, and decides the matter if its decision is unanimous. If it is not unanimous, the question may be submitted to five "jurists of repute," two to be selected by each party, and the umpire by these four. Here, too, King Oscar's kindly services are expected if no umpire can be selected by the four jurists. Finally, the third and most important class of tribunal is in requisition when controversies arise involving the determination of territorial claims. Such are to be submitted to a tribunal of six members, three of whom shall be justices nominated by the President, and three judges nominated by the Queen. "Their award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. If there is less than the prescribed majority the award shall also be final unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If the award is protested, or if the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one of the parties in dispute."

After providing for the details of expenses, the times and places of meeting, etc., the articles go on to say that the treaty shall be in force for five years, and may then be abrogated only on a year's notice from one of the parties interested.

Undoubtedly this remarkable blow at the institution of war—it is a severe blow, quite independently of the Senate's final action in

ratifying or not ratifying the treaty—was made possible by the great Arbitration Conference held last April in Washington. At that gathering the very decisive voices from a vast number and variety of people, dominated largely by the religious and academical spirit, were given in favor of peace by way of arbitration. Undoubtedly the conference and this effort which followed it have accustomed the public mind to the idea of deliberation and peaceful overtures to a degree that will render very unlikely such a state of affairs as the Jingo element among us was able to bring about last winter. The forces opposing the ratification of the treaty were very various, extending all the way from the blindest personal or partisan feeling against the administration to a very reasonable and conservative hesitancy to commit any class of questions to preordained arbitration, which were, in the eyes of Monroe and the "Fathers," matters for Uncle Sam's direct control. But in any case it was probably merely a matter of time when some such agreement as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney have drawn should come to be international law. We have already arbitrated eleven different disputes with England, generally with a fair degree of satisfaction on both sides, and a much greater number with other countries. It will surely be a great saving of time and nervous energy, entirely aside from the arguments of "sentimentalism," when there is some business-like formula providing for a prompt and peaceable settlement of Anglo-American differences.

THE forces which guide the main currents of the world's interests have often a curiously haphazard quality. It would be difficult to say why in a period of unprecedented activity among Arctic explorers, the vaster mysteries of the Southern Pole should have been absolutely neglected for an entire half century—from Ross and Wilkes to Borchgrévink and Kristenson. Doubtless the enthusiasm of explorers lay along the lines of least resistance, the North Pole seeming so much nearer to inhabited lands, and the Arctic regions offering so much more opportunity for human existence in their vastly greater resources of animal and vegetable life. Antarctica had given not the slightest trace of vegetable life until within the last few years the explorers found a slight growth of cryptogamous lichen on Possession Island and the coast opposite, about Cape Adare; and no land animals exist at all, so far as human knowledge goes, in Antarctic latitudes far nearer the Equator than certain northern zones that are supplied with foxes, bears, and even grouse.



But the motive which has begun a new period of Antarctic exploration is very evident and definite indeed. The supply of right whales has practically given out in the North, owing to the over-demand caused by the high price of whalebone. The oil, to be sure, is not worth nearly so much as in the palmy days of New Bedford and her sturdy whalers, by reason of the cheap production of its rival, petroleum. But the bone is sold at $5 per pound, and a right whale may have in his capacious jaws a whole ton of the precious commodity. With each animal furnishing a small fortune for a seafaring man, it is not surprising, in these days of harpoon guns and steamships, that the Arctic Ocean has been plundered of its whale wealth. So whalers are turning their attention to the waste of unexplored waters. Ross thought he found right whales in 1842, but Borchgrévink and his contemporaries failed to come up with them.

For this coming summer several expeditions are in course of preparation against the secrets of the great icy South. A Belgium naval lieutenant, M. de Gerlacke, will conduct one party in a steamer, which has been equipped under Nansen's eye to resist the ice pressure. A scientific staff will make expert investigation in the meteorological, geological, magnetic, and marine phenomena of Graham and Victoria Lands. With their Sigslee trawls they will be able to fish at a depth of more than two miles. The expedition expects to spend two seasons in Antarctica, and will pass the intervening winter in Australia.

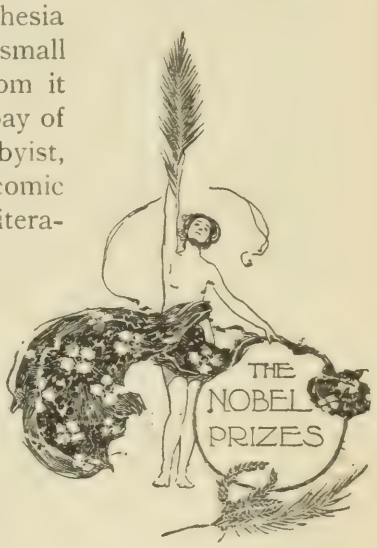
A New York expedition, under Frederick A. Cook, will sail, too, via the Shetlands and Joinville Island, in a 300-ton whaler, equipped for three years' service. The ship will skirt along the ice barrier until it can find an opening, and then seek the most southerly point where ice will permit a landing. Still

a third party is being arranged in Philadelphia. These daring scientists have reduced their parties to the minimum number capable of doing the expert work, in order to make the food supply last as long as possible. They are apparently making their plans on the supposition that the much-talked-of Antarctic continent actually exists. The most conservative geographers hold this theory as yet only on approval, as there are evidences both pro and con, with the affirmative in the ascendant. Almost all the explorers have believed in an Antarctic continent, which, if it exists, contains some four to six million square miles, or twice the area of Europe. The strongest indication of such a continental body is the decided shallowing of the sea on the borders of the supposed *terra firma*. From a very great depth it comes gradually to less than two hundred fathoms. Then the conformation of the huge expanse of ice—with capes and humps and hills—suggest mountains underneath; but Professor Heilprin calls attention to the fact that no distinct inland peaks and eminences, such as one sees in skirting the ice-bound coast of Greenland, have been reported from Antarctica. Then many of the surmises of the most authentic sailors have been shown to be false, as when Ross, in 1842, sailed over what Wilkes, in 1839, reported as a chain of mountains.

No man has ever been in the higher south latitudes in winter; and yet it is practically certain, from the readings of minimum thermometers left by explorers and found by their successors, that the winters there are mild, comparatively speaking. The summers, however, are not mild; they are wet and chilly, with none of that genial, though short, period of sunshine which in the Arctic Circle coats the land with wild flowers, grasses, and dwarf willows, nearly a thousand miles nearer the North Pole than the southern zone, on which such flora can exist.

In the meantime the restless and indefatigable Lieutenant Peary has studied out a systematic attack on the North Pole which, in his opinion, can be undertaken with almost perfect safety and a large chance of eventually planting Old Glory on the Pole itself. Give him $150,000 and ten years leave if necessary, says Lieutenant Peary, and he will engage to accomplish this patriotic feat. With a shipful of concentrated provisions he would go through Whale Sound, take on board some particularly fat and healthy Esquimaux, and proceed to Sherard Osborne Fjord or further. When the ice is sound, he will go northward by sledge, leaving frequent cachés on the track, living all the time like Esquimaux in snow-houses. All through the winter this would be kept up, so that in a year the eighty-fifth parallel, at the northernmost point of the Greenland Archipelago, should be reached. Then the explorers would rest on their oars and make a dash for the Pole when they find the most promising meteorological conditions. In the meantime the ship would be cruising about behind the party, getting as near to them as the ice would allow, and making any possible additions to the supplies on the homeward track. With three men Lieutenant Peary thinks this can surely be done with success and safety. With six men it would be dangerous, and with twelve he thinks it would be foredoomed to failure, owing to the difficulty of carrying sufficient food.

WE are accustomed to complain bitterly that the realest and greatest contributors to human happiness and progress receive a dismally small share of the material rewards that the earth has to offer. For years and years Herbert Spencer's books were published at a loss to himself; the man who gave Anesthesia to the world made a small fraction of profit from it compared with the pay of an accomplished lobbyist, or the manager of a comic opera company; in literature, the famous examples, from Milton and "Paradise Lost" down, are too hackneyed to cite. This favorite grievance of the world is considerably less of a grievance by the action of a single man: the Swede, Alfred Nobel, who has just left an enormous fortune for the reward of just such achievements as Milton's and Spencer's and Morse's. The accounts in the Swedish and French papers differ as to the exact extent of the estate bequeathed, but it will certainly amount to something more than $10,000,000. The details of the will, which have just been made public, provide that the



entire income from this fortune shall be divided annually into five prizes, to be awarded as follows:

"The first, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics

"The second, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or improvement in the domain of chemistry.

"The third, to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or of medicine.

"The fourth, to the person who shall have produced the greatest work in the ideal sense in the domain of letters.

"The fifth, to the person who shall have exerted the greatest or the best action for the fraternity of peoples, for the suppression or diminution of permanent armies, and for the formation or spreading of Peace Congresses."

The testator has left instructions that considerations of nationality shall not be taken into account in awarding the prizes. The Swedish academy is charged with the task of giving the literary prizes, and a committee of five members of the Norwegian Storthing will select the man who has done most for the promotion of peace. As each of these prizes will amount to at least $60,000, the responsibility of the decision will be no enviable one; and with the great latitude allowed for selection, there may be a range of choice for the last prize, for instance, from the Baroness von Suttner to Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Olney—or, for that matter to Herr Krupp—if the Storthing accepts the theory that war gets more impossible as its implements become more deadly.

This last clause is all the more remarkable for the fact that Herr Nobel himself achieved his most lasting fame as the inventor of dynamite. He was the son of lower middle-class parents, who went from Sweden to St. Petersburg to make a gigantic fortune in petroleum oil, and to protect it from all rival monopolists. In other words, the Nobels are the Rockefellers of Europe. This son, Alfred, lived and died a bachelor, and seems to have been a modest, somewhat retiring, man, wrapt up in his business enterprises and his inventive work, especially in the discovery of new explosives. The press is tremendously eulogistic of Herr Nobel and his work, and several editors take occasion to criticise King Oscar severely for failing to appear at the funeral of his wealthy and philanthropic subject.



SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—V.

JOHN RIDD AND LORNA AT BAGWORTHY WATER-SLIDE.—*Lorna Doone, Chapter XVI.*

By the side of the stream she was coming to me.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT HARVARD

By Edward S. Martin

With Illustrations by W. H. Hyde and Howard Pyle

IF anyone started out to write about the people of the city of New York and their customs and manner of life, he would hardly think it necessary to say that there were many different sorts of people there who were busy about many different sorts of things, and lived various lives under conditions of wide diversity. It is understood that in a big city these differences of people and aims and circumstances always exist, but it is not so well appreciated to what degree analogous diversities exist in a great college. We are all ready to think, for all that some of us know better, that a college-boy is just a college-boy, and that one college-boy is about like another, and that they all go to college for about the same purpose, and pursue it in about the same way. There is an approximation to truth in that supposition, but not a very close one. The extremes of humanity in a big town are, of course, vastly farther apart than any two lads in a Harvard class, but still the difference between Harvard undergraduates is so considerable that it must be appreciated if one is to form any just idea of the elasticity and comprehensiveness of the bond that includes them all. In the academic department of Harvard there are nowadays nearly eighteen hundred young men. Rather more than half of them come from places so near Cambridge, that they can spend their Sundays at home. Pretty nearly half come from Boston and the towns and cities immediately tributary to it. Six or seven hundred come from outside of New England, and of these about one hundred and fifty or seventy-five come from New York and its suburbs. New England, outside of eastern Massachusetts, sends the rest. These eighteen hundred young men possess eighteen hundred different outfits of personal idiosyncracies, and besides that are exponents of exceedingly various systems of raising. The lads who come from a long distance are apt, though by no means sure, to be sons of well-to-do parents, and inured from childhood to the comforts and in many cases to the luxuries of life. A great many of those who come from the Boston district are in a similar predicament, but a large proportion of those who live within easy reach of Cambridge are sons of people who have little money to spare, and who have to count carefully the cost of the education they give their children. In this great collection of young men there are lads who are used, when at home, to dine in a dress-coat, and very many others who never possessed a dress-coat and see no immediate prospect of requiring one; there are lads with good manners and lads with no manners at all; lads who have been taught to keep clean and lads whose ablutions are infrequent and perfunctory; lads who are used to society and lads who are not; lads who are eager after knowledge for learning's sake; lads who covet it be-

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The Johnson Gate (West). Erected in 1890.

cause knowledge is power; lads whose parents are anxious that they should learn as much as possible because a smattering of knowledge is elegant. And, of course, there are lads of strong character and weak lads; lads whose minds have matured and lads who are still very young; lads of good morals and lads with an inclination toward unwholesome experiment; lads with an acute interest in athletics and physical prowess, and lads who are indifferent to muscle or speed; lads for whom the serious business of life has already begun, and others for whom the material conveniences have been provided in advance and who seek mainly such a training and such experiences as may best enable them to profit by what they have got. The usual length of time that a lad spends as an undergraduate in college is four years—not enough even under the most favorable conditions to make him over and turn him out a new man. Accordingly, as lads differ widely when they enter Harvard, they also differ widely when they are graduated. But they are perceptibly more alike than they were. They do not live together four years under conditions approximately similar without gathering some things in common. A group of Harvard seniors look more like individuals of the same breed than a group of Harvard Freshmen. There is less difference in their manners, their dress, their talk, and they may even have come to hold a good many sentiments in common. Big as she has grown to be, multifarious as her brood is, and in spite of the strong centrifugal tendencies that separate her children and send them each about his proper business, Harvard still stamps her own individuality upon them, in faint lines, it may be, but distinctly enough for practised eyes to detect.

There was an old Harvard and there is a new, and the line of separation is so recent that a graduate of less than twenty years standing can remember when it began to appear. It came with the elective system, and has developed year by year as that system has developed, and as students' names have multiplied in the Harvard catalogue. Twenty years ago there were still classes and class-feeling at Harvard. Most of the studies of Freshman year and nearly half of the Sophomore studies were prescribed. There were then about two hundred students in a class. There were some lectures which a whole class attended in a body, but for general purposes of instruction each class was divided arbitrarily on



The Flower Rush on Class Day.



Vestibule, Memorial Hall, showing Memorial Tablets on the Right.

an alphabetical basis into divisions of thirty or forty men, who recited together. At that time all of a Freshman's class-room associations were with Freshmen. So were most of his other associations. He first got to know the members of his division by name from hearing their names called in the recitation-room. Presently, if he was of a reasonably social turn, he had scraped acquaintance with most of the men of his own division. To some lectures half the class, or even the whole class, went together. The roll-call at such lectures helped to identify the members of the class. At prayers, too, the Freshman saw his classmates all together, and usually his devotions did not absorb him so much but that every morning he looked a good many of his fellow-worshippers over. At prayers, too, every day he saw nearly all the undergraduates in college, and came to know a large proportion of them by sight. Each class had its seats together, and was thus divided off conveniently for inspection according to its seniority. Most lads came to college with some ready-made friends, and those who came from the larger schools had a considerable squad of more or less intimate associates to start with. The members of these bands of schoolmates were assigned to different divisions according to their names, and shared with one another the information they got about new men. Abbott, who had been at school with Smith and took his meals at the same club-table with him, quickly formed the acquaintance of Adams, Arbuthnot, Allardice, Bates and Barstow, and imparted his views about those young gentlemen to Smith, who reciprocated by putting Abbott in possession of his impressions of Rathbone, Robinson, Sands, Sawyer and Thompson. Lawrence, at the same club-table, presently knew Knowles, all the Lowells, Lane, Mullins, Marvine, Notman, and Pope ; and Abbott and Smith learned very quickly what he thought of them. It seems to a retrospective graduate that in Harvard College in those days about three-fifths of the cursory talk of average undergraduates was about one another. It began when sub-Freshmen met to be examined for admission, and it continued until graduation. The amount of attention that men paid to one another and the time they devoted to estimating one another's intellectual, physical, social, and moral qualities,

and discussing details of conduct was extraordinary. It cannot be said that every man in a class knew every other man, but the apparatus for bringing men of the same class together was efficient, and it did usually happen that by the end of Freshman year nearly every man believed that he knew, or knew about, every man in his class whose acquaintance it seemed likely to be worth his while to make. Men were misjudged, misunderstood, overestimated and underestimated; but acquaintance was very general and was constantly ripening, and estimates were in a constant state of revision and reconstruction. In those days the sentiment called class-feeling flourished. Men knew their classmates, and knew their class, though their acquaintance was by no means limited to it. After Freshman year, especially, they began to know the men in other classes, and often to form friendships with them. But they always felt a strong interest in their own class, bragged about it as a class, and believed it, if possible, to be the best class in college, or certainly better than the classes immediate-



Morning Prayers—Appleton Chapel.



The Delta Phi Club.

ly ahead of it and next behind it. They knew it could cheer louder than any other class, and so far as demonstrated facts allowed, they tried to believe that it had the best ball-nine and the fastest crew. A Harvard class in the centennial year of American independence was still a family, not very closely united, but still conscious and appreciative of a tie which was recognized as existent, even though it did not bind very tight.

Nowadays a Harvard class has come to be a much larger and looser aggregation of individuals, and the facilities for knitting it together have almost disappeared. Between four and five hundred men now enter college together. Only a single study, English, is prescribed to all of them. All the rest they select, each man choosing what best suits his taste, inclinations, and purposes. Most of the elective courses are open to students of several classes and to graduate students, and when a Freshman has sorted out the studies he purposes to pursue, he finds himself in the lecture or recitation room with an unclassified body of learners, most of them no doubt Freshmen like himself, but very likely with plenty of Sophomores too, and possibly with other upper-class men and graduate students. Compulsory prayers have passed out of existence, and he rarely or never sees his own class all together at one time. Indeed, there is not a lecture-room in Harvard College that will seat all the members of the present Freshmen class at once. He rarely even sees a group of men together in any classroom of whom he can be sure that all of them are his class-mates. Instead of reciting day after day throughout a college year with the same squad of youths, he recites with four or five different sets, each of which is composed of men who happen to have chosen the same course as he. It is possible, in the course of a year or two, under favorable conditions to learn to know a good deal about two hundred men, but to get the run of four or five hundred men under conditions that are not particularly favorable is, obviously enough, impracticable.

But though the tie of class has been so stretched and honey-combed at Harvard that it does not serve the social purpose it once did, it must not be supposed that every Harvard man goes his own gait without definite ties of association with his fellows. The Harvard "Club Book" and the Harvard "Index" for last year record the ti-



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE IN 1679.

"We found there eight or ten young fellows sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full, that you could hardly see."

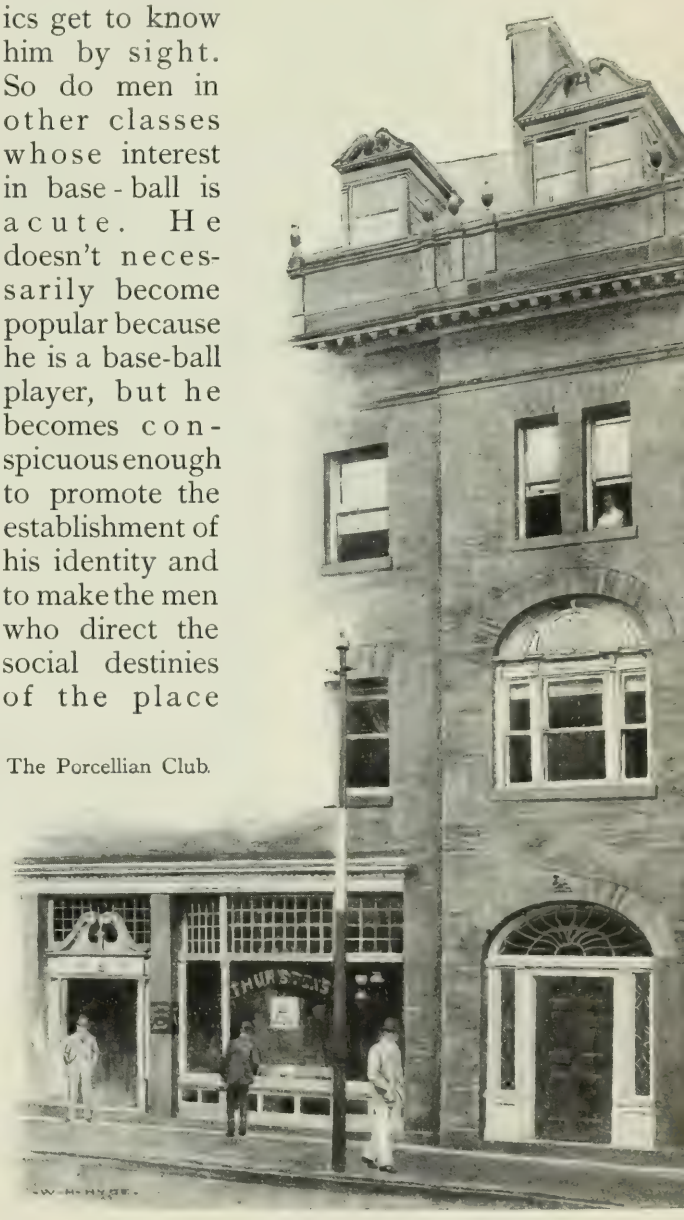
tles, and in most cases the membership of some ninety organizations of students, some primarily social, some remotely so, but all of them serving in different degrees to bring men together. In this list are the half-dozen organizations which are devoted to the interests of the college press ; the score, or thereabouts, devoted to sports and athletics ; the five or six devoted to music ; the school clubs, as the Andover, Groton, St. Mark's, and St. Paul's clubs, where the tie is a common experience in a preparatory school ; the clubs of locality, as the Canadian, Southern, and Maine clubs ; the religious societies, half a dozen of them ; the clubs based on an interest in a particular study, as the English, Classical, and Natural History clubs ; the clubs where French and German are spoken; the political clubs ; the clubs in derogation of strong drink ; the debating clubs ; many other clubs devoted to other interests, and finally the half-score or so of clubs chiefly social, some large, some small, whereof whatever other excuse they find for being, the chief basis of membership is general affinity. In this latter group belong the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta, the Porcellian and the A. D., the Institute of 1770 and its shadowy satellite, the "Dicky;" the Alpha Delta Phi, the Delta Phi, the Zeta Psi, and the Theta Delta Chi, all of which have houses or rooms where the members meet and spend more or less of their time. These last four clubs are all of comparatively recent origin. So is the Delta Upsilon, which differs from them in having a larger membership, and, at last accounts, in allowing considerations of scholarship and literary proclivities to influence its choice of members. Like it in that respect are the O. K. and the Signet, societies of age and standing, but without club-rooms. Finally there is the Med. Fac., and such social apparatus as Harvard has these various organizations constitute. There are enough of them to cover a good deal of ground if their membership was widely enough distributed, but, as a matter of fact, the societies that are of the most use in promoting acquaintance and social relations affect only a small proportion of the undergraduates. A few men belong to more clubs than they have time to attend to, and a large majority of their fellows belong to none at all. What concerns the majority is possibly of the most importance, but as long as there is a social machine at Harvard it is as well to look it over and see how it works and what it does.



Suit Worn by Barnabas Hedge, a Member of the Class of 1783, at the Graduating Exercises of the Class.

When Thomas Bulfinch, of Boston, enters Harvard with some four or five hundred other young men, he finds himself in possession of a good many ready-made social advantages. He has been fitted for college at a good private school in Boston, where the other lads of his year were boys whom he had known ever since they were all in knickerbockers. A dozen of them enter at the same time. They are sons of well-to-do people in Boston society, and are a reasonably good-looking, civilized squad of youths. They organize themselves into a club-table, and take their meals together at the best boarding-house they can find or afford. They not only know one another pretty well, but they all have more or less acquaintance with the upper classmen, and most of them have cousins or brothers or old family friends in college. So Thomas steps into a ready-made circle, and proceeds to take notice how he may profitably enlarge it. He has talked Harvard college pretty steadily with his pals for some years,

and has a fairly accurate knowledge of the salient social facts about it. He is a fair student, and has a good preparation, and a tolerably well-trained mind; and if he was ambitious to be a high scholar he could probably be one, but college offers him so much besides high-scholarship that seems worth his while, that he is quite satisfied to be a fair scholar only, and to devote a considerable share of his attention to the experience of other sensations and the accomplishment of other ends. He has a good equipment of energy, both physical and intellectual, and is a lad of force, a good deal of it being still undeveloped. Besides the necessary book-learning which he got at school, he acquired exceptional proficiency in manipulating a base-ball. He enjoys playing base-ball and intends to play in college, and his pals know of his proficiency, and think and talk a good deal about it. Wherever Thomas goes, to his lectures and recitations, to Jarvis and the Soldiers' Field, to his meals and his room, to other fellows' rooms, to the billiard-room in Harvard Square most affected by Freshmen, and to punches, and in and out of Boston, he sees new faces and takes note of them. He has a room in a private dormitory where several of his club-table companions also live, and he gets to know by sight other men in that building. He and his pals presently form relations with other squads of youths from other schools who constitute other club-tables, and with whom they discuss issues of class politics. At the class-meeting Thomas's crowd run him for captain of the ball nine, but a bigger crowd from another school down him and get their man in. Still Thomas's name has been spoken in the meeting and he has made one or two more acquaintances there. It must not be supposed that he is or ever becomes while in college over-ready to make acquaintances. He is polite and civilly responsive, but is hardly more likely to speak to a man whom he does not know in the yard or in a Cambridge street-car than you would be to speak to a stranger on Broadway or in an elevated railroad train. He is especially strict with himself at first about scraping an acquaintance with a man, and especially an upper-class-man, whom he wants to know, for fear that any betrayal of unchastened eagerness would be discerned and remembered to his social detriment. Being of a social turn, however, Thomas does make acquaintances, some by hook, and some by casual crook, but most of them by more formal processes of introduction. Some of his friends in the upper classes have him in their minds, and pay him the civility to call upon him. He has something to say to new acquaintances, and has been used to having views and expressing them, and his manners are good, and more than all he has in fair measure that balance of faculties that is called common sense; and so it happens that he usually leaves an agreeable impression behind him. He studies intelligently but not to such excess as to prejudice his interest in the social side of college life. When spring comes he plays base-ball on his class-nine, and such men in his class as care for athletics get to know him by sight. So do men in other classes whose interest in base-ball is acute. He doesn't necessarily become popular because he is a base-ball player, but he becomes conspicuous enough to promote the establishment of his identity and to make the men who direct the social destinies of the place



The Porcellian Club.

aware of his existence. The upshot of it is that Thomas, becoming conspicuous enough to be discerned, and being agreeable enough to be liked, and being satisfactory in most overt particulars, presently finds himself the possessor of a coveted distinction in being one of the ten Freshmen elected members of the Institute of 1770.



"In Noyes's room the awful pot appeared."

Drawing by Washington Allston, class of 1800. Reproduced in the Souvenir of the Hasty Pudding Centennial.

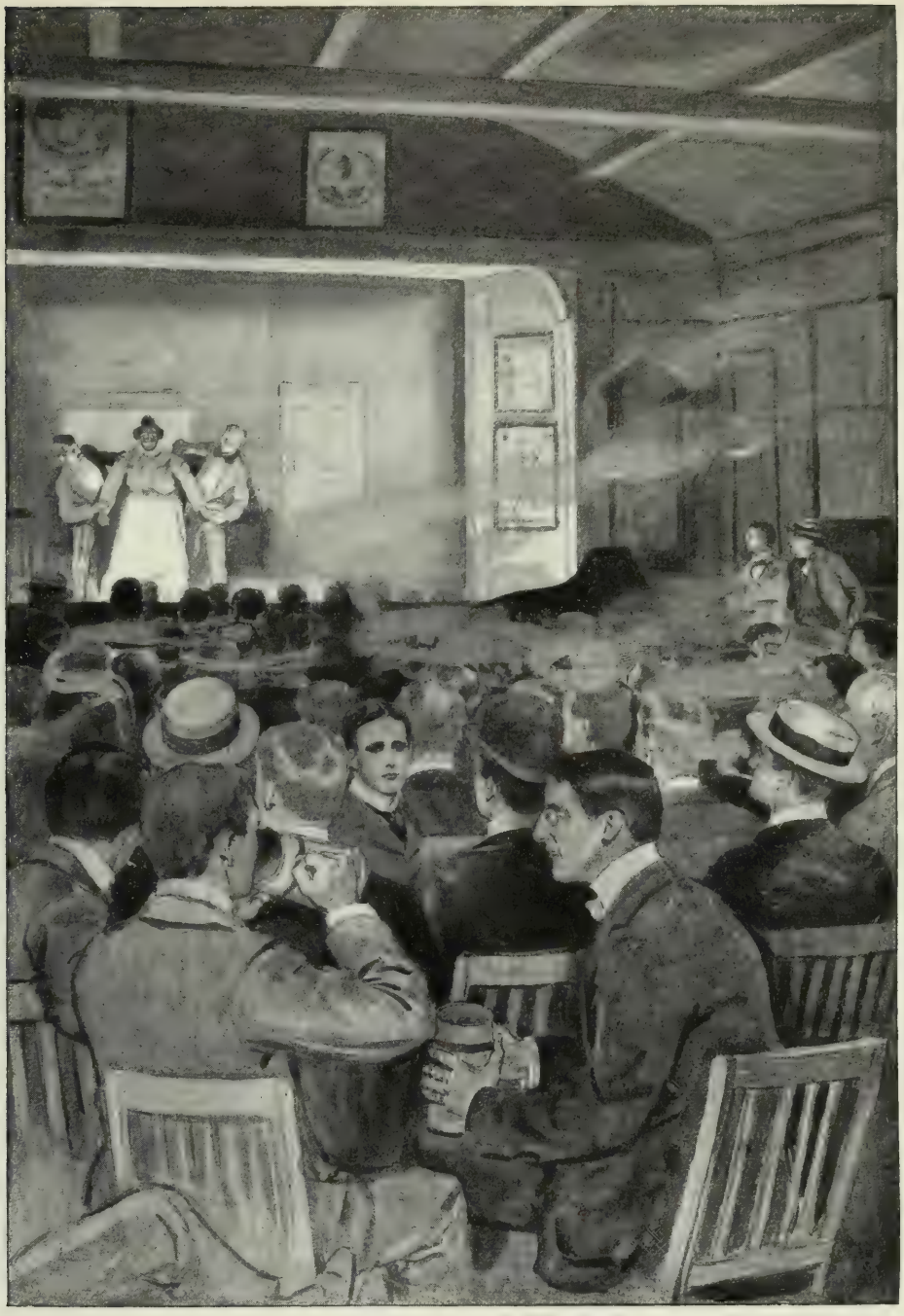
The precise relation of the D. K. E. society, vulgarly known as the "Dicky," to the Institute, is a secret which is shared pretty equally between the members of the society, and the newspapers of Boston. The newspapers explain annually that the "Dicky" is a society behind the Institute, and that the first two-thirds or so of the hundred men who are elected into the Institute become members of the "Dicky." The newspapers are quite confident that the first ten of the Institute are also the first ten of the "Dicky," and when members of first tens are seen shortly after their election doing all manner of fantastic things about Harvard Square, and even in Boston, the explanation is that these young men are "running for the Dicky." Judging from outward manifestations this "running" seems to be a process of probation wherein the candidate is handed over to tormentors whose will for the time being takes the place in him of his own. When Thomas Bulfinch, after his name has been spelled out in the yard at night by the Sophomore members of the Institute, is seen leaving newspapers at Sophomores' doors in the early morning, wheeling baby-wagons along Massachusetts Avenue, and doing other such humble offices, no body who knows Harvard College will have any doubt that he will presently be a member of the "Dicky." From that time on it is plain sailing for him. There is no bushel over his candle. It has been put in a candle-stick, and set forth, and if it does not shine it will be because of a defect in luminosity, and not from any lack of fit position.



Programme of a Pi Eta Entertainment.

Drawn by F. D. Millet.

When Thomas returns to college in the beginning of his Sophomore year, he occupies a place of considerable social power, for it falls to him and his nine peers of the Institute to select the next ten of their class-mates who seem most suitable for membership of that society. With four or five hundred men to choose from, whom do they select? Naturally their choice is limited to the men they happen to know, and perhaps between them all they know half the class. Thomas's special interest in this process of selection is to look after the interest of those of his particular fa-

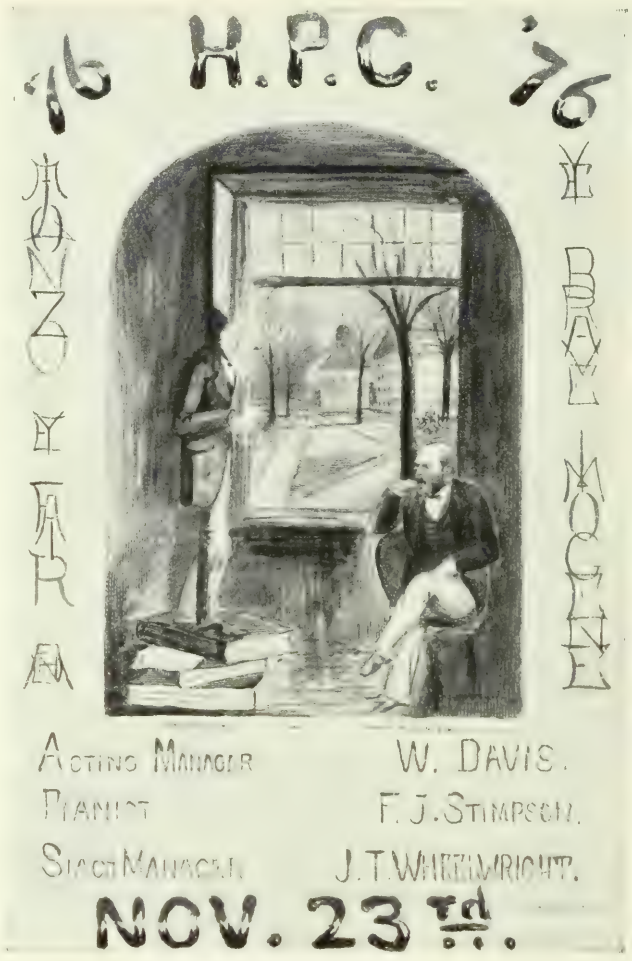


Strawberry Night at the Hasty Pudding Club.

miliars whom he likes the best. He sees to it that as many men as possible from his club-table get into the second ten. The beneficiaries of his influence, on being admitted, aid him as far as they can in getting a due number of their pals and his into the third ten, so that in due time the whole club-table is taken into the Institute, and a fair proportion—perhaps all—of them get in early enough to share in the advantages of the shadowy Dicky. And as it happens with Thomas's club-table, so it happens with other club-tables, made up of men from other schools. The club-tables do not have things all their own way in Sophomore year; neither do their members necessarily abuse the advantages of their position, but their position is advantageous, and they profit by it.

Early in Sophomore year, Thomas, continuing his triumphant social career, is invited to be a member of one of the small clubs made up mainly of Seniors and Juniors, which take in a few Sophomores. He joins, say, the Delta Phi. It affords him the conveniences of a pleasant club-house and the society of three or four members of his own class, ten or twelve Jun-

iors, and a like number of Seniors. Very likely also it relieves him of the risk of suffering inconvenience from the enforcement of the no-license law which prevails in Cambridge, and that is a consideration, for it should be known that there is no public place in Cambridge where two sojourners may lawfully share a bottle of beer over their lunch. Thomas finds the society of the Delta Phi club-house agreeable and its privileges handy, and it is possible that he might spend too much of his time there if it did not happen that while his habits as a Delta Phi clubman are still in a formative state he learns that he is one of three or four gentlemen who have been chosen to represent the Sophomore class in the A. D. Club. Being already an active member of one club and two societies, two certainly, and all presumably, with club-rooms to maintain, Thomas blinks a little at the prospect of incurring liability for another set of club dues, especially as he has about as much present use for two clubs of the same general character as a cat traditionally has for two tails. Nevertheless, he bows gracefully to the system, and promptly joins the A. D., thereby securing another set of club-house privileges and further advantages of social intercourse with selected outfits of Seniors and Juniors.



Hasty Pudding Club Poster, 1876.

Thomas has now been in college only a year and a half, but his social career is practically complete. The only club that is left in college to which he considers it an imperative necessity to be joined is the Hasty Pudding, and into that he will glide in due time to a certainty, and at no necessary cost of the slightest intermediate effort. If his aspirations are satisfied he will pay such attention as is necessary to his studies, and spend the greater part of his leisure in his clubs. He will find congenial society in them, and will probably make friendships which will be a pleasure to him in after life. He is well situated to have a certain kind of fun. He has the usufruct of one complete set of the social privileges of the Harvard system, unhampered by any reasonable possibilities of reverses, or any irksome responsibilities about anything but his personal comfort. He must study enough to keep up with his classes, or else he will be dropped, but even if that happens he will always enjoy some of the most agreeable privileges that can belong to a graduate. There will always be a couple of pleasant houses in Cambridge where he will be welcome and will receive polite attentions from agreeable young fellows, whether he comes out to a dinner, or to class day or commencement, or stops on his way in town after watching some game on the Soldiers' Field. It is not surprising that some men after achieving membership in the small clubs take little thought thereafter about the further extension of their experience of Harvard life. Into the clubs they go,


Silver Medal Bearing the Seal of the Pi Eta Society.

and there they stay, content with ease and good company, as calmly and ingloriously as a billiard-ball in its pocket, their main use in the college microcosm being to afford observers awful examples of Harvard indifference.

The small clubs are not conducive to sustained effort in the public service on the part of their members, but, after all, their seductions are not necessarily irresistible. Young men of energy and ambition may find it amusing on occasions to sit on the edge of a table and throw dice for drinks, but they will not be content to settle down to that sort of thing as a steady occupation. For superior men who are too active to be pocketed, the clubs are pleasant without being unprofitable. It usually happens, in spite of the apparently haphazard system by which the small clubs are recruited, that a good many superior lads get into them, who continue to be forces in the college during all the remaining years of their course. It is the instinct of leaders to lead, and lead they will if for nothing more than for leadership's own sake. There are usually such leaders among the Harvard clubmen, but they are leaders because it is in them, and rather in spite of their being in the clubs than because of it. Supposing that Thomas is a young fellow of too much inherited vigor to permit his powers to stagnate, he will still keep in the ring, for all that there are cushioned seats reserved for him in private boxes among the spectators. He will still, in spite of his embarrassment of social opportunity, pay decent attention to his work as a student, he will play baseball if his efficiency in that continues to be so exceptional as to make his services desired by the captain of the University nine;



One of the More Luxurious Rooms (Claverly Hall).

when he gets into the Pudding he will act in theatricals perhaps, and he will try generally to keep his finger in such of the college pies as come within his reach. If he is recognized as a representative man of energy and influence he may be chosen into the Signet or O. K., even though he has no special turn for letters, and has evaded the importunities of the editors of the college papers. When his class graduates, he will very likely figure as one of its class-day marshals, and what is more important, he will carry away with him, along with some scholarship and friendships and associations of value, a considerable share of true education which will be useful to him in transacting the various business of life. Harvard will have been a generous mother to Thomas; somewhat too indulgent no doubt, but still truly munificent.

If Thomas's luck had taken a slightly dif-

ferent turn he might have gone in the Zeta Psi and Porcellian clubs, and so into the Pudding; or he might have failed to reach either A. D. or Porcellian, but still have been a member of one of the younger clubs, and still a member of the Pudding; or he might have taken a different course at the start and brought up in the Pi Eta or Delta Upsilon clubs, in either of which he would have found plenty of companions. And again it might have happened to him, as it does actually happen to two-thirds of his classmates, to go through college without joining any club or society whatever, except such as are based on a common interest in some study, or some school, or locality, or in some form of religion. If this latter experience had been his there would have been nothing deplorable about his fate. In Harvard College proper twenty years ago there were less than eight hundred students. At the beginning of the present year there were 1,754. The social apparatus of the college has been developed and supplemented to some extent, but its enlargement has not begun to keep pace with this large increase of membership. There is the less need that it should have kept pace with it fully because the bulk of the increase is due, not to Harvard's reputation as a social centre, but to the opportunities she offers to students. Hundreds of men come to her every year for purely scholastic purposes, to learn what her professors teach, and with no more idea of such a course of social, athletic, and convivial experiences as our young man, Thomas, has gone through than of going to the moon. Some of these men are unsocial persons, who are satisfied to go their own gait on their own hook; others are unsocial because their work as students engrosses their energies; others because money is scarce with them as well as time. The command of a reasonable amount of money does not secure social success to its possessor at Harvard, or in any college, but it does give opportunities. A student whose means are very narrow, often has to supplement them by money-getting work, which occupies the hours that his studies leave him. If he takes a scholarship his rank must be high, and high rank involves hard work and devotion to one's task. He is not only more frugal but busier than his fellows whose allowances are bigger. He avoids even harmless dissipations, because he cannot afford them. Consequently, so far as he seeks society at all, it is the society of men of like aims and conditions with himself, as being more convenient for him, and more congenial too, as well as more feasible. A man does not have to be joined to a club or a society before he can converse with his fellow. The clubs have their uses, but probably the most satisfactory talk that goes on between undergraduates is not the talk of the clubs, but the seasoned communications born of intimacy and affinity



A Room in College House.



A Room in Holworthy.

which pass from man to man by gaslight in the college rooms. A man may be too poor or too busy in college to form a large acquaintance, but not to make friends and to get the good of friendship. That the richer and the poorer lads are not ordinarily thrown more together at Harvard may be a misfortune to both of them, but it is one that they both bear with equanimity. The man who has a scholarship and lives in College House has, usually, begun the serious work of his life. He hasn't begun altogether from choice, but partly from necessity, and his environment and its opportunities are presumably satisfactory to him. He didn't come to college to have fun, but to work. He finds all the work he can do, and as much chance for recreation as he can improve besides. As a student he is in the position which his brethren of the clubs will be in a year or two later when they enter the professional schools. There the more sensible of them will realize that their success in life depends on what they are able to do with their heads, and they will put away childish things and apply themselves for all they are worth.

Let no one be sorry for the poor student at Harvard. He is the right man in the right place. He may choose all knowledge to be his and the best the university has will be spent to aid him in making good his title to his property. He has everything to work for, everything to work with, and much fewer distractions than his more affluent fellow. He is the especial pride and pet of all the benefactors the college has ever had. All the prizes that are intrinsically valuable have been until this year for him and for no one else. He is not an exception for whom allowances are made and who suffers by contrast. He is, apparently, the rule, and his brethren are the exceptions—very numerous to be sure—and allowances are made somewhat grudgingly for them. It is not the poor student who suffers because the present social apparatus has been outgrown so much as the student who is not too busy to have social aspirations, or too poor to cultivate them, but whose reasonable inclinations are never quite satisfied because the fact of his presence in college does not transpire in the right quarter at the right time. It will be remembered that when Thomas Bulfinch got into the



An Editorial Council of "The Daily Crimson"

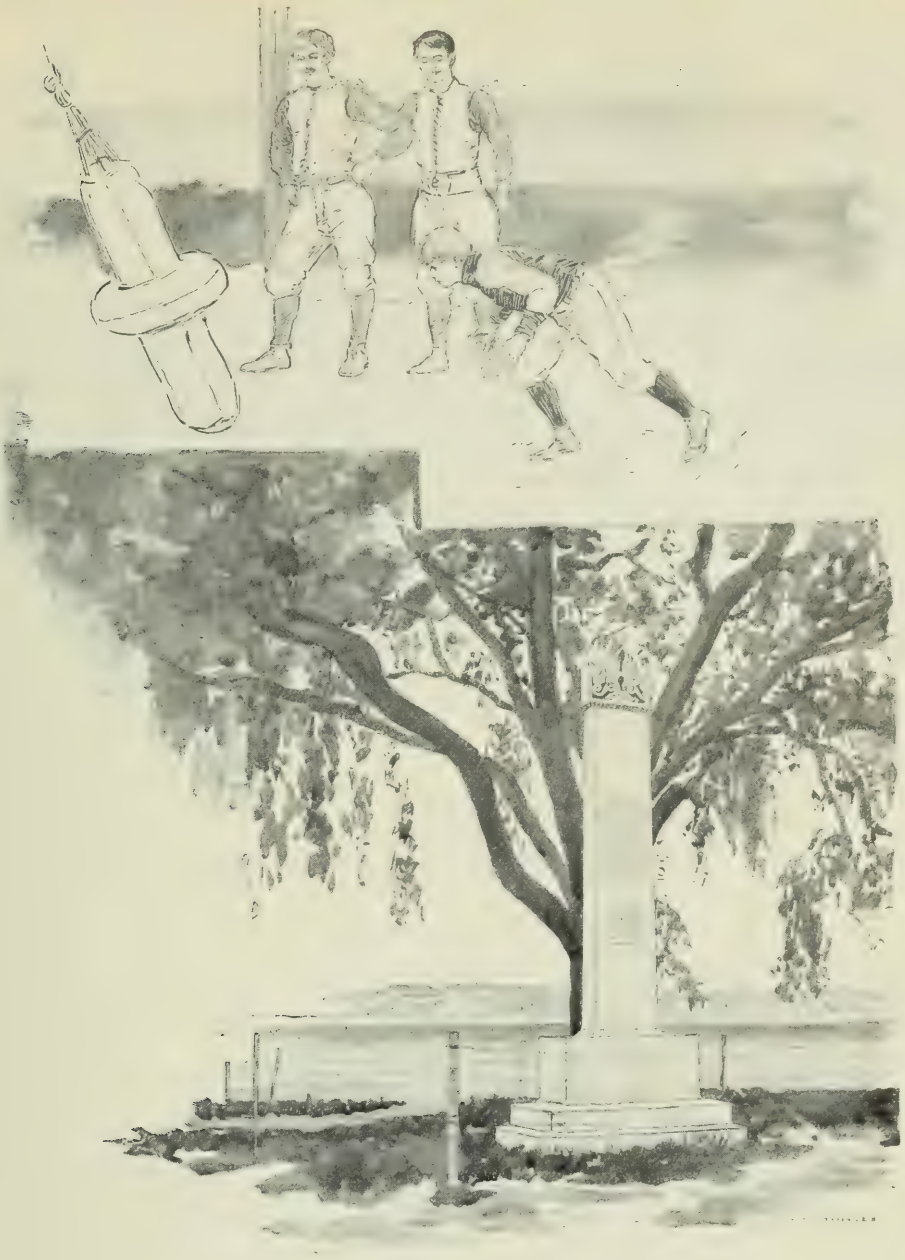
through college alone, but they split up into small groups. They form friendships and they find their satisfactions, but some of them make not more than a score of acquaintances all the time they are in college. It is the presence of such men in considerable number at Harvard that makes it evident that the present societies are very imperfectly representative. Twenty years ago when the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta clubs had elected as many men from a class as they could, they were reasonably sure that they had taken in nearly all the men in that class not otherwise provided for, whose idiosyncrasies seemed adapted to the requirements of their membership. These clubs took in in those days about three-fifths of a class; now, they and Delta Upsilon between them take in hardly one-third. The evil result of this difference is that a good many men who would

Institute and presumably into the Dicky also, he bestirred himself to get all the best fellows—that is, the fellows most congenial to him—into those societies. So did the other club-table representatives, who got in with him. By the time the club tables were sufficiently represented, and the fellows who happened to know one another were duly provided for, the Sophomore societies were full. Of course, in a college, where no man knows more than a third of his classmates, and where the class as a social unit has passed away, it is perfectly possible for social gems of a highly desirable ray to be entirely overlooked. This seems to happen pretty often, Lads go to college from small schools, unallied with any strong company, and without social connections of any sort, and miss associations which would be both pleasant and profitable to them, not from personal unfitness, or from individual defect, but because their qualities are not discovered in time. Such men do not go



The Weld Boat-house.

Practice at Tackling.



Soldiers' Field, showing the Memorial Stone.

like to be in the Pudding or some other of the organized clubs and societies, and who are qualified for membership of them, don't get in ; the good result of it is that failure to get into the societies and clubs no longer necessarily implies a serious disparagement of a man's social qualities. When two-thirds of all the men in college are left out of all the purely social clubs and societies it makes it easy not to be in any of them. The bigger the crowd is that the clubs exclude the more salubrious and cheerful it is for the excluded. It is pleasant oftentimes to be in the coop, but the position outside of the slats has its advantages. It is a condition of great freedom which a really sturdy chick may appreciate.

It is doubtless due to the failure of Harvard's older clubs and societies to provide for the wants of the growing family that so strong a movement has lately developed to start a large new club which shall admit not less than a thousand members, and which shall practically be open to any member of the college who desires to join it and who is able to pay its very moderate fees and dues. Such a club, it is believed, would afford a common meeting-ground for all the members of the university who care to rub against one an-



An Anxious Parent Sees the Dean.

other, and would meet a want which is felt to be rather urgent in Cambridge of a public place where the ordinary incidents of civilized life in the way of food, drink (possibly), newspapers, shelter, and companionship could be experienced. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his recent book about Harvard, laments the lack there of anything corresponding to the common rooms of Oxford. "I wish," he writes, "some generous and worthy benefactor would rise; some hospitable man who knows how much a pleasant meal removes awe and gives us "suppler souls," who would provide Harvard with a hall for the professors, assistant professors, tutors, and instructors, a noble kitchen, a good cellar, a stock of old wine, and a half dozen Common Rooms. Perhaps, large though the staff is, one Common Room would suffice at first till the art of using it had been acquired. . . . Let Harvard once get two or three Common Rooms built, and hospitable customs will begin to form." This lack which Dr. Hill deplores, a university club of the right sort might contribute very materially to supply. If it did no more than serve the purposes of the Princeton Inn, at Princeton, it would be helpful, for at present there is no public place in Cambridge where a graduate can get a comfortable dinner and find shelter for the night. Boston is so near that old Cambridge has never developed a good hotel. If college men have a dinner to give or visiting strangers to entertain, they do it at a Boston hotel. Unless an undergraduate belongs to some undergraduate club, he cannot buy a bottle of beer without sending to Boston. Beer is said to affect the livers of some persons unfavorably, and it is undoubtedly liable at times to be consumed in excessive quantities by individuals, especially in youth; but whether the waste of time and energy that would result in having beer and other potable fluids procurable in Cambridge, is a more serious evil than the waste of time and money and the dearth of certain social opportunities which is incident to the practice of keeping all the Cambridge beer in Boston, is a nice question.

A great undergraduate social club in Cambridge might possibly help to ameliorate the embarrassment to which Harvard is subject just now, because of the difficulty of providing suitable food at moderate cost for her growing children. Students who can pay well for their board do well enough at their private boarding-

houses, but those whose expenditures are more limited suffer much inconvenience. Memorial Hall takes care of at least a third more men than it has room for, and five or six hundred men who would like to share the competition for meals which takes place there cannot be admitted even to that privilege, but keep their names on the waiting list until a vacancy occurs. The Foxcroft Club, where life can be sustained at smaller cost than at Memorial Hall, is also overcrowded, but hopes, not confidently as yet, to be presently enlarged. Such a university club as is proposed certainly would not undertake to provide cheap board to undergraduates, but even if it only afforded an occasional change of diet to those of its members who boarded at Memorial or Foxcroft, it might make their condition more agreeable.

Because the organized social apparatus of a great college is tangible and in sight there is always danger of having it engross too much of the observer's attention. It is a relief to turn from the whole scheme of clubs and societies, and the hopes and jealousies of their members, and would-be and wouldn't-be members, to those elements of Harvard life which are outside and independent of all of them. Every Harvard graduate, whatever pleasure he may or may not have had in clubs, must look back with satisfaction to experiences to which they contributed nothing. Honest study is like any other form of virtue in being its own reward. There is a satisfaction in it that of course many youths fail to appreciate or cultivate in anything like the degree that it deserves, but the majority of Harvard men nowadays do appreciate it. They are interested in their daily work, and in the enlargement of their intellectual horizon which follows the attention they pay to it. And then, a college room is a delightful place. Its occupant for the time being is its master. He can do as he will in it; lock his door and be not at home; admit all comers; sit alone and read or study, or sit with his congenial friend and talk out whatever he may have the good fortune to have in his mind. One Harvard graduate certainly, who found many pleasures of very varied sorts in college, remembers very few with such a sense of solid comfort duly taken as certain talks had in college rooms with good men though young, about letters and life and people, the immediate environment, and the greater world on the brink of which all college men stand. Music has charms, superlative charms, in college too. In this same graduate's memory there are few musical associations more consoling than the memory of what he heard, half asleep in a chair before a fire, while a good mu-



Interior showing the Mantel of the Hasty Pudding Club.

sician, who was his classmate, sat at his piano in the corner. Some of the calmest and most peaceful memories of college are the best. The more boisterous pleasures we smile to recall, and wonder as we remember them at the vigor and the folly of youth. But about those quieter streaks of happiness there was no folly and they involved no remorse.

A Harvard professor tells with satisfaction a story that illustrates the number of different interests that may prosper simultaneously at Harvard nowadays without at all interfering with one another. One night a year or two ago, Mr. David A. Wells gave a lecture in a large room in Sever Hall, on some subject connected with political economy. On the same evening a mass-meeting of students was called in Massachusetts Hall, to determine what action should be taken at a critical juncture in intercollegiate athletics. The professor started rather late to hear Mr. Wells, and as he went he lamented to himself that the mass-meeting would draw so great a crowd that the lecturer might have to talk to empty seats. When he got to Sever, he found the lecture-room so full that he had to stand up. He got tired of standing after awhile and went away, and as he came through the yard it occurred to him to look in at the rooms of the Classical Club. There he found twenty-three men sitting around and discoursing upon such matters as the members of a classical club discuss when they meet. The mass-meeting was thoroughly attended too, and the professor went home very much impressed with the idea that Harvard had come to be big enough to take thought about several things at once.

An example of the comprehensiveness of the interests of Harvard students appears in the "Student Volunteer Work," in which a considerable number of undergraduates engage. It might be called an elective course in sociology, for that very nearly describes it, except that the work done does not count toward the A.B. degree. The work has an organized committee and a salaried Director who knows about the organized charity work of Cambridge and Boston, and who is qualified by special knowledge and long experience to steer young men who wish to learn to help their fellows, into the courses in which experience has found that altruism can best work. Under the supervision of this director, students visit charitable institutions and learn how they are conducted; they also serve the Associated Charities as visitors to the poor, provide entertainments for hospitals and asylums, manage boys' clubs and lending libraries, and serve their brethren in other ways. Another field of philanthropic labor is the Prospect Union in Cambridgeport, an enterprise of the university extension pattern, where working people who want to know, go to evening classes and learn. The classes, almost without exception, are taught by Harvard undergraduates who give one evening a week to the work. The other main attraction of the Union is its weekly lectures, most of which are given by members of the Harvard Faculty. It is stated that since the Union began in 1891, every member of the Faculty from the President clear around to the President again, has lectured there several times.

One dark night, just about twenty years ago, before Harvard had experienced the fundamental changes which have made her what she is just now, some young gentlemen, whose identity was never established, painted in large greasy black letters on the front of University Hall the words: "The University is going to Hell." There have always been persons, some of them sons of Harvard, some not, who have been in sincere accord with this sentiment. Doubtless there always will be such. Dr. Cotton Mather was of that mind and very discontented with his *alma mater*, when he wrote in 1717 to Elihu Yale, suggesting that if Governor Yale should make an important gift to the struggling college about to be moved from Saybrook to New Haven, he might very reasonably give his name to it. George Whitfield was of the same persuasion, in 1740, when he wrote that the light of the New England universities "has become darkness—darkness that may be felt;" that "bad books have become fashionable amongst them;" and "Tillotson and Clarke are read instead of Shepard and Stoddard." Some people may be of that mind even now, and think, perhaps, that Harvard has outgrown her backbone and is ready to tumble apart by her own weight. Others grieve over the dissolute tendencies of some of her scholars, and sigh for the olden time



The Tennis Courts.

when discipline was strict and manners godly and simple. There is more or less to mend at Harvard as in other places, but there seems good ground for the opinion that she never was so useful or flourishing as now, and that the standard of morals, manners, and erudition among her students was never so high. One gets the impression from reading some of the old laws of Harvard that in her early days her students devoted four-fifths of their time to pious works, and that butter rarely melted in their mouths. But laws are one thing, and the observance of them is quite another. Wherever one gets an eye-witness view of Harvard undergraduates, whether one or two centuries, or more or less, ago, they always appear to be young men. One of the earliest impartial observations of Harvard was made in 1679–80 by two Frieslanders, who made a tour in the American colonies, their record of which has been found and translated. They started at six in the morning to go from Boston to Cambridge, and made the trip in two hours in spite of having lost their way. They said: "We reached Cambridge about eight o'clock. It is not a large village, and the houses stand very much apart. The college-building is the most conspicuous among them. We went to it, expecting to see something curious, as it is the only college or would-be academy of the Protestants in all America, but we found ourselves mistaken. In approaching the house, we neither heard nor saw anything mentionable; but, going to the other side of the building, we heard noise enough in an upper room to lead my comrade to suppose they were engaged in disputation. We entered, and went upstairs, when a person met us and requested us to walk in, which we did. We found there eight or ten young fellows sitting around, smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full, that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it, that when I was going upstairs, I said, this is certainly a tavern. We excused ourselves, that we could speak English only a little, but understood Dutch or French, which they did not. However, we spoke as well as we could. We inquired how many professors there were; and they replied not one, that there was no money to support one. We asked how many students there were. They said at first, thirty, and then came down to twenty; I afterwards understood there were probably not ten. They could hardly speak a word of Latin, so that my comrade could not converse with them. They took

us to the library where there was nothing particular. We looked over it a little. They presented us with a glass of wine. This is all we ascertained there. The minister of the place goes there morning and evening to make prayer, and has charge over them. The students have tutors or masters. Our visit was soon over, and we left them to go and look at the land about there."

It is proper to say that these visitors happened upon Harvard at an unlucky time, when she had no president, and her affairs were at a particularly low ebb. Nearly fifty years later "grave excesses, immoralities and disorders" so afflicted the college, that the record of some of them is set down in President Quincy's sedate "History." One special trial at this time was the tendency of the people of eastern Massachusetts to crowd to Cambridge to spend Commencement week, and have all the fun they could. For a time the overseers combated this tendency by all possible restrictions and prohibitions, but the colonists fairly beat them, and Commencement continued for a century afterward to be a high Massachusetts holiday, earnestly kept, and not without a considerable admixture of revelry.

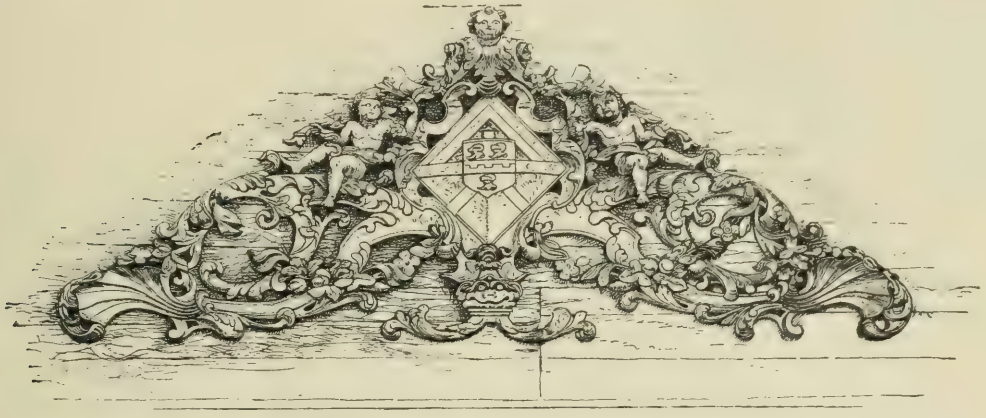
All through the eighteenth century and down to 1849, when commons were discontinued and the college ceased to try to feed its scholars, there was a succession of difficulties about food. The commons fare, it seems, was always pretty bad, and the students were dissatisfied with it. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of the Class of 1826, tells, in his "Reminiscences," how it was in his day. "The food," he says, "though not deficient in quantity, was so mean in quality, so poorly cooked and so coarsely served, as to disgust those who had been accustomed to the decencies of the table, and to encourage a mutinous spirit, rude manners, and ungentlemanly habits ; so that the dining-halls were seats of boisterous misrule, and nurseries of rebellion." From 1849 to 1865 there were no commons, and all students boarded where they might. In 1865 the Thayer Club was started for the benefit of men who wanted to board cheaply. It merged into Memorial Hall when that was opened. Now, as has been said, the college has outgrown her dining-halls, and needs more of them. Private enterprise and capital successfully supplement the efforts of the college to lodge its students, but it has not proved able to supply them with cheap board of attractive quality at a satisfactory price.

Where so many men are working on independent lines, with so much to keep them apart and so little, comparatively, to draw them together, one may reasonably wonder whether such a thing as a common Harvard spirit any longer exists. It does exist, so men say who abide by the university, and who ought to know. They see it and feel it. It does not penetrate all individuals in the same degree, but it is reckoned with and observed as a definite force. The men best qualified to judge of it insist that it makes for veracity, for a high sense of honor, and for good manners. Indifference has sometimes been charged against Harvard, and perhaps not without some basis ; but not indifference to truth. That is her quest in science and in philosophy, and the basis of her law in matters of conduct. *Veritas* was not written on the Harvard shield for nothing. The Harvard spirit may need to be awakened, and nourished, and kept alive, but it is worth keeping alive, for truth is its most pervasive element. "It is one merit of Harvard College," says Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, "that it has never quite sunk to believing that its only function was to carry a body of specialists through the first stage of their preparation." No ; it has never come to that. There is more to its work, and it seems impossible that any person with even a moderate share of imagination could spend a week in Cambridge without becoming aware of it. If there is one Harvard prospect which is fitter than another to deepen this perception into a conviction, it is the sight of that simple marble shaft which stands under a tree near the entrance of the Soldiers' Field. It bears the names of the men whom the Field commemorates—names written before on tablets in Memorial Hall—and below them runs Emerson's quatrain, chosen for this use by Lowell :

> Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply—
> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

The lines read calmly enough on a page of a book, with other quatrains crowding them, but on that stone in that field—with

a hundred youths, earnest in their sports on one side, and on the other the roofs and gables of Harvard, and beyond the tower of Memorial Hall—they seem the message of a perpetual voice, resonant, clear, sweet, blending with all other sounds, and yet always audible, always inspiring, always imperative and irresistible.



Wood-carving on Holden Chapel.

MEMORY

By Charles C. Nott, Jr.

Upon a night long after I had died
I rose and passed the portals of Her heart.
Therein no wreck nor ruin I espied,
But fair and quiet its dim-lit chambers lay
And a sweet silence breathed in every part.
And I, who once had dwelt there, stood and sighed
And thought, "While I have slept in the cold clay,
How soon the stains of grief were washed away,
That soon some tenant new might here abide."
And as I thought, one quietly entered in,
And in his hand, the key to every door.
I bowed my head and turned away and said:
"Pardon me if I return here from the dead;
I dwelt here once, though I dwell here no more."
But he the keys did place my hands within,
And said, "Whate'er thy steward's is, is thine;
My name is Memory, and this place is mine."

HARVARD COLLEGE IN THE SEVENTIES*

By Robert Grant

THE years 1870–1880 mark the beginnings of the reforms in the methods of government and instruction by means of which Harvard has become a University instead of a college. They were essentially a period of breaking ground, not merely in the college-yard, but all over the country. We were reconstructing the South, and the granger agitations of the West were being modified into law at Washington. In 1869 the last spike of the Union Pacific Railroad was driven, and in 1871 the Chicago fire infused a fiercer energy into an already active-minded community. The panic of 1873, following an era of wild inflation, did not prevent a display of the nation's resources in the exposition of 1876. In short, the decade which I am considering was essentially one of experiment and development consequent upon enlarged material conditions and possibilities.

I was examined for Harvard in June, 1869 ; was graduated in '73 ; took the course for the then new degree of Doctor of Philosophy from '73 to '76, and was a student at the law school from the autumn of '76 until I became a Bachelor of Laws in '79. Consequently I had some opportunity to observe the customs of University life then in vogue.

When I was examined for Harvard the college topographically was the old college. Holmes House and the railroad station next it, the old Commons, were still standing. Neither Thayer, Weld, nor Matthews was in existence. There was no Hemenway gymnasium ; only the small, circular one ; there was no Memorial Hall ; and Gray's was a comparatively new building. Holworthy was regarded as the lady patroness of the dormitories. The suites there, consisting of a parlor and two bed-rooms and a coal closet, were much in demand, and even as late as 1876 we find "The Song of the Blood"—

> Some like upon the winding Charles
> To ply the bending oar,
> Nor care they, though their backs are burned,
> And every muscle sore.
> But as for me, it suits me not:
> I'll ever be content
> To loaf in front of Holworthy,
> And toss the shining cent.
>
> Some like to grind the livelong day,
> And think it is immense,
> To study for their Annuals,
> And take in large per cents.
> But, as for me, ah! give me a rest,
> And let me, free from care,
> Sit on the steps of Holworthy,
> And take the evening air.

The rooms in Massachusetts were still occupied and were rather favorite quarters ; but presently the building was altered and devoted to examination-rooms and other purposes. Though rooms were often picturesque, the family resources were rarely if ever taxed to provide new furniture for the precious Freshman. It was a Boston axiom then that nothing need match in a college room, but fond mothers exerted themselves nobly to make their sons comfortable, and everything in the way of red curtains, discarded bric-a-brac and sporting prints which the attic contained was appropriated to the collegian's use. And then, perhaps, as one of my friends told me happened in his case, the mother would buy a new

* The substance of this article was delivered as a lecture in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, April 10, 1896, by request of the Harvard Memorial Society. It was the third in a course of three lectures treating of Harvard in three successive decades. The first of these, "Harvard in the Fifties," was delivered by President Eliot, and the second, "Harvard in the Sixties," by Mr. Moorfield Storey. My mode of treatment aimed to omit reference to what had been already included by my predecessors in the course ; consequently this paper was written mainly from the point of view of the average student of my own day, which was necessarily a limited one. It is a narrative of manners and customs, and does not pretend to describe the mental processes of those in authority at the time or to depict the results of scholarship. I insert this caveat merely for the benefit of any literal-minded readers who have never been to college and who might be disposed to ask where the study came in.

drawing-room carpet or new chairs for herself with the money which she had not been obliged to spend on the son's outfit. How much more sensible this than to set a youngster up with brand new, spick and span furniture, carpets and hangings.

My room was a cosey den of ancient but fairly gorgeous green rep upholstery, and was in Holworthy. I was a "Tutor's freshman," which meant then practically nothing in the way of servitude. I think I delivered a note once for my tutor, but am not certain. Number 9 was in the middle entry, ground floor, and after a few days my possessions were increased by a huge stone which came crashing through the window, just missing my chum and myself, who were conscientiously at work beside a student-lamp. This missile, which was the size of a small cantaloupe, was described to us as a transmittendum. That is, it went with the room, and had been handed down in some such forcible way from one Freshman class to another. Other men had less rude objects as transmittenda. A Worcester's Dictionary sometimes went with the room, and occasionally an ostrich egg or a manuscript hidden away in the wall and inscribed with the names of previous occupants.

Our entrance examinations began on Thursday and continued through Friday and a part of Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon we learned our fate. My class numbered 154. Students were received on probation, as it was termed, and were not matriculated as members in full standing until the end of the first half year. Our entrance examinations were in Greek composition, Greek grammar, history and geography, English into Latin, Latin grammar, plane geometry, arithmetic, and algebra. Besides these written examinations we had to translate orally Latin and Greek.

I belonged to one of the last few classes—'73—which was hazed or took part in hazing. President Eliot was inaugurated in October, 1869, and I was tossed in a blanket that same autumn in the gymnasium, one of the last Freshmen who underwent the ordeal. It was a new experience and not altogether agreeable. Hazing, so far as I knew it personally, was rather mortifying to one's self-esteem than painful. I think I had to recite "Mary had a Little Lamb" in my nightgown with a pitcher in my hand to a group of appreciative Sophomores who were smoking to a man as hard as they could. A few of my classmates had pails of cold water poured over them in bed, but I was little and perhaps that saved me. Smoking out a Freshman with tobacco smoke was a favorite device, and we were all liable to be called on at any time to treat to cigars either at our rooms or at Hubbard's, the apothecary. A Freshman, instead of being a gentleman and a scholar as at present, was regarded as the scum of the earth, without property rights. The following letter was sent by a Sophomore of my class to a Freshman. The '74 man had it printed and circulated.

> Dear Sir: I speak for the Sophomore class when I say that you need have no fear of further roughing if you are willing to follow the example of your classmates and the custom of the college in the matter of treating and are willing to promise to give up the use of a cane for the remainder of the term. If you choose to come with me to Hubbard's and get six cigars, I will give them to members of the class and see that your algebra is returned. I am disinterested in saying this, as I do not smoke. You had better consider this proposition, as the class are much provoked at your obstinacy, and will not be very careful in what they say or do otherwise. If you will call at 6 Gray's at any time within two or three days I will represent the class.
>
> Yours, etc.

This was signed with the real name of the writer, and he added, in large letters, "*Sic Semper Stultibus*," a lapse in Latin which was the occasion of some merriment, and wounded our class pride.

"Bloody Monday"—the first Monday of the college year and long a terror to Freshmen—was practically obliterated from the calendar in the autumn of 1870. On that evening the Freshmen were expected to meet the Sophomores in the gymnasium for a "rush," and subsequent tossing. I remember that both classes were assembled, and that just as we Sophs were beginning opera-

tions a Professor appeared on the scene and, in the language of authority, commanded us to disperse. By way of comment on this occurrence the *Harvard Advocate* in its next issue declared: "Professor Eliot will receive, for his courageous interposition, the hearty thanks of all lovers of good order; while the Sophomores we suppose, are, after all, not so much aggrieved at the loss of what used to be a prized heirloom of their year. It may have been a very exhilarating thing, when the classes were small, to 'toss' a few dozen Freshmen. But, now, to toss the number of Freshmen which is necessary to secure any 'moral' effect upon a class of two hundred, the tossing requiring a huge canvas blanket to be forcibly elevated a few hundred times, is a physical labor which few of the Sophomores, who have on previous occasions sunk back, faint or exhausted from their work, would care to repeat. Nor has the effect upon the Freshmen been of late quite what the tossers desired. After two or three Freshmen have gone up and come down, receiving no severer hurt than a quickening of the breathing, caused by passing rapidly through the rarefied air in the upper strata, the exercise loses its terrors. Freshmen have been known to volunteer for a second ascent." Hazing received its final quietus in 1873, when the classes of '75 and '76, who were then Sophomores and Freshmen, entered into a compact with the faculty that there should be no more war if certain members of the Sophomore class, who had been caught in the act and had been suspended, were allowed to come back. Since then the Freshman has been allowed to live comparatively unmolested.

In my Freshman year Thayer Hall was begun, the first in the series of dormitories since erected by the generosity of friends of the college. Mr. Nathaniel Thayer was not a graduate, but his interest in Harvard had already been indicated in other ways, notably by his liberal contribution to the Thayer Club, the parent of the modern Commons, which, when I entered, was in the little building once a railroad station west of the Scientific School. It was then under the control of the students, but presently the authorities offered to co-operate, and little by little the enterprise prospered until it was duly installed in Memorial Hall in the autumn of '74. While I was an undergraduate Matthews and Weld were begun and completed.

In my time only a comparatively small number of students attended Commons. The thinness of the diet provided was a favorite theme for satirists in the college paper. Those who could afford it and many who could not went to club tables at boarding-houses. We paid eight dollars a week whether we spent our Sundays at home or not. The food was fairly good to middling bad, according to the capabilities of the landlady. I should judge that the fare provided at Commons to-day is superior to what we got for eight dollars.

As regards the cost of living, I spent just $1,000 a year during the first two years and a little more the last two. I should say that $1,300 would cover the cost of my senior year, without including my share of my spread. I sent my bills for tuition, rent, board and clothes, all my bills in fact, to my father, and was allowed $15 per month pocket money. I lived comfortably on this, bought a few books, and was a member of the "Dicky" and the A. D. Club. There were a number of men in my class who spent more, but I doubt if anyone much exceeded $2,000 a year. Scarcely anyone kept a horse, and very few of the students went to evening parties in Boston. For a Freshman or Sophomore to go was an unusual thing. On the other hand there was considerable simple social gayety in Cambridge. Assemblies were held in Lyceum Hall, under the management of the students, and small parties were given by the parents of the Cambridge young ladies. The piping query, "Going to wear a dress suit to-night?" called up from the yard to a man in his room, was a familiar sound in my day and shows that we were still simple souls.

We opened the day by going to prayers. In my Freshman year from the beginning of the first term until the Thanksgiving recess, and from March 1st until the end of the year, morning

prayers began at a quarter before seven. After the Thanksgiving recess until the first of March at a quarter before eight. The first bell rang some time in the night, but the second bell five minutes before the exercises opened. In that five minutes many endeavored to dress and reach the chapel in time. An ulster and top boots were a favorite garb, and during the last few languishing notes of the bell some noble sprinting was done. When prayers began at a quarter before seven, recitations were at eight. Compulsory morning prayers and the rank list were the two leading grievances of the students. Changes in regard to the former and the abolition of the latter were among the first reforms introduced by President Eliot. Under the rank-list system marks of censure were combined with marks for scholarship, and a student's rank, as held out to the world, was gravely affected by deductions for cutting prayers and recitations, whispering in lectures and smoking in the yard. The elective system of studies made this combination of lesson and conduct marks still more distasteful, and in the famous regulations of the Faculty for 1871 they were separated. We were allowed by these regulations sixty excused absences from prayers instead of twenty in the course of the year. But penalties for evil conduct remained in all their awfulness. The list of them enumerated in the inverse order of their importance included marks of censure, parental admonition, private admonition, public admonition, special probation, suspension, dismission and expulsion. A public admonition was accompanied with a letter from the Dean to the father of the student. Special probation indicated that a student was in serious danger of separation from college, and on this occasion the letter was still more impressive. The office of Dean was established in the winter of 1870. Hitherto the President had been obliged to devote his personal attention to the minor details of college government. From this time the Dean was the official with whom the students came in personal contact when the faculty wished to communicate with them. The late Professor Gurney, according to tradition, did so much to promote friendly relations between the authorities and the students and to encourage the undergraduates to govern themselves, that I am probably wrong in my belief that he took a "slant" against me from the first. Until I began to look over my scrap-book recently, I had cherished the impression that I was an amiable and well-behaved young man in my college days, and that I was misunderstood by the faculty in general and the Dean in particular. I still think I am right, but I feel bound in justice to submit a few documents on his side before I destroy them forever.

Letter to my Father.

HARVARD COLLEGE, June, 1870.

DEAR SIR: I am sorry to be obliged to inform you that at the last meeting of the Faculty it was voted that your son "be publicly admonished and be put upon special probation" for participating in disorders in the recitation-room of Mr. ——, Tutor in —— to the Freshmen.

Mr. —— has been greatly tried by the conduct of the Class, being an amiable person and a new instructor, and would have done more wisely, I have no doubt, to have provided earlier and vigorous measures against an evil which is fatal to the instruction and discipline of the College.

The indifferent manner in which your son receives warnings, and a certain mischievousness of disposition, which means no serious harm, I dare say, lead me to suggest to you the importance of impressing strongly upon him at the beginning of next year to be upon his guard against the temptation to pranks which is so strong at the beginning of the Sophomore year. I think I am doing him a kindness if I put any fresh difficulty in the way of heedlessness on his part.

Very truly yours,
E. W. GURNEY, *Dean of the Faculty.*

That was the beginning of the trouble. Then, alas! came the following little strips of printed matter, received from time to time through the post:

February 22, 1871.

A deduction of 32 is marked against Grant, Soph., on the weekly return of February 4th, for inattention and disorder at Italian exercise.

J. W. HARRIS, *Sec.*

JUNE 5, 1871.

Grant, Soph., is directed to come to the Dean's office on Monday.

J. W. HARRIS, *Sec.*

May 6, 1871.

Grant, Soph., is directed to come to the Dean's office on Monday.

J. W. Harris, *Sec.*

April 29, 1871, ditto; June 12, 1871, ditto, save that I was to come on Tuesday. To pile up the agony, on June 13, 1871, as a sequel to the last interview, my father received the following:

Dear Sir: At the last meeting of the Faculty it was voted that your son, Robert, be publicly admonished for twenty-two unexcused absences from prayers.

Very truly yours,
E. W. Gurney, *Dean of the Faculty.*

I think there is much to be said on the side of the Dean, but my own belief is that what he considered indifference on my part was really shyness. His impressions regarding me were unfortunately strengthened early in my Sophomore year by the blowing up of Stoughton, an episode which caused much excitement at the time. One evening late in the autumn of '70 the Yard was startled by a loud explosion which proceeded from the north entry of Stoughton. The ground floor room nearest Holworthy had been blown up by combustibles placed in the cellar. Its inmates were Freshmen, and among the occupants at the moment was my brother who was a Freshman of '74, and who tumbled out of the window in great haste. Those who tried to escape by the door could not, for the flooring had started. One man is said to have struck the ceiling, but in spite of the noise and smoke no one was hurt. I was at that time living in 5 Holworthy, in the entry next to Stoughton, just over Professor Sophocles, and was peacefully reading. I rushed down to see what the matter was, and so did everybody else in the yard. Conjecture as to who did it selected the Med. Fac. as the probable culprit; but no one was caught at the time. In about a fortnight my chum and I, and some dozen other members of my class, were sent for to see the Dean on the eve of the Christmas recess. I think that President Eliot addressed us in person. I remember that we were given to understand that the authorities had a clew, and were informed that if the matter were not confessed before the end of the recess the guilty parties would be prosecuted in the criminal court as well as expelled. We went home to think it over, and I, for one, felt aggrieved, for I was innocent as a lamb of the offence, and moreover was entirely ignorant as to who committed it. There were no confessions known to me made after the recess, and so far as I am aware the faculty never discovered who blew up Stoughton. I have heard it positively denied by those who claimed to know that the Med. Fac. had anything to do with it. I was not a member of the Med. Fac., so I am unable to testify on that point. The whole matter remained shrouded in mystery while I was in college, and my impression is that the father of one of my classmates was so indignant that his son was suspected that he sent his other sons to Yale.

With the beginning of the second term the Freshmen were privileged to wear tall hats and carry canes. They always celebrated their emancipation on the first Saturday of the new term by going in force to the theatre in all the splendor of their new possessions, and they were apt to show themselves on Beacon Street, Boston, on the following Sunday. In regard to dress on week-days I recall that among all the students a little round gray soft hat was very popular. The times were rather hard from '70 to '80, and many men went in for old clothes. Short pea-jackets were in common use. Some of the arbiters of college fashion chose to wear silk hats with them, when they wished to appear swell, thereby producing a somewhat mongrel effect. English clothes, or indeed a suit of new clothes, was so much an event that I recollect on the occasion when a member of the Class of '74 imported a suit of lively checks, his friends hung it outside the window of one of the buildings on exhibition. The Yard at that time, as very likely now, was often a lively centre for amiable indolence. Besides tossing cents at a mark in front of Holworthy, and dropping hot coppers out of the windows for the Cambridge urchins to pick up, I recall the slogan of "Heads out!" which brought every one to his window and from his books

many times a week. No woman could cross the yard without hearing it, and events of much less import evoked it. Frequently we had the pleasure of listening to the Glee Club, which was then a flourishing body whose repertoire included "Seeing Nellie Home," and "Dearest maiden dance ever with me; can'st thou refuse me? can'st thou but choose me?" yet pandered to less noble emotions in "Shoo Fly," and the then popular

> Ha-ha-ha, you and me,
> Little brown jug how I love thee!

Among the college characters and celebrities of the years from 1870–80 were Jones, the bell-ringer; Billy, the postman, and Horace, the expressman, who helped to pack the baskets of soiled clothes which the Boston men sent weekly to town, and also "Daniel Pratt," the great American traveller and president of four kingdoms, a frequent visitor among the students with his ideas stated in his own modest language as "worth billions of dollars to all nations."

> Oh, where is the man so lean and fat
> Who has not heard of Daniel Pratt,
> Who gathers his wings and flies away
> To parts of earth where the light of day
> Shines but a little or not at all
> In the course of the awful waterfall?
> I ask you, friends, what muddy minds
> Have never conceived, unfurled to the winds
> That glorious banner that springs like a cat
> Into the air for Daniel Pratt.
> There never was nor ever will be
> Such a mighty man to stand like thee,
> I say, most magnificent Daniel Pratt,
> Above the throne where Plato sat!

So he sung and the students applauded the poor old man to the echo. In my time, too, there was a Johnny Cocoanut who met us as we came from recitations with cocoanut-cakes just before the noon meal, and a boy who played tunes on his teeth in Harvard Square by sucking in his breath. I recall, too, a malodorous goody who made herself famous by calling at the chamber-door of one of her charges, when he slept too late in the morning, "Git up, yer lazy divil, git up."

From the beginning of the academic year until November 1st, and from March 1st until the end of the year recitations began at eight and continued until one, and the dinner hour was one. From November 1st to March 1st they began an hour later and the dinner hour was at two. There were afternoon recitations from three to six. My class was the first to experience the benefits of the elective system under the new administration. In the college year 1871–72, the Seniors were required to take Physics, one lecture a week for a half year, Themes, and twelve hours of electives; the Juniors, Philosophy, two hours a week through the year, Physics, two hours a week for a half-year, and one lecture a week through the year, Political Economy, and the Constitution of the United States together, two hours a week for a half year, Rhetoric, two hours a week for a half year (in all six hours a week), Themes and nine hours of electives; the Sophomores, German, two hours a week through the year, Rhetoric, two hours a week through the year, Physics, two hours a week for a half year, History, two hours a week for a half year, Chemistry, three hours a week for a half year (in all seven hours a week), Themes, Elocution, and eight hours of electives. All the studies of the Freshmen were required. The courses in electives included the classics, philosophy, history, natural history, and music. From year to year during the seventies new courses were introduced, and these were amplified until aspiration culminated for a time in the Chinese professor. The details of changes are a matter of record, and I have no space for them here. The entrance examinations were made to cover a broader field, and experimental progress was the watch-word of the time with the authorities. In a tone of contemplative criticism the *Harvard Advocate* remarked that the only conservative body connected with the university was the students. However unscientific, from an educational standpoint, the matter and manner of the instruction then given may seem as compared with that of to-day, we were fortunate in our instructors. Many of the men whose pre-eminent scholarship

has gained for the university repute on both sides of the water were then in their prime. Of course the classes from '71 to '80 were, so to speak, subjects of experiment, for old methods were in process of being exchanged for new. But we had the benefit of the ability and knowledge of Professors Child, Lane, Norton, Goodwin, Gurney, Cook, Bôcher, Shaler, Dunbar, Trowbridge, Henry Adams, J. M. Pierce, A. S. Hill, and Palmer. If I have omitted any names which should be mentioned I beg their owners' pardon. I remember well how interested I was in the history courses of Professors Gurney and Adams, which were conducted after the then new method of lectures with outside work by the class. Dr. Peabody and Professor Torrey were still actively instructing and were much beloved. I used to wonder sometimes that men who applauded loudly at the mention of their names should put off preparation in their courses until the night before examination-day. Professor Lowell still had a few courses in Spanish and Italian. I remember going up to his house in June, 1876, to be examined in Dante. I was a candidate for the degree of Ph.D., being one of the earliest applicants for that degree. My course of study for three years had been in English, German, and Italian literature. As it happened I was very well up in the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio," but I was a little weak on the "Paradiso," especially the later cantos. I took counsel with myself and made up my mind that I would not be caught napping in case treachery should be practised on me. Consequently the night before, I made myself thoroughly familiar with Canto 33, the last canto. In the presence of two men like Professor Lowell and Professor Child, who was to sit with him in judgment on me, I naturally felt a little nervous, but my opinion of my own talents rose considerably when Professor Lowell, in an off-hand manner, told me to begin at the last canto. Later you know he became a distinguished diplomat.

I do not think that it was the fashion in my time for instructors to interest themselves in the students individually to the extent they do now. I do not mean that if an undergraduate broke a leg and sought his professor or tutor for advice or sympathy he did not get it; but there was certainly less working together in the matter of studies, and consequently more formal intercourse. The recitation in most cases, at least where I was concerned, was the sole medium of contact, and the expression "Not prepared," on the one side, and "That is sufficient," on the other, uttered in varying keys calculated to produce repulsion, were too often the Alpha and Omega of acquaintance. What infinite gradations of meaning those expressions "Not prepared," and "That is sufficient," were susceptible of! Only Mephistopheles could hope to compete with some of the faculty of my time in the way their Shibboleth was uttered, and to the sensitive ear there was often an entire Wagner tragedy in the phrase "Not prepared," though to an inexperienced listener it might convey merely an impression of bravado. To be sure there were individual instances where instructors and students affiliated more closely, as for instance the delightful Field Lectures in Geology of Professor Shaler, of which I heard at the time, though I did not take his elective; but there was comparatively little of that spirit of mutual interest, and of co-operation in work which I believe distinguishes the university today. I remember the solemnity of the occasions when one was sent to the black-board to demonstrate a problem in trigonometry or physics concerning which one knew nothing. I can see again, as plainly as though it were yesterday, one of my classmates in this plight draw with the chalk simply a huge square and walk back to his seat with the dignity of profound hopelessness.

There was no Freshman Society in my day, and the only two Sophomore Societies were the Institute of 1770 and the Everett Athenæum. The Juniors had the Hasty Pudding Club, the Pi Eta, and the Signet. The O. K. was the literary Society. At it we read papers and consumed beer and little cakes cut in the form of O and K. There were

the Glee Club and the Pierian Sodality, and two Religious Societies, the St. Paul's and the Christian Brethren. The only secret societies were the Δ. K. E., and the Med. Fac. The Alpha Delta Phi was merged in the A.D. Club, which was founded just after I entered college. There were several members of my class who were members both of the Porcellian and the A.D., but '73 was the last class in which men were allowed to belong to both. The A.D. had quarters on Brattle Street, just beyond Harvard Square, two rooms, in one of which we sat and played whist and the other a sort of pantry in which we kept the crackers and cheese. But we were very proud of our club and we had capital times there. I judge from what I hear that the Δ.K.E., or "Dicky," is substantially what it was in my time. The oath which I took on the night of the initiation not to divulge its secrets binds me now, but I can see no objection to referring to a pleasantry practised on me on the occasion which I remember more vividly than the other horrors. I was sitting blind-fold on a chair, believing that the worst was over, when two upper class men, whose voices I recognized, approached me and told me to open my mouth. I did so and one of them placed a large plug of tobacco between my teeth, and told me to masticate it until I was given leave to stop. I was an innocent boy ; I had never smoked or chewed in my life, and I shall always remember the experience of that burning mouthful to which I was obliged to hold fast until late in the evening.

Early in my college course a reading-room was started by the students in lower Massachusetts. I was one of the officers. We provided the magazines and leading newspapers, and it presently became a popular and successful institution. A Telegraph Club was also established in my time. The Pudding and the Pi Eta theatricals were then as now prominent factors in the social life. "Running" for the Pudding was then in its glory. The names "Lyon's" and "Kent's" will recall to men of my time many a game of billiards, and those who sought amusement in town must have vivid memories of the Parker House and of Selwyn's theatre where the combination of Tennyson's "Dora" and the burlesque "Black-eyed Susan," in which Stuart Robson played Captain Crosstree and Kitty Blanchard appeared in tights, drew the same students, like a magnet, across the bridge again and again. I was immersed in studying law at the time the Soldene troupe carried by cyclone the class of '77, but I believe that the college authorities retain keen recollections of the occurrence. The troupe went from Boston to Cincinnati, and the first words which Emily Soldene is said to have uttered on alighting from the train were, "Is there a University here?"

I was the witness also of the last "Mock Parts," a custom which deservedly was voted out of existence by the Class of '72. It had been the habit for many years to hold a sort of travesty on the Junior exhibition (which has also ceased to be), at which ceremonial one of the Junior class delivered from the window of Hollis Hall an address supplemented by satirical and bitter "roughs" and personalities on other members of the class sent in anonymously. I remember listening to the Mock Parts of the Class of '71, and being shocked by the cruel thrusts which usage permitted to be made at those who were unpopular. Others evidently sympathized with me, for the next class did away with the practice forever.

The only college newspaper when I entered was the *Advocate*, but the *Magenta* — afterwards the *Crimson* — presently became a rival, and later the *Harvard Lampoon*, which was edited at first by students, but from 1876–1879 by a board composed chiefly of recent graduates. After this it was again conducted by the undergraduates. The promising Frederic Wadsworth Loring, who was killed in the West by Indians shortly after graduation, was one of the editors of the *Advocate* from the Class of '70. At the annual dinner of the editors of the *Advocate* in May, 1876, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read his poem, "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," when he told us :

> Moral for which this tale is told,
> A horse *can* trot for all he's old !

There were no class officials in my day except the captain of the ball nine and of the crew, who were chosen at the beginning of the year at a meeting in Holden Chapel. The class-day officers were the same as at present, and they were generally chosen without much friction, but the Class of '77 came to loggerheads on the subject in consequence of a strife between the society and non-society men. A committee of graduates was invited to intervene, but in the end '77 had no class officers and no Class day. It was called Corporation day instead, and Professor Lowell invited them to breakfast at Elmwood.

I have the impression that, apart from the small contingent who were active candidates for the crew, or nine, the older classmen when I entered college were lazy as regards exercise. It is my recollection that some of them spent much time in drifting from room to room and in coloring meerschaums, and that those who took themselves seriously did not know what to do when they had studied enough. Certainly, between the years 1870 and 1880, a marked change took place in the matter of athletics, so that by the end of the period in question it had become the habit of the large majority, instead of a small minority of the students, to take part daily in some form of outdoor exercise. The beginnings of this change occurred while I was an undergraduate. I happened to be one of the party who owned the first tennis set at Harvard. We set it up and played on it back of College House. I happened, too, to be one of the half-dozen men who revived football, which had been dormant at Cambridge for some years. It was in my Sophomore year, I think, that a party of us took a black rubber football, such as we had been accustomed to use at school, and went out and played. Our example attracted others, and presently we had a following of some twenty-five or thirty men. We played at first, I think, on the vacant lot at the side of the Scientific School, for it was claimed that, with baseball and cricket already in possession of Jarvis field, there was no room for us there. The faculty, however, would not let us stay; accordingly we removed our rubber ball to Cambridge Common, where we played energetically for a year or so, at the end of which we were turned off by vote of the Cambridge town authorities. By this time the game had become so well established that we were able to insist on our right to play on Jarvis field. The game played by us was one which had originated with the old Oneida club of Boston some ten or fifteen years previous, and it was generally in use at the schools and colleges of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. One of the salient features of the game was the rule that a player could run with the ball only when chased, and he must stop as soon as pursuit ceased. Dribbling was forbidden. The ball was kicked a great deal, and there was much running and dodging. There were eleven men on a team, and the members were considerably lighter men, as a rule, than those who play nowadays. In October, 1873, a convention of the colleges interested in football was held and an association formed, but Harvard declined to take part in it or to join, alleging that the game as played by the other colleges was so different from ours that a compromise was out of the question, and also claiming that our game was more "scientific," an assertion which excited Yale. The rules of the other colleges, though differing in details, were substantially the English Association rules adopted in 1863. It was found that the game played by McGill College, Montreal, usually styled the Rugby game, differed less from ours than did that of any other college, and an arrangement was made under which, in 1874, the McGill team visited Cambridge and played two games—one according to our rules and one according to theirs. The teams met on May 14th and 15th, two elevens on the first day and two tens on the second. My brother was captain of the Harvard team. Harvard easily won the game played according to our rules, and that played according to the McGill rules resulted in a draw. After it the *Advocate* remarked: "The Rugby is in somewhat better favor than the sleepy game played by our men." In October, '74, we sent a ten to Montreal, which proved

victorious, and for several years a match with McGill was a regular event. In November, '75, the first football match ever played between Yale and Harvard took place at Hamilton Park, New Haven. Fifteen men played on each side, and the game was substantially the Rugby game. It was divided into three half hours, and Harvard won. Yale did not score, and her defeat was ascribed to the fact that the rules were new to her. In November, '76, a second match was played, this time between two elevens instead of fifteens, by request of Yale, and on this occasion the blue prevailed. I regret to state that the *Advocate* had the poor grace to declare that "Our men have returned with the feeling that they owe their first defeat, not to any superiority in their opponents' play, but to an offensive combination consisting of the Yale eleven, backed by, first, a culpable ignorance or misinterpretation of the rules; second, an equally culpable carelessness in the arrangements on the field; third, to an unruly and unrestrained partisan crowd." The refusal of Yale to play with more than eleven men and Harvard with less than fifteen, prevented a match in '77. Yale's argument, as voiced by the *Courant*, was: "We are the champions of last fall, having won with eleven men and the Rugby rules, and all teams who wish to contest the championship with us should challenge us to play with eleven men and the Rugby rules." In reply the *Advocate* said: "Harvard having beaten all her opponents, Yale included, with fifteen men in '75 and '76, was the champion in the fall of '76, and had therefore a right to keep to fifteen men. She had been playing all the fall of '76 with fifteen men, and wished to play Yale with that number; but Yale insisted on eleven men. Harvard made the concession." So there was no game that year. But in '78, after parley, Yale consented to play with fifteen men, and the match came off in Boston on the South End grounds. It was a fierce contest on a rain-soaked field, and was won by Yale by a single goal. This time the *Advocate* admitted that, though a disappointment, the game was fairly won.

In the autumn of '74 the first field meeting of the new Athletic Association, the precursor of a long line of similar contests, was held on Jarvis field. The sports included a hundred-yard dash, in which eleven sprinters participated; a running high jump; a one hundred-yard hurdle race; throwing a baseball; a two-mile run, with seven contestants; a half-mile run; a three-legged race; and a three-mile walk. To quote from the records of the day: "The weather was true Indian summer —a perfectly clear sky, with a bright sun and very gentle wind. It was evident that the Field Committee had made every needful preparation for the afternoon's performances. A quarter-mile track, quite smooth but rather soft, had been laid out, surrounded by a rope; while a stouter rope, stretched around the entire field, with the aid of six policemen, kept the populace at a proper distance. Directly opposite the spectators' seats a judges' stand was placed, while in the centre of the field were the hurdles and jumping-poles, with a hundred-yard track marked out between them." It was an important day in the history of athletic sports at Harvard.

In the matter of baseball, the seventies were years of much activity and success. A great many men played for exercise in my time, whether they were candidates for the team or not, and there was plenty of material from which to choose a winning nine. My particular class contributed the pitcher and catcher of the nine which won in '72 and again in '73 the series of games with Yale. In neither instance was a third game necessary. The later years of the seventies saw the Harvard nine, under the leadership of Captain Thayer, repeatedly victorious against the blue in fiercely contested games, the memory of which stirs the blood in the veins of their now more than forty-year-old contemporaries. The Harvard nine in these years played with professional as well as college teams, and made tours in various directions to meet doughty adversaries. No gambling or jockeying features were then conspicuous; no newspaper lives of the players exaggerated beyond all semblance to truth the

importance of the undertaking. The nine were simple-minded, earnest young men who were fond of baseball for its own sake and determined to beat Yale. Why we won then and do not win now puzzles many brains wiser in athletic lore than mine. I suppose the reason is that then we played better ball than Yale and now Yale plays better ball than Harvard. Naturally the best players win.

As to boating, the seventies saw similar activity on the water, and though in the early part of the decade Harvard took the wash of some of the fresh-water colleges for a considerable period, '77, '78, and '79 were among the most brilliant in the history of Harvard athletics. In those years the eight-oared crew under Captain Bancroft won three successive victories against Yale. In '71, '72, '73, '74, '75, and '76, races were rowed at Ingleside, Springfield, or Saratoga, under the auspices of the National Rowing Association of American Colleges. As many as ten or twelve crews took part in these contests, and fouls and consequent bickerings were numerous. Harvard never came in first, but she thought herself first in '73 for about three minutes, only to find herself third. That was the day of the famous diagonal line. In 1875 the Harvard color, which since 1864 had masqueraded under the name of Magenta, owing to some difficulty or carelessness in getting the proper shade of handkerchief for the crews, was definitely established as crimson. These were active days on the Charles for miscellaneous oarsmen. Class and scratch crews abounded and sunk each other from time to time, and every one tried to row. At one period, in '75 I think, club crews, made up from different sections of the yard, and named after the dormitories, Holworthy, Weld, Holyoke, and Matthews, took the place of the class crews for a time. Sliding seats were first introduced in the seventies, and eight substituted for six oars in the University boat in 1876.

There was much sociability among the students in my day. There was considerable loafing in one another's rooms, and sitting round doing nothing. I dare say there is still. Until well on in the seventies the classes were still small enough for a man to know all his classmates by sight, and the majority of them pretty well. As I remember us, we were an energetic lot, and, despite the statement I have quoted as to our conservatism, were as ready as the authorities to try new ventures. Those who did not study hard went in for something else with enthusiasm. I was well fitted when I entered, and was able to keep about the middle of the class by skimming like a swallow over the surface of my work. I hope that is not possible now. My senior year I, like many others, turned over a new leaf and did a little better, so that when I graduated I was anxious to do better still, and accordingly took a course for the Doctor of Philosophy degree, living in Boston and coming out now and then to consult Professor Child, whose valuable, friendly counsel I have always remembered with gratitude. When I entered the law school in '76 I found it a veritable bee-hive. Everybody was ardently in earnest, and it was interesting to see what a change had come over many of the men who had not been conspicuous for hard work as undergraduates. The leaven of the new administration was working.

It is not easy to describe the more elusive features of college life in my day, the friendships formed, the walks and talks, the grapplings with the problems of existence in company or by one's self. These are matters which count, perhaps, for more than anything else in the experience of every student. I refer to them to indicate that, though we were boyish, we were, as a rule, right-minded and eager at heart to do well, and thoughtful withal when no proctor's vicinity catered to our taste for mischief. I am sure that when the corner-stone of Memorial Hall was laid in October, 1870, some of us envied the glory of those in whose memory it was done, and felt that we had been deprived by fate of an opportunity. We were by no means a morbid lot, however. Indeed, feeling that we had just missed the great chance, we may have been disposed, after the manner of those who missed the last car from Scollay Square, to take things as comfortably as we

could under the circumstances. Some of us read a good deal, but our miscellaneous reading was rarely directed by suggestions or hints from our instructors. The college library was then a place for storing books instead of circulating them, as at present, and was comparatively little used by the students. The *Harvard Advocate*, in bidding farewell to my class, said: "No longer will they sport at pitch-penny in front of Holworthy, or pass ball in defiance of proctors all over the yard. But, seriously, few classes have ever graduated more beloved by their fellow-students or esteemed by the faculty than '73." This was a little stiff perhaps, but I cannot allow such a tribute to my class to lie buried in the files of more than twenty years ago.

As I look back on my college days it strikes me that we were boys. Honest, energetic, square-trotting, manly boys, but still boys. The fault was not wholly ours; the apparent aim of the authorities was to keep us so, and one of the most significant and valuable of the results of the policy adopted by President Eliot and his faculty is the trust which is now reposed in the honor of the students and the breaking down of the barriers between the instructors and the instructed. We were spied on and watched. Proctors dogged our footsteps at night and stalked between the tables on examination-day. What wonder that the Freshmen and Sophomores "ragged" signs from the lamp-posts and the shops out of deviltry, and that even Juniors wore top-boots lined with "cribs," in order to baffle the argus-eyed? It was anything to get the better of our tutors, and with them the presumption seemed to be that a student was not to be trusted. It is evident to me that the relations of the undergraduates of the present day to their instructors is very different, and that, as a consequence, the Harvard man of the nineties is more disposed to put away boyish things and take advantage of the opportunities offered him for culture.

We were energetic, honest, and manly boys, and we were simple in our habits. The material wave which swept over the nation, as a result of the great fortunes accumulated, had scarcely begun to be felt. Society in New England at the time of the civil war stood for noble ideals and great purposes. That grand generation has passed away. Its great men are dead; many of its theories seem a little nebulous to us now. We have entered on a new phase of civilization, and new problems bred of democracy and unrest confront us. Yet I believe that work as earnest and more intelligent than the work of the past is being done in the world to-day, and that much of it is being done at Harvard. I do not think that the University should be held responsible for that which should be learned at the mother's knee and impressed on the growing boy by parental precept and example. If the student is extravagant and self-indulgent it is because his elders are. If the tone and aspirations of society and the homes of this country are at fault, young men will be sent to Harvard unable to appreciate the benefits which are offered to them. But when we come to compare the Harvard of to-day with the Harvard of the seventies, I cannot but feel that from the point of view of a liberal education the young man of to-day, if he will choose wisely, and make the most of his time, has a grand chance. His faculties are stimulated in a way in which mine never were. He is allured, not clubbed into the path of knowledge and wisdom. The methods of teaching are charged with sympathy, and the standards of mental excellence have been greatly raised. Competition is fiercer, and, to excel, the mental athlete needs the full energies of a healthy body and a well-trained mind. In the plethora of choice and the abundance of the interests of university life, some may go miserably astray in the twilight; but even in the sixties all did not hearken to the inspirations of the hour, and in the fifties the connection of some with the college was abruptly severed.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

Harvard University to-day offers young men a chance to train themselves for the work of life such as it never offered me and the men of my time. The students have a gymnasium for the mind and for the body which will send them out into the world fit to control events and do battle for our motto *Veritas*. But the University cannot evolve a noble life from a shallow soul. It says choose, and it is for each to declare whether he will have the sky or the herbs and apples. We who were undergraduates twenty years ago must needs envy the men of the nineties their greater privileges.

GOLF

By H. J. Whigham

It is natural that a game which has formed the chief recreation of the Scottish people for several centuries should have by this time acquired a large literature of its own, so much so that two of the best volumes in the whole domain of sporting history are devoted to this subject. It will be unnecessary and superfluous therefore to enter upon a full description of the game's development in the remote past, for are not its annals written in the pages of the Badminton book upon golf and did not Sir Walter Simpson go back farther yet and invent a pretty legend to explain the origin of the pastime? All this has been done for us already. It is needless to recount how the popularity of the game began in the seventeenth century seriously to menace the profession of the soldier and the pursuit of religion; how the great Montrose preferred a friendly contest at Musselburgh to raiding the base Lowlander, or how Charles I. forfeited his crown and his life because he allowed the Irish Rebellion to break out while he was sacrificing his royal duties to indulgence in this ancient sport. More recent passages in history tell the same tale. The one fact of importance which has been related of the predecessor of Queen Victoria on the throne of England is that he was elected captain of the St. Andrews Golf Club, and it is certain to-day that Mr. A. J. Balfour would refuse the premiership of the British Government if he could by so doing become the amateur golf champion of Scotland and England.

In order, then, to avoid returning over ground that has been so often trodden before, it will be well to confine ourselves to the more recent incidents in the growth of the game, more especially those which have to do with its spread in this country. For even Mr. Horace Hutchinson's excellent work in the Badminton series was contributed before England became thoroughly converted. Nine years ago, at the English universities, not only was the game played by a very small body of undergraduates over the half-inundated cricket fields during the winter months, but the ignorance displayed by all who did not belong to this devoted band was simply appalling to one who had been born and educated north of the Tweed. The point of view taken by most Englishmen was well expressed when it was proposed about a year later that the members of the team selected to represent Oxford in the inter-university golf match should be allowed the privilege of wearing a "half-blue"—the full "blue" being the reward for services in the Rowing Eight, Cricket Eleven, or football teams. The president of the "blues" committee was at that time one of the best all-round athletes in Oxford, and he very strongly objected to extending any university recognition to the exponents of a game which —as he put it—did not induce perspiration. In other words, he confirmed the general opinion of outsiders that golf is not an athletic pursuit at all, but merely a mild recreation for old men.

Now, although it is perfectly true that children of ten and octogenarians can trudge round the links and enjoy the fresh air and the mild exercise involved in tap-

ping the ball, it is entirely wrong to suppose that the game when properly played does not require the same muscular strength, skill, and endurance which are requisite for pre-eminence in all the higher branches of sport. Golf was never intended to be a game for team matches, and for that reason it is probably right to leave it out of the reckoning in university athletics. On the other hand we need only look for a moment at the career of the best amateur players in the world to see the truth of the assertion upon which I should like to lay some stress that strength, skill, and training are absolutely necessary for success in the royal and ancient game ; for if it were really a pastime for old men, women, and children, as so many seem to imagine, or if it were simply a society fad, as it would appear to a large section of the American public, who have been unaccustomed in the past to any form of athletics which can be indulged in by a man after he has left college, then the best players would be drawn indifferently from the ranks of the strong and the weak, the young and the aged. This, however, is not the case. Every prominent golfer whose name comes readily to mind has achieved success in other branches of sport. Mr. F. G. Tait, the amateur champion of Great Britain for 1896, was a fair cricketer at school and a first-rate football player. He did not go through a university career, and so his prowess on the football field was not widely known ; but he was one of the strongest players at Sandhurst, the training school for the army, where strong men are rife. His predecessor, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, whose record as a golfer is a long and glorious one, was for years the best all-round athlete in Scotland. He was one of the few cricketers from the North who could ever rank with the English exponents of the game ; at school he was one of the most brilliant football players in the country ; his skill at lawn-tennis was far above the average, and it may be remarked in passing that he is a billiard-player of no mean ability, for curiously enough, accuracy in billiards and golf seem to go together in a great many cases.

Then, again, we are not surprised to find that Mr. J. E. Laidlay, who is without doubt the most brilliant match player of all the first class amateurs, was one of the most remarkable school cricketers when he was a boy at Loretto ; and so instances might be multiplied. Mr. Horace Hutchinson was a good cricketer in his college days, Mr. Mure Fergusson, the Blackwells, and Mr. John Ball, are all men of great physical strength and muscular activity. The last named player had the distinction of being the first amateur to win the open championship, and although there are others who in the last two or three years have met him on even terms, he was for a short time quite unique in the power and accuracy of his play, and it is certain that he could never have reached such perfection if it had not been for the country life which allowed him constant practice and plenty of hard physical exercise.

It may be taken for granted then, that although a man can play the game as long as he can walk or even ride round the links on a pony, the real science of golf can only be acquired by men of athletic capacity. To saunter round the eighteen holes on a summer afternoon, with intervals for tobacco and conversation, is one thing. It is another and a very different undertaking to go through a championship tournament, playing thirty-six holes a day, when every drive must be hit hard and clean, every approach must be accurate, every put must be true to a hair's breadth. A football match is a matter of less than two hours ; from the instant the ball is in play, the nervous strain is removed and the constant action requires a sound wind and fleetness of foot, but not the absolute freedom and yet control of the muscles which is requisite for steady driving, nor anything like the strain on the nerves which is kept up from the start to the finish of a close encounter at golf.

It was probably an awakening to the fact that golf was, after all, a real branch of athletics that brought about its sudden and extraordinary popularity in England eight or nine years ago. The conversion of the South began when many of the prominent cricketers discarded the bat to take up the golf club. Having for many years dismissed the Scotch game with various disparaging terms, such as "parlor skittles" or "Scotch croquet," they at length discovered that it only required a single trial to enamour them of this much despised pastime. Moreover, it became

apparent that for those who had left college and settled down to a regular profession cricket was a vain and elusive pursuit, making far too strenuous demands upon the time and purse to come within the reach of any but the rich and idle. Golf, on the other hand, could be freely enjoyed by all who were able to spare an afternoon a week. No sooner, therefore, were the floodgates opened than the new waters threatened to inundate the whole field of English sport. The stanchest cricketers were found among the proselytes, lawn-tennis became a thing of the past, the crack shots from the midland counties would tarry on the links of St. Andrews late in the year when the partridges and pheasants were waiting to be killed at home; even the rabid fox-hunter found himself wasting whole days when the frost was out of the ground, chasing the gutta-percha instead of the brush. Heretofore in Scotland inland links were exceedingly rare; but now they sprang up in every county of Great Britain. Old lawns, on whose immemorial turf it had been reckoned a sin even to walk, were ruthlessly hacked to pieces by the iron of the golfing tyro; the cattle were robbed of their pasturelands in order that the putting-greens should not be disturbed; and last but not least the Sabbath was freely violated by men and women who had never before missed a morning service in church.

Needless to say, this sudden enthusiasm was regarded with supreme distrust by the conservative Scotchman. New elements were introduced into the game which he could least endure. Formerly the only prizes in the year had been the autumn and spring medals at the leading clubs, and these were coveted for glory and not for their intrinsic value, which amounted to less than that of the expense in clubs and balls which it cost to win them. The real game of golf was to be found only in match play, and the counting of scores was regarded with the utmost abhorrence except on those rare occasions, twice in the year, when it was absolutely necessary. The Englishman, however, looked upon the matter in a very different light. Long practice in lawn-tennis tournaments had inured him to the vicious habit of pot-hunting, so that golf for him was a new and unending source of joy. Tournaments and sweepstakes were matters of weekly occurrence, a system of handicapping was instituted, and the young golfer was chiefly engaged not so much in improving his game as in defeating the vigilance of the green-committee; nor was it at all rare to find a veritable duffer in possession of many valuable trophies, any one of which would have bought up all the medals in the keeping of the best first-class player in Scotland.

It can hardly be wondered then that the term "English golfer" became one of reproach upon the Northern courses. The pilgrims from the South were in fact a terrible nuisance. They had no respect for the sacred traditions of the game; they appeared on the classic heath of St. Andrews adorned in flaring "blazers," which filled the mind of the orthodox Scot with loathing, they never played a match, but toiled round the links with pencil and card, intent on deceiving themselves into the belief that they were daily lowering their record. A famous old caddie at North Berwick expressed the general feeling of his outspoken class when he pointed to one of these misguided individuals busily engaged with his card on one of the putting-greens, utterly oblivious to the fact that he was delaying the field while he worked in the higher branches of arithmetic, and remarked, in a loud tone of contempt to one of his party, "D'ye see yon man? D'ye ken the best club in his set—it's his pencil."

This was only one aspect of the movement, however, and now that the pencilling disease has more or less abated, it is only fair to admit that the new impetus given to the game by its sudden popularity outside of Scotland has been in the long run most beneficial. The competition has of course become far greater, and as young athletes have taken up the sport more and more, the standard of excellence has proportionately increased. I am quite willing to believe that "Young Tom" Morris was one of the greatest golfers that ever lived, but I am equally convinced that there were no amateurs in his time who could compare with the players of to-day. The conditions are certainly in our favor. Not only have the greens become easier, and straight driving less essential, but the implements of war are far more efficacious. The quality of the

balls has greatly improved, and the introduction of the "bulger" has revolutionized the art of driving. With the old-fashioned long-headed club it was practically impossible to hit hard with any accuracy, the slightest deviation in aim involving a terrific slice or pull. Nowadays the curve on the face of the club, and the more compact volume of weight, makes the matter of direction so much easier that a far greater force can be given to the stroke. Twenty years ago a man who was a long driver was at once stamped as an erratic player, not to be relied upon. Now, unless a certain average of distance is maintained no one can rank as a first-class player.

But it was not merely the old-fashioned weapons which handicapped the amateurs of the past generation. We have only to consider who they were to see that, other things being equal, they could not possibly have competed with the best players of today. In the first place, they were far behind the professionals, which is not the case at present. Secondly, they were for the most part middle-aged men; so much so that it was considered an impertinence for any youngster to play against them. They kept up the pleasing fiction for a long time that at golf, as at whist, the ripeness of long experience was necessary for success, and it required many expositions of the game to persuade them that the cracks of the younger generation, men like Mr. J. E. Laidlay and the Blackwells, were introducing a new and superior kind of play. When, for instance, Mr. Ted Blackwell used to drive across the corner of the railway at St. Andrews—a carry of about one hundred and seventy yards—his feat was regarded as a sort of circus trick, wonderful to look at, but quite outside the true sphere of golf. After awhile, however, it became apparent that not only could the trick be repeated, but what was more important, Mr. Blackwell almost invariably beat his opponent, and gradually the old order began to change, making way for the new, which was hastened in its coming by the fresh impulse from athletes in England. In other words, the kind of golf which could be played by an elderly Scotch judge on Monday afternoon at Musselburgh in a stiff collar and a high silk hat ceased to be regarded as the best standard of excellence which could be reached by the amateur. It was recognized now that to play the game to its full advantage a man must be in good health and training, with muscle and eye in perfect accord; and we must thank the English cricketer for helping to impress this fact upon the hardy but conservative Northerner.

It is now time to turn to the growth of the game in this country, which is the main theme of the present article. We have seen that the sudden spread of golf in England was almost contemporaneous with a new development in the evolution of the sport. It remains to inquire how far that development has been appreciated in America. The particular genius of the American has a tendency to reduce sports of all kinds to a scientific basis, and therefore it is to be expected that sooner or later the lovers of the game in this country will be able to throw some new light not only upon the methods of play, but upon the interpretation of the rules, which has always been a difficulty since golf passed out of the hands of the few into the possession of the many who cannot be controlled by tradition alone, but need the assistance of hard and fast laws. It seems to me that so far the players in this country have been more exercised over the proper reading of the regulations than they have over the development of the game itself. And since it is extremely important that no radical changes should be made in the rules, which long experience has proved to be best adapted to the government of the game before, at least, it is definitely understood what the game is, it may be well to point out a few of the main shortcomings of the golf that is played on this side of the Atlantic.

You cannot play golf without links, any more than you can make bricks without straw, so that the first consideration is that your links should be as good as possible. It is five or six years since the game was introduced into the United States, and yet the fact remains that there is hardly a course in the country that in any way approximates a first-class links in the proper sense of the term. Of course allowances must be made for the many drawbacks which have to be overcome in the way of climate and soil, but there are so many errors in the best courses in the country which might easily be remedied,

that it seems necessary to indicate exactly what are the features of the best courses in England and Scotland, and what is the standard at which we have to aim. To put it as shortly as possible : Great Britain is encircled for the most part by a belt of sandy soil from half a mile to a mile in breadth, which has been formed by the receding of the ocean. This belt of land is of an undulating character, with occasional abrupt sand-hills, and the whole surface is covered with a short velvety turf which stands a great deal of wear and tear, but is always smooth and soft ; even in the rainiest summer the grass seldom grows long enough on the regular course to conceal a golf-ball from sight, while the climate of the British Isles is such that a drought seldom comes to parch the young blades, or scorch the putting greens. Such a thing as a stone or a tree is practically unknown on the best courses ; good play will always secure good lies on perfect turf, while the putting greens are simply part of the regular course, not laid out with a spirit level, but taken as they come with the natural roll of the land, which greatly increases the necessity of skill and accuracy in negotiating the finer part of the game. The only hazards admissible are sand-bunkers, which occur naturally at irregular intervals, the long grass which on the seashore is called "bent," and which generally bounds the edge of the course to prevent wild driving, the gorse which is an incident of most Scotch links, and, if nature happens to supply it, a water hazard in the shape of a pond or stream. There are cases of stone-walls on Prestwick and North Berwick, two of the finest courses in Scotland, but they are there of necessity and not by choice, and to imagine that they are proper adjuncts, would be equivalent to considering that every racket-court must have a cracked wall, because there happens to be a slight fissure in the best court at Lords.

Now the courses which are laid out on this sand-belt of Great Britain are not held to be best because they are recommended by custom, but because it only requires a single day upon any one of them to find that the game takes on new features of interest which it has never possessed before. A man who has once ridden upon a modern safety with pneumatic tires would never go back to the old-fashioned high bicycle with thin cushions ; so one who has played golf at Prestwick or St. Andrews knows at once what are the possibilities of the game. Imagine, therefore, the astonishment of a Scotch golfer upon reading the accounts of some of the prominent courses in this country. Here are a few examples : "It is an inland course of stone-wall hazards, rocky pastures bordered by ploughed fields and woods, and is prolific in those little hollows known as cuppy lies ;" or this : "The hazards are mainly artificial ; there are some stretches of sand, railroad embankment, and deep roads that are tests of skill and temper ;" or this : "There are nine holes in the course which furnishes great variety in its hazards of hills, stone-walls, railroad embankments lined with blast furnace slag, apple-trees, and a combination of terrors in front of what is known as the Devil's Hole, consisting of brook, bowlders, and road, which has spoiled many a score ;" or, best of all : "A player who has done a round at the Country Club will have passed over various points of avenue, steeple-chase course, race-track, polo-fields, and pigeon-shooting grounds ; he will have come triumphantly through a purgatorial stone-wall jump, a sand-bunker and bastion, a water jump and finally a vast gravel pit or crater. . . . Stone-walls, trees, ploughed fields, fences, and chasms present excellent sporting requirements on a course."

Many more instances might be quoted, but these are quite sufficient to explain exactly what a golf-links ought *not* to be. A golfer is not a quarryman that he should go down into a gravel-pit to extricate his ball from the midst of bowlders ; nor is he one of the hewers of wood or drawers of water that he should slash the trees with his niblick like a modern Don Quixote, or cover himself with mire from a muddy ditch. It is understood, of course, that Nature cannot entirely be overcome. The coast of Maine, where there is enough moisture in the air to keep the greens in good condition, is too rocky, while the summer climate of Long Island prevents the courses there from being kept in first-class condition, although the quality of soil is equal to anything in Scotland or England. Still, even if the ideal links can never be quite attainable, it is possible, by aiming in the right direction,

to get a course which shall be for all practical purposes a perfect test of golf. To arrive at such a consummation, it is necessary always to keep the ideal in view ; and the first object, therefore, should be to procure the best possible turf all through the course and on the putting greens. Next it should be remembered that, if possible, all the hazards, with the exception of a stream or a pond, should be sand-bunkers. Long grass is admissible, but should be avoided in the direct line of play, because it leads to so much waste of time in hunting for lost balls. Every single tree on the links should be ruthlessly cut down. If a picturesque landscape is insisted upon it is easy enough to leave the woods which may happen to lie on the confines, but they should be regarded as out of bounds and never played through. Every bowlder and stone should be removed with assiduous care, for they are merely responsible for broken clubs and loss of temper, and have nothing in the world to do with the game. Finally the putting greens should be left as Nature made them, except in so far as they are kept in perfect condition by rolling and mowing. They ought not to be laid out on a dead level so as to preclude any nicety in the judgment of curves, but should be gently undulating and always guarded in some way by a hazard. In this country it is generally necessary to water them, that they may not become parched and inordinately keen ; on the other hand it must be remembered that the smoother and keener they are up to a certain point, the greater will be the skill called into play both in putting and approaching. A man who has been accustomed to pitch the ball boldly on to a slow level-putting green with fair accuracy, will find himself hopelessly at sea when he has to contend with a keen slope where a hair's breadth deviation from the true direction will lead to instant perdition. To take cases in point, the putting greens at Shinnecock, where the championship meeting was held last year, were far too small and keen, although they were beautifully true. Those at Meadowbrook, on the contrary, are perfect in condition, but they are for the most part so level and slow, that approach play is rendered comparatively easy.

So much for the nature of the ground. A word or two remains to be said upon the laying out of the eighteen holes. I say eighteen advisedly, because a course of half the distance can never be placed in the first class. The expenses incurred in laying out golf-links in this country are generally so great, that it has been deemed best in most cases to get nine good holes rather that eighteen of an inferior nature. But this should always be regarded as a temporary measure. It is not merely a matter of convenience in tournaments which can only be held with any satisfaction on a full course; but in every-day play a nine-hole round becomes very monotonous and does not allow sufficient scope for versatility in the game.

As far as I am able to judge there are many nine-hole courses in the East which are admirably constructed — Meadowbrook, for instance, being very well laid out —but there is not one of the eighteen-hole rounds that approaches perfection. Take Shinnecock, for instance, which, from the nature of its soil, ought to be an almost ideal field for play, there is hardly a single hole of a good length; that is to say, the distances are so arranged that not only is the prowess of the good golfer seldom brought into evidence, but the chances of good and bad are in a fair way of being equalized. The chief thing to aim at in distributing the holes is to arrange them in such a way that each can be reached from the tee by one or two or three *full* shots, as the case may be. That is practically the whole gist of the matter. For it is obvious that, under such conditions, a player cannot miss a single shot, cannot even play an indifferent stroke without being penalized. If, on the other hand, the length of a hole is such that it cannot be covered in one shot, and yet if the drive off the tee goes only a hundred yards or so, it can still be covered in two, by the aid of a good second; then it is evident that one drive is, for all practical purposes, as good as another. When there are many holes of such a description, a player may make a bad drive off every tee and yet defeat an opponent who never misses a single shot in the round. A careful study of the best courses in Great Britain will show that the number of holes measuring from two hundred and forty to three hundred yards is exceedingly rare ; in other words, the rule referred to above is the one essential toward excellence.

As for the hazards, they should be sand bunkers, as far as possible. Sand should be procured, even at a considerable cost, because there is no other kind of hazard which answers the purpose so well. They should be of such a nature that a good player can always extricate himself from the difficulty in one stroke, and they should, above all things, be varied in their construction.

The everlasting line of cops seen on so many of our inland courses are both an offence to the eye and to the intelligence. The difficulties thrown in the path of a discriminating golfer should be of a far more subtile nature. In driving off the tee it is generally well to have something in front to catch a missed ball, and the hazard ought to be large and well defined; a little ditch, at one hundred and twenty yards distance, is not nearly sufficient because it punishes only a few out of the many bad shots. If possible, the hazard should extend in many cases over the whole distance between the tee and the carry of a moderate drive. Then, as regards the hazards near the putting green, particular care should be taken to have them placed in various shapes and positions. A single bastion in front of every hole is more often an aid to success than a ground for misfortune; it is an easy guide to the eye, and induces a player to be bold in his approach, a quality in which he is often deficient. Hazards should be placed on every side of the hole, more especially beyond it, so that every approach may call for careful calculation. Finally let me repeat that trees and stones must, at all costs, be removed; and the requirements of a good golf course will have been fairly stated.

When we have arrived at such a measure of excellence as this, the difficulties of the rules and regulations of the game will begin to solve themselves. The United States Golf Association, for instance, passed a rule permitting a player in a match to lift his ball out of any difficulty at the penalty of two strokes. Now this was in direct opposition to the original idea of the game that the ball should always be played under any circumstances, or else the hole should be given up. The excuse for the change made by the Executive Committee was that there were many courses in the country where conditions were different, and where it would often be impossible to hit the ball at all. The answer to such an argument is apparent. Such a course is not fit for the proper exercise of the game and ought not to be admitted to membership in the Association. Although it is impossible always to reproduce the perfect turf and bracing sea-air of the Scotch links, it is quite feasible to lay out a course in such a way that it may be as good a test as possible of proficiency in the game. Take, for instance, the Chicago Golf Club links at Wheaton. The course has been in existence only two years, and yet, when a few additional bunkers are finished, which are at present under construction, it will present as fair a field for the settling of rival claims as any links outside of the first half dozen or so in Great Britain. Of course the quality of soil is different from that of St. Andrews or Prestwick, but the turf is excellent; a good drive is hardly ever punished by a bad lie; the hazards are of the proper sort, chiefly consisting of sand bunkers, with an occasional water-jump, and above all there are no trees, stones, or buildings on the course. The holes are laid out in such a way as to eliminate, as far as possible, the element of chance; and taking it all in all it is probably the only eighteen-hole course in the country which can compare with the best links abroad. I state this, not as a matter of prejudice, but because it is an incontrovertible fact, and one which should be taken into consideration by all green-committees; for it is a simple proof that nearly all the Eastern courses could be improved to a similar extent by keeping the true ideal constantly in view.

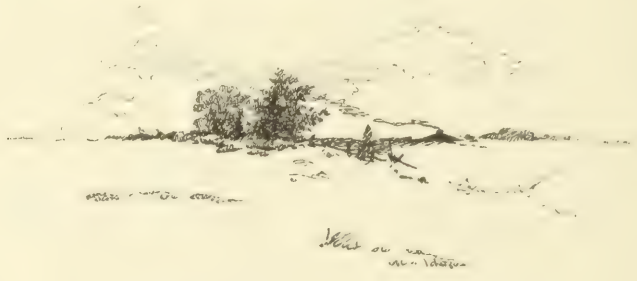
The rules of golf have always presented a difficulty to those who are entrusted with the care of framing them, and since there are many points under discussion at the present moment of writing it will be well to take only a general view of the case. It is quite certain that many of the existing regulations as they stand are faulty, chiefly because while they have the right aim in view, they leave so much ground for argument and discussion; and it is equally certain that before long the American golfers, who are not bound hand and foot by tradition, will introduce one or two remedial measures which will incense the conservative Briton but will probably aid the true development of the game. Already an ex-

cellent innovation, for which the United States Association is responsible, is the method of deciding the Amateur Championship. It was considered a great step in the right direction when the competition by holes was first introduced into Great Britain, not by a Scotch club but by the green-committee of Hoylake in England. Since the hole game is the only true golf, it seemed a pity that the Amateur Championship should not be decided in any other way. A difficulty, however, has since arisen on account of the unwieldy size of the field which threatens to make the tournament a very protracted affair. It remained for American golfers to solve the problem by inventing the dual method of play ; first weeding out the poorer players by two rounds of medal play, and then selecting the champion by several rounds of hole play—a plan which sounds very obvious and satisfactory as soon as it is suggested ; for it cuts down the list of entries very quickly, and also necessitates excellence in both branches of the game ; and after all the patience and accuracy brought out in medal play ought to count for something. Now, however, there is a proposal to go still farther into the weeding out process by fixing a definite scratch score for every links based upon the distances of the holes, and accepting no entry from anyone whose handicap at his home club is above a certain limit. Whether this suggestion should be carried out or not is entirely a matter of expediency. If it is found that so many entries are made as to seriously militate against the success of the tournament, it will be necessary to adopt some such scheme for keeping out all those who have really no chance of winning, but merely enter for practice or amusement. The national tournament is not a nursery for embryo golfers, nor is it fair that a good player should be handicapped by having to go through the preliminary rounds with a duffer who has not the ghost of a chance of winning. One of the arguments against the acceptance of a definite scratch based on distance, is that it can be so easily obviated by a slight alteration of tees so as to make the score as high as possible and include a number of players who would not otherwise have qualified. Still it must be remembered that it is always easy to defeat the ends of any government for the time being, and a certain reliance must be placed upon green-committees to do their best, not only for the interests of their respective clubs, but for the future of the game itself. In this matter of qualification experience alone will show whether a new regulation is necessary or not ; but as a general principle it ought to be remembered that golf is still a very new game in the country, and the would-be iconoclasts should be discouraged from taking any premature action which would alienate us from golfers on the other side of the Atlantic in the meantime, and in the long run prove to be quite unnecessary.

Those who look for instruction in the science of golf must turn to the pages of the Badminton book which is still the highest authority on the subject ; but it may not be out of place to throw out a few suggestions as to the spirit in which the book should be read. It must be remembered in the first place, that nearly all the men who have taken up the game in America of recent years, have reached an age when it is impossible to acquire the easy suppleness of youth. They ought accordingly to modify the instructions which come to them, not only from the literature upon the subject, but from many of the professional teachers who always seem to forget that their pupils have not had the same advantages in early youth as themselves. It is nearly always wrong for a grown man to attempt a full swing to start with. I have so constantly heard the most promising beginners reproached for what the conventional book-learned player calls a lack of form, that it seems very necessary to point out that a short clean sweep at the ball is not only far more effective, but far better form than the angular contortions which go to make up what many beginners are pleased to call a full swing. In driving the ball the main object is to keep the head of the club travelling as long as possible in the direct line of flight, and this must be achieved, at first, by letting the club go back only so far as is possible without making an angular bend in the swing. If this steady sweep is constantly kept in view, the beginner will find that gradually he is able to swing farther and farther back as the muscles become more accustomed to the motion, until finally he attains the proud distinction of possessing a real St.

Andrew's swing. In all other things, moreover, he should exercise his common sense and make up his mind that it is his duty to hit the ball clean every time, even if in so doing he sacrifices a good many yards in distance. Above all let him watch the best players and get into their style by unconscious imitation. If our beginners would only walk round with their professional teachers, and feel, as it were, the easy method of sweeping away the ball, they would learn far more than they do in a hundred verbal lessons; and when they play they should always play matches and not trudge round the links with a pencil and score-card—trying to lower a record of their own which is absolutely meaningless. The young player who can take odds from his elders and betters, and compete with them more or less successfully, is far nearer the road to grace, although his total score should mount up ever so much higher than the record of the solitary and introspective knight of the pencil. Life would be far more worth living on a golf links if there were a rule in every club forbidding a member to mention his score or talk at length about the lowering of a record which nobody but himself cares about, and even he himself only half believes in. The game was originally intended to be a friendly contest of skill; the middle-aged beginner has made it a fruitful source of lying and self-deception, and a very scourge to his friends.

One word should be said about the courtesies of the game. There is no pursuit in life which exhibits the best and the worst of a man so freely as the game of golf. That a control of the temper is absolutely essential for success goes without saying, and there are many little points which suggest a loss of that control if certain rules of etiquette are not strictly observed. The most important of these is the way in which the rules are interpreted, and there seems to be only one way of dealing with the matter. First of all, if a penalty is incurred for any reason, the player should at once admit it without waiting for his opponent to call his attention to it, and no matter how trifling the breach of rule, or how unimportant the game, the full penalty should be conceded whether the opponent desires it or not. On the other hand, if the opponent should move his ball, for instance, in addressing it, it is his business to count the stroke, for stroke it is just as much as the longest drive that was ever struck from the tee; and except when playing for a medal he should be left entirely to himself in the matter. To put it shortly, the word "claim" has no place in the golfer's vocabulary. It may be argued, of course, that your opponent may then take advantage of you. If he does, your remedy is simple—never to play with him again. In the meantime, if every golfer were intent upon acting up to the very letter of the law, there could never be any possibility of dispute. After all it is a game for gentlemen, and unless that is kept in mind, unpleasantness becomes endless. Perhaps it is this very fact which has made it so popular in this country, where the other great games are in danger of getting entirely into the hands of professionals. That being the case, it is most important that the tendency to multiply tournaments and lavish handsome trophies on indifferent players should be checked at the outset of our golfing history. Ten years ago the best players in the world were content with the custody of one or two small medals which they could not even keep, and I confess that in the best interests of the game, I wish the same state of things existed now. Possibly we shall have a revulsion of feeling in a short time, and golf will take on again its garb of Caledonian simplicity.



THE WORKING OF A BANK

(THE CONDUCT OF GREAT BUSINESSES—FOURTH PAPER)

By Charles D. Lanier

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM ACTUAL SCENES

ONE of the pictures illustrating this article shows the private office of the president of a great bank. From his desk there is visible, only a few feet away through the barred window, the hurrying throng of men, women, horses, wagons, and cars that make up the bustling life of a great metropolitan street. The sound of nervously rapid footsteps, the conversation of brokers' clerks, the slogan of the newsboy, the harsh jangle of car-bells, the ominous rumble of heavy express loads leave no part of the electric tenseness of the city's life foreign to the atmosphere which surrounds the chief officer of the bank.

There is in this picture a definite suggestion of a truth that does not enter into the popular conception of a bank, but which, when fully stated and explained, is the perfect key to an understanding of its methods and activities. A layman is apt to think of a bank as a more or less inexorable and always majestic institution, set apart from other businesses and above their laws, moving on rigid lines with slow and unchangeable dignity, under the guidance of men chosen only for their conservative natures and the stability of their financial records, as the apotheosis of relentless respectability — an institution which, being terrene, may fall; but, if so, Walhalla-like, because of fate and the infirmities of depositors, rather than from natural and common economic laws. To explain how different is the truth, how very human a trade is the practice of banking, how essential to it are the nervous energy and all the higher arts of successful "hustling" which form the most indispensable capital of any great business, it will be necessary to look briefly at the fundamental aims of a bank and its practical organization.

There are three main purposes in a bank:

First, to receive money on deposit from people who wish to have their funds kept in a safe place from which they may draw them out by check as need may be.

Second, to loan money and discount notes, drafts, and bills of exchange. In this capacity the bank gives cash, or its equivalent, to an individual in exchange for such evidences of debt due him from some other individual as the bank may deem to be good, charging a certain commission or interest; and makes loans at interest or buys commercial paper, which last is equivalent to lending money on the personal security of reputable firms engaged in trade.

Third, in the case of national banks, to issue its own notes in analogy to the issue by the United States of the legal-tender bills which we use for currency. This last function is of the least interest to this article and is becoming less and less essential to the practice of banking.

Everyone is familiar with the first function of deposit, but just what remuneration the bank gets for this service of safe-keeping, together with those more elaborate functions suggested in the second paragraph, is so often a mystery to people not actually engaged in business that some detailed explanation cannot be impertinent.

To begin *ab ovo*. A bank generally comes into existence from the special needs of some community or coterie of business men. Anyone may be a banker; there are no restrictions except in the amount of capital required for a national bank. This must be $50,000 at least, and in larger cities $200,000. Suppose that five gentlemen have subscribed $50,000 to the capital stock of a new bank;

the necessary payments have been made and a promising site has been selected with reference to the convenience of the particular trade which, in the promoters' opinion, will desire to use the new institution. The prosperous business concerns in this community are receiving daily money and checks, and, perhaps, notes, for the goods they have sold. If they believe in the good judgment and honesty of the men at the head of the new bank they may be persuaded to deposit each day in it such funds as they receive, or a part of them, for safe and convenient keeping, to be drawn out by checks as they may need. Thus the first function of banking has begun.

The bank is in, we will say, a centre of manufacturing. One of the large furniture factories finds it necessary to purchase a consignment of high-grade lumber, the raw material of its chairs. This manufacturing concern is running on a profitable basis, but owing to the fact that the retail dealers to whom it sells the chairs do not pay until after the delivery of goods, part of its assets are always in the shape of large accounts due it for furniture sold, and its actual cash in bank is sure to be a very small proportion of the total assets; so it is impossible to pay for this great quantity of lumber with a check. It is, however, an old and reputable business, and the lumber dealers are willing to take its evidence of indebtedness in the shape of a promissory note signed in the firm name. A note-broker very likely may bring this paper, endorsed by the lumber firm, almost immediately to the new bank, for the lumber men, though satisfied with the worth of the note, must have money for running expenses. The bank, too, believes in the value of the note and buys it from the holders, charging a certain commission, which covers the risk and the loss of interest. When the note is due the bank's runners present it at the office of the chair factory and the face value is paid. Such a note is called commercial paper.

Or, again, the same factory may sell a car-load of chairs to retail dealers three thousand miles away, and wish to avail itself immediately of the cash value of the consignment. It is only necessary, if all the parties be known and trusted, to write a draft on the retail dealer, attach it to the bill of lading given by the railroad for the furniture, and present both at the bank. The latter sees that the car-load of chairs will bring their customer such and such a sum when they arrive at their destination twenty days in the future, and is willing to discount the draft at a smaller rate of interest because there is the double security of the customer's general credit and the specific bill of lading.

Now the most significant part of this transaction, so far as it concerns banking, is the manner in which the money value is apt to be turned over from the bank to the manufacturers. They are not paid in gold or legal-tender notes, though they probably might take these if they wished; but, as a matter of fact, the amount of this draft, less the interest, is simply added to their deposits. They may draw it out by check or add to it by further deposits of their daily receipts; but no money has appeared at all.

To invent yet another instance of the second class of function: an active investor in Wall Street has need of $100,000 for a particularly desirable venture; while he has no available cash he possesses railroad stocks of a value, at the market price, considerably more than $100,000. Not thinking it a desirable time to sell these stocks, however, he takes them to the bank and borrows the necessary sum, leaving the stock as security. He may immediately pay this by check to a concern which deposits in the same bank, and if so there again may be absolutely no transfer of currency in the transaction, but simply a transfer of credits on the books of the bank.

These three operations amount, we will say, to $250,000. But the entire capital of the bank was only $50,000; where did the money come from to buy $100,000 worth of commercial paper, to discount a $50,000 bill of exchange, and to loan $100,000 on stocks? From the deposits of its customers; and since two of these sums were immediately re-deposited, this source of working capital was by no means impaired to the total extent of the sums represented. Of course there are many cases in which the note-holders and borrowers use other banks, and there will be withdrawals of deposits each day for the



TEN A.M. AT THE CLEARING-HOUSE.

At one end of the Clearing-house room, in the balcony, sits the Superintendent of the Clearing-house. At the double row of desks running down the room are seated the settling clerks, one from each of the members of the Clearing-house. Before them stand the delivery clerks, one from each bank member. The stroke of the Superintendent's bell at 10 A.M. sends each delivery clerk one step forward, to the settling clerk found at the next desk, to whom he hands all the checks received during the previous day by his own bank, drawn on the settling clerk's bank, and leaves a ticket showing the amounts of such checks.

pay-rolls and current expenses of customers. But it is found in practice that it is generally safe to make loans and discounts to the extent of five times the amount of the actual cash in hand. The point is insisted on in order to give a suggestion of the vast part which credit and credit transactions play in the banking business. As a matter of fact less than two per cent. of the total sums dealt in by metropolitan banks are represented by actual cash.



IN THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE ROOM.

The American banks of the first order do not display the solemn and expensive richness, nor the gloom, which are apt to characterize the great English houses. The President's room generally looks out on the street; it is rather handsomely and comfortably furnished, with no costly elegance, however. The approach is guarded by sometimes two functionaries who assure themselves that the visitor should be admitted before even taking in his card. Here it is that the consultations take place with the bank's most important customers, about discounts and loans.

Since the money of the depositors can thus be used for working capital in making loans and discounts which bring the profit of their interest, there is no further doubt concerning the advantage of receiving and holding money, even though there be no direct remuneration from the depositor.

If we analyze the situation of our bank at this stage, assuming that these three transactions had made up the only exercise of the second function, while meantime the deposits had been coming merrily in, the institution should show something like the following balance sheet:

LIABILITIES.

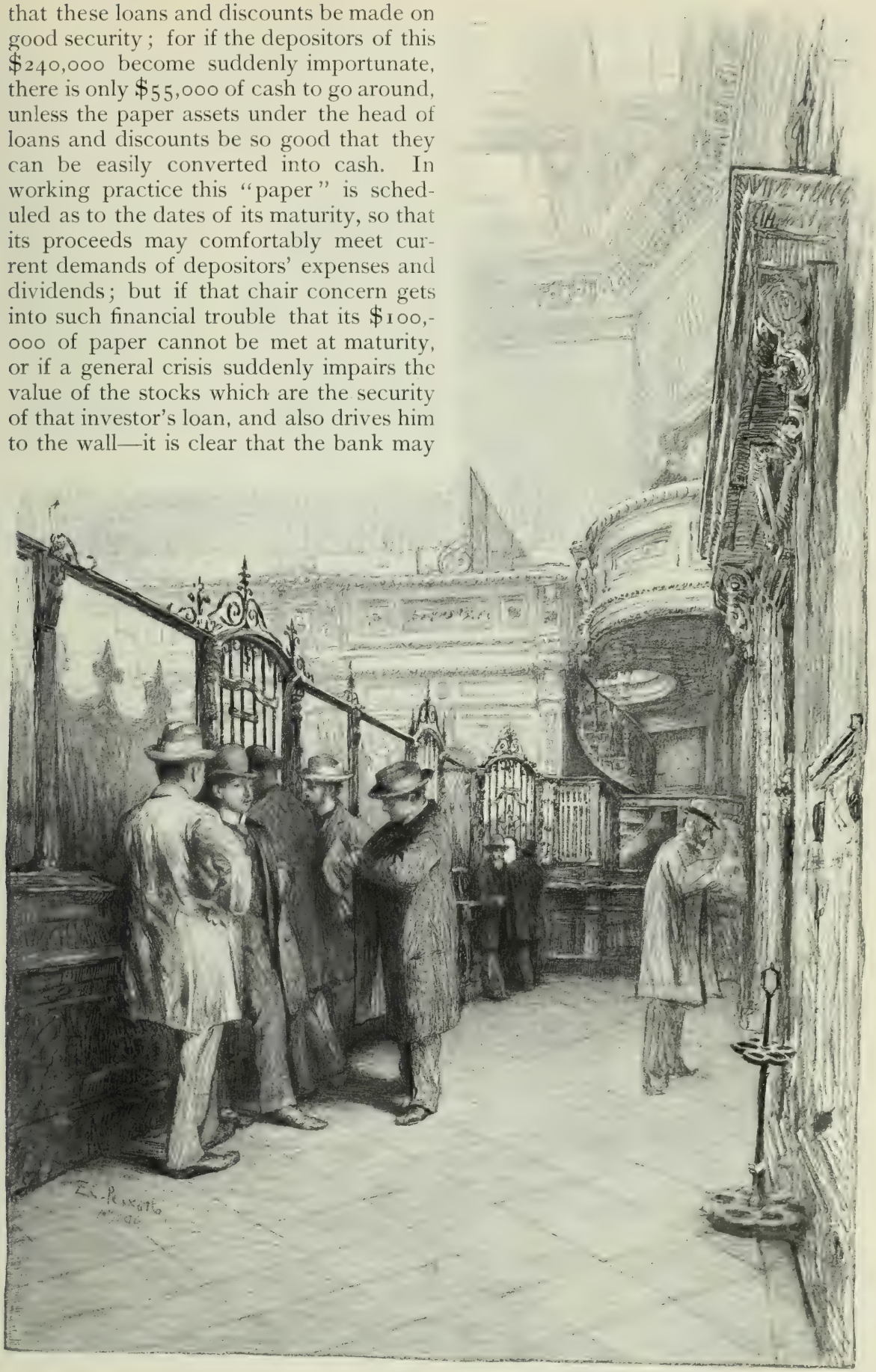
Capital Stock	$50,000
Deposits	240,000
Profits	15,000
	$305,000

ASSETS.

Loans and Discounts	$250,000
Cash	55,000
	$305,000

Even this simple assumption may serve as a basis from which to describe the forces which govern the business of banking, for in the first place it shows the tremendous desirability of attracting large deposits which will furnish immediately the means of making profitable loans. In the second place this skeleton balance-sheet will prove how vitally necessary it is

that these loans and discounts be made on good security; for if the depositors of this $240,000 become suddenly importunate, there is only $55,000 of cash to go around, unless the paper assets under the head of loans and discounts be so good that they can be easily converted into cash. In working practice this "paper" is scheduled as to the dates of its maturity, so that its proceeds may comfortably meet current demands of depositors' expenses and dividends; but if that chair concern gets into such financial trouble that its $100,000 of paper cannot be met at maturity, or if a general crisis suddenly impairs the value of the stocks which are the security of that investor's loan, and also drives him to the wall—it is clear that the bank may



BEFORE THE TELLER'S WINDOW.

The great city banks of the United States vary greatly in their tendencies toward architectural elaboration and luxury. Many have built large and handsome structures, which often contain nearly all the general offices and desks in one dome-like space, with the high ornamentation suggested in this drawing.

be utterly unable to pay its depositors without assessing its stockholders, while the items of profit and money due holders of capital stock become a very hollow mockery. But it is not always necessary for a bank's destruction that these calamities should actually come to pass. A mere report, an utterly false rumor, may be sufficient to bring that horde of depositors into line with demands for their $240,000, so suddenly that the notes, though good as gold, cannot be realized on without serious loss; and in times of great money stringency, when depositors are most hungry, it will of course be most difficult to promptly turn the paper assets into cash. How easily such a stringency can be created without the slightest contraction in the amount of actual money is apparent from the manner in which the chair factory and the lumber concern obtained their funds. If the banks had been apprehensive of troublous times and had refused to discount the bills or buy the paper, these active businesses would have been crippled by much loss of credit, and would have been so much the less able to meet their other obligations. This would force them to draw down the last cent of their deposits and probably compel their neighbors to whom they owe money to do the same. Certainly if ninety-eight per cent. of all banking business in New York is done in credit transactions, the elasticity of which is governed entirely by sentiments of security, the two per cent. that appears in actual cash can cut but a relatively small figure as an influence in critical times.



STAIRWAY LEADING FROM A BANK TO ITS VAULTS.

A porter of trusty antecedents and good memory always guards this outer defense. He is generally a burly, grizzled old Irishman, who displays an unexpected intelligence in deciding whether one ought or ought not to be admitted. There would still be a great deal of trouble in committing any theft, even after an evilly disposed person had passed him.

So that the prosperity of a bank, that is, its maximum of profit-making power compatible with security at critical financial junctures, depends directly on the amount of deposits and the goodness of the loans and discounts made on the basis of those deposits. With this clearly understood one can begin to realize the nature of the problems that face the man at the helm. This man is nearly always the president; there is generally a vice-president, and always a cashier, a board of directors, paying and receiving tellers, book-keepers of various grades, discount clerks, loan clerks, correspondence clerks, runners—in short a small army of routine workers; but the life of the bank is the president, for his is the aggressive task of

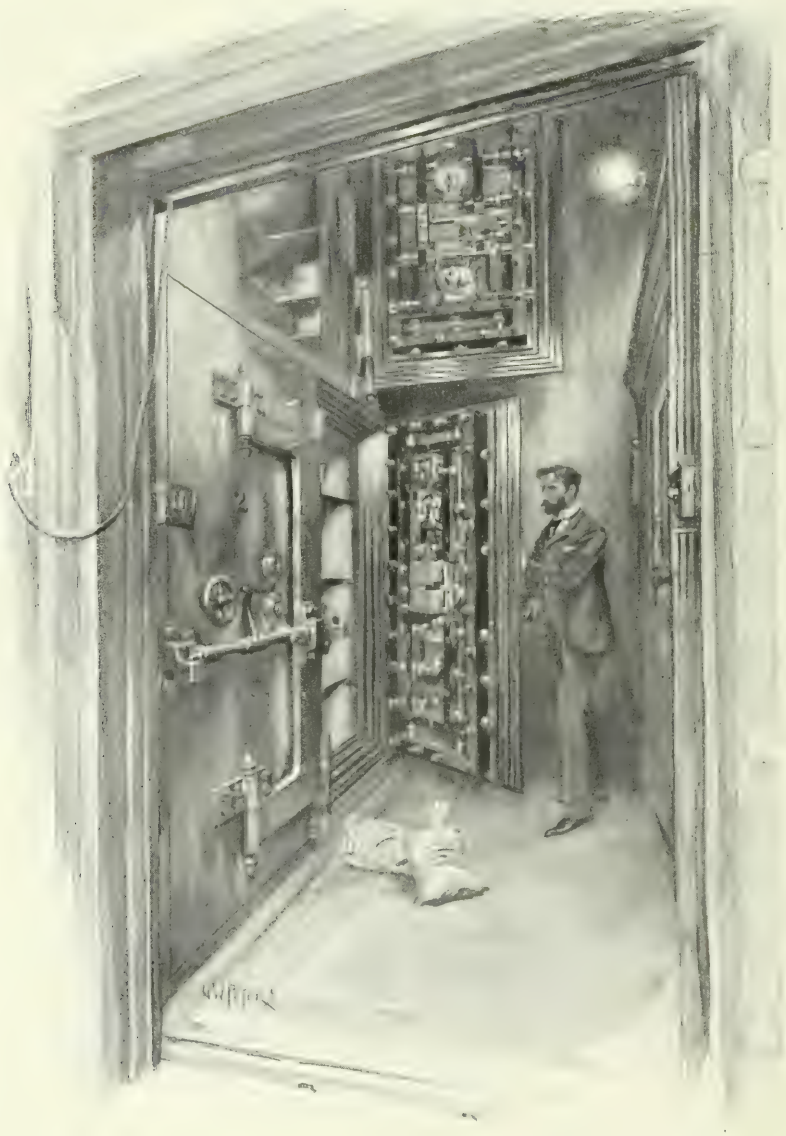


THE MAIN ROOM OF A BANK'S SAFETY VAULT.

Certain of the Banks with elaborate new buildings have safety vaults entirely distinct from those which hold their own reserve, and rent the compartments in the former to their individual depositors and others. This longitudinal view of such a vault room shows the array of thousands of small boxes, holding in some cases, only

attracting deposits, and also, on the other hand, the defensive task of deciding on loans and discount. If the bank has a huge aggregate of deposits, twenty times as large as its capital stock, it means that the president has been ingenious and indefatigable in drawing these depositors to his institution. If the deposits have been used to their full capacity to discount bills and loan money at good rates of interest on security that does not fail in critical junctures, it means that the president has been shrewd to a degree in examining the credit of borrowers, has maintained the utmost discretion in refusing doubtful paper, and displayed the rarest judgment in appraising securities and keeping the collateral of loans up to the safe percentage of margins.

Not that the president is absolutely alone in this work ; he consults with the cashier and the vice-president, and keeps the array of discounted bills and loans before the eyes of the board of directors, who are supposed to have a general supervision over these all-important departments. But even though the directors may meet once or twice a week and glance over these securities, their effective value is apt to be small, and the whole tendency of the banking system under the tense competition of the



THE RESERVE SAFE OF A GREAT BANK.

An outer door with the finest combination lock, is understood by, probably, the cashier and the paying teller together. Sometimes neither one can open it without the presence of the other. Within the vault are the inner compartments shown in the picture, where the bank-notes, bags of gold specie, and valuable papers belonging to the bank itself, are kept.



INNER SIDE OF MAIN VAULT DOOR.

The drawing gives a suggestion of the elaborate mechanism of the main door of the main vault, and of the handsome ornamentation on the exterior surface of the vault masonry. Above the door is seen the steam-pipe, a means of defense. Below the door is the recess in the masonry, closed by the sunken section of the floor as described on p. 594. About the whole vault structure is a very strong iron fence, with gates guarded by herculean porters.

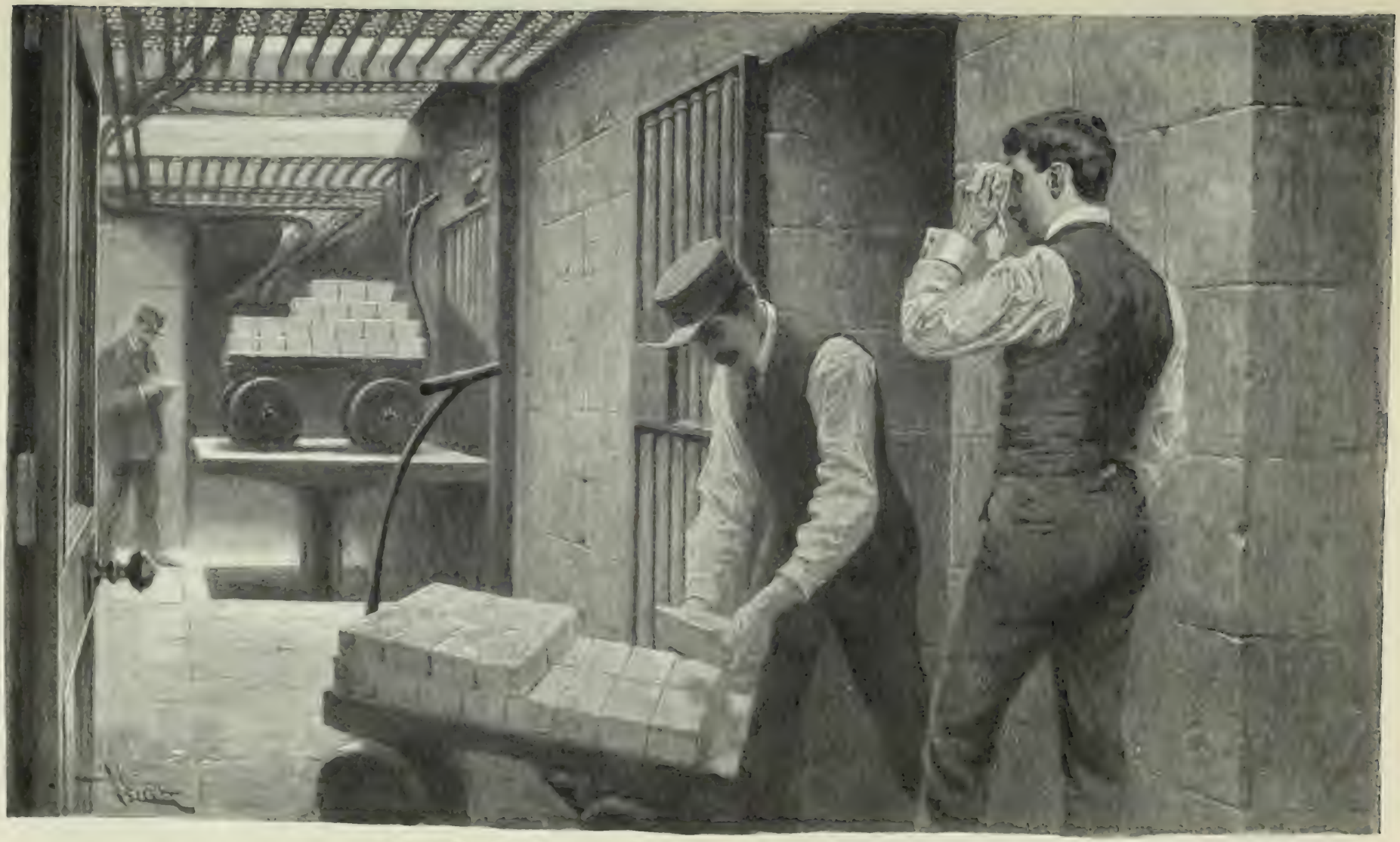
day is to centralize power and responsibility into a single executive—the president. How fierce this competition is should be clear to anyone who has now appreciated the part that increased deposits play in a bank's prosperity.

In the task of winning them in the face of hundreds of rivals there is no quality of manhood which cannot be made valuable. There is a vast difference between the popular idea of a bank president as an elderly and half fossilized money-bags,



DELIVERING SILVER FROM THE SAFETY VAULTS TO EXPRESS WAGON.

The great express company assigns some especially strong and handsome team and wagon to the task of carrying these silver bars. The driver is generally an "institution"—an incorruptible, well-trained man, with great shoulders and a pistol handy. Yet there is comparatively little risk, for a thief would find it very difficult to carry off $10,000: such a sum would weigh nearly two tons.



REMOVING SILVER BARS FROM THE VAULTS TO THE SIDEWALK

When refined silver is shipped from the great smelteries of the West and Southwest, it comes in the form of large oval bricks, with the upper corners rounded, weighing sixty to eighty pounds each. They are kept in safe deposit vaults, and when sold or transferred are loaded on trucks, lifted to the sidewalk on a steam elevator, as shown in the illustration, and thence removed to the express wagons as in the picture on opposite page.



PRIVATE ROOMS FOR DEPOSITORS.

Each of the compartments shown in the picture is a small separate room, sumptuously upholstered, with a secure lock fastening on the inside. People who wish to examine their valuable papers, jewelry, etc., on deposit take them from the strong boxes to these small rooms and transact the business in privacy and safety.

knowing and caring only for balance-sheets, and the actual man. There is no single sympathy, no accomplishment, no physical advantage, which may not contribute to the success of the head of a bank. The friends he made at college a generation back, his associations at the club, on his vacation, even in his church, are factors used with consummate skill and the native courtesy which characterizes the higher types of successful business men. There is no quality of alertness or adaptability which does not aid in the work of making friends for the bank, *i.e.*, depositors. A perfect bank president should be one who can hold his own with zest and yet with dignity among the roistering class of Wall Street men in their late suppers at the club, who can shoot with them, fish with them, drive with them, and who can also impress the staid and strait-laced citizens who are his fellow-vestrymen, as a pillar of respectability. I know that the manager of one important financial institution, who is a devoted yachtsman, calculates that his beautiful craft and the summer vacation he takes on her are anything but the expensive luxuries that they seem; to speak plainly, that the social prestige they give him, and the hospitality offered freely and charmingly bring patronage to his business that return a material profit far greater than the cost. Doubtless it may sound, when stated in this cold-blooded way, as if a too important part were assigned to the arts of the mere lobbyist in describing the work of a financier. But, indeed, when the truth is known, few competitive businesses of any sort, great or small, are made successful without a vast deal of influence from the personal and social qualities. We contract a habit of buying our paper from some particular newsboy simply because his cheery voice, red cheeks, and engaging quickness have attracted us—maybe unconsciously on either side. We find it far easier to withstand a book agent or drummer or adver-

tising solicitor if he be bilious looking, diffident or awkward, if he possess no spark of intrinsic interest and if we haven't chatted with him in the casual smoking-car. In professional ranks one notices the incomparable advantage enjoyed by the physician, the lawyer, and the clergyman, who has a good physique, an imposing presence, and a well-selected stock of stories. There are minute gradations of the art of bringing the personal equation to bear on one's business success, and while the banker uses only the higher and more sublimated branches, they are as necessary to him as, in a more primary form, they are to the peripatetic insurance agent.

What especially dignifies the occupation of presiding over a great bank is the combination of these lighter persuasive qualities with the stern business judgment, the unflinching bravery, and that broad prevision which comes from a clear mind's ceaseless study of general and particular trade conditions. These characteristics must be taken for granted; no matter what be the brilliant social qualities of a banker, there is no probability that his friends will become depositors with him if any lack of confidence exists as to his business ability or integrity.

Thus all the forces of a well-rounded man may be enlisted in the positive work of bringing new depositors into his bank. None the less do they come into play in the negative but all-important work of deciding on loans and discounts. There may be in any single instance of the hundreds brought weekly before the president so many subtle factors involved that he is tempted almost beyond reason to move along the lines of least resistance. But if there is anything that a banker must not do it is to move along the lines of least resistance. It may be precisely when his friends, the bank's friends, its own customers, are in direst need of money, that the president must steel himself to refuse loans on inadequate security. These private offices, so smug and point-device, have seen the



A SUBTERRANEAN OPENING IN THE VAULT.

The stair leads up to the ground level and the private offices. At the foot of the stair one encounters another system of trained officials who spend their entire office lives in the subterranean depths. Another door of the first class is seen in the background, admitting to the main vault.

very tragic play of human hopes and fears, of rescue and disaster, turning on the moment's opportunity, and the single man's decision. Perhaps a banker, like a physician, becomes, under the very instinct of self-preservation, somewhat dulled to the strenuous troubles of his fellows; and there is the comforting consciousness that in refusing to tide over one borrower's troubles he may be saving hundreds of his depositors from like tribulation. But the questions in each vexed situation are often of the nicest. Even from the cold business point of view there may be very grave doubts whether it is best to alienate an old client by refusing a loan. A merchant who will possibly get on his feet after all is sure to be far more valuable as a friend than as an enemy.

Nor are bankers infallible, by any means. It would require ponderous volumes to record the long-drawn-out disasters which have followed reckless loans. The vice of extending too much credit, like falsehood, is apt to become more necessary with each indulgence. If our manufacturer had been unable to pay promptly his $100,000 note, a weak president might have been persuaded to grant him further loans rather than let his debtor go to the wall, especially when assured that just so much aid would turn the tide and bring profits that would set the concern to rights again, and with this added sum hazarded the bank would be still more unwilling to cut short a business that seemed to have the principle of ultimate profit in it, if the *débâcle* would certainly involve the loss of the money already advanced. On this principle of "sending good money after bad," banks have often found themselves finally in possession of the most extensive buildings and plants of machinery with which to pay their depositors' balances. So insidious is the practice of such indulgence to borrowers that bankers of unimpeachable methods have gone so far as to make a hard and fast rule that as soon as a loss is reported it shall be written off immediately against profit and loss. Such a house will not advance ten dollars on the most glittering promises that the expenditure will rescue one thousand.

It may happen that much indiscreet management of loans is forced on an executive. For instance, we will suppose that the president has scented trouble in the operations of that chair manufacturer, and has felt obliged to limit the amount of money invested in its loans and bills. The manufacturer, unable to move the heart of his bank to more generous advances, deliberately plays to force his demands. With this aim he may raise a large sum of money, buy with it heavy blocks of stock in the bank, and then, on the security of this stock, borrow from another bank nearly the whole of that sum to be returned to current uses. Reinforced with the prestige and influence of this large holding of stock he sees that some obedient friend is elected to be a director of the first bank. Bank presidents are only human, and have a preference for keeping their positions; and this one may ease his conscience with the thought that he has done what a man can do, and then, under fear of offending his directors, who may supplant him, grant the accommodation demanded, to the great detriment of the institution.

With such and a hundred other dangers besetting them it is surely a remarkable fact that there are fewer failures among banks, even during financial crises, than in any other class of business. It means that a process of natural selection has brought a body of exceptionally able men to the executive positions. From what has been said it will be seen at once that the capacity and integrity of the president are the gauges of the bank's standing. If he is pre-eminently a man of parts the bank will tower above its fellows in credit and prosperity. If his rhythm be slow though steady, the bank will show the effects of over-caution in a lighter line of loans and discounts, and a smaller earning capacity. If he has any of the speculator's blood in his veins the bank's pulse, too, will be feverish and uncertain.

It is, then, of the very first importance to obtain a capable president. There are diverse theories concerning the best ground for growing him; some maintain that the right man must have worked patiently through the dull routine of the subordinate positions; others that such a training tends to blunt the keen perceptions and narrow the point of view to a degree that is almost sure to unfit a man for the higher and broader responsibilities of the presidency. It is certain that when one is found who

has toiled up from one desk to another without impairing the wider vision and *verve*, the ideal bank president is at hand.

When such a candidate for a vacant president's chair is not to be had, an outsider, or one of the directors, is chosen; and if the new-comer be too unfamiliar with the routine workings of the bank, he not unfrequently acts as vice-president until he learns thoroughly the detailed operations of the daily round. When one considers the responsibilities, both positive and negative, of such positions, the salaries generally attached to the president's post do nto seem excessive. $15,000 or $20,000 a year is, I believe, the highest pay received by bank presidents. This is much less than the pay of railroad and insurance presidents; much of the banker's compensation must come from the sense of power and the social position which his occupation gives.

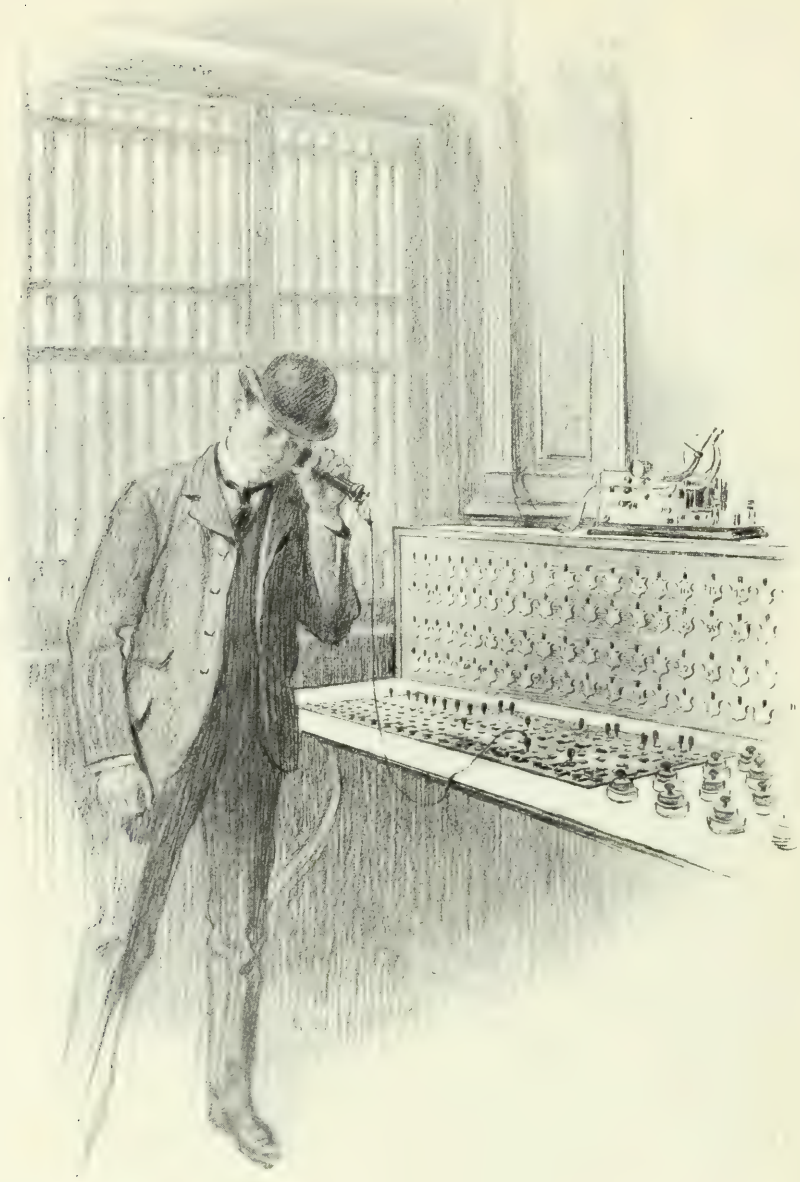


A CUSTOMER VISITS HIS VAULT-BOX.

When the porters have generally passed the well-known face of a customer, one of the inner attendants helps him to open his compartment, he takes the iron box containing the papers to be examined or removed, and repairs to one of the private consultation rooms, where chairs, tables, writing materials, etc., are awaiting him.

There are thousands of instances in which the functions here ascribed to the president are actually performed by an official under a different title—the vice-president or the cashier. The man holding the title of president may be very nearly a figurehead. But these highest executive functions must be performed, in a great bank, by some one man of pre-eminent qualifications, and in the largest national banks there is apt to be little room for figureheads. In the other offices described below, there are too various practises in different institutions, as to the exact division of work.

The cashier is nearly always the next official to the president in order of active importance. His work differs from the latter's, however, in both kind and degree. It is, of course, good economy to take from the shoulders of the president all routine matters which would add to the burden of the heavy questions of policy already on his shoulders. This is the mission of the cashier. In a great bank he has nearly always worked his way through successive stages of promotion to the cashier's office, and has at his fingers' ends every detail of the clerical work. What the president has decided to do, the cashier sees done, and any doubts, not involving a question of policy, as to the exact *modus operandi* are immediately referred to him. Every hitch in the day's proceedings, every small personal trouble among employees, every little problem which may stump a teller or book-keeper



SWITCHBOARD OF A GREAT VAULT COMPANY.

The more elaborate arrangements of the metropolitan safe deposit companies include an electric switchboard which will put the watchman into communication with the station houses, and watchmen at other banks at any time of the night. Even without the watchman's intervention a burglarious assault, or even a noise or jar, will automatically give the alarm in various other establishments, some a mile away.

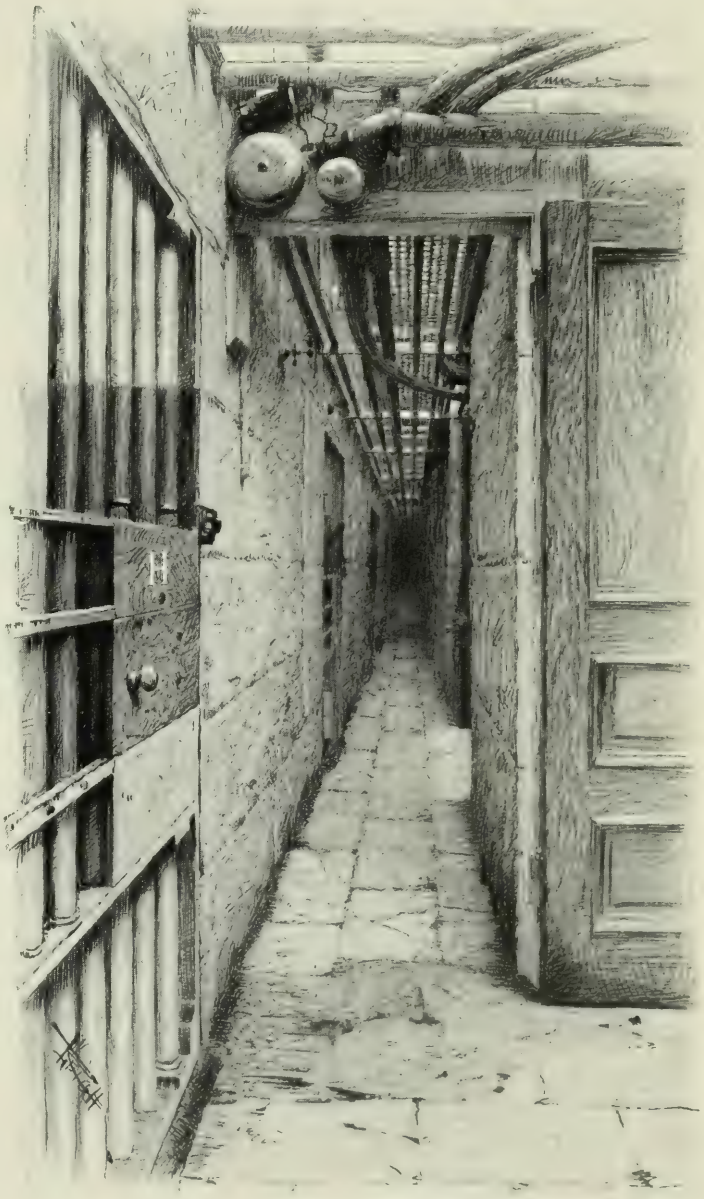
is brought to him. Like Parolles, he is "full of businesses." A hundred times a day his office is invaded for advice and direction ; the grievances of clerks, their vacations, their slips and failings are added to his direction of specific transactions, and a perfect cashier must possess great tact and patience over and above his minute understanding of the routine work. Many men in this position are, too, of the greatest value to the president as consulting assistants in the consideration of larger affairs.

The task of keeping a perfect "Open Eye" on the employees is in itself of the highest importance, for the rules of promotion in a bank are based carefully on the records of the clerks. With all of them, down to the very doorkeeper who fends off cranks from the cashier and president, personal character counts very largely. A bank appropriates the dignity, the integrity, and force of its president, if he have these qualities, and insists on them in all its servants. It is almost certain that a runner from a well-managed bank will know his business and discharge it with courtesy but firmness. If the larger policies of his house are uncertain or reckless, he carries such an atmosphere

with him. It is only partially true that a clerk's chance of promotion in a bank comes only with the death of a superior. Character, alertness, and force are nowhere more valuable than in a bank, and the young man who is exceptionally bright and thorough will find his level in a counting-house without waiting a lifetime. It may be that in a particular institution he comes to a stone wall in the person of some deserving plodder just above him, who will not die ; but good human stuff is so rare and is so much the best capital in banking or any business, that such a man is almost sure to be called to a good vacancy in another house.

By far the most interesting character in the routine life of a bank is the paying-teller. A very short description of his duties will show how weak, used in any absolute sense, is the metaphor which made him the part of a machine. For he must have a wonderful memory, and is apt to have a very exciting life. In the hours from ten to three, thousands of checks are presented for payment at his windows; and with the signatures of each check he must be so familiar that he can tell at a glance if it is genuine. It is not easy to make clear what a minute and extraordinary memory for the least details is required for this. It not infrequently happens that a paying-teller must keep track of ten, even twenty thousand, signatures. These, to be sure, are written on cards filed in a neat case at his back, or in a signature-book ; and to this case he refers instantly when in doubt. But one measure of his efficacy is the ability to decide without reference; and the number of checks which pass with no confirmation is little short of wonderful. In paying a thousand checks, the teller applies to the cabinet not more than once or twice. Certain of these signatures may not come to his eyes once or twice in a year. Where a bank has a large number of out-of-town correspondents, it will often happen that some of those empowered to sign checks utilize this authority only in case of the illness or absence of the usual signer.

Besides the signature there are the questions of correct endorsement, and whether the check has been "raised;" that is, changed by the holder's penmanship to a higher figure than was written by the original drawer. All these points the eager, ferret eye takes in at a glance. To a layman, looking on a quick paying-teller at his window, with a long line waiting in turn, it seems as if the scrutiny of each



BETWEEN THE VAULT AND THE BUILDING.

A narrow passageway runs between the masonry of the great vault-box and the wall of the building itself. During the night, a watchman constantly patrols through this stern corridor, which is scarcely wide enough to allow two men to squeeze past each other.

check presented is so slight that any fraud whatever might go through. Yet one of the finest officials of this class in New York says that the number of bad payments is exceedingly small. The character of the check, the name of the drawer, the personal appearance of the man that presents it, all these he seems to take in instinctively, and the suspicion of fraud appears to be almost intuitive.

But much more than the validity of the check must be determined before it is paid. Is the man in front of the window entitled to receive the money? Is the credit of the account against which the check is drawn sufficiently large to meet it? More or less the teller must hold in his mind the general run of the accounts of all the bank's customers. Imagine what this means when a bank has three or four thousand depositors, all of whom are checking against it. Facility in handling figures is an acquirement that may come to nearly everyone with long practice, but only a mind of really extraordinary tenacity can hold the multitudinous details which must lodge in the brain of a first-class paying-teller. To the casual observer his accomplishments are simply amazing.

Nowadays the counterfeit bills which once made the life of a paying-teller a burden are comparatively rare. But the vigilant forger of checks is always with us, lying in wait for a paying-teller who may not be in good form, as the tennis players say. A volume would not contain all the ingenious and sometimes amusing schemes that are hatched by crooks of various description to "do" the banks. The ingenious ones come from the professional experts, the amusing ones from the amateurs. Of the latter, each month seems to furnish a new crop. A goodly supply comes from discharged clerks alone, but these are almost always caught. The expert is a bird of another feather. We will give a typical instance of the countless forms in which his genius unfolds. Not long ago there stood before the paying-teller's window of one of New York's big banks an unctuous little Israelite, smiling blandly over a $100 check. Signature, endorsement, and every detail were correct. To make assurance doubly sure, the little Jew explained, with some insistence, "You see I have had my endorsement certified."

The check was paid without hesitation, but the teller said to himself: "Why is that idiot standing there with such a broad grin, trying to fix his face on my memory?" And duly he took note.

A few days later, the man appeared at the window again, his countenance distended in the same smile, with another check from the same firm; the endorsement was certified in exactly the same way, and this time the amount was $900. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the check on its face, and it came from a well-known customer of the bank. "In spite of all," said the paying-teller, "something told me that fellow was a crook. So I said I should have to look up the account before it could be paid, and while he waited I slipped around to the firm's office, which was only a short distance away. The check was examined and pronounced perfectly good, and I was about to walk away, when the head of the firm said, 'Why, hold up. We've issued no checks this morning.' And then I went back and bagged my crook. He had first sold the firm a bond, and got his original $100 check in payment. This he had used to imitate the firm's signature on the second, and likewise to impress me with the fact that he was all right, so that when he came around a second time I would not bother him."

The post of a paying-teller is one of exceeding responsibility, and obviously a man must be trusted in it simply because he is trustworthy; he could never get a bond large enough to cover the amount of funds he has in his sole keeping. He is the only man in the entire *personnel* who could break a bank in an hour, and he is the only one who could know of an embezzlement for a long time without its discovery. Many a paying-teller has in his charge five or six million dollars in cash. Part of this sum is locked in what is known as the reserve vault, and to this vault there are often two combinations, which must be used simultaneously, in order to open it. In this case, the paying-teller knows the combination of one, and the cashier, probably, knows the other. Neither can open both.

But the funds in daily use in the bank

are open to the teller alone, and to him is entrusted the custody of that vault. Last fall the daily papers contained accounts of an incident in the life of a very well-known bank which forcibly illustrates the necessity for honesty in paying-tellers, and the inability to substitute any check for it. The teller of this particular bank was so efficient and had been in the employ of the institution for such a long time, that he came into the responsible charge of large securities to a degree that was very unusual. This was so marked that the officers of the bank determined to double the bond of the paying-teller, and told him of it, explaining that the great responsibility he held made it only a business-like thing for them to do.

"There is no use in it," he said. "If I wished to, I could slip a package of large bills — two hundred thousand dollars of them—into my pocket, send word the next day that I was ill, and be beyond the reach of your courts almost before you knew of the loss. What does a $10,000 or $20,000 bond amount to?"

It was absolutely true; but the curious part of it was that at the very time the man was discussing the matter so frankly, he was speculating on securities abstracted from the safe in his charge, and eventually made a loss to his employers of no less than $160,000.

The vast sums in the vaults are not in a form to dazzle one's eyes. The notes are stored away in neat, tightly bound packages, and the specie in small canvas bags that might hold samples of dried peas, for all that one can see. Indeed, one finds it difficult to realize that such a huge amount of money can be stored in so small a compass. Sometimes the reserve vault, containing several millions of dollars, will occupy scarcely more space than the cube of two feet. Ordinarily, banks do not keep on hand a great deal of metallic currency. It is clumsy and awkward to handle, and takes up a great deal more room than paper. A hundred one-thousand-dollar bills make a packet that is slight in weight and mass beside a single thousand dollars in gold double eagles. Moreover, a large part of the money demanded of the paying-teller is for the payment of salaries and the making of change in small transactions, for which paper is far more convenient and desirable than gold or silver.

The single sums paid out through the paying-teller's window are not ordinarily of great magnitude. When one reads that a check for $6,000,000 is presented at a bank, this does not imply that such a sum has been paid over the counter in cash. As a rule, the check is deposited for collection in another bank than that against which it is drawn, and then in turn several other checks may be drawn against the large one through still other banks, in such a manner as to split up the account. These checks go through the clearing-house, and the actual transfer of money is very small. It recently happened that a New York bank presented at the clearing-house a number of checks, one of which was for $3,000,000, and actually brought back a balance of less than $100,000 as the result of the morning's clearing. Other checks had been drawn against the large one, so that the sum was distributed in three different banks, and a very little coin or other money actually changed vaults.

Though banks do not care to keep a large quantity of specie on hand there are many critical occasions that oblige them to reserve very large sums in gold for use when the more convenient forms of credit-currency have come to be regarded with suspicion, and of late years several large banks of the best standing have thought it wise to revert to the most primary conception of their purpose by making the safe-keeping of valuables an important branch of their business. In their vaults are deposited all kinds of securities and articles of value, and the silver bars and gold shipped by the great smelting companies from the West. Of course the business of assuring safe deposit for valuables is often a separate function of large vault concerns too. No little dramatic interest is latent in these huge boxes of heavy masonry, of the dimensions of a large room, with their thousands of interior safes, each with its own locks of various complexity and strength. In a single vault on Broadway there are 15,000 compartments, from a size just sufficient to contain a dozen railroad bonds to the huge caverns of masonry that hold tons upon tons of silver and gold.

The main doors which furnish entrance to the great box are the points on which

the utmost mechanical skill is lavished. No burglar would ever think of trying to effect an entrance through the walls. If he disposed of the watchman who tramps around the outside in a little alley between the outer walls of the building and the vault, it would require days to drill sufficient holes to take a solid piece out of the wall. But if a burglar can only overcome the lock of one of the main doors, there is the entrance ready-made. These doors are marvellous. One of them weighs fifteen tons. They are constructed by welding together layers of different hard metals, sometimes seven distinct kinds, so that if an ingenious burglar finds a way of piercing the first, an entirely different problem confronts him at the second, and so on. At any moment his drill is likely to make connections with an electric alarm, which not only raises the guards of that vault, but tells the watchman of half a dozen others, some a mile away, that trouble is at hand. But even if the lock were overcome the monster doors would not open, because a large section of the stone floor has to be sunk down by an electrical device before the bottom of the doors are above the masonry. Just above each main door appears an ominous-looking pipe; it can, in the event of burglarious efforts, belch forth boiling water and steam on the assailants below.

The private compartments within the vault can be opened only by those that have the authority, and only when an officer of a vault company uses simultaneously with them his half of a double key. The most painstaking arrangements are made to furnish secure and luxurious quarters to customers who wish to examine the papers and valuables which they are visiting. The mechanical features of these great safes are exceedingly picturesque and would furnish matter for an extensive treatise in themselves. Their elaborate precautions lead one to look with surprise on the manner of moving enormous quantities of gold or silver. In that work there seems to be no defensive care, or scarcely any. Not long ago $33,000,000 of gold was moved from vaults in lower Broadway to the clearing-house and only three men were engaged in the work of hauling it on trucks, and in managing the entire operation.

Another special quality of a good paying-teller is his ability to keep in mind the checks upon which payments have been stopped. Sometimes these checks have been stolen or obtained in some fraudulent way, and if they are not presented before there is time to order a stoppage of payment, the thief may arrange to delay presentation with the hope of slipping the check past the teller during "rush" hours. For example, the man wishing to cash such a check will take his place in the long line toward the close of the day's grind, when the teller is fatigued by his work during the day. But even this ruse rarely succeeds, for the teller's memory is as infallible for them as for the signatures. If he pays them, it is his bank which must stand the loss.

The paying-teller also exercises an important function in the "certification" of customers' checks. A certified check is one on which the teller has indicated that the account of the drawer is good for that amount and that it will be paid on presentation. Under the National Banking law, a teller may not certify to checks beyond the amount which a customer actually has in bank. But in State institutions there is no such rule, and very often their tellers are asked to certify to sums far in excess of the drawer's deposit. If the request is from a customer of long standing it is rarely refused, and it is easy to see that in any case a refusal is a very delicate matter, since it may drive from the bank a very valuable customer. On the other hand, over-certification sometimes leads to large loss. Between these two dilemmas the teller must make a choice. His discretion in certifying is almost absolute in practice, and through it he comes into very intimate relations with a large number of business men. It is true that he may refer to the cashier or president for advice, and very often he does.

So the post is one of immense responsibility, and is very exacting as well. The characteristics that go to make a good teller are, first of all, quickness and mental activity and a strong and tenacious memory, a ferret's eye, and a good judgment of faces. All of these qualities are developed slowly through years of practice. The brightest young men of the bank

make their way to the paying-teller's cage, and unless they very quickly display the qualities most in demand there, they are transferred to other work. Although a paying-teller is part of the banking machine, his duties have less of the purely mechanical characteristics than those of any other clerk.

The receiving-teller has far less opportunity for "head-work." There comes through his window a bewildering stream of checks, pass-books, and deposits; they are turned into this channel or that with a quickness and precision so admirable that one seems to hear the smothered click of the machinery. Indeed, just behind the receiving-teller and his assistants there is a counting-machine; a check is laid out on it, the figures representing the denomination of the document are thumped out on a series of little keys like that of a typewriter, and at the end of a long series, when perhaps a hundred or a thousand checks have thus been registered, the turn of a key strikes a line across the bottom and presents the column added up as soon as the last figure is registered. This machine is silent, is quick, is infallible; it does not talk, it cannot make a mistake or peculate. It is an ideal bank clerk.

The receiving-teller takes in deposits, keeps track of dealer's accounts, looks out for check "kiting" and similar wiles, makes reclamations on other banks in the course of exchanges, and sorts and lists the checks he receives for the clearing-house. Sometimes his position is a step to that of the paying-teller, though it very frequently happens that the paying-teller's first assistant will be promoted instead.

Next in the order of importance comes the note-teller. All the promissory notes paid at the bank go through his hands, and upon him falls the duty of presenting such matured paper, drafts, notes of acceptance, etc., as are payable in the city. He also has the issuance of certificates of deposit. It is a post that requires alertness, together with that quality of tact which can firmly insist upon prompt payments without offending a customer.

Farther on is the loan department, which in a "Wall Street" bank is a post of considerable importance. It has the care of the demand or "call" loans, which are so essentially a part of the speculative life of the street. Most brokers do business on a narrow margin, borrowing money upon a given set of securities for a few days or a few weeks. To secure this money, they bring securities to the bank and "put them up" as collateral, receiving for the same a loan which may be called in at the will of the lending bank. To the loan clerk is entrusted the work of scrutinizing the securities that are offered, and especially of keeping a close watch on the market to see that these stocks or bonds do not fall in value to such a degree as to wipe out the bank's margin of protection. Loans are made on good stock securities up to 70 or 80 per cent. of their market value, and on bonds still higher. Government bonds may bring loans up to 95 per cent. of their value. The loan clerk must have a wide knowledge of the value of the different securities offered, must understand the drift of the daily quotations, and protect his bank against losses on weak collateral. Not infrequently it happens, especially where a company goes into a receivership, that the value of its stock falls 25 per cent. or more over night. All these things the loan clerk must look out for. Call loans of course command a very low rate of interest, since they may be drawn in at any moment. They are now a conspicuous part of the banking business in large cities, and constitute the most mobile phase of credit. When all is smooth sailing on financial seas brokers and others may have the money they borrow for about whatever period they desire it. But if the times become squally and uncertain, so that the demand increases and the rate of interest rises, and particularly if a bank feels the need of more ready money for its own uses, these loans are promptly called in.

The discount department varies from the loan merely in the fact that the former has care of the time loans and discounted paper, instead of "call" money. Notes obtained in the discount process are put in the care of the discount clerk. Like his colleague next door, he must be on the alert for forged securities or those which are likely to depreciate in value. It does not often happen, as a matter of fact, that a bank finds itself with a load

of worthless securities, for the scrutiny of collateral is very close, and a loan or discount clerk's range of information regarding issues of commercial paper, stocks, and bonds is surprisingly wide.

Altogether the liveliest scene and the liveliest hour in the daily life of a bank comes when the morning mail is opened. Many a New York City bank will receive in the course of a single day a thousand, sometimes two thousand, letters. The bulk of these come in the morning. When opened and sorted the checks and drafts they contain are made up for presentation at the clearing-house. All this must be done in time to reach the clearing-hour of ten. For the task of opening and sorting the mail, therefore, fully two-thirds of the bank's force is pressed into service between the hours of eight and half after nine. The work actually belongs to what is known as the check department, but the force of the latter would be quite inadequate to accomplish it in the limited time allowed.

After the morning mail is out of the way, there comes a momentary lull ; then the bundles of checks received from other banks in the clearing process come back, and all these must be sorted out, charged in debit books, and finally "posted" in the ledgers. Where a New York bank acts as correspondent of a large number of out-of-town banks, this work itself is often enormous. I have seen spread out over two large tables, four or five thousand checks, representing banks from every State in the Union. These are sorted in alphabetical order, then taken, bank by bank, and entered in the debit book. Often ten or fifteen clerks will be occupied solely in this work.

Then there are the silent rows of men standing, or tipped up on stools, before the huge ledgers in which the final record of all the bank's transactions is held. The chief of these clerks is the head book-keeper, who has supervision of the whole department ; but he himself keeps a special set of books which indicate, in the clearest and most precise manner possible, the exact condition of the bank at any given moment. This set of books, which is really an abstract of all the others, is kept for the guidance of the president and the directors in laying the daily course of the bank. Each morning the president finds upon his desk a carefully abridged statement of every item concerning which he desires to know. The teller's cash, the certified checks, exchange and cash checks, bills discounted, deposits, collections, all these are shown in the morning statement, so that the president may know exactly where he stands, just the result of the transaction of the day before—as a basis on which to decide what he may do during the day. The position of head book-keeper is one of great responsibility. It offers considerable temptations for collusion with outsiders. In New Orleans a few months ago, two book-keepers, acting in conjunction with several outsiders, were able to loot one of the banks of that city of more than half a million dollars, or practically all of its usual reserve. Of course this could only happen through extreme negligence and looseness of management, but it nevertheless reveals the thoroughly machine character of the bank work, and how little opportunity there is to check up closely, or for one department to interfere or even make a tally with another.

Besides the head book-keeper's abstract, there is an imposing array of city and country ledgers and ballots, or skeleton ledgers, the number of which are determined by the extent of the bank's business. Often it requires five huge volumes, the division being made on an alphabetical basis, to keep record of current city accounts, and three or four more perhaps of country accounts. One will contain names ranging from A to D, another from E to K, and so on. Then from these are drawn the balance or skeleton ledgers for quick reference. The paying-teller, the note-teller, the discount clerk, the loan clerk, have to refer constantly to these books in ascertaining the condition of a customer's accounts, to determine whether a check shall be paid, a note cancelled, or a loan made. The skeleton ledgers show the daily balance of every customer and correspondent at the opening of the day's business.

As these ledgers and the debit books of the check department and the innumerable other records of the bank are filled, they are stored away up-stairs, in what might be termed the bank's library. It

is an interesting collection, this library, and the stories it might tell, stories of success and failure, triumph and tragedy, of fraud and cunning, perhaps of defeat, disgrace, ruin, would be endless. These stories are written in cabalistic signs, and in the shortest and curtest of sentences. They tell, too, of the heavy grind of modern commercial life. Over their pages men have spent days and weeks that have grown into years, setting down the record, the net results of the infinite toil and vast industry of a great city. Merely in the making of these books, buoyant and fresh-faced young men have grown leather-skinned and dull-eyed, and then into gray-haired old age—all these years writing, writing, adding up, carrying forward, and drawing balances.

In all great banks, there are other departments of rather minor interest; for instance, the departments for remittance and collection and the care of coupons; of very considerable importance is the correspondence department, and its thousands of letters each day. To be sure, the larger part of this correspondence simply consists in filling in little printed slips acknowledging the receipt of checks or notes. Other matters of a strictly routine character are dealt with by the head of the department. The important letters, however, which demand the attention of the cashier, the president, or the heads of one of the other departments, are sorted out and distributed. Nothing is slurred over, the slightest item is checked and acknowledged with mathematical precision. A bank never begins its correspondence with apologies for delay in answering your esteemed favor of the 32d. There are no delays.

We have called attention, in the first pages of this article, to the vast part that credit and credit transactions play in all business operations. The currency which banks improvise in the check system preponderates vastly over the actual money in use, but do we not have to come at last to the actual money which these checks are supposed to represent? The answer to this is the clearing-house system, the most notable and regular feature in the relations of banks with other banks. If there were only two banks in the world, the matter of adjusting the checks held by one and drawn on the other would be very simple. Each day Bank A would collect all the checks drawn on Bank B that had come to it during the previous day and meet Bank B, which would bring all the checks it held drawn on Bank A, and pay or receive the difference in cash. But with the enormous number of banks now in existence, the procedure is not so easy, and great quickness, care, and accuracy are necessary in the conduct of affairs at the clearing-house where these balances are settled daily. The New York Clearing-house is, of course, the largest. It has sixty-seven members — sixty-six banks and the Assistant Treasurer of the United States. Every morning, precisely at ten o'clock, the clearing is begun with military precision. To economize time, every bank has to separate the checks it has received during the previous day into sixty-six different packages, each package containing all the checks of one other bank that are in the first bank's possession. The latter also makes out tickets which show respectively the aggregate amount of the checks of each of the other sixty-five banks. Each bank presents also to the manager of the clearing-house the total of all its claims against all the other banks. Two clerks go from every institution that is a member of the clearing-house, a delivery clerk and a settling clerk.

In the spacious halls of the Clearing-house Building there are three longitudinal rows of desks, with the office of the manager on a raised platform at one end. The settling clerks occupy the desks, and the appropriate delivery clerk stands in front of each settling clerk. At exactly ten o'clock the manager taps his bell. Each delivery clerk steps forward to the next desk and deposits with the settling clerk there the checks drawn on the latter's bank, and the ticket which shows their sum; then to the next desk; and so the procession moves all around the room until all the packages of checks and tickets have been delivered. This occupies less than a quarter of an hour; but then comes the tug of war, for the settling clerks must add up the amounts of all the checks that have been delivered to them, compare the total with the sum of the tickets received, and report the figure of

their total debt at the manager's desk within forty-five minutes. Each bank has already given the manager the amount due it from the other banks, or what is the same thing, from the clearing-house, and when each has also reported the total amount due from it to the other banks—to the clearing-house—the difference will be the cash balance to be paid over to the clearing-house or to the bank.

This is perfectly simple in theory, but in actual practice there is often some unlucky clerk who finds it impossible to make the aggregate of the checks against his bank equal the aggregate of the tickets within the forty-five minutes. If he fails he is fined, and the rate of the fine increases rapidly with the length of the delay he causes. The banks, then, as between themselves, do not pay all the sums due one or the other but only the balance of difference. This balance is often curiously small. It has been known to be only one per cent. of the total clearings. There are forty-five clearing-houses in the United States, but the New York institution does a greater business than all of them put together. The average clearings per day amount to over one hundred million dollars, and in 1881, the daily average rose to one hundred and sixty millions.

There are times when even the balances are not paid in money, and a reference to these exceptional occasions will be the best single illustration that could be given of the willingness of the great banks to stand together when a common danger threatens. No amount of rivalry and keen competition can prevent this or long delay it, when such crises as 1860, 1884, 1890, and 1893 are at hand. It is then a plain question of helping one another or of suspending payments. With money scarce, with long lines of depositors clamorous at its windows, with a corresponding inability to realize at once on even excellent securities, the necessity for cash to pay balances at the clearing-house may mean the total suspension of payment by a majority of its members. Four times in the history of the country on the dates named above the clearing-house has ceased to demand cash of its members. To take the place of cash, the clearing-house issues loan certificates, which are good in the payment of debts between the banks themselves and leave all their available cash free for the satisfaction of depositors and other creditors. These loan certificates are issued to each member of the clearing-house on the security of good stocks and bonds, and to seventy-five per cent. of the market value of such collateral. Thus if bank A were to be fearfully short of money to pay the balances due other banks, in the day's clearing, but had on hand notes worth in ordinary times one million dollars, the clearing-house would give, on security of these notes, loan certificates to the face value of $750,000, and the certificates could be used to pay the debts of bank A at the daily clearings. This device has, in the opinion of the best authorities, saved the metropolitan banks from ruinous disaster on more than one occasion.

It is a never-failing mystery with the general public why it is that bank examinations are not more effective than they are; why a bank can be rotten through many years of regular attention from the examiner. What does an official examination consist of? An examiner goes through a bank's assets, he counts up its cash, handling the money with his own hands. He inspects the collateral and assures himself that no false entries have been made, that the collaterals actually exist and are genuine. He looks into the loans that have been made, and finds that in form at least they are regular. A week later, the bank closes its doors. It is found that a heavy embezzlement has occurred, or that bad loans have been made and much of the represented assets are worthless. Is it the bank examiner's fault? Sometimes this depends very much upon the bank examiner and his methods. The ideal bank examiner might never allow such a thing to happen, but the ideal man is rare; and if he were found and installed in office it is not probable that under present conditions he would retain his position long. The appointments are governed to a certain extent by political consideration, and, as is natural, are usually made upon the recommendations of bankers themselves.

However, the ideal examiner, conducting his business in an ideal way, would be a troublesome character. Not one bank failure in ten is caused by embezzle-

ment. Bad management is generally the trouble. The ideal examiner therefore should give most of his attention to the department of loans and discounts; he should scrutinize very carefully every loan that is made, and the collateral as well. He will, too, discover bad loans, and if he has sufficient nerve he will report them. And this is precisely what a rotten bank management does not want. In short, from the very nature of his position, the examiner is a spy or critic of a bank, and at the same time he holds his position, gains it, too, almost wholly through the favor of bank presidents.

But after all, the discovery of bad management is not easy. At least it is difficult to locate, and if the work were to be perfectly done a bank examiner could not attend to a great many banks, as is now required. In the next place, it is easy to cover up weak spots. For instance there is a familiar practice, from which few banks are free. A bank's customer fails, and it has, let us say, $50,000 of his paper. Some banks would promptly throw this out of the list of assets and place it in the suspense account. But these are few. This paper may be worth fifty or seventy-five cents on the dollar, with a chance of turning out perfectly good in the end. From time to time the bank receives dividends on its account from the receiver. In the meantime, if it finds the account will not be paid in full, it will, say once in six months, charge off a certain percentage of its loss. The loss is distributed in this way over two or three years, and does not show heavily at any one time; the bank's statement keeps its uniform character, and dividends may be kept up at the usual rate. The average net earnings of the National Banks of the United States are $6\frac{8}{10}$ per cent., and those of State banks a little over seven per cent. On a capital of $1,000,000 this means that $70,000 is annually paid in dividends. An institution with a capital so large may easily find itself with $70,000 of paper bearing the name of a bankrupt customer. The notes may be good, or may be bad; but to throw them out of the assets altogether into the suspense account is to wipe out the year's dividends at a stroke. And this would injure the standing of a bank. Its stock would decline in value, and probably many accounts would be withdrawn. The law upon the subject is not rigid, and the bank examiner, either State or National, has no power to compel the transfer. In a majority of instances the bank will continue to prosper. In a few instances these losses accumulate sufficiently to impair the bank's capital, and it goes to the wall. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to see wherein the examiner is to be blamed.

But the most important reasons why bank examinations are limited in their results is identical with the explanation of all failures on the part of expert accountants to find the whole truth in any business. The bank examiner checks up what the machine part of the bank has done. But can he check up the president's work, which operates ten times as powerful for the weal or woe of the business? And can he know better than the president the factors which will determine the future value of present securities? If he could, he would not be a bank examiner, but a bank president.

Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that bank examinations do put a useful check on tendencies to loose management; they usually insure that the cash reserve is kept up to the required amount, and they are always a potent influence against the tendency to speculation on the part of employees.

The departments described are those always found in the average State or National bank. The savings-banks, various private institutions, many of them of high standing, and the loan and trust companies are merely variations of the type under view. The savings-bank simply receives deposits and makes loans and purchases investments. Many private banks regard deposits as a minor part of their business, and devote themselves to some special function, such as the capitalization, reorganization, and bond issues of railroads, the financing of municipalities or of government bond issues. Another type confines itself chiefly to dealing in foreign exchange. The great loan and trust companies are usually organized with large capital, and act as the depositories, agents, or representatives of railroads and large industrial enterprises. They guarantee bonds, pay interest, and receive heavy de-

posits of a character that other banks do not especially care for. In addition there are three or four thousand private bankers, scattered all over the country, whose business ranges down to the one function of the loan agent.

The misunderstanding which surrounds the banking business in the minds of a majority of people has developed into many curious ideas regarding the utilities and functions of this important economic machine. Unquestionably there is in many parts of the country a downright hostility to banks, on the ground that they are monopolies. As most bankers are well to do, are successful, and live well, it is generally agreed that their profits are too large. It has already been mentioned that the average earnings of the State and National Banks are only seven per cent. It seems self-evident that they are not monopolies, from the fact that anyone with sufficient capital may organize a bank and open it for business. If their standing in the community is sufficient to command confidence and attract deposits, the enterprise will be a success; if this confidence is lacking, the profits will be limited to the loans made solely upon the bank's own capital. These profits will be at least twenty-five per cent. less than they would if the enterprise had not been organized as a bank, since a mere money-lending company is not required by law to keep a certain reserve on hand.

A further misconception exists as to the profits that are to be made by National Banks through the power given them to deposit bonds with the United States Treasury and have National bank-notes issued to them upon this deposit. The extent to which this privilege is used gives a sufficient indication of its value. The total capital of all the National Banks of the United States at this moment is $651,000,000. If the note-issuing privilege was an unquestioned source of profit, every dollar of this would be invested in Government bonds and bank-notes. As a matter of fact only about one-third of the National banking capital is invested in United States bonds, that is to say, $227,000,000, upon which $203,000,000 are outstanding in notes.

In other words, the profit of note-issues is an open question among National bankers themselves, with a preponderating sentiment of two to one against. This division of sentiment is shown in the comparative statements of the banks of any large city. For example, of the five or six strongest banks of New York, with capital ranging from one to five millions, one of these has outstanding $45,000 of bank-notes; another $798,000; a third $4,000,000; another $1,286,000; and another, the largest of them all, with a capital of $2,000,000, has but $44,800. In short, the privilege of note-issuing is entirely discretionary, and is only taken advantage of to one-third of the extent to which the capital of the National Banks would permit.

Bankers themselves, however, do not regard our present system as perfect, or even as the most perfect obtainable. It is a large question, foreign to the purpose of this article, and too extensive to even state in a few paragraphs. But it is certain that a considerable proportion of bankers and economists regard the Scotch and Canadian systems, which permit the establishment of a large central bank with any number of branches distributed over the country, as greatly superior to ours. These systems insure greater solidity and a corresponding degree of confidence; they are more economical on the whole; and most important of all, they afford, through their branches, a mechanism for the easy distribution of money, so that capital for new enterprises in outlying regions is more easily secured than is possible in the United States. But a system through which upwards of 3,700 banks have been organized, with more than a quarter of a million stockholders, and an average of seventy-six stockholders for every bank in the country, and in which the combined losses to depositors from failures could have been met by a tax of less than one-fourth of one per cent. per annum upon the average deposits—a system which has passed through such mad financial moments as this nation has enjoyed in the past half century—can scarcely be described either as a monopoly or as an utter failure.



A NEW ENGLAND MAY FESTIVAL

BY MAUDE AND GENEVIEVE COWLES.

May Morning.



The Procession.





The May Queen.


M. Cowles



Hanging May-baskets.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

XII

THE day of the review rose clear and warm, tempered by a light breeze from the sea. As it was a fête day the harbor wore an air of unwonted inactivity, no lighters passed heavily from the levees to the merchantmen at anchor, and the warehouses along the wharves were closed and deserted. A thin line of smoke from the funnels of the Vesta showed that her fires were burning, and the fact that she rode on a single anchor chain seemed to promise that at any moment she might slip away to sea.

As Clay was finishing his coffee two notes were brought to him from messengers who had ridden out that morning, and who sat in their saddles looking at the armed force around the office with amused intelligence.

One note was from Mendoza and said he had decided not to call out the regiment at the mines, as he feared their long absence from drill would make them compare unfavorably with their comrades, and do him more harm than credit. "He is afraid of them since last night," was Clay's comment, as he passed the note on to MacWilliams. "He's quite right, they might do him harm."

The second note was from Stuart. He said the city was already wide awake and restless, but whether this was due to the fact that it was a fête day, or to some other cause which would disclose itself later, he could not tell. Madame Alvarez, the afternoon before, while riding in the Alameda, had been insulted by a group of men around a café, who had risen and shouted after her, one of them throwing a wine-glass into her lap as she rode past. His troopers had charged the sidewalk and carried off six of the men to the cartel. He and Rojas had urged the President to make every preparation for immediate flight, to have the horses put to his travelling carriage, and had warned him when at the review to take up his position at the point nearest to his own body-guard, and as far as possible from the troops led by Mendoza. Stuart added that he had absolute confidence in the former. The policeman who had attempted to carry Burke's note to Mendoza had confessed that he was the only traitor in the camp, and that he had tried to work on his comrades without success. Stuart begged Clay to join him as quickly as possible. Clay went up the hill to the Palms, and after consulting with Mr. Langham, dictated an order to Kirkland, instructing him to call the men together and to point out to them how much better their condition had been since they had entered the mines, and to promise them an increase of wages if they remained faithful to Mr. Langham's interests, and a small pension to any one who might be injured "from any cause whatsoever" while serving him.

"Tell them, if they are loyal, they can live in their shacks rent free hereafter," wrote Clay. "They are always asking for that." "It's a cheap generosity," he added aloud to Mr. Langham, "because we've never been able to collect rent from any of them yet."

At noon young Langham ordered the best three horses in the stables to be brought to the door of the Palms for Clay, MacWilliams, and himself. Clay's last words to King were to have the yacht in readiness to put to sea when he telephoned him to do so, and he advised the women to have their dresses and more valuable possessions packed ready to be taken on board.

"Don't you think I might see the review if I went on horseback?" Hope asked. "I could get away then, if there should be any trouble."

Clay answered with a look of such alarm and surprise that Hope laughed.



He strode on up the stairs.—Page 614.

"See the review! I should say not," he exclaimed. "I don't even want Ted to be there."

"Oh, that's always the way," said Hope, "I miss everything. I think I'll come, however, anyhow. The servants are all going, and I'll go with them disguised in a turban."

As the men neared Valencia, Clay turned in his saddle, and asked Langham if he thought his sister would really venture into the town.

"She'd better not let me catch her, if she does," the fond brother replied.

The reviewing party left the Government Palace for the Alameda at three o'clock, President Alvarez riding on horseback in advance, and Madame Alvarez sitting in the State carriage with one of her attendants, and with Stuart's troopers gathered so closely about her that the men's boots scraped against the wheels, and their numbers hid her almost entirely from sight.

The great square in which the evolutions were to take place was lined on its four sides by the carriages of the wealthy Olancheans, except at the two gates, where there was a wide space left open to admit the soldiers. The branches of the trees on the edges of the bare parade ground were black with men and boys, and the balconies and roofs of the houses that faced it were gay with streamers and flags, and alive with women wrapped for the occasion in their colored shawls. Seated on the grass between the carriages, or surging up and down behind them were thousands of people, each hurrying to gain a better place of vantage, or striving to hold the one he had, and forming a restless, turbulent audience in which all individual cries were lost in a great murmur of laughter, and calls, and cheers. The mass knit together, and pressed forward as the President's band swung jauntily into the square and halted in one corner and a shout of expectancy went up from the trees and housetops, as the President's body-guard entered at the lower gate, and the broken place in its ranks showed that it was escorting the State carriage. The troopers fell back on two sides, and the carriage, with the President riding at its head, passed on, and took up a position in front of the other carriages, and close to one of the sides of the hollow square. At Stuart's orders Clay, MacWilliams, and Langham had pushed their horses into the rear rank of cavalry, and remained wedged beween the troopers within twenty feet of where Madame Alvarez was sitting. She was very white, and the powder on her face gave her an added and unnatural pallor. As the people cheered her husband and herself she raised her head slightly and seemed to be trying to catch any sound of dissent in their greeting, or some possible undercurrent of disfavor, but the welcome appeared to be both genuine and hearty, until a second shout smothered it completely as the figure of old General Rojas, the Vice-President, and the most dearly loved by the common people, came through the gate at the head of his regiment. There was such greeting for him that the welcome to the President seemed mean in comparison, and it was with an embarrassment which both felt that the two men drew near together, and each leaned from his saddle to grasp the other's hand. Madame Alvarez sank back rigidly on her cushions and her eyes flashed with anticipation and excitement. She drew her mantilla a little closer about her shoulders, with a nervous shudder as though she were cold. Suddenly the look of anxiety in her eyes changed to one of annoyance and she beckoned Clay imperiously to the side of the carriage.

"Look," she said, pointing across the square. "If I am not mistaken that is Miss Langham, Miss Hope. The one on the black horse—it must be she, for none of the native ladies ride. It is not safe for her to be here alone. Go," she commanded, "bring her here to me. Put her next to the carriage, or perhaps, she will be safer with you among the troopers."

Clay had recognized Hope before Madame Alvarez had finished speaking and dashed off at a gallop, skirting the line of carriages. Hope had stopped her horse beside a victoria and was talking to the native women who occupied it, and who were scandalized at her appearance in a public place with no one but a groom to attend her.

"Why, it's the same thing as a polo match," protested Hope, as Clay pulled up angrily beside the victoria. "I always ride over to polo alone at Newport, at least

with James," she added, nodding her head toward the servant.

The man approached Clay and touched his hat apologetically, "Miss Hope would come, sir," he said, "and I thought I'd better be with her than to go off and tell Mr. Langham, sir. I knew she wouldn't wait for me."

"I asked you not to come," Clay said to Hope, in a low voice.

"I wanted to know the worst at once," she answered. "I was anxious about Ted —and you."

"Well, it can't be helped now," he said. "Come, we must hurry, here is our friend, the enemy." He bowed to their acquaintances in the victoria and they trotted briskly off to the side of the President's carriage, just as a yell arose from the crowd that made all the other shouts which had preceded it sound like the cheers of children at recess.

"It reminds me of a football match," whispered young Langham, excitedly, "when the teams run on the field. Look at Alvarez and Rojas watching Mendoza."

Mendoza advanced at the front of his three troops of cavalry, looking neither to the left nor right, and by no sign acknowledging the fierce uproarious greeting of the people. Close behind him came his chosen band of cowboys and ruffians. They were the best equipped and least disciplined soldiers in the army, and were, to the great relief of the people, seldom seen in the city, but were kept moving in the mountain passes and along the coast line, on the lookout for smugglers with whom they were on the most friendly terms. They were a picturesque body of blackguards, in their high-topped boots and silver-tipped sombreros and heavy, gaudy saddles, but the shout that had gone up at their advance was due as much to the fear they inspired as to any great love for them or their chief.

"Now all the chessmen are on the board, and the game can begin," said Clay. "It's like the scene in the play, where each man has his sword at another man's throat and no one dares make the first move." He smiled as he noted, with the eye of one who had seen continental troops in action, the shuffling steps and slovenly carriage of the half-grown soldiers that followed Mendoza's cavalry at a quickstep. Stuart's picked men, over whom he had spent many hot and weary hours, looked like a troop of Life Guardsmen in comparison. Clay noted their superiority, but he also saw that in numbers they were most woefully at a disadvantage.

It was a brilliant scene for so modest a capital. The sun flashed on the trappings of the soldiers, on the lacquer and polished metal work of the carriages; and the Parisian gowns of their occupants and the fluttering flags and banners filled the air with color and movement, while back of all, framing the parade ground with a band of black, was the restless mob of people applauding the evolutions and cheering for their favorites, Alvarez, Mendoza, and Rojas, moved by an excitement that was in disturbing contrast to the easy good-nature of their usual manner.

The marching and countermarching of the troops had continued with spirit for some time, and there was a halt in the evolutions which left the field vacant, except for the presence of Mendoza's cavalrymen, who were moving at a walk along one side of the quadrangle. Alvarez and Vice-President Rojas, with Stuart, as an adjutant at their side, were sitting their horses within some fifty yards of the State carriage and the body-guard. Alvarez made a conspicuous contrast in his black coat and high hat to the brilliant greens and reds of his general's uniforms, but he sat his saddle as well as either of the others, and his white hair, white imperial and mustache and the dignity of his bearing distinguished him above them both. Little Stuart, sitting at his side with his blue eyes glaring from under his white helmet and his face burned to almost as red a tint as his curly hair, looked like a fierce little bulldog in comparison. None of the three men spoke as they sat motionless and quite alone waiting for the next movement of the troops.

It proved to be one of moment. Even before Mendoza had ridden toward them with his sword at salute, Clay gave an exclamation of enlightenment and concern. He saw that the men who were believed to be devoted to Rojas, had been halted and left standing at the farthest corner of the plaza, nearly two hundred yards from where the President had taken his place, that Mendoza's infantry surrounded them on every side, and that Mendoza's cowboys, who

had been walking their horses, had wheeled and were coming up with an increasing momentum, a flying mass of horses and men directed straight at the President himself.

Mendoza galloped up to Alvarez with his sword still in salute. His eyes were burning with excitement and with the light of success. No one but Stuart and Rojas heard his words ; to the spectators and to the army he appeared as though he was, in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, delivering some brief report, or asking for instructions.

" Dr. Alvarez," he said, " as the head of the army I arrest you for high treason ; you have plotted to place yourself in office without popular election. You are also accused of large thefts of public funds. I must ask you to ride with me to the military prison. General Rojas, I regret that as an accomplice of the President's, you must come with us also. I will explain my action to the people when you are safe in prison, and I will proclaim martial law. If your troops attempt to interfere, my men have orders to fire on them and you."

Stuart did not wait for his sentence. He had heard the heavy beat of the cavalry coming up on them at a trot. He saw the ranks open and two men catch at each bridle rein of both Alvarez and Rojas and drag them on with them, buried in the crush of horses about them, and swept forward by the weight and impetus of the moving mass behind. Stuart dashed off to the State carriage and seized the nearest of the horses by the bridle, " To the Palace !" he shouted to his men. " Shoot any one who tries to stop you. Forward, at a gallop," he commanded.

The populace had not discovered what had occurred until it was finished. The *coup d'état* had been long considered and the manner in which it was to be carried out carefully planned. The cavalry had swept across the parade ground and up the street before the people saw that they carried Rojas and Alvarez with them. The regiment commanded by Rojas found itself hemmed in before and behind by Mendoza's two regiments. They were greatly outnumbered, but they fired a scattering shot, and following their captured leader, broke through the line around them and pursued the cavalry toward the military prison.

It was impossible to tell in the uproar which followed how many or how few had been parties to the plot. The mob, shrieking and shouting and leaping in the air, swarmed across the parade ground, and from a dozen different points men rose above the heads of the people and harangued them in violent speeches. And while some of the soldiers and the citizens gathered anxiously about these orators, others ran through the city calling for the rescue of the President, for an attack on the palace, and shrieking " Long live the Government !" and " Long live the Revolution !" The State carriage raced through the narrow streets with its body-guard galloping around it, sweeping down in its rush stray pedestrians and scattering the chairs and tables in front of the cafés. As it dashed up the long avenue of the palace, Stuart called his men back and ordered them to shut and barricade the great iron gates and to guard them against the coming of the mob, while MacWilliams and young Langham pulled open the carriage door and assisted the President's wife and her terrified companion to alight. Madame Alvarez was trembling with excitement as she leaned on Langham's arm, but she showed no signs of fear in her face or in her manner.

" Mr. Clay has gone to bring your travelling carriage to the rear door," Langham said. " Stuart tells us it is harnessed and ready. You will hurry, please, and get whatever you need to carry with you. We will see you safely to the coast."

As they entered the hall, and were ascending the great marble stairway, Hope and her groom, who had followed in the rear of the cavalry, came running to meet them. " I got in by the back way," Hope explained. " The streets there are all deserted. How can I help you ?" she asked, eagerly.

" By leaving me," cried the older woman. " Good God, child, have I not enough to answer for without dragging you into this ? Go home at once through the botanical garden, and then by way of the wharves. That part of the city is still empty."

" Where are your servants ; why are they not here ?" Hope demanded without heeding her. The palace was strangely empty ; no footsteps came running to

greet them, no doors opened or shut as they hurried to Madame Alvarez's apartments. The servants of the household had fled at the first sound of the uproar in the city, and the dresses and ornaments scattered on the floor, told that they had not gone empty-handed. The woman who had accompanied Madame Alvarez to the review sank weeping on the bed, and then as the shouts grew suddenly louder and more near, ran to hide herself in the upper stories of the house. Hope crossed to the window and saw a great mob of soldiers and citizens sweep around the corner and throw themselves against the iron fence of the palace. "You will have to hurry," she said. "Remember, you are risking the lives of those boys by your delay."

There was a large bed in the room and Madame Alvarez had pulled it forward and was bending over a safe that had opened in the wall and which had been hidden by the head-board of the bed. She held up a bundle of papers in her hand, wrapped in a leather portfolio. "Do you see these?" she cried, "they are drafts for five millions of dollars." She tossed them back into the safe and swung the door shut.

"You are a witness. I do not take them," she said.

"I don't understand," Hope answered, "but hurry. Have you everything you want—have you your jewels?"

"Yes," the woman answered, as she rose to her feet, "they are mine."

A yell more loud and terrible than any that had gone before rose from the garden below, and there was the sound of iron beating against iron, and cries of rage and execration from a great multitude.

"I will not go!" the Spanish woman cried, suddenly. "I will not leave Alvarez to that mob. If they want to kill me, let them kill me." She threw the bag that held her jewels on the bed, and pushing open the window stepped out upon the balcony. She was conspicuous in her black dress against the yellow stucco of the wall, and in an instant the mob saw her and a mad shout of exultation and anger rose from the mass that beat and crushed itself against the high iron railings of the garden. Hope caught the woman by the skirt and dragged her back. "You are mad," she said. "What good can you do your husband here? Save yourself and he will come to you when he can. There is nothing you can do for him now; you cannot give your life for him. You are wasting it, and you are risking the lives of the men who are waiting for us below. Come, I tell you."

MacWilliams left Clay waiting beside the diligence and ran from the stable through the empty house and down the marble stairs to the garden without meeting any one on his way. He saw Stuart helping and directing his men to barricade the gates with iron urns and garden benches and sentry-boxes. Outside the mob were firing at him with their revolvers, and calling him foul names, but Stuart did not seem to hear them. He greeted MacWilliams with a cheerful little laugh. "Well," he asked, "is she ready?"

"No, but we are. Clay and I've been waiting there for five minutes. We found Miss Hope's groom, and sent him back to the Palms with a message to King. We told him to run the yacht to Los Bocos and lay off shore until we came. He is to take her on down the coast to Truxillo, where our man-of-war is lying, and they will give her shelter as a political refugee."

"Why don't you drive her to the Palms at once?" demanded Stuart, anxiously, "and take her on board the yacht there? It is ten miles to Bocos and the roads are very bad."

"Clay says we could never get her through the city," MacWilliams answered. "We would have to fight all the way. But the city to the south is deserted, and by going out by the back roads, we can make Bocos by ten o'clock to-night. The yacht should reach there by seven."

"You are right; go back. I will call off some of my men. The rest must hold this mob back until you start; then I will follow with the others. Where is Miss Hope?"

"We don't know. Clay is frantic. Her groom says she is somewhere in the palace."

"Hurry," Stuart commanded. "If Mèndoza gets here before Madame Alvarez leaves, it will be too late."

MacWilliams sprang up the steps of the palace, and Stuart, calling to the men nearest him to follow, started after him on a run.

As Stuart entered the palace with his

men at his heels, Clay was hurrying from its rear entrance along the upper hall, and Hope and Madame Alvarez were leaving the apartments of the latter at its front. They met at the top of the main stairway just as Stuart put his foot on its lower step. The young Englishman heard the clatter of his men following close behind him and leaped eagerly forward. Half way to the top the noise behind him ceased and turning his head quickly he looked back over his shoulder and saw that the men had halted at the foot of the stairs and stood huddled together in disorder looking up at him. Stuart glanced over their heads and down the hallway to the garden beyond to see if they were followed, but the mob still fought from the outer side of the barricade. He waved his sword impatiently and started forward again. "Come on!" he shouted. But the men below him did not move. Stuart halted once more and this time turned about and looked down upon them with surprise and anger. There was not one of them he could not have called by name. He knew all their little troubles, their love-affairs, even. They came to him for comfort and advice, and to beg for money. He had regarded them as his children, and he was proud of them as soldiers because they were the work of his hands.

So, instead of a sharp command, he asked, "What is it?" in surprise, and stared at them wondering. He could not or would not comprehend, even though he saw that those in the front rank were pushing back and those behind were urging them forward. The muzzles of their carbines were directed at every point, and on their faces fear and hate and cowardice were written in varying likenesses.

"What does this mean?" Stuart demanded, sharply. "What are you waiting for?"

Clay had just reached the top of the stairs. He saw Madame Alvarez and Hope coming toward him, and at the sight of Hope he gave an exclamation of relief.

Then his eyes turned and fell on the tableau below, on Stuart's back, as he stood confronting the men, and on their scowling upturned faces and half-lifted carbines. Clay had lived for a longer time among Spanish-Americans than had the English subaltern, or else he was the quicker of the two to believe in evil and ingratitude, for he gave a cry of warning, and motioned the women away.

"Stuart!" he cried. "Come away; for God's sake, what are you doing? Come back!"

The Englishman started at the sound of his friend's voice, but he did not turn his head. He began to descend the stairs slowly, a step at a time, staring at the mob so fiercely that they shrank back before the look of wounded pride and anger in his eyes. Those in the rear raised and levelled their rifles. Without taking his eyes from theirs, Stuart drew his revolver, and with his sword swinging from its wrist-strap, pointed his weapon at the mass below him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Is this mutiny?"

A voice from the rear of the crowd of men shrieked: "Death to the Spanish woman. Death to all traitors. Long live Mendoza," and the others echoed the cry in chorus.

Clay sprang down the broad stairs calling, "Come to me;" but before he could reach Stuart, a woman's voice rang out, in a long terrible cry of terror, a cry that was neither a prayer nor an imprecation, but which held the agony of both. Stuart started, and looked up to where Madame Alvarez had thrown herself toward him across the broad balustrade of the stairway. She was silent with fear, and her hand clutched at the air, as she beckoned wildly to him. Stuart stared at her with a troubled smile and waved his empty hand to reassure her. The movement was final, for the men below, freed from the reproach of his eyes, flung up their carbines and fired, some wildly, without placing their guns at rest, and others steadily and aiming straight at his heart.

As the volley rang out and the smoke drifted up the great-staircase, the subaltern's hands tossed high above his head, his body sank into itself, and toppled backwards, and like a tired child falling to sleep, the defeated soldier of fortune dropped back into the outstretched arms of his friend.

Clay lifted him upon his knee, and crushed him closer against his breast with one arm, while he tore with his free hand at the stock about the throat and pushed his fingers in between the buttons of the tunic.

They came forth again wet and colored crimson.

"Stuart!" Clay gasped. "Stuart, speak to me, look at me!" He shook the body in his arms with fierce roughness, peering into the face that rested on his shoulder, as though he could command the eyes back again to light and life. "Don't leave me!" he said. "For God's sake, old man, don't leave me!"

But the head on his shoulder only sank the closer and the body stiffened in his arms. Clay raised his eyes and saw the soldiers still standing, irresolute and appalled at what they had done, and awe-struck at the sight of the grief before them.

Clay gave a cry as terrible as the cry of a woman who has seen her child mangled before her eyes, and lowering the body quickly to the steps, he ran at the scattering mass below him. As he came they fled down the corridor, shrieking and calling to their friends to throw open the gates and begging them to admit the mob. When they reached the outer porch they turned, encouraged by the touch of numbers, and halted to fire at the man who still followed them.

Clay stopped, with a look in his eyes which no one who knew them had ever seen there, and smiled with pleasure in knowing himself a master in what he had to do. And at each report of his revolver one of Stuart's assassins stumbled and pitched heavily forward on his face. Then he turned and walked slowly back up the hall to the stairway like a man moving in his sleep. He neither saw nor heard the bullets that bit spitefully at the walls about him and rattled among the glass pendants of the great chandeliers above his head. When he came to the step on which the body lay he stooped and picked it up gently, and holding it across his breast, strode on up the stairs. MacWilliams and Langham were coming toward him, and saw the helpless figure in his arms.

"What is it?" they cried; "is he wounded, is he hurt?"

"He is dead," Clay answered, passing on with his burden. "Get Hope away."

Madame Alvarez stood with the girl's arms about her, her eyes closed and her figure trembling.

"Let me be!" she moaned. "Don't touch me, let me die. My God, what have I to live for now?" She shook off Hope's supporting arm, and stood before them, all her former courage gone, trembling and shivering in agony. "I do not care what they do to me!" she cried. She tore her lace mantilla from her shoulders and threw it on the floor. "I shall not leave this place. He is dead. Why should I go? He is dead. They have murdered him; he is dead."

"She is fainting," said Hope. Her voice was strained and hard. To her brother she seemed to have grown suddenly much older, and he looked to her to tell him what to do.

"Take hold of her," she said. "She will fall." The woman sank back into the arms of the men, trembling and moaning feebly. "Now carry her to the carriage," said Hope. "She has fainted; it is better; she does not know what has happened."

Clay still bearing the body in his arms pushed open the first door that stood ajar before him with his foot. It opened into the great banqueting hall of the palace, but he could not choose. He had to consider now the safety of the living, whose lives were still in jeopardy.

The long table in the centre of the hall was laid with places for many people, for it had been prepared for the President and the President's guests, who were to have joined with him in celebrating the successful conclusion of the review. From outside the light of the sun, which was just sinking behind the mountains, shone dimly upon the silver on the board, on the glass and napery and the massive gilt centre-pieces filled with great clusters of fresh flowers. It looked as though the servants had but just left the room. Even the candles had been lit in readiness, and as their flames wavered and smoked in the evening breeze they cast uncertain shadows on the walls and showed the stern faces of the soldier presidents frowning down on the crowded table from their gilded frames.

There was a great leather lounge stretching along one side of the hall and Clay moved toward this quickly and laid his burden down. He was conscious that Hope was still following him. He straightened the limbs of the body and folded the arms across the breast and pressed his hand for an instant on the cold hands of his friend,

and then whispering something between his lips, turned and walked hurriedly away.

Hope confronted him in the doorway. She was sobbing silently. "Must we leave him," she pleaded, "must we leave him—like this?"

From the garden there came the sound of hammers ringing on the iron hinges and a great crash of noises as the gate fell back from its fastenings, and the mob rushed over the obstacles upon which it had fallen. It seemed as if their yells of exultation and anger must reach even the ears of the dead man.

"They are calling Mendoza," Clay whispered, "he must be with them. Come, we will have to run for our lives now."

But before he could guess what Hope was about to do, or could prevent her, she had slipped past him and picked up Stuart's sword that had fallen from his wrist to the floor, and laid it on the soldier's body, and closed his hands upon its hilt. She glanced quickly about her as though looking for something, and then with a sob of relief ran to the table and sweeping it of an armful of its flowers, stepped swiftly back again to the lounge and heaped them upon it.

"Come, for God's sake, come!" Clay called to her in a whisper from the door.

Hope stood for an instant staring at the young Englishman as the candle-light flickered over his white face, and then, dropping on her knees, she pushed back the curly hair from about the boy's forehead and kissed him. Then, without turning to look again, she placed her hand in Clay's and he ran with her, dragging her behind him down the length of the hall, just as the mob entered it on the floor below them and filled the palace with their shouts of triumph.

As the sun sank lower its light fell more dimly on the lonely figure in the vast dining hall, and as the gloom deepened there, the candles burned with greater brilliancy, and the faces of the portraits shone more clearly.

They seemed to be staring down less sternly now upon the white mortal face of the brother-in-arms who had just joined them.

One who had known him among his own people would have seen in the attitude and in the profile of the English soldier, a likeness to his ancestors of the Crusades who lay carved in stone in the village church, with their faces turned to the sky, their faithful hounds waiting at their feet and their hands pressed upward in prayer.

And when, a moment later, the half-crazed mob of men and boys swept into the great room, with Mendoza at their head, something of the pathos of the young Englishman's death in his foreign place of exile must have touched them, for they stopped appalled and startled, and pressed back upon their fellows, with eager whispers. The Spanish-American General strode boldly forward, but his eyes lowered before the calm, white face, and either because the lighted candles and the flowers awoke in him some memory of the great Church that had nursed him, or because the jagged holes in the soldier's tunic appealed to what was bravest in him, he crossed himself quickly and then raising his hand slowly to his visor, lifted his hat and pointed with it to the door. And the mob, without once looking back at the rich treasure of silver on the table, pushed out before him, stepping softly, as though they had intruded on a shrine.

XIII

The President's travelling carriage was a double-seated diligence covered with heavy hoods and with places on the box for two men. Only one of the coachmen, the same man who had driven the State carriage from the review, had remained at the stables. As he knew the roads to Los Bocos, Clay ordered him up to the driver's seat and MacWilliams climbed into the place beside him after first storing three rifles under the lap-robe.

Hope pulled open the leather curtains of the carriage and found Madame Alvarez where the men had laid her upon the cushions, weak and hysterical. The girl crept in beside her, and lifting her in her arms, rested the older woman's head against her shoulder, and soothed and comforted her with tenderness and sympathy.

Clay stopped with his foot in the stirrup and looked up anxiously at Langham who was already in the saddle.

"Is there no possible way of getting Hope out of this and back to the Palms?" he asked.

"No, it's too late. This is the only way now."

Hope opened the leather curtains and looking out shook her head impatiently at Clay. "I wouldn't go now if there was another way," she said. "I couldn't leave her like this."

"You're delaying the game, Clay," cried Langham, warningly, as he stuck his spurs into his pony's side.

The people in the diligence lurched forward as the horses felt the lash of the whip and strained against the harness, and then plunged ahead at a gallop on their long race to the sea. As they sped through the gardens, the stables and the trees hid them from the sight of those in the palace, and the turf, upon which the driver had turned the horses for greater safety, deadened the sound of their flight.

They found the gates of the botanical gardens already open, and Clay, in the street outside, beckoning them on. Without waiting for the others the two outriders galloped ahead to the first cross street, looked up and down its length, and then, in evident concern at what they saw in the distance, motioned the driver to greater speed and crossing the street signalled him to follow him. At the next corner Clay flung himself off his pony and throwing the bridle to Langham, ran ahead into the cross street on foot, and after a quick glance pointed down its length away from the heart of the city to the mountains.

The driver turned as Clay directed him, and when the man found that his face was fairly set toward the goal he lashed his horses recklessly through the narrow street, so that the murmur of the mob behind them grew perceptibly fainter at each leap forward.

The noise of the galloping hoofs brought women and children to the barred windows of the houses, but no men stepped into the road to stop their progress, and those few they met running in the direction of the palace hastened to get out of their way, and stood with their backs pressed against the walls of the narrow thoroughfare looking after them with wonder.

Even those who suspected their errand were helpless to detain them, for sooner than they could raise the hue and cry or formulate a plan of action, the carriage had passed and was disappearing in the distance, rocking from wheel to wheel like a ship in a gale. Two men who were so bold as to start to follow, stopped abruptly when they saw the outriders draw rein and turn in their saddles as though to await their coming.

Clay's mind was torn with doubts, and his nerves were drawn taut like the strings of a violin. Personal danger exhilarated him, but this chance of harm to others who were helpless, except for him, depressed his spirit with anxiety. He experienced in his own mind all the nervous fears of a thief who sees an officer in every passing citizen, and at one moment he warned the driver to move more circumspectly, and so avert suspicion, and the next urged him into more desperate bursts of speed. In his fancy every cross street threatened an ambush, and as he cantered now before and now behind the carriage, he wished that he was a multitude of men who could encompass it entirely and hide it.

But the solid streets soon gave way to open places and low mud cabins, where the horses' hoofs beat on a sun-baked road, and where the inhabitants sat lazily before the door in the fading light, with no knowledge of the changes that the day had wrought in the city, and with only a moment's curious interest in the hooded carriage, and the grim, white-faced foreigners who guarded it.

Clay turned his pony into a trot at Langham's side. His face was pale and drawn.

As the danger of immediate pursuit and capture grew less, the carriage had slackened its pace and for some minutes the outriders galloped on together side by side in silence. But the same thought was in the mind of each, and when Langham spoke it was as though he was continuing where he had but just been interrupted.

He laid his hand gently on Clay's arm. He did not turn his face toward him, and his eyes were still peering into the shadows before them. "Tell me?" he asked.

"He was coming up the stairs," Clay answered. He spoke in so low a voice that Langham had to lean from his saddle to hear him. "They were close behind—but when they saw her they stopped and refused to go farther. I called to him to come away, but he would not understand. They killed him before he really

understood what they meant to do. He was dead almost before I reached him. He died in my arms." There was a long pause. "I wonder if he knows that?" Clay said.

Langham sat erect in the saddle again and drew a short breath. "I wish he could have known how he helped me," he whispered, "how much just knowing him helped me."

Clay bowed his head to the boy as though he were thanking him. "His was the gentlest soul I ever knew," he said.

"That's what I wanted to say," Langham answered. "We will let that be his epitaph," and touching his spur to his horse he galloped on ahead and left Clay riding alone.

Langham had proceeded for nearly a mile when he saw the forest opening before them and at the sight he gave a shout of relief, but almost at the same instant he pulled his pony back on his haunches and whirling him about, sprang back to the carriage with a cry of warning.

"There are soldiers ahead of us," he cried. "Did you know it?" he demanded of the driver. "Did you lie to me? Turn back."

"He can't turn back," MacWilliams answered. "They have seen us. They are only the Custom Officers at the city limits. They know nothing. Go on." He reached forward and catching the reins dragged the horses down into a walk. Then he handed the reins back to the driver with a shake of the head.

"If you know these roads as well as you say you do, you want to keep us out of the way of soldiers," he said. "If we fall into a trap you'll be the first man shot on either side."

A sentry strolled lazily out into the road dragging his gun after him by the bayonet, and raised his hand for them to halt. His captain followed him from the posthouse throwing away a cigarette as he came, and saluted MacWilliams on the box and bowed to the two riders in the background. In his right hand he held one of the long iron rods with which the collectors of the city's taxes were wont to pierce the bundles and packs, and even the carriage cushions of those who entered the city limits from the coast, and who might be suspected of smuggling.

"Whose carriage is this and where is it going?" he asked.

As the speed of the diligence slackened, Hope put her head out of the curtains and as she surveyed the soldier with apparent surprise, she turned to her brother.

"What does this mean?" she asked. "What are we waiting for?"

"We are going to the Hacienda of Señor Palaccio," MacWilliams said, in answer to the officer. "The driver thinks that this is the road, but I say we should have taken the one to the right."

"No, this is the road to Señor Palaccio's plantation," the officer answered, "but you cannot leave the city without a pass signed by General Mendoza. That is the order we received this morning. Have you such a pass?"

"Certainly not," Clay answered, warmly. "This is the carriage of an American, the president of the mines. His daughters are inside and on their way to visit the residence of Señor Palaccio. They are foreigners—Americans. We are all foreigners, and we have a perfect right to leave the city when we choose. You can only stop us when we enter it."

The officer looked uncertainly from Clay to Hope and up at the driver on the box. His eyes fell upon the heavy brass mountings of the harness. They bore the arms of Olancho. He wheeled sharply and called to his men inside the posthouse, and they stepped out from the veranda and spread themselves leisurely across the road.

"Ride him down, Clay," Langham muttered, in a whisper. The officer did not understand the words, but he saw Clay gather the reins tighter in his hands and he stepped back quickly to the safety of the porch, and from that ground of vantage smiled pleasantly.

"Pardon," he said, "there is no need for blows when one is rich enough to pay. A little something for myself and a drink for my brave fellows, and you can go where you please."

"Damned brigands," growled Langham, savagely.

"Not at all," Clay answered. "He is an officer and a gentleman. I have no money with me," he said, in Spanish, addressing the officer, "but between caballeros a word of honor is sufficient. I shall be returning

this way to-morrow morning, and I will bring a few hundred sols from Señor Palaccio for you and your men ; but if we are followed you will get nothing, and you must have forgotten in the meantime that you have seen us pass."

There was a murmur inside the carriage, and Hope's face disappeared from between the curtains to reappear again almost immediately. She beckoned to the officer with her hand, and the men saw that she held between her thumb and little finger a diamond ring of size and brilliancy. She moved it so that it flashed in the light of the guard lantern above the post-house.

" My sister tells me you shall be given this to-morrow morning," Hope said, " if we are not followed."

The man's eyes laughed with pleasure. He swept his sombrero to the ground.

" I am your servant, Señorita," he said. " Gentlemen," he cried, gayly, turning to Clay, "if you wish it, I will accompany you with my men. Yes, I will leave word that I have gone in the sudden pursuit of smugglers ; or I will remain here as you wish, and send those who may follow back again."

" You are most gracious, sir," said Clay. " It is always a pleasure to meet with a gentleman and a philosopher. We prefer to travel without an escort, and remember, you have seen nothing and heard nothing." He leaned from the saddle, and touched the officer on the breast. "That ring is worth a king's ransom."

" Or a president's," muttered the man, smiling. " Let the American ladies pass," he commanded.

The soldiers scattered as the whip fell, and the horses once more leaped forward, and as the carriage entered the forest, Clay looked back and saw the officer exhaling the smoke of a fresh cigarette, with the satisfaction of one who enjoys a clean conscience and a sense of duty well performed.

The road through the forest was narrow and uneven, and as the horses fell into a trot the men on horseback closed up together behind the carriage.

" Do you think that road-agent will keep his word? " Langham asked.

" Yes ; he has nothing to win by telling the truth," Clay answered. " He can say he saw a party of foreigners, Americans, driving in the direction of Palaccio's coffee plantation. That lets him out, and in the morning he knows he can levy on us for the gate money. I am not so much afraid of being overtaken as I am that King may make a mistake and not get to Bocos on time. We ought to reach there, if the carriage holds together, by eleven. King should be there by eight o'clock, and the yacht ought to make the run to Truxillo in three hours. But we shall not be able to get back to the city before five to-morrow morning. I suppose your family will be wild about Hope. We didn't know where she was when we sent the groom back to King."

" Do you think that driver is taking us the right way? " Langham asked, after a pause.

" He'd better. He knows it well enough. He was through the last revolution, and carried messages from Los Bocos to the city on foot for two months. He has covered every trail on the way, and if he goes wrong he knows what will happen to him."

" And Los Bocos—it is a village, isn't it, and the landing must be in sight of the custom-house? "

"The village lies some distance back from the shore, and the only house on the beach is the custom-house itself ; but every one will be asleep by the time we get there, and it will take us only a minute to hand her into the launch. If there should be a guard there, King will have fixed them one way or another by the time we arrive. Anyhow, there is no need of looking for trouble that far ahead. There is enough to worry about in between. We haven't got there yet."

The moon rose grandly a few minutes later, and flooded the forest with light so that the open places were as clear as day. It threw strange shadows across the trail, and turned the rocks and fallen trees into figures of men crouching or standing upright with uplifted arms. They were so like to them that Clay and Langham flung their carbines to their shoulders again and again, and pointed them at some black object that turned as they advanced into wood or stone. From the forest they came to little streams and broad shallow rivers where the rocks in the fording places churned the water into white masses of foam, and the horses kicked up showers of spray as they made their way, slipping and stumbling, against the current. It was a silent pilgrimage, and never for a moment did the

strain slacken or the men draw rein. Sometimes, as they hurried across a broad tableland, or skirted the edge of a precipice and looked down hundreds of feet below at the shining waters they had just forded, or up at the rocky points of the mountains before them, the beauty of the night overcame them and made them forget the significance of their journey.

They were not always alone, for they passed at intervals through sleeping villages of mud huts with thatched roofs, where the dogs ran yelping out to bark at them and where the pine-knots, blazing on the clay ovens, burned cheerily in the moonlight. In the low lands where the fever lay, the mist rose above the level of their heads and enshrouded them in a curtain of fog, and the dew fell heavily, penetrating their clothing and chilling their heated bodies so that the sweating horses moved in a lather of steam.

They had settled down into a steady gallop now, and ten or fifteen miles had been left behind them.

"We are making excellent time," said Clay. "The village of San Lorenzo should lie beyond that ridge." He drove up beside the driver and pointed with his whip. "Is not that San Lorenzo?" he asked.

"Yes, señor," the man answered, "but I mean to drive around it by the old wagon trail. It is a large town, and people may be awake. You will be able to see it from the top of the next hill."

The cavalcade stopped at the summit of the ridge and the men looked down into the silent village. It was like the others they had passed, with a few houses built round a square of grass that could hardly be recognized as a plaza, except for the church on its one side, and the huge wooden cross planted in its centre. From the top of the hill they could see that the greater number of the houses were in darkness, but in a large building of two stories, lights were shining from every window.

"That is the commandancia," said the driver, shaking his head. "They are still awake. It is a telegraph station."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed MacWilliams. "We forgot the telegraph. They may have sent word to head us off already."

"Nine o'clock is not so very late," said Clay. "It may mean nothing."

"We had better make sure, though," MacWilliams answered, jumping to the ground. "Lend me your pony, Ted, and take my place. I'll run in there and dust around and see what's up. I'll join you on the other side of the town after you get back to the main road.

"Wait a minute," said Clay. "What do you mean to do?"

"I can't tell till I get there, but I'll try to find out how much they know. Don't you be afraid. I'll run fast enough if there's any sign of trouble. And if you come across a telegraph wire, cut it. The message may not have gone over yet."

The two women in the carriage had parted the flaps of the hoods and were trying to hear what was being said, but could not understand, and Langham explained to them that they were about to make a slight detour to avoid San Lorenzo while MacWilliams was going into it to reconnoitre. He asked if they were comfortable, and assured them that the greater part of the ride was over, and that there was a good road from San Lorenzo to the sea.

MacWilliams rode down into the village along the main trail, and threw his reins over a post in front of the commandancia. He mounted boldly to the second floor of the building and stopped at the head of the stairs, in front of an open door. There were three men in the room before him, one an elderly man, whom he rightly guessed was the commandante, and two younger men who were standing behind a railing and bending over a telegraph instrument on a table. As he stamped into the room, they looked up and stared at him in surprise; their faces showed that he had interrupted them at a moment of unusual interest.

MacWilliams saluted the three men civilly, and, according to the native custom, apologized for appearing before them in his spurs. He had been riding from Los Bocos to the capital, he said, and his horse had gone lame. Could they tell him if there was any one in the village from whom he could hire a mule, as he must push on to the capital that night?

The commandante surveyed him for a moment, as though still disturbed by the interruption, and then shook his head impatiently: "You can hire a mule from one Pulido Paul, at the corner of the plaza," he said. And as MacWilliams still stood uncertainly, he added, "You say you have

come from Los Bocos. Did you meet any one on your way?"

The two younger men looked up at him anxiously, but before he could answer, the instrument began to tick out the signal, and they turned their eyes to it again, and one of them began to take its message down on paper.

The instrument spoke to MacWilliams also, for he was used to sending telegrams daily from the office to the mines, and could make it talk for him in either English or Spanish. So, in his effort to hear what it might say, he stammered and glanced at it involuntarily, and the commandante, without suspecting his reason for doing so, turned also and peered over the shoulder of the man who was receiving the message. Except for the clicking of the instrument, the room was absolutely still; the three men bent silently over the table, while MacWilliams stood gazing at the ceiling, and turning his hat in his hands. The message MacWilliams read from the instrument was this: "They are reported to have left the city by the south, so they are going to Para, or San Pedro or to Los Bocos. She must be stopped—take an armed force and guard the roads. If necessary, kill her. She has in the carriage or hidden on her person, drafts for five million sols. You will be held responsible for every one of them. Repeat this message to show you understand, and relay it to Los Bocos. If you fail——"

MacWilliams could not wait to hear more; he gave a curt nod to the men and started toward the stairs. "Wait," the commandante called after him.

MacWilliams paused with one hand on top of the banisters balancing himself in readiness for instant flight.

"You have not answered me. Did you meet with any one on your ride here from Los Bocos?"

"I met several men on foot, and the mail carrier passed me a league out from the coast, and oh, yes, I met a carriage at the cross roads and the driver asked me the way of San Pedro Sula."

"A carriage?—yes—and what did you tell him?"

"I told him he was on the road to Los Bocos, and he turned back and——"

"You are sure he turned back?"

"Certainly, sir. I rode behind him for some distance. He turned finally to the right into the trail to San Pedro Sula."

The man flung himself across the railing.

"Quick," he commanded, "telegraph to Morales, Commandante San Pedro Sula——"

He had turned his back on MacWilliams and as the younger man bent over the instrument, MacWilliams stepped softly down the stairs, and mounting his pony rode slowly off in the direction of the capital. As soon as he had reached the outskirts of the town, he turned and galloped round it and then rode fast with his head in air, glancing up at the telegraph wire that sagged from tree-trunk to tree-trunk along the trail. At a point where he thought he could dismount in safety and tear down the wire, he came across it dangling from the branches and he gave a shout of relief. He caught the loose end and dragged it free from its support, and then laying it across a rock pounded the blade of his knife upon it with a stone, until he had hacked off a piece some fifty feet in length. Taking this in his hand he mounted again and rode off with it, dragging the wire in the road behind him. He held it up as he rejoined Clay, and laughed triumphantly. "They'll have some trouble splicing that circuit," he said, "you only half did the work. What wouldn't we give to know all this little piece of copper knows, eh?"

"Do you mean you think they have telegraphed to Los Bocos already?"

"I know that they were telegraphing to San Pedro Sula as I left and to all the coast towns. But whether you cut this down before or after is what I should like to know."

"We will probably learn that later," said Clay, grimly.

The last three miles of the journey lay over a hard, smooth road, wide enough to allow the carriage and its escort to ride abreast. It was in such contrast to the tortuous paths they had just followed, that the horses gained a fresh impetus and galloped forward as freely as though the race had but just begun.

Madame Alvarez stopped the carriage at one place and asked the men to lower the hood at the back that she might feel the fresh air and see about her, and when this had been done, the women seated them-

selves with their backs to the horses where they could look out at the moonlit road as it unrolled behind them.

Hope felt selfishly and wickedly happy. The excitement had kept her spirits at the highest point, and the knowledge that Clay was guarding and protecting her was in itself a pleasure. She leaned back on the cushions and put her arm around the older woman's waist, and listened to the light beat of his pony's hoofs outside, now running ahead, now scrambling and slipping up some steep place, and again coming to a halt as Langham or MacWilliams called, "Look to the right, behind those trees," or "Ahead there! Don't you see what I mean, something crouching?"

She did not know when the false alarms would turn into a genuine attack, but she was confident that when the time came he would take care of her, and she welcomed the danger because it brought that solace with it.

Madame Alvarez sat at her side, rigid, silent, and beyond the help of comfort. She tortured herself with thoughts of the ambitions she had held, and which had been so cruelly mocked that very morning; of the chivalric love that had been hers, of the life even that had been hers, and which had been given up for her so tragically. When she spoke at all, it was to murmur her sorrow that Hope had exposed herself to danger on her poor account, and that her life, as far as she loved it, was at an end. Only once after the men had parted the curtains and asked concerning her comfort with grave solicitude did she give way to tears.

"Why are they so good to me?" she moaned. "Why are you so good to me? I am a wicked, vain woman, I have brought a nation to war and I have killed the only man I ever trusted."

Hope touched her gently with her hand and felt guiltily how selfish she herself must be not to feel the woman's grief, but she could not. She only saw in it a contrast to her own happiness, a black background before which the figure of Clay and his solicitude for her shone out, the only fact in the world that was of value.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the carriage coming to a halt, and a significant movement upon the part of the men. MacWilliams had descended from the box-seat and stepping into the carriage took the place the women had just left.

He had a carbine in his hand and after he was seated Langham handed him another which he laid across his knees.

"They thought I was too conspicuous on the box to do any good there," he explained, in a confidential whisper. "In case there is any firing now, you ladies want to get down on your knees here at my feet, and hide your heads in the cushions. We are entering Los Bocos."

Langham and Clay were riding far in advance, scouting to the right and left, and the carriage moved noiselessly behind them through the empty streets. There was no light in any of the windows, and not even a dog barked, or a cock crowed. The women sat erect, listening for the first signal of an attack, each holding the other's hand and looking at MacWilliams, who sat with his thumb on the trigger of his carbine, glancing to the right and left and breathing quickly. His eyes twinkled, like those of a little fox terrier. The men dropped back, and drew up on a level with the carriage.

"We are all right so far," Clay whispered. "The beach slopes down from the other side of that line of trees. What is the matter with you?" he demanded, suddenly, looking up at the driver, "are you afraid?"

"No," the man answered, hurriedly, his voice shaking; "it's the cold."

Langham had galloped on ahead and as he passed through the trees and came out upon the beach, he saw a broad stretch of moonlit water and the lights from the yacht shining from a point a quarter of a mile off shore. Among the rocks on the edge of the beach was the Vesta's long boat and her crew seated in it or standing about on the beach. The carriage had stopped under the protecting shadow of the trees, and he raced back toward it.

"The yacht is here," he cried. "The long boat is waiting and there is not a sign of light about the custom-house. Come on," he cried. "We have beaten them after all."

A sailor, who had been acting as lookout on the rocks, sprang to his full height, and shouted to the group around the long boat, and King came up the beach toward them running heavily through the deep sand.

Madame Alvarez stepped down from the carriage and as Hope handed her her jewel

case in silence, the men draped her cloak about her shoulders. She put out her hand to them, and as Clay took it in his, she bent her head quickly and kissed his hand. "You were his friend," she murmured.

She held Hope in her arms for an instant, and kissed her, and then gave her hand in turn to Langham and to MacWilliams.

"I do not know whether I shall ever see you again," she said, looking slowly from one to the other, "but I will pray for you every day, and God will reward you for saving a worthless life." As she finished speaking King came up to the group, followed by three of his men.

"Is Hope with you, is she safe?" he asked.

"Yes, she is with me," Madame Alvarez answered.

"Thank God," King exclaimed, breathlessly. "Then we will start at once, Madame. Where is she, she must come with us?"

"Of course," Clay assented, eagerly, "she will be much safer on the yacht."

But Hope protested. "I must get back to father," she said. "The yacht will not arrive until late to-morrow, and the carriage can take me to him five hours earlier. The family have worried too long about me as it is, and, besides, I will not leave Ted. I am going back as I came."

"It is most unsafe," King urged.

"On the contrary, it is perfectly safe now," Hope answered. "It was not one of us they wanted."

"You may be right," King said. "They don't know what has happened to you, and perhaps after all it would be better if you went back the quicker way." He gave his arm to Madame Alvarez and walked with her toward the shore. As the men surrounded her on every side and moved away, Clay glanced back at Hope and saw her standing upright in the carriage looking after them.

"We will be with you in a minute," he called, as though in apology for leaving her for even that brief space. And then the shadow of the trees shut her and the carriage from his sight. His footsteps made no sound in the soft sand, and except for the whispering of the palms and the sleepy wash of the waves as they ran up the pebbly beach and sank again, the place was as peaceful and silent as a deserted island, though the moon made it as light as day.

The long boat had been drawn up with her stern to the shore, and the men were already in their places, some standing waiting for the order to shove off, and others seated balancing their oars.

King had arranged to fire a rocket when the launch left the shore, in order that the captain of the yacht might run in closer to pick them up. As he hurried down the beach, he called to his boatswain to give the signal and the man answered that he understood and stooped to light a match. King had jumped into the stern and lifted Madame Alvarez after him, leaving her late escort standing with uncovered heads on the beach behind her, when the rocket shot up into the calm white air, with a roar and a rush and a sudden flash of color. At the same instant, as though in answer to its challenge, the woods back of them burst into an irregular line of flame, a volley of rifle shots shattered the silence, and a score of bullets splashed in the water and on the rocks about them.

The boatswain in the bow of the long boat tossed up his arms and pitched forward between the thwarts.

"Give way," he shouted as he fell.

"Pull," Clay yelled, "pull, all of you."

He threw himself against the stern of the boat and Langham and MacWilliams clutched its sides and with their shoulders against it and their bodies half sunk in the water, shoved it off, free of the shore.

The shots continued fiercely and two of the crew cried out and fell back upon the oars of the men behind them.

Madame Alvarez sprang to her feet and stood swaying unsteadily as the boat leaped forward.

"Take me back. Stop, I command you," she cried, "I will not leave those men. Do you hear?"

King caught her by the waist and dragged her down, but she struggled to free herself. "I will not leave them to be murdered," she cried. "You cowards, put me back."

"Hold her, King," Clay shouted. "We're all right. They're not firing at us."

His voice was drowned in the noise of the oars beating in the rowlocks, and the reports of the rifles. The boat disappeared

in a mist of spray and moonlight, and Clay turned and faced about him. Langham and MacWilliams were crouching behind a rock and firing at the flashes in the woods.

"You can't stay there," Clay cried. "We must get back to Hope."

He ran forward, dodging from side to side and firing as he ran. He heard shots from the water and looking back saw that the men in the long boat had ceased rowing and were returning the fire from the shore.

"Come back, Hope is all right," her brother called to him. "I haven't seen a shot within a hundred yards of her yet, they're firing from the custom-house and below. I think Mac's hit."

"I'm not," MacWilliam's voice answered from behind a rock, "but I'd like to see something to shoot at."

A hot tremor of rage swept over Clay at the thought of a possibly fatal termination to the night's adventure. He groaned at the mockery of having found his life only to lose it now, when it was more precious to him than it had ever been, and to lose it in a silly brawl with semi-savages. He cursed himself impotently and rebelliously for a senseless fool.

"Keep back, can't you?" he heard Langham calling to him from the shore. "You're only drawing the fire toward Hope. She's got away by now. She had both the horses."

Langham and MacWilliams started forward to Clay's side, but the instant they left the shadow of the rock, the bullets threw up the sand at their feet and they stopped irresolutely. The moon showed the three men outlined against the white sand of the beach as clearly as though a search light had been turned upon them, even while its shadows sheltered and protected their assailants. At their backs the open sea cut off retreat, and the line of fire in front held them in check. They were as helpless as chessmen upon a board.

"I'm not going to stand still to be shot at," cried MacWilliams. "Let's hide or let's run. This isn't doing anybody any good." But no one moved. They could hear the singing of the bullets as they passed them whining in the air like a banjo-string that is being tightened, and they knew they were in equal danger from those who were firing from the boat.

"They're shooting better," said MacWilliams. "They'll reach us in a minute."

"They've reached me already, I think," Langham answered, with suppressed satisfaction, "in the shoulder. It's nothing." His unconcern was quite sincere; to a young man who had galloped through two long halves of a football match on a strained tendon, a scratched shoulder was not important, except as an unsought honor.

But it was of the most importance to MacWilliams. He raised his voice against the men in the woods in impotent fury. "Come out, you cowards, where we can see you," he cried. "Come out where I can shoot your black heads off."

Clay had fired the last cartridge in his rifle and throwing it away drew his revolver.

"We must either swim or hide," he said. "Put your heads down and run."

But as he spoke, they saw the carriage plunging out of the shadow of the woods and the horses galloping toward them down the beach. MacWilliams gave a cheer of welcome. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "it's José coming for us. He's a good man. Well done José!" he called.

"That's not José," Langham cried, doubtfully, peering through the moonlight. "Good God! It's Hope," he exclaimed. He waved his hands frantically above his head. "Go back, Hope," he cried, "go back!"

But the carriage did not swerve on its way toward them. They all saw her now distinctly. She was on the driver's box and alone, leaning forward and lashing the horses' backs with the whip and reins, and bending over to avoid the bullets that passed above her head. As she came down upon them, she stood up, her woman's figure outlined clearly in the riding habit she still wore. "Jump in when I turn," she cried. "I'm going to turn slowly, run and jump in."

She bent forward again and pulled the horses to the right, and as they obeyed her, plunging and tugging at their bits, as though they knew the danger they were in, the men threw themselves at the carriage. Clay caught the hood at the back, swung himself up and scrambled over the cushions and up to the box seat. He dropped down behind Hope and reaching his arms around her took the reins in one

hand and with the other forced her down to her knees upon the footboard, so that as she knelt, his arms and body protected her from the bullets sent after them. Langham followed Clay and tumbled into the carriage over the hood at the back, but MacWilliams endeavored to vault in from the step, and missing his footing fell under the hind wheel, so that the weight of the carriage passed over him, and his head was buried for an instant in the sand. But he was on his feet again before they had noticed that he was down, and as he jumped for the hood, Langham caught him by the collar of his coat and dragged him into the seat, panting and gasping, and rubbing the sand from his mouth and nostrils. Clay turned the carriage at a right angle through the heavy sand, and still standing with Hope crouched at his knees, he raced back to the woods into the face of the firing, with the boys behind him answering it from each side of the carriage, so that the horses leaped forward in a frenzy of terror, and dashing through the woods, passed into the first road that opened before them.

The road into which they had turned was narrow, but level, and ran through a forest of banana palms that bent and swayed above them. Langham and MacWilliams still knelt in the rear seat of the carriage, watching the road on the chance of possible pursuit.

"Give me some cartridges," said Langham. "My belt is empty. What road is this?"

"It is a private road, I should say, through somebody's banana plantation. But it must cross the main road somewhere. It doesn't matter, we're all right now. I mean to take it easy." MacWilliams turned on his back and stretched out his legs on the seat opposite.

"Where do you suppose those men sprang from? Were they following us all the time?"

"Perhaps, or else that message got over the wire before we cut it, and they've being lying in wait for us. They were probably watching King and his sailors for the last hour or so, but they didn't want him. They wanted her and the money. It was pretty exciting, wasn't it? How's your shoulder?"

"It's a little stiff, thank you," said Langham. He stood up and by peering over the hood could just see the top of Clay's sombrero rising above it where he sat on the back seat.

"You and Hope all right up there, Clay?" he asked.

The top of the sombrero moved slightly and Langham took it as a sign that all was well. He dropped back into his seat beside MacWilliams and they both breathed a long sigh of relief and content. Langham's wounded arm was the one nearest MacWilliams and the latter parted the torn sleeve and examined the furrow across the shoulder with unconcealed envy.

"I am afraid it won't leave a scar," he said, sympathetically.

"Won't it?" asked Langham, in some concern.

The horses had dropped into a walk, and the beauty of the moonlit night put its spell upon the two boys, and the rustling of the great leaves above their heads stilled and quieted them so that they unconsciously spoke in whispers.

Clay had not moved since the horses turned of their own accord into the valley of the palms. He no longer feared pursuit nor any interruption to their further progress. His only sensation was one of utter thankfulness that they were all well out of it, and that Hope had been the one who had helped them in their trouble, and his dearest thought was that, whether she wished or not, he owed his safety, and possibly his life, to her.

She still crouched between his knees upon the broad footboard, with her hands clasped in front of her, and looking ahead into the vista of soft mysterious lights and dark shadows that the moon cast upon the road. Neither of them spoke, and as the silence continued unbroken, it took a weightier significance, and at each added second of time became more full of meaning.

The horses had dropped into a tired walk, and drew them smoothly over the white road; from behind the hood came broken snatches of the boys' talk, and above their heads the heavy leaves of the palms bent and bowed as though in benediction. A warm breeze from the land filled the air with the odor of ripening fruit and pungent smells, and the silence

seemed to envelop them and mark them as the only living creatures awake in the brilliant tropical night.

Hope sank slowly back, and as she did so, her shoulder touched for an instant against Clay's knee ; she straightened herself and made a movement as though to rise. Her nearness to him and something in her attitude at his feet held Clay in a spell. He bent forward and laid his hand fearfully upon her shoulder, and the touch seemed to stop the blood in his veins and hushed the words upon his lips. Hope raised her head slowly as though with a great effort, and looked into his eyes. It seemed to him that he had been looking into those same eyes for centuries, as though he had always known them, and the soul that looked out of them into his. He bent his head lower and stretching out his arms drew her to him, and the eyes did not waver. He raised her and held her close against his breast. Her eyes faltered and closed.

" Hope," he whispered, " Hope." He stooped lower and kissed her, and his lips told her what they could not speak—and they were quite alone.

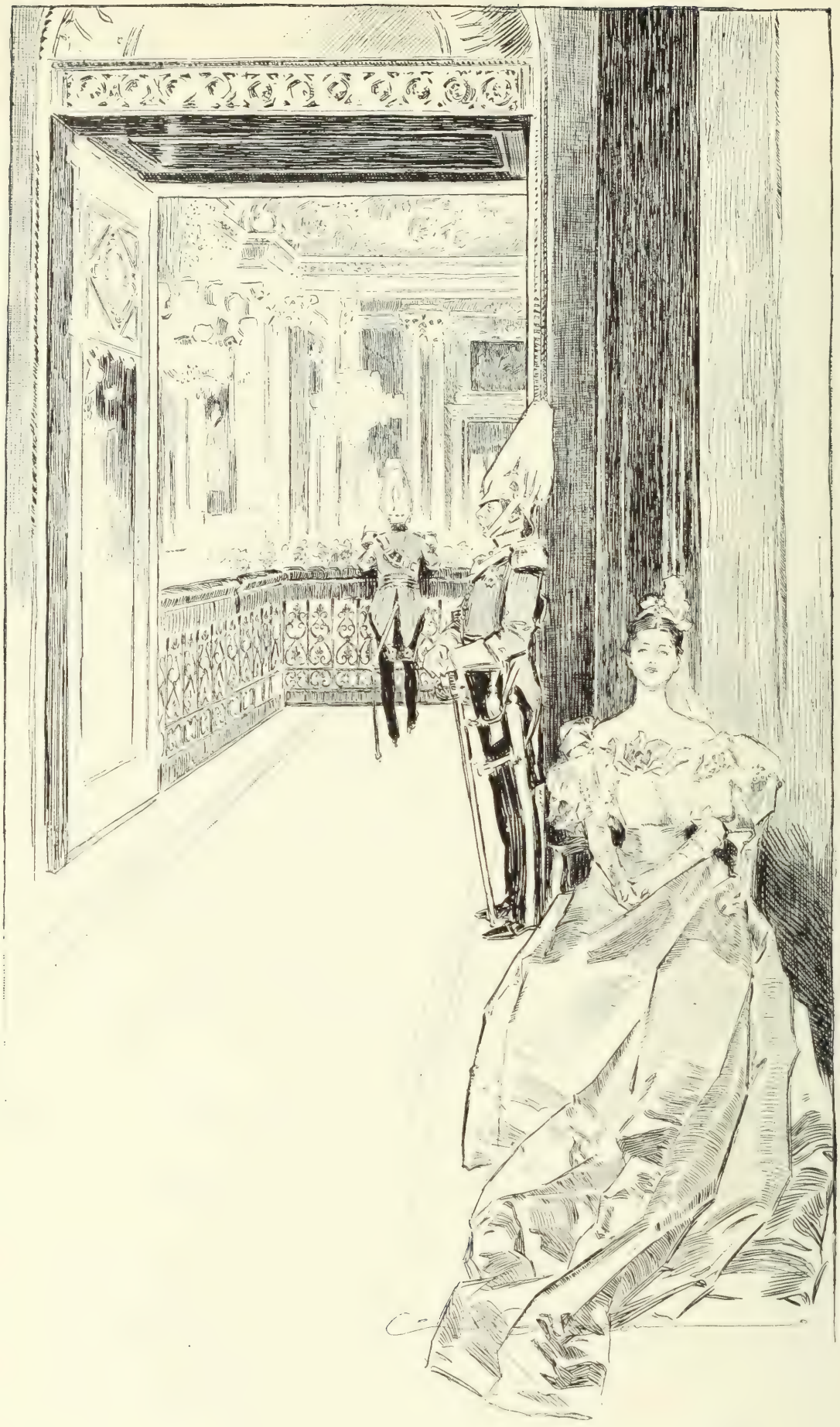
(To be concluded in June.)

THE WHIRLWIND ROAD

By Charles Edwin Markham

The Muses wrapped in mysteries of light
Came in a rush of music on the night ;
And I was lifted wildly on quick wings,
And borne away into the heart of things.
The dead doors of my being broke apart ;
A wind of rapture blew across the heart ;
The inward song of worlds rang still and clear ;
I felt the Mystery the Muses fear ;
Yet they went swiftening on the ways untrod,
And hurled me breathless at the feet of God.

I felt faint touches of the Final Truth—
Moments of trembling love, moments of youth.
A vision swept away the human wall ;
Slowly I saw the meaning of it all—
Meaning of life and time and death and birth,
But cannot tell it to the men of Earth.
I only point the way, and they must go
The whirlwind road of song if they would know.



A Barrier.

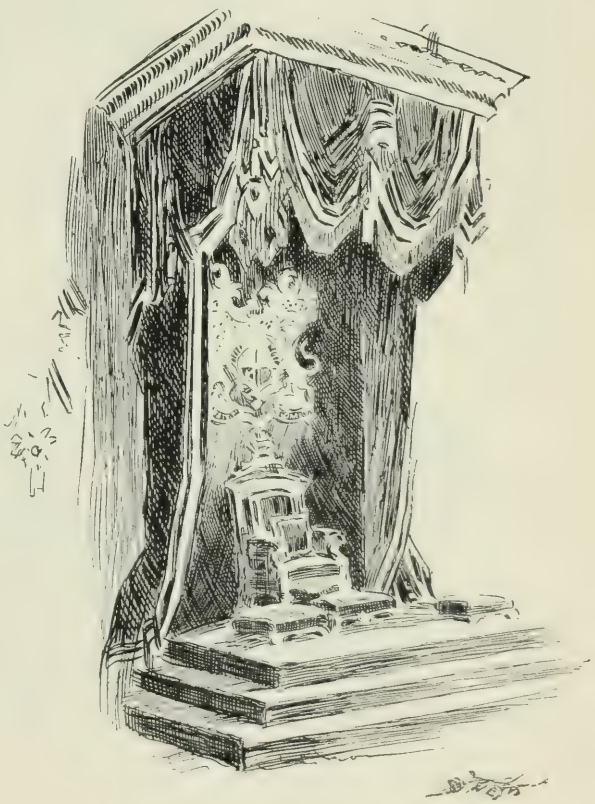
LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

IV.—THE DRAWING-ROOM



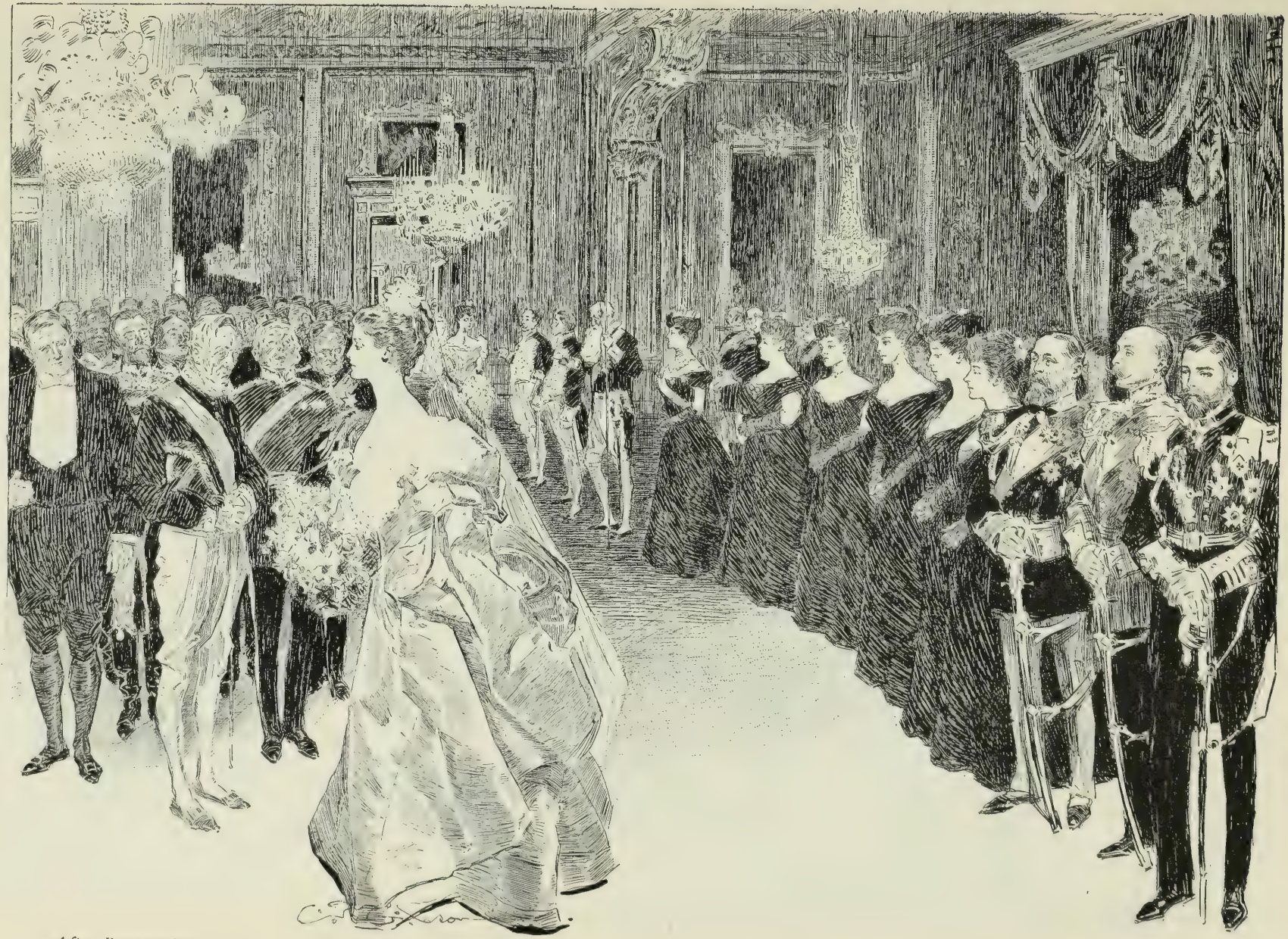
ON March 11, 1896, the first Drawing-room of that year was held at Buckingham Palace. Through the courtesy of the Lord Chamberlain I was given the entrée to the palace on that day. As a Drawing-room is strictly a feminine affair, it matters very little what a man may think about it, for the fine points of social advantages and the costly costumes he seldom understands. Apart from the foreign ambassadors, members of the Cabinet and attendants, men are not wanted and are seldom seen. Women go in hundreds, and sit for hours in carriages, extending in long rows down the Mall, while a crowd of curious idlers stare in at the carriage windows, making audible personal remarks. At two o'clock the palace gates are open, and the waiting continues in the different rooms above stairs. These rooms are divided by barriers, guarded by gentlemen of the household, which prevents over-crowding. It is an extraordinary sight to see room after room filled with nervous young girls and their more composed mothers sitting in the unbecoming light of an afternoon sun, with white plumes in their hair and all the family jewels on their necks. With the exception of a now and then whispered conversation, everything is quiet until the barriers leading into the next room are opened; then a rush follows and small pieces of lace, spangles, flowers, and ostrich feathers are left on the floor. Mothers and daughters are separated. After the confusion of finding each other, all is quiet for another thirty minutes, when a rush for a better place in the next room begins. A retired Colonel, the guardian of a barrier, noticing my interest and my evening dress, asked me if I did not think it looked like an ostrich farm. He pointed out his wife to me, and said a French hairdresser had been at his house all that morning. The Colonel's pretty wife looked it. From there I crossed the ambassadors' room and the picture gallery, where the more fortunate people who have the entrée wait, and entered the throne room. At that



The Throne.



Waiting.



After Presentation.



A Drawing-room Tea.

time there were three men in it; two of them, gentlemen of the household, were standing on either side of the door. One of them told me that the young officer with a bear-skin hat on his arm, standing by a long window overlooking the central court, was there to signal to the band outside when the royal family entered, in order that they might know when to play "God Save the Queen." He also motioned with his head toward a small door in one corner of the big red room, and said through it the royal party would enter. I asked the same gentleman why Drawing-rooms were not held in the evening. He said he did not know. At this time the Prime Minister, in a dark uniform with a blue ribbon across his breast, entered the room, followed by court dignitaries, gentlemen ushers, and the Lord Chamberlain with his staff of office. Then the little door opened, and while the band played "God Save the Queen," the Princess of Wales and the royal party filed in. Then there was a low bow on both sides; the Lord Chamberlain took his position by the Princess of Wales, and read from the cards handed him by the ushers the names of those who were being presented.



A Gentleman at Arms.

After the ambassadors and their wives came those having the entrée; after them those without. The white procession had started, and the Drawing-room that had been rehearsed and looked forward to for years, as far as each individual's part in it was concerned, was soon over. At the end of two hours there was another low bow, and the royal family filed back through the little door. The bustle and waiting was transferred to the grand hall below, where little olive-skinned Indian ladies of high birth, and famous English beauties whose photographs could be bought on Piccadilly, stood side by side until their carriages stopped the way. Mothers and daughters passed between rows of Yeomen of the Guards to the door, daylight, and the photographers; finally home, where tea is arranged, and friends are gathered to hear about it.

If a man has attended a levee his wife may be presented at court. In that case he may accompany her as far as the throne-room and wait for her in the picture gallery. This gave me a second opportunity to see a Drawing-room, and I am of the impression that they must be very much alike.

C. D. G.

Was out on the platform in an instant.—Page 633.



BETWIXT CUP AND LIP

By Grace Howard Peirce

Illustrations by Edwin B. Child

BOLTON was an insignificant station, next to the Junction, on a side line—a little pine box set down in the midst of sand and woods, like hundreds of other stations in New England. It was of recent construction; that is to say, the chips and shingles and empty nail-kegs, which strewed the premises to a considerable distance, had only once been buried under the snow and had come out in the spring looking still quite fresh. The interior of the box was in perfect order, neatly planed and shellacked, and the little waiting-room had an individuality about it seldom found among its compeers. Any one who entered it for the first time was sure to utter an exclamation of pleasure or surprise. The place was pervaded by a delicious odor of mignonette, and in one corner of the room, where the sun streamed in from the east and south, was massed, on the window-sills and on clumsily constructed jardinières, a whole flower-garden of old-fashioned plants in splendid condition; while the very few persons who ever bought a ticket at Bolton did so through a bower of "wandering Jew," trained around the window and along the partition which set apart a portion of the room for an office.

The romantically inclined at once suspected some feminine influence behind these tasteful arrangements, and they

were not wrong. It was a young woman from the village up the hill, who had set out the plants in slips, and who came from time to time and moved them about, coaxed the "wandering Jew" into ever fresh paths, and often wound up her tour of inspection by saying to the ticket-agent, telegraph-operator, and general manager:

"You've better luck with flowers than I have, Will, I do believe."

Except where flowers were concerned, there had not been a great deal of luck to spare between them. She, it is true, thought herself fortunate to get a position as district school-teacher year after year, and so to eke out her mother's scanty means and keep their tiny house going; while he blessed the fates which had brought him to Bolton to make Helen's acquaintance, even though at first sight of the place he had bitterly thought himself "side-tracked." But they were waiting now until he could make a home for her, and, with the best will in the world, they could neither of them see much prospect of his doing so.

He looked like a capable man, nevertheless, and it was a pleasing face he had, too; not handsome but the kind of face one calls "good." There were lines of care in it, though he was barely thirty, but they lent no forbidding expression; on the contrary, people in perplexity or distress would have turned to him with an instinctive conviction that here was some one who would do his best for them.

The pity was that he had never been able to do the best for himself. Circumstances had obliged him to take always the first thing that offered in the way of employment, and in such a case the world usually offers less and less at each remove from the starting-point. So he had come to Bolton, where, at all events, the duties connected with a very slight remuneration were not so arduous but that he had times of leisure, as when he sat in the office, one afternoon, so absorbed in a book as not to heed the stopping of a vehicle at the side platform just behind him. It was a one-seated wagon much the worse for long use, and drawn by an old white horse. The driver was the only jaunty feature of the turnout, a pretty girl of two or three-and-twenty, who looked through the office-window for a moment, and then flicked her whip across the panes.

The man turned, flung down his book, and was out on the platform in an instant.

"Oh, Will, what do you think has happened! But you never would guess! You couldn't imagine! It's the most wonderful thing!"

She went on as people do with a great piece of news to impart, he looking up at her and interested chiefly in the circumstance that, under the influence of joyful excitement, her face was even more brilliant than usual in its youthful beauty.

"You stand there as if it did not concern you at all! You don't care a bit!"

"I do care, and it concerns me much if you are pleased, though I don't yet know what 'it' is."

There was a new charm in her face then, an expression of tenderness. He had such a nice way of saying a thing like that!—with just a little gravity, so that you were sure he meant it. Not but that she was always sure he meant what he said.

"Well, I'll tell you. Mother has had some money left her."

"Why, I am very glad!" he exclaimed, now properly impressed and congratulatory.

"Yes, but how much? You won't be able to believe it! Mother and I have been saying to each other ever since the letter came, 'It *can't* be true!' But it is, for it's a lawyer writes it. Her uncle in Chicago has died, and she is to have all his money! He was grandpa's only brother, so there's nobody but her *to* have it. Grandpa always supposed he was married, but they had quarrelled and didn't hear from each other. He went away years and years ago, when he was quite a young man. Mother has seen his name in the paper sometimes and felt sure it was he, because there could hardly be two Hosea Q. Grants, and he seemed to be president of a railway company and a director in all sorts of things, and she says those people are rich, and it may be fifty thousand dollars." She paused, breathless.

"Why—Helen!" He was as much astonished now as she could desire.

"And mother says she cares most on our account; that it wouldn't be a bit of pleasure to her unless I had half; she shouldn't know what to do with so much. And so——"

He could finish that sentence for himself, but the news in its suddenness was too astounding. "I can't believe it, Helen," he said, in a bewildered way.

"Of course you can't! I'd have brought the letter for you to see, only mother keeps taking it up and reading it over. I tell her we shall wear it all out between us and have nothing left to show for it. But, oh! I must go on to the post-office with the answer we've written. I only came round this way to tell you; and say, you must be sure to come up to-night." Then, ecstatically, "Oh, Will, just think! We can do anything we like now. We can live in Boston if we choose. I've always *longed* to!" But that appeared to be an unlucky speech; she began to stammer: "That is—of course—I mean—I'd just as lief live anywhere else."

"I shouldn't mind living in Boston," he returned, but with a slight change in his tone. It was as if a cloud had passed for a moment over the sun that was gilding their brilliant prospects.

"Well, there's time enough to think of that. But I'm forgetting to tell you that the lawyer wants to transact affairs with 'mother's man of business,' and we've given him your name, and if you don't get a lot of money for us we shall be down upon you." She glanced this way and that, as she spoke, then bent suddenly toward him and their lips met.

So she went up the road again in her borrowed wagon, calling back joyous injunctions about his coming the moment the station closed; and he, when he could see her no longer, sat down on a truck and gazed along the track, as if it led straight into the future, which had suddenly taken on such a glorious aspect.

He had known prosperity, it is true, once before, for he had had a luxurious home and a happy childhood in one of the prettiest suburbs of Boston, and could remember driving out with his father behind a pair of horses and noting the careless ease with which the reins were handled, and the graceful touch of the hat to acquaintances who were walking. The boy of that time had fancied that when he grew up he should like to do just such things in just that way, though the man who looked back upon those days knew that the people who walked had been only so far impressed by the carriage and pair as to wonder where the money came from to make it possible. "How does he manage it?" they must have asked each other. And when, at last, it occurred to some one to find out how he managed it, there was a terrible downfall.

It was his mother, then, who told the child why his father had gone away, where he was, and that he would not come back for fifteen years. She told him also that they, too, must leave their home, that they must go out into the world and be poor. His father had given her money, but had she any right to keep it? Did it not really belong to those who would suffer because of what had been done?

At twelve years old the boy had had a sufficient apprehension of justice to assent to that idea, and there the first chapter in his life had ended. The next opened in a strange place, his mother working at art-embroidery for a living, he making acquaintance with poverty, in its various phases of shabby clothes, scanty meals, and, most pathetic of all in a child's existence, care. For when he read anxiety in his mother's face he went about with a weight upon his spirit; but then, too, he rejoiced with her if some happy turn of affairs assured them food and shelter for awhile.

He had been far in advance of boys of his own age at the private school he had attended, and entering the public schools on the same footing, had begun, at fifteen, to take his share of the bread-winning. His mother had hoped that, by working all night as well as all day, she might be able to give him the first year of a college education, which he, with the scholarships he would be sure to win, and the teaching he could do between whiles, might then finish for himself. But he could not let her toil for him any longer; and, when he had taken a place as office-boy, he consoled her distress by pretending that

he did not care about going to college, and continued his studies in private as best he could, which had not been very ill. At any rate, he needed no one now to tell him which were the hundred books he ought to read; he had found them out for himself, and more too. He could have given points to many a college-bred man in history, literature, and all sorts of general information. On the other hand, college-bred men of his age, who had gone into business, were far and away ahead of him. While his mother lived, however, if he could make her comfortable that had been all he cared for. But just before the fifteen years were out a great shadow had come over his life, a strange silence had invaded it, with the sensation of an immense void.

"Don't be hard, Will," was almost the last thing his mother had said—pleadingly, as if perhaps she saw something in him of which he was unaware. And in taking up the new duty that then devolved upon him, he had tried not to be hard. If impatient thoughts arose, sometimes, at the querulous weakness, the infirmity of purpose which he, whose strength had come through adversity, could not comprehend—if such thoughts would arise, he had put them from him again and again, until the day when they were laid away for good and all beneath the turf by his mother's side.

And so the second chapter in his life had closed, and the third began at Bolton. In some consolidation of roads and general shuffling of the employees to reduce expenses, that was all that could be offered to one in whom nobody was especially interested. His employers had never come short through him by so much as the dotting of an *i* or the crossing of a *t*, but still Bolton was the best place they could give him.

Not that he himself built any claim on the score of his integrity. *That* was simply a matter of course with him, as it ought to be a matter of course with everybody. It was just here that he was "hard." He could be very gentle and helpful in the case of unmerited misfortune, but he felt contempt for the slightest appearance of "slackness," and would have pronounced merciless judgment upon an actual failure in duty or neglect of a trust. But then he would have been more severe with himself than with anyone else, had it been possible for him so to err.

Late that afternoon two or three persons were at the station on business; the agent had more to occupy him than was at all customary; but those who saw him attending quietly to one thing after another had no suspicion that he was dwelling the while in Fairyland, where more than he could ever have dared to hope for was close within his reach.

He was thinking how, instead of years, weeks only need pass before he and Helen were united, and then of all the comforts and pleasures with which her life would be filled, making it something quite other than the hard-working, narrow existence which, at the best, had seemed to be appointed for her. He hesitated at nothing in picturing her future, for he had a clearer idea of the fortune of a railway magnate than the two women had conceived. But whatever the inheritance might be, whether more or less, there was one thing he was sure of, he did not mean to live on his wife's fortune. It would help him to make money of his own, however. He knew himself to be capable of filling quite other positions than the one he occupied, and as much money as could be got honestly he intended to get. They would each pay a share of the living expenses, then Helen should procure, with her own income, advantages of every sort, such as she was thoroughly capable of appreciating, while he would treasure every dollar he earned and turn it over and over and nurse it into hundreds and thousands, until, one day, he could go to the X bank—he gnawed his lip nervously as he thought of it—he could go to the bank and to his father's bondsmen, or their heirs, and pay them back principal and interest, to the last cent, all that had been appropriated and squandered and speculated away so many years ago.

Helen and their life together occupied him first, but still he returned continually to the idea about the X bank. It had been a day-dream with him his life long, that he might by some means or other be

able to do just that—go to the bank and the bondsmen with his hands full. He had told his mother so once, and she had said, "Impossible;" but her eyes had lighted up and he knew she had cherished in secret that very thought; they were so near to each other that they often did think the same things.

His mother! He had long felt that she must know about Helen, and be glad for him and with him; and now this new hope—surely, wherever she was, her pure spirit would rejoice that wrong was to be righted.

He was alone in the office as darkness fell; he was always alone evenings until the express had passed and he could close the station and go away. Alone but not solitary that night, he did not even want a book for company, he pushed it from him, his thoughts were enough. But at a given moment, after glancing at his watch, he addressed himself to the telegraph. He had to find out where the express was and where a certain train, No. 235, and according to their relative positions either hang out a red lantern to stop the express, or arrange for it to pass by telegraphing to the Junction, "Hold 235." On this particular evening the message to the Junction was, "Send on 235." He got O. K. in answer and then sat there at the table. His invariable practice after sending such a direction was to go without an instant's delay and hang the red light at the end of the platform, but that night he sat still.

He was not thinking of Helen just then or of the future, his brain was not preoccupied in any way of which he was conscious; there seemed, on the contrary, to be for an appreciable space a complete hiatus in his thoughts, a sense of vacancy accompanied by a certain discomfort; then he began to collect some scattered papers and put the table in order preparatory to departure, in the belief that that was the intention which had momentarily escaped him. After that he took a comfortable position in his chair and surrendered himself once more to the meditations which had occupied him since the early afternoon, without, however, be it remembered, interfering in the slightest degree with a conscientious and punctual performance of his duties.

The little room, profoundly still except for the measured *tick-tack* of the clock on the wall, would have had for an invisible bystander all the solemnity of a court-room where some awful sentence is to be pronounced, with the difference that in this case the sentence might yet be averted. Anything might remind him. If he only chanced to get up and step into the waiting-room he could see from there that the red light was not in place; then he would rush out on the platform, snatch the lantern from the window-ledge, strike match after match in agitated haste to get it lighted and hung out, and then—he would have dreamed no more that night. It would have been a terrible shock to him only to know that he could so forget, and the imagination of what might have happened would have haunted him. When he went to Helen, she would have perceived at once that something was the matter, however much he had tried to put away for the time the humiliating discovery of his untrustworthiness; she would have seen trouble in his face, though it were not the face he would take to her presently—unless he remembered—and at which she would cry out in affright.

His thoughts, singularly enough, began now to play around the exceeding frailty of happiness. At first unable to believe that it could be his, he had afterward so appropriated it and lived himself into it that now fears and doubts arose, with a pagan misgiving that so great bliss was too much for any mortal. The cup would be dashed from his lips untasted, or it would break in his hands before he had possessed it long, or some gall of bitterness would be dropped into it. What if something terrible should happen — if Helen—but no! It was quite as likely that he should go first. There were cases, too, where husband and wife lived long years side by side, and died together at the last. So should it be with them! He turned his thoughts resolutely elsewhere, but only to find that even in that matter of the bank things would not go quite as he had anticipated. People would see him living at ease in the comfort and luxury to which Helen was entitled, and they would not know, half of them, that it was her money. They would suspect all sorts of things. At any rate, there would be



Sat down on a truck and gazed along the track.—Page 634.

wonder that he could adopt such a style when—certainly the old story would be revived. At his name people would whisper information to each other: "X bank affair—the son." And perhaps he should never succeed in carrying out his purpose—things would not prosper with him—he would have losses.

Just then there was a long, low wail in the distance, the whistle of the express passing the station before Bolton—five minutes late, as the agent observed, looking up at the clock. But he read nothing else there. There was time still, only he was farther than ever now from the terrible discovery. He simply saw the train drawing up beside the platform, the other passing after a few moments' delay, he himself closing the station — that was all. If a voice from another world had told him that these things would not so occur as he foresaw them, he would have had to ask why not.

But he did not pick up the chain again at the break in his reflections. With his eyes intently fixed upon vacancy the anxious, harried look in his face gradually disappeared. He had come upon better thoughts. He realized that he had been going too fast and too far; that the change in circumstances would make no such enormous difference; that the future would be, after all, very much what the

present was and the past had been. A better and happier life it must be, indeed, because lived with *her*, just as he had been a happier and better man when his mother was beside him; but in all else it would be the same. There had always been something toward which he was striving day by day and year by year; it would be so now. There would still be work to do, more work than ever, but it could not be huddled up all at once; it had got to be done by degrees, with patience and faithfulness; and if, even then, at the end of years, the result was not what he had hoped for, why — success was not the best thing in the world, nor losses the worst. And as to what people thought and said of him, that was their affair. Besides, it would be natural enough, not knowing the circumstances. Perhaps he, too, might think the same of a case like his own; probably he would; yes, certainly he would. He *was* hard—apt to put the worst construction on people's shortcomings. But he was not yet too old to learn better; he should learn of Helen with her sweet disposition, always ready to find an excuse for everybody and a good side to everything.



"O God! O God!" he moaned.—Page 639.

So his mental balance was as perfect as the physical when the stillness of night was suddenly rent by a fierce scream close at hand. He did not start; he put back his chair quietly and took his hat. There was no warning for him in that wild, importunate cry. And in any case it was too late now.

As he stepped out on the platform there was a rush and roar in his ears, a flash of light across his eyes, and the engine, the tender, the baggage-car, half the train, had thundered past before, with a horrible jerk at the heart, he knew what had happened and threw up his arms and shrieked. But who was to look or listen now? They had looked a little distance



He sank forward on the table with a groan.—Page 640.

back, and not seeing the red light, had heard him say: "All safe—go ahead."

Frantically he ran beside the train, with an insane idea of catching hold somewhere and getting aboard, but struck himself against an obstacle at the end of the platform and sank down, as the last car swept by. "O God! O God!" he moaned.

He knew where, in the short run to the Junction, the collision would probably take place—on the curve or in the cutting—and in the space of a second he had lived through it all—the terrific shock when the two great engines came together, the grinding, and splitting, and crushing of iron and timber, as the one overrode the other and plunged into the passenger-cars, an instant of stillness when the wreck had settled, then shrieks and groans.

"O God! how could I? How could I?" he whispered, wildly, his fingers pressed upon his temples as if to still the raging commotion there, the dizzying round of thoughts that came and passed and came again.

The one opportunity for a wholesale slaughter. He had always been careful. But they paid him for that. They trusted him. This was worse than stealing. How many would be killed? And the burned, and crushed, and scalded, and crippled! What could he say? He *forgot!*

In the midst of it all, as if the capacity for suffering were strained beyond its power, there would come a complete apathy. That horrible slaughter was going to happen and he had caused it, but he felt it no more than if he were a log. And then the agony again. It was *going* to happen! and he threw out his hands, or thought he did, as one does in a dream to arrest some frightful calamity. With that the fatal round would start afresh. How could I? oh, how could I? and beneath everything else was a futile longing to be there, his life the first to go out in darkness and a blessed oblivion to all earthly things.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened. Was that the rattle of the receding train borne faintly to his ears and now dying away? Or was it—could it be—could one hear so far?

He had no idea how long he had lain there. It seemed a moment or two, but it might be longer. Had it already happened? Was it all over?

That suggested something which made him struggle to his feet, and with the tottering steps of an old man he went down the platform, saying to himself: "I must —they must—help—doctors——"

He entered the familiar room—familiar yet remote, as seen under new conditions, with a dim wonder that such a place could be where such a thing could happen—made his way to the telegraph, and with shaking hands transmitted the incoherent words in which he tried to relate what had occurred.

The familiar action restored him partly to himself. He knew now—or thought he knew—how the horror had come to pass. He saw himself sitting there after sending that other message. He had neglected his duty for a dream! A dream of happiness! *He* and happiness!

He sank forward on the table with a groan.

The operator at the Junction, unconscious of aught amiss, listened in wonder to the strange jumble that came over the wires. "What's he giving me?" he murmured to himself. He had been on the point of sending a message of his own, and waited impatiently for the gibberish to cease. "Should think he'd gone mad!"

Not quite. The wretched man at Bolton had his senses yet, for he heard when the machine said, on a sudden, close to his ear,

"Two. thirty. five. hot. box. send. on. express."



The wretched man at Bolton had his senses yet.

THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

VIII

THERE was no letter from Godolphin in the morning, but in the course of the forenoon there came a newspaper addressed in his handwriting, and later several others. They were Midland papers, and they had each, heavily outlined in ink, a notice of the appearance of Mr. Launcelot Godolphin in a new play written expressly for him by a young Boston *litterateur*. Mr. Godolphin believed the author destined to make his mark high in the dramatic world, he said in the course of a long interview in the paper which came first, an evening edition preceding the production of the piece, and plainly meant to give the public the right perspective. He had entered into a generous expression of his own feelings concerning it, and had given Maxwell full credit for the lofty conception of an American drama, modern in spirit, and broad in purpose. He modestly reserved to himself such praise as might be due for the hints his life-long knowledge of the stage had enabled him to offer the dramatist. He told how they had spent the summer near each other on the north shore of Massachusetts, and had met almost daily; and the reporter got a picturesque bit out of their first meeting at the actor's hotel, in Boston, the winter before, when the dramatist came to lay the scheme of the play before Godolphin, and Godolphin made up his mind, before he had heard him half through, that he should want the piece. He had permitted himself a personal sketch of Maxwell, which lost none of its original advantages in the diction of the reporter, and which represented him as young, slight in figure, with a refined and delicate face, bearing the stamp of intellectual force; a journalist from the time he had left school, and one of the best exponents of the formative influences of the press in the training of its votaries. From time to time it was hard for Maxwell to make out whose words the interview was couched in, but he acquitted Godolphin of the worst, and he certainly did not accuse him of the flowery terms giving his patriotic reasons for not producing the piece first in Toronto as he had meant to do. It appeared that, upon second thoughts, he had reserved this purely American drama for the opening night of his engagement in one of the most distinctively American cities, after having had it in daily rehearsal ever since the season began.

"I should think they had Pinney out there," said Maxwell, as he and his wife looked over the interview, with their cheeks together.

"Not at all!" she retorted. "It isn't the least like Pinney," and he was amazed to find that she really liked the stuff. She said that she was glad, now, that she understood why Godolphin had not opened with the play in Toronto, as he had promised, and she thoroughly agreed with him that it ought first to be given on our own soil. She was dashed for a moment when Maxwell made her reflect that they were probably the losers of four or five hundred dollars by the delay; then she said she did not care, that it was worth the money. She did not find the personal account of Maxwell offensive, though she contended that it did not do him full justice, and she cut out the interview and pasted it into a book, where she was going to keep all the notices of his play and every printed fact concerning it. He told her she would have to help herself out with some of the fables, if she expected to fill her book, and she said she did not care for that, either, and probably it was just such things as this interview that drew attention to the play, and must have made it go like wildfire that first night in Midland. Maxwell owned that it was but too likely, and then he waited hungrily for further word of his play, while she expected the next mail in cheerful faith.

It brought them four or five morning papers, and it seemed from these that a play might have gone like wildfire, and yet not been seen by a very large number of people. The papers agreed in a sense of the graceful compliment paid their city by Mr.

Godolphin, who was always a favorite there, in producing his new piece at one of their theatres, and confiding it at once to the judgment of a cultivated audience, instead of trying it first in a subordinate place, and bringing it on with a factitious reputation worked up from all sorts of unknown sources. They agreed, too, that his acting had never been better; that it had great smoothness, and that it rose at times into passion, and was full of his peculiar force. His company was well chosen, and his support had an even excellence which reflected great credit upon the young star, who might be supposed, if he had followed an unwise tradition, to be willing to shine at the expense of his surroundings. His rendition of the rôle of Haxard was magnificent in one journal, grand in another, superb in a third, rich, full and satisfying in a fourth, subtle and conscientious in a fifth. Beyond this, the critics ceased to be so much of one mind. They were, by a casting vote, adverse to the leading lady, whom the majority decided an inadequate Salome, without those great qualities which the author had evidently meant to redeem a certain coquettish lightness in her; the minority held that she had grasped the rôle with intelligence, and expressed with artistic force a very refined intention in it. The minority hinted that Salome was really the great part in the piece, and that in her womanly endeavor to win back the lover whom she had not at first prized at his true worth, while her heart was wrung by sympathy with her unhappy father in the mystery brooding over him, she was a far more interesting figure than the less complex Haxard; and they intimated that Godolphin had an easier task in his portrayal. They all touched more or less upon the conduct of the subordinate actors in their parts, and the Maxwells, in every case, had to wade through their opinions of the playing before they got to their opinions of the play, which was the only vital matter concerned.

Louise would have liked to read them, as she had read the first, with her arm across Maxwell's shoulder, and, as it were, with the same eye and the same mind, but Maxwell betrayed an uneasiness under the experiment which made her ask: "Don't you *like* to have me put my arm round you, Brice?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, impatiently, "I like to have you put your arm around me on all proper occasions; but—it isn't favorable to collected thought."

"Why, *I* think it is," she protested with pathos, and a burlesque of her pathos. "I never think half so well as when I have my arm around you. Then it seems as if I thought with your mind. I feel so judicial."

"Perhaps I feel too emotional, under the same conditions, and think with *your* mind. At any rate, I can't stand it; and we can't both sit in the same chair either. Now, you take one of the papers and go round to the other side of the table. I want to have all my faculties for the appreciation of this noble criticism; it's going to be full of instruction."

He made her laugh, and she feigned a pout in obeying him; but, nevertheless, in her heart she felt herself postponed to the interest that was always first in him, and always before his love.

"And don't talk," he added, "or keep calling out, or reading passages ahead. I want to get all the sense there doesn't seem to be in this thing."

In fact the critics had found themselves confronted with a task which is always confusing to criticism, in the necessity of valuing a work of art so novel in material that it seems to refuse the application of criterions. As he followed their struggles in the endeavor to judge his work by such canons of art as were known to them, instead of taking it frankly upon the plane of nature and of truth, where he had tried to put it, and blaming or praising him as he had failed or succeeded in this, he was more and more bowed down within himself before the generous courage of Godolphin in rising to an appreciation of his intention. He now perceived that he was a man of far more uncommon intelligence than he had imagined him, and that in taking his play Godolphin had shown a zeal for the drama which was not likely to find a response in criticism, whatever its fate with the public might be. The critics frankly owned that in spite of its defects the piece had a cordial reception from the audience; that the principal actors were recalled again and again, and they reported that Godolphin had spoken both for the author and himself in acknowledging the applause, and had disclaimed all credit for their joint success. This made Maxwell ashamed of the suspicion he had harbored

that Godolphin would give the impression of a joint authorship, at the least. He felt that he had judged the man narrowly and inadequately, and he decided that as soon as he heard from him, he would write and make due reparation for the tacit wrong he had done him.

Upon the whole he had some reason to be content with the first fortune of his work, whatever its final fate might be. To be sure, if the audience which received it was enthusiastic, it was confessedly small, and it had got no more than a foothold in the public favor. It must remain for further trial to prove it a failure or a success. His eye wandered to the column of advertised amusements for the pleasure of seeing the play announced there for the rest of the week. There was a full list of the pieces for the time of Godolphin's stay; but it seemed that neither at night nor at morning was Maxwell's play to be repeated. The paper dropped from his hand.

"What is the matter?" his wife asked, looking up from her own paper. "This poor man is the greatest possible goose. He doesn't seem to know what he is talking about, even when he praises you. But of course he has to write merely from a first impression. Do you want to change papers?"

Maxwell mechanically picked his up, and gave it to her. "The worst of it is," he said, with the sardonic smile he had left over from an unhappier time of life, "that he won't have an opportunity to revise his first impression."

"What do you mean?"

He told her, but she could not believe him till she had verified the fact by looking at the advertisements in all the papers.

Then she asked: "What in the world *does* he mean?"

"Not to give it there any more, apparently. He hasn't entered upon the perpetual performance of the piece. But if he isn't like Jefferson, perhaps he's like Rip; he don't count this time. Well, I might have known it! Why did I ever trust one of that race?" He began to walk up and down the room, and to fling out, one after another, the expressions of his scorn and his self-scorn. "They have no idea of what good faith is, except as something that brings down the house when they register a noble vow. But I don't blame him; I blame myself. What an ass, what an idiot, I was! Why, *he* could have told me not to believe in his promises; he is a perfectly honest man, and would have done it, if I had appealed to him. He didn't expect me to believe in them, and from the wary way I talked, I don't suppose he thought I did. He hadn't the measure of my folly. I hadn't, myself!"

"Now, Brice!" his wife called out to him, severely, "I won't have you going on in that way. When I denounced Godolphin you wouldn't listen to me; and when I begged and besought you to give him up, you always said he was the only man in the world for you, till I got to believing it, and I believe it now. Why, dearest," she added, in a softer tone, "don't you see that he probably had his programme arranged all beforehand, and couldn't change it, just because your play happened to be a hit? I'm sure he paid you a great compliment by giving it the first night. Now, you must just wait till you hear from him, and you may be sure he will have a good reason for not repeating it there."

"Oh, Godolphin would never lack for a good reason. And I can tell you what his reason in this case will be: that the thing was practically a failure, and that he would have lost money if he had kept it on."

"Is that what is worrying you? I don't believe it was a failure. I think from all that the papers say, and the worst that they say, the piece was a distinct success. It was a great success with nice people, you can see that for yourself and it will be a popular success, too, I know it will, as soon as it gets a chance. But you may be sure that Godolphin has some scheme about it, and that if he doesn't give it again in Midland, it's because he wants to make people curious about it, and hold it in reserve, or something like that. At any rate, I think you ought to wait for his letter before you denounce him."

Maxwell laughed again at these specious arguments, but he could not refuse to be comforted by them, and he had really nothing to do but to wait for Godolphin's letter. It did not come the next mail, and then his wife and he collated his dispatch with the newspaper notices, and tried to make up a judicial opinion from their combined testimony concerning the fate of the

play with the audience. Their scrutiny of the telegram developed the fact that it must have been sent the night of the performance, and while Godolphin was still warm from his recalls and from the congratulations of his friends; it could not have reached them so soon as it did in the morning if it had been sent to the office then; it was not a night message, but it had probably lain in the office over night. In this view it was not such valuable testimony to the success of the play as it had seemed before. But a second and a third reading of the notices made them seem friendlier than at first. The Maxwells now perceived that they had first read them in the fever of their joy from Godolphin's telegram, and that their tempered approval had struck cold upon them because they were so overheated. They were really very favorable, after all, and they witnessed to an interest in the play which could not be ignored. Very likely the interest in it was partly from the fact that Godolphin had given it, but apart from this it was evident that the play had established a claim of its own. The mail, which did not bring a letter from Godolphin, brought another copy of that evening paper which had printed the anticipatory interview with him, and this had a long and careful consideration of the play in its editorial columns, apparently written by a lover of the drama, as well as a lover of the theatre. Very little regard was paid to the performance, but a great deal to the play, which was skilfully analyzed, and praised and blamed in the right places. The writer did not attempt to forecast its fate, but he said that whatever its fate with the public might be, here at least was a step in the direction of a drama dealing with facts of American life —simply, vigorously, and honestly. It had faults of construction, but the faults were not the faults of weakness. They were rather the effect of a young talent addressing itself to the management of material too rich, too abundant for the scene, and allowing itself to touch the borders of melodrama in its will to enforce some tragic points of the intrigue. But it was not mawkish and it was not romantic. In its highest reaches it made you think, by its stern and unflinching fidelity to the implications, of Ibsen; but it was not too much to say that it had a charm often wanting to that master. It was full of the real American humor; it made its jokes, as Americans did, in the very face of the most disastrous possibilities; and in the love-passages it was delicious. The whole episode of the love between Haxard's daughter, Salome, and Atland was simply the sweetest and freshest bit of nature in the modern drama. It daringly portrayed a woman in circumstances where it was the convention to ignore that she ever was placed, and it lent a grace of delicate comedy to the sombre ensemble of the piece, without lowering the dignity of the action or detracting from the sympathy the spectator felt for the daughter of the homicide; it rather heightened this.

Louise read the criticism aloud, and then she and Maxwell looked at each other. It took their breath away; but Louise got her breath first. "Who in the world would have dreamed that there was any one who could write such a criticism, *out there?*"

Maxwell took the paper, and ran the article over again. Then he said, "If the thing did nothing more than get itself appreciated in that way, I should feel that it had done enough. I wonder who the fellow is! Could it be a woman?"

There was, in fact, a feminine fineness in the touch, here and there, that might well suggest a woman, but they finally decided against the theory: Louise said that a woman writer would not have the honesty to own that the part Salome played in getting back her lover was true to life, though every woman who saw it would know that it was. She examined the wrapper of the newspaper, and made sure that it was addressed in Godolphin's hand, and she said that if he did not speak of the article in his letter, Maxwell must write out to the newspaper and ask who had done it.

Godolphin's letter came at last, with many excuses for his delay. He said he had expected the newspaper notices to speak for him, and he seemed to think that they had all been altogether favorable to the play. It was not very consoling to have him add that he now believed the piece would have run the whole week in Midland, if he had kept it on; but he had arranged merely to give it a trial, and Maxwell would understand how impossible it was to vary a programme which had once been made out. One thing was certain,

however: the piece was an assured success, and a success of the most flattering and brilliant kind, and Godolphin would give it a permanent place in his *répertoire*. There was no talk of his playing nothing else, and there was no talk of putting the piece on for a run, when he opened in New York. He said he had sent Maxwell a paper containing a criticism in the editorial columns, which would serve to show him how great an interest the piece had excited in Midland, though he believed the article was not written by one of the regular force, but was contributed from the outside by a young fellow who had been described to Godolphin as a sort of Ibsen crank. At the close, he spoke of certain weaknesses which the piece had developed in the performance, and casually mentioned that he would revise it at these points as he found the time; it appeared to him that it needed overhauling, particularly in the love episode; there was too much of that, and the interest during an entire act centred so entirely upon Salome that, as he had foreseen, the rôle of Haxard suffered.

IX

The Maxwells stared at each other in dismay when they had finished this letter, which Louise had opened, but which they read together, she looking over his shoulder. All interest in the authorship of the article of the Ibsen crank, all interest in Godolphin's apparent forgetfulness of his solemn promises to give the rest of his natural life to the performance of the piece, was lost in amaze at the fact that he was going to revise it to please himself, and to fashion Maxwell's careful work over in his own ideal of the figure he should make in it to the public. The thought of this was so petrifying that even Louise could not at once find words for it, and they were both silent, as people sometimes are, when a calamity has befallen them, in the hope that if they do not speak it will turn out a miserable dream.

"Well, Brice," she said at last, "you certainly never expected *this!*"

"No," he answered with a ghastly laugh, "this passes my most sanguine expectations, even of Godolphin. Good heaven! Fancy the botch he will make of it!"

"You mustn't let him touch it. You must demand it back, peremptorily. You must telegraph!"

"What a mania you have for telegraphing," he retorted. "A special delivery postage-stamp will serve every purpose. He isn't likely to do the piece again for a week, at the earliest." He thought for awhile, and then he said, "In a week he'll have a chance to change his mind so often, that perhaps he won't revise and overhaul it, after all."

"But he mustn't think that you would suffer it for an instant," his wife insisted. "It's an indignity that you should not submit to; it's an outrage!"

"Very likely," Maxwell admitted, and he began to walk the floor, with his head fallen, and his fingers clutched together behind him. The sight of his mute anguish wrought upon his wife and goaded her to more and more utterance.

"It's an insult to your genius, Brice, dear, and you must resent it. I am sure I have been as humble about the whole affair as any one could be, and I should be the last person to wish you to do anything rash. I bore with Godolphin's suggestions, and I let him worry you to death with his plans for spoiling your play, but I certainly didn't dream of anything so high-handed as his undertaking to work it over himself, or I should have insisted on your breaking with him long ago. How patient you have been through it all! You've shown so much forbearance, and so much wisdom, and so much delicacy in dealing with his preposterous ideas, and then, to have it all thrown away! It's too bad!"

Maxwell kept walking back and forth, and Louise began again at a new point.

"I was willing to have it remain simply a *succès d'estime*, as far as Midland was concerned, though I think you were treated abominably in that, for he certainly gave you reason to suppose that he would do it every night there. He says himself that it would have run the whole week; and you can see from that article how it was growing in public favor all the time. What has become of his promise to play nothing else, I should like to know? And he's only played it once, and now he proposes to revise it himself!"

Still Maxwell walked on and she continued:

"I don't know what I shall say to my

family. They can never understand such a thing, never ! Papa couldn't conceive of giving a promise and not keeping it, much less giving a promise just for the *pleasure* of breaking it. What shall I tell them, Brice? I can't bear to say that Godolphin is going to make your play over, unless I can say at the same time that you've absolutely forbidden him to do so. That's why I wanted you to telegraph. I wanted to say you had telegraphed."

Maxwell stopped in his walk and gazed at her, but she could feel that he did not see her, and she said :

" I don't know that it's actually necessary for me to say anything at present. I can show them the notices or that article alone. It's worth all the rest put together, and then we can wait, and see if we hear anything more from Godolphin. But now I don't want you to lose any more time. You must write to him at once, and absolutely forbid him to touch your play. Will you? "

Her husband returned from his wanderings of mind and body, and as he dropped upon the lounge at her side, he said, gently, " No, I don't think I'll write at all, Louise."

" Not write at all ! Then you're going to let him tamper with that beautiful work of yours? "

" I'm going to wait till I hear from him again. Godolphin is a good fellow——"

" Oh ! "

" And he won't be guilty of doing me injustice. Besides," and here Maxwell broke off with a laugh that had some gayety in it, " he couldn't. Godolphin is a fine actor, and he's going to be a great one, but his gifts are not in the line of literature."

" I should think not ! "

" He couldn't change the piece any more than if he couldn't read or write. And if he could, when it came to touching it, I don't believe he would, because the fact would remind him that it wasn't fair. He has to realize things in the objective way before he can realize them at all. That's the stage. If they can have an operator climbing a real telegraph-pole to tap the wire and telegraph the girl he loves that he is dead, so that she can marry his rich rival and go to Europe and cultivate her gift for sculpture, they feel that they have got real life."

Louise would not be amused, or laugh with her husband at this. " Then what in the world does Godolphin mean? " she demanded.

" Why, being interpreted out of actor's parlance, he means that he wishes he could talk the play over with me again and be persuaded that he is wrong about it."

" I must say," Louise remarked, after a moment for mastering the philosophy of this, " that you take it very strangely, Brice."

" I've thought it out," said Maxwell.

" And what are you going to do? "

" I am going to wait the turn of events. My faith in Godolphin is unshaken—such as it is."

" But what is going to be our attitude in regard to it? "

" Attitude? With whom? "

" With our friends. Suppose they ask us about the play, and how it is getting along. And my family? "

" I don't think it will be necessary to take any attitude. They can think what they like. Let them wait the turn of events, too. If we can stand it, they can."

" No, Brice," said his wife. " That won't do. We might be silently patient ourselves, but if we left them to believe that it was all going well, we should be living a lie."

" What an extraordinary idea ! "

" I've told papa and mamma — we've both told them, though I did the talking, you can say—that the play was a splendid success, and Godolphin was going to give it seven or eight times a week ; and now if it's a failure——"

" It *isn't* a failure ! " Maxwell retorted, as if hurt by the notion.

" No matter ! If he's only going to play it once a fortnight, or so, and is going to tinker it up to suit himself without saying by-your-leave to you, I say we're occupying a false position, and that's what I mean by living a lie."

Maxwell looked at her in that bewilderment which he was beginning to feel at the contradictions of her character. She sometimes told outright little fibs which astonished him ; society fibs she did not mind at all ; but when it came to people's erroneously inferring this or that from her actions, she had a yearning for the explicit truth that nothing else could appease. He,

on the contrary, was indifferent to what people thought, if he had not openly misled them. Let them think this, or let them think that; it was altogether their affair; and he did not hold himself responsible; but he was ill at ease with any conventional lie on his conscience. He hated to have his wife say to people, as he sometimes overheard her saying, that he was out, when she knew he had run upstairs with his writing to escape them; she contended that it was no harm, since it deceived nobody.

Now he said, "Aren't you rather unnecessarily complex?"

"No, I'm not. And I shall tell papa as soon as I see him just how the case stands. Why, it would be dreadful if we let him believe it was all going well, and perhaps tell others that it was, and we knew all the time that it wasn't. He would hate that, and he wouldn't like us for letting him."

"Hadn't you better give the thing a chance to go right? There hasn't been time, yet."

"No, dearest, I feel that since I've bragged so to papa, I ought to eat humble pie before him, as soon as possible."

"Yes. Why should you make me eat it, too?"

"I can't help that; I would if I could. But, unfortunately, we are one."

"And you seem to be the one. Suppose I should ask you not to eat humble pie before your father?"

"Then, of course, I should do as you asked. But I hope you won't."

Maxwell did not say anything, and she went on, tenderly, entreatingly, "And I hope you'll never allow me to deceive myself about anything you do. I should resent it a great deal more than if you had positively deceived me. Will you promise me, if anything sad or bad happens, that you don't want me to know because it will make me unhappy or disagreeable, you'll tell me at once?"

"It won't be necessary. You'll find it out."

"No, do be serious, dearest. *I* am *very* serious. Will you?"

"What is the use of asking such a thing as that? It seems to me that I've invited you to a full share of the shame and sorrow that Godolphin has brought upon me."

"Yes, you have," said Louise, thoughtfully. "And you may be sure that I appreciate it. Don't you like to have me share it?"

"Well, I don't know. I might like to get at it first myself."

"Ah, you didn't like my opening Godolphin's letter when it came!"

"I shouldn't mind, now, if you would answer it."

"I shall be only too glad to answer it, if you will let me answer it as it deserves."

"That needs reflection."

X

THE weather grew rough early in September, and all at once, all in a moment, as it were, the pretty watering-place lost its air of summer gayety. The sky had an inner gray in its blue; the sea looked cold. A few hardy bathers braved it out on select days in the surf, but they were purple and red when they ran up to the bath-houses, and they came out wrinkled, and hurried to their hotels, where there began to be a smell of steam heat and a snapping of radiators in the halls. The barges went away laden to the stations, and came back empty, except at night, when they brought over the few and fewer husbands whose wives were staying down simply because they hated to go up and begin the social life of the winter. The people who had thronged the grassy-bordered paths of the village, dwindled in number; the riding and driving on the roads was less and less; the native life showed itself more in the sparsity of the sojourners. The sweet fern in the open fields, and the brakes and blackberry-vines among the bowlders, were blighted with the cold wind; even the sea-weed swaying at the foot of the rocks seemed to feel a sharper chill than that of the brine. A storm came, and strewed the beach with kelp, and blew over half the bath-houses; and then the hardiest lingerer ceased to talk of staying through October. There began to be rumors at the Maxwells' hotel that it would close before the month was out; some ladies pressed the landlord for the truth, and he confessed that he expected to shut the house by the 25th. This spread dismay; but certain of the boarders said they would go to the other hotels which were to

keep open till October. The dependent cottages had been mostly emptied before ; those who remained in them, if they did not go away, came into the hotel. The Maxwell's themselves did this at last, for the sake of the warmth and the human companionship around the blazing hearth-fires in the parlors. They got a room with a stove in it, so that he could write ; and there was a pensive, fleeting cosiness in it all, with the shrinking numbers in the vast dining-room grouped at two or three tables for dinner, and then gathered in the light of the evening lamps over the evening papers. In these conditions there came, if not friendship, an intensification of acquaintance, such as is imaginable of a company of cultured castaways. Ladies who were not quite socially certain of one another in town, gossiped fearlessly together ; there was whist among the men ; more than once it happened that a young girl played or sang by request, and not, as so often happens where a hotel is full, against the general desire. It came once to a wish that Mr. Maxwell would read something from his play ; but no one had the courage to ask him. In society he was rather severe with women, and his wife was not sorry for that ; she made herself all the more approachable because of it. But she discouraged the hope of anything like reading from him ; she even feigned that he might not like to do it without consulting Mr. Godolphin, and if she did not live a lie concerning the status of his play, she did not scruple to tell one, now and then.

That is, she would say it was going beyond their expectations, and this was not so fabulous as it might seem, for their expectations were not so high as they had been, and Godolphin was really playing the piece once or twice a week. They heard no more from him by letter, for Maxwell had decided that it would be better not to answer his missive from Midland ; but he was pretty faithful in sending the newspaper notices whenever he played, and so they knew that he had not abandoned it. They did not know whether he had carried out his threat of overhauling it ; and Maxwell chose to remain in ignorance of the fact till Godolphin himself should speak again. Unless he demanded the play back, he was really helpless, and he was not ready to do that, for he hoped that when the actor brought it on to New York he could talk with him about it, and come to some understanding. He had not his wife's belief in the perfection of the piece ; it might very well have proved weak in places, and after his first indignation at the notion of Godolphin's revising it, he was willing to do what he could to meet his wishes. He did not so much care what shape it had in these remote theatres of the West ; the real test was New York, and there it should appear only as he wished.

It was a comfort to his wife when he took this stand, and she vowed him to keep it ; she would have made him go down on his knees and hold up his right hand, which was her notion of the way an oath was taken in court, but she did not think he would do it, and he might refuse to seal any vow at all if she urged it.

In the meanwhile she was not without other consolations. At her insistance he wrote to the newspaper which had printed the Ibsen crank's article on the play, and said how much pleasure it had given him, and begged his thanks to the author. They got a very pretty letter back from him, adding some praises of the piece which he said he had kept out of print, because he did not want to seem too gushing about it ; and he ventured some wary censures of the acting, which he said he had preferred not to criticise openly, since the drama was far more important to him than the theatre. He believed that Mr. Godolphin had a perfect conception of the part of Haxard, and a thorough respect for the piece, but his training had been altogether in the romantic school ; he was working out of it ; but he was not able at once to simplify himself. This was in fact the fault of the whole company. The girl who did Salome had moments of charming reality, but she too suffered from her tradition, and the rest went from bad to worse. He thought that they would all do better as they familiarized themselves with the piece, and he deeply regretted that Mr. Godolphin had been able to give it only once in Midland.

At this Mrs. Maxwell's wounds inwardly bled afresh, and she came little short of bedewing the kind letter with her tears. She made Maxwell answer it at once, and she would not let him deprecate the writer's worship of him as the first American dramatist to attempt something in the spirit of

the great modern masters abroad. She contended that it would be as false to refuse this tribute as to accept one that was not due him, and there could be no doubt but it was fully and richly merited. The critic wrote again in response to Maxwell, and they exchanged three or four letters.

What was even more to Louise was the admirable behavior of her father when she went to eat humble pie before him. He laughed at the notion of Godolphin's meddling with the play, and scolded her for not taking her husband's view of the case, which he found entirely reasonable, and the only reasonable view of it. He argued that Godolphin simply chose to assert in that way a claim to joint authorship, which he had all along probably believed he had, and he approved of Maxwell's letting him have his head in the matter, so far as the West was concerned. If he attempted to give it with any alterations of his own in the East, there would be time enough to stop him. Louise seized the occasion to confirm herself in her faith that her father admired Maxwell's genius as much as she did herself; and she tried to remember just the words he used in praising it, so that she could repeat them to Maxwell. She also committed to memory his declaration that the very fact of Godolphin's playing the piece every now and then was proof positive that he would be very reluctant to part with it, if it came to that. This seemed to her very important, and she could hardly put up with Maxwell's sardonic doubt of it.

Before they left Magnolia there came a letter from Godolphin himself, wholly different in tone from his earlier letter. He said nothing now of overhauling the piece, which he felt was gradually making its way. He was playing it at various one-night stands in the Northwest, preparatory to bringing it to Chicago and putting it on there for a week, and he asked if Maxwell could not come out and see it there. He believed they were all gradually getting down to it, and the author's presence at the rehearsals would be invaluable. He felt more and more that they had a fortune in it, and it only needed careful working to realize a bonanza. He renewed his promises, in view of its success so far, to play it exclusively if the triumph could be clinched by a week's run in such a place as Chicago. He wrote from Grand Rapids, and asked Maxwell to reply to him at Oshkosh.

"Tell him you'll come, of course," said his wife.

Maxwell shook his head. "He doesn't mean this any more than he meant to revise the thing himself. He probably finds that he can't do that, and wants me to do it. But if I did it, he might take it off after the first night in Chicago if the notices were unfavorable."

"But they wont be," she argued. "I *know* they wont."

"I should simply break him up from the form he's got into, if I went to the rehearsals. He must keep on doing it in his own way till he comes to New York."

"But think of the effect it will have in New York, if you should happen to make it go in Chicago!"

"It wont have the slightest effect. When he brings it East, it will have to make its way just as if it had never been played anywhere before."

A bright thought occurred to Louise. "Then tell him that if he will bring it on to Boston, you will superintend all the rehearsals. And I will go with you to them."

Maxwell only laughed at this. "Boston wouldn't serve any better than Chicago, as far as New York is concerned. We shall have to build a success from the ground up, there, if we get one. It might run a whole winter in Boston, and then we should probably begin with half a house in New York, or a third. The only advantage of trying it anywhere before, is that the actors will be warm in their parts. Besides, do you suppose Godolphin could get a theatre in Boston out of the order of his engagement there next spring?"

"Why not?"

"Simply because every night at every house is taken six months beforehand."

"Who would ever have dreamt," said Louise, ruefully, "that simply writing a play would involve anyone in all these exasperating business details."

"Nobody can get free of business," Maxwell returned.

"Then I will tell you," she brightened up to say. "Why not sell him the piece outright, and wash your hands of it?"

"Because, he wouldn't buy it outright, and if I washed my hands of it, he could do what he pleased with it. If he couldn't

tinker it up himself, he could hire someone else to do it, and that would be worse yet."

"Well, then, the only thing for us to do is to go on to New York, and wait there till Godolphin comes. I suppose papa and mamma would like to have us stay through October with them in Boston, but I don't see much sense in that, and I don't choose to have the air of living on them. I want to present an unbroken front of independence from the beginning, as far as inquiring friends are concerned; and in New York we shall be so lost to sight that nobody will know how we are living. You can work at your new play, while we're waiting, and we can feel that the onset in the battle of life has sounded."

Maxwell laughed as she meant him, at the mock heroics of her phrase, and she pulled off his hat, and rubbed his hair round on his skull in exultation at having arrived at some clear understanding. "I wouldn't have hair like silk," she jeered.

"And I wouldn't have hair like corn-silk," he returned. "At least not on my own head."

"Yes, it *is* coarse. And it's yours, quite as much as mine," she said, thoughtfully. "We *do* belong to each other utterly, don't we? I never thought of it in that light before. And now our life has gone into your work, already! I can't tell you, Brice, how sweet it is to think of that love-business being our own! I shall be so proud of it on the stage! But as long as we live no one but ourselves must know anything about it. Do you suppose they will?" she asked, in sudden dismay.

He smiled. "Should you care?"

She reflected a moment. "No!" she shouted, boldly. "What difference?"

"Godolphin would pay any sum for the privilege of using the fact as an advertisement. If he could put it into Pinney's hands, and give him *carte blanche*, to work in all the romance he liked——"

"Brice!" she shrieked.

"Well, we needn't give it away, and if *we* don't, nobody else will."

"No, and we must always keep it sacredly secret. Promise me one thing!"

"Twenty!"

"That you will let me hold your hand all through the first performance of that part. Will you?"

"Why, we shall be set up like two brazen images in a box, for all the first-nighters to stare at, and the society reporters to describe. What would society journalism say to your holding my hand throughout the tender passages? It would be onto something personal in them in an instant."

"No, now I will show you how we will do." They were sitting in a nook of the rocks, in the pallor of the late September sunshine, with their backs against a warm bowlder. "Now, give me your hand."

"Why, you've got hold of it already."

"Oh, yes, so I have! Well, I'll just grasp it in mine, firmly, and let them both rest on your knee, so; and fling the edge of whatever I'm wearing on my shoulders over them, or my mantle, if it's hanging on the back of the chair, so"—she flung the edge of her shawl over their clasped hands to illustrate—"and nobody will suspect the least thing. Suppose the sea was the audience—a sea of faces you know; would anyone dream down there that I was squeezing your hand at all the important moments, or you squeezing mine?"

"I hope they wouldn't think me capable of doing anything so indelicate as squeezing a lady's hand," said Maxwell. "I don't know what they might think of you, though, if there was any such elaborate display of concealment as you've got up here."

"Oh, this is merely rehearsing. Of course, I shall be more adroit, more careless, when I really come to it. But what I mean is that when we first see it together, the love-business, I shall want to feel that you are feeling every instant just as I do. Will you?"

"I don't see any great objection to that. We shall both be feeling very anxious about the play, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I mean in one sense," Louise allowed. "Sha'n't you be very anxious to see how they have imagined Salome and Atland?"

"Not so anxious as about how Godolphin has 'created' Haxard."

"I care nothing about that. But if the woman who does *me* is vulgar, or underbred, or the least bit coarse, and doesn't keep the character just as sweet and delicate as you imagined it, I don't know what I shall do to her."

"Nothing violent, I hope," Maxwell suggested languidly.

"I am not so sure," said Louise. "It's a dreadfully intimate affair with me, and if I didn't like it, I should hiss, anyway.

Maxwell laughed long and loud. "What a delightful thing that would be for society journalism. 'At one point, the wife of the author was apparently unable to control her emotions, and she was heard to exyress her disapprobation by a prolonged sibillation. All eyes were turned upon the box where they sat together with their hands clasped under the edge of her mantle.' No, you mustn't hiss, my dear; but if you find Salome getting too much for you, you can throw a dynamite bomb at the young woman who is doing her. I dare say we shall want to blow up the whole theatre before the play is over."

"Oh, I don't believe we shall. I know the piece will go splendidly if the love-business is well done. But you can understand, can't you, just how I feel about Salome?"

"I think I can, and I am perfectly sure that you will be bitterly disappointed in her, no matter how she's done, unless you do her yourself,"

"I wish I could!"

"Then the other people might be disappointed."

(To be continued.)

A MAY SONG

By Archibald Lampman

Legislative Library Ontario

The elm-trees in the field are waiting,
Smiling and ready for the leaves.
The spiders on the pools are skating.
The little sparrow builds and weaves.

The blue bird in his glory hovers
About the meadow all day long,
And, tenderest of plumèd lovers,
Beguiles his merry mate with song.

The grass in all the world is springing.
The air is full of wind and sun.
I hear a thousand waters singing.
The fortress of the year is won.

And yonder in the blue, past noting,
Where thoughts and phantasies go free,
The little careless clouds are floating,
Like ships upon a windless sea.

Blue heaven and brown earth compel me.
I wander as a child at play.
What was it, little sparrow, tell me,
That made me grieve so yesterday?

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE person who classified all mankind under two heads—as those who have money and those who are trying to get it away from them—must find reason in these times to be unusually well pleased with his classification. Whether from the increase of wealth or the decrease of it, or from the rise and spread of desperate penny newspapers, or the silver scare, or whatever cause, a considerable part of the community seem to be bestowing a most unusual amount of attention upon their brethren the rich. "What is my duty to my neighbor?" gets slight attention in the current catechism. What we all seem to be asking is "What is our rich neighbor's duty to us?" Answers abound; some negative, some positive. We heard it said the other day that rich people ought not in these times of dissatisfaction to spend money so lavishly on dress and entertainment as to increase the envy of the distressed poor. This opinion was duly controverted by that of those who applauded all signs of a propensity on the part of people who had money to spend it and thereby promote trade and the employment of labor. The comptroller of the State of New York lately declared that people of very large fortune ought to pay a larger proportion of the taxes; that inheritance taxes should be increased, and the prevalent practice of dodging taxation of personal property should be abandoned. It is to the interest of very rich people, the comptroller declares, to do their full pecuniary duty by the community, that the jealousy of their abundance may be lessened and that the hands of the defenders of the rights of property may be strengthened. Conversely, the opinion is advanced that supporters of this and similar theories are helping on by their representations the very danger which they think they see and the growth of which they fear and deplore. We are told that if attempts to extort from the shrewd and fortunate a share of their accumulations do not cease, capital, always timid, will feel itself even less safe than at present, and will either retire into the security of strong-boxes or drain away out of the country altogether, leaving industrial depression behind it and making worse of what is bad enough.

The Problem of Dives.

The attitude of conscientious citizens of limited means toward their affluent brethren seems to abound somewhat overmuch in perplexities. What are we to do? The poor we have always with us; but at present we have the rich, too. If we are to have either, we would rather have both. We are fully sure that if we seized the property of the rich and gave it to the poor, the result would very soon be universal poverty. We know that when we interfere unjustly with property rights our axe goes right to the root of public prosperity. We admit that immense accumulations of wealth in individual hands are, in some respects, an evil; but we suspect that it is a necessary evil. It is an evil, too, that is qualified by a great deal of good. Nature wastes nothing. Her opportunities for using things are too great for anything to miss all of them. So it seems to be in some degree with the biggest fortunes. What our rich man spends employs labor somewhere. What he cannot spend becomes capital and employs more labor, and what he gives away does some good—at least we hope so. What he locks up in a steel-box does nobody any good for the time being; but he won't lock money up unless he is frightened into it.

Alas for Dives! whom every reformer wants to reform, whom every Socialist wants to strip, whom every Populist wants to loot, whom every demagogue wants to fatten on,

and every promoter and philanthropist and college-president and trustee of school or hospital or museum to "interest." Alas for him! There was an Attila who was a Scourge and a Charles who was a Hammer. Our Dives is neither, but a far milder thing—a Pocket. Every rascal tries to dip into him; good men warn him that he should relax his strings; bad men threaten to rip him up; and in the intervals between assaults his own conscience warns him that he has far more than his proper share of this world's goods. He is not happier in this world than most of us, and for the world to come the Scripture gives him only slight encouragement to hope for better times. What shall we say to him? Not much—there is no need; he talks to himself. But what we do say let us say to him directly, and let it be comforting—if possible. Let him try to be honest. That is all.

HAWTHORNE'S Wakefield, leaving his home on a moment's whim, and keeping away, though near at hand, for twenty years, watching the lapse of time deal with his quiet bourgeois surroundings and his tranquilly aging wife, is a figure drawn with only a few strokes of suggestion, but unforgettable and haunting the imagination with its possibilities. Revisitors of the Monte Cristo order (though far from their great prototype) and Enoch Ardens we have had in plenty; but I have often wondered why more attention has not been given to the man who comes back after disappearance, not to carry out some vengeance or die to slow music in the possession of a dramatic secret, but only to live unrecognized in his own world and look on at its changes—for the pure psychological interest of his position and its advantages.

A New Wakefield.

There is no doubt that this is one of the commonest forms of fancy, in which even the unimaginative man indulges; either in thinking how he himself, free in some uninvented way of the actual cares of participation, should like to look on at his family and friends, and even his enemies, carrying on the life he knows without him and without thought of him; or how it would be if someone near to him and long gone could see how he and the rest are doing the thing—what prophecies have gone wrong, how the man is up who was expected to be down and down who was expected to be up, how important are the trifles of the past and how trifling the things which seemed vital. Probably both shapes of the fancy are most common to middle age, and both deal (this shows the master-hand in Wakefield's case) with the ordinary course of personal life, not with the *Weltgeschichte*. Nobody devotes any time to imagining what his father, if he could step quietly into the world again, would think of the progress of electricity or the fall of an empire; it is of the children we have raised up, the place we have taken, the case we have won, the book we have written, or the failure we have made of it all, that I suspect we most of us unconsciously picture an imagined revisitor as thinking, and on these things that we should like to know his opinions. So if we ourselves were the revisitors—does the fancy owe its attraction and persistency to anything but the notion of seeing our own small world working without us? A man may think in large moments that the advantage of the position would lie in seeing

> The vision of the world,
> And all the wonder that would be.

The interest of it would really lie in seeing unseen what Mrs. Wakefield, and the middle-aged Wakefields whom we had left young, were doing; whether Robinson, whose success we had resented because we knew it was undeserved, had been found out yet; and so on. We should get some momentary thrills out of the great signs of progress, no doubt; but I am afraid only a few of us would use a philosophical opportunity very philosophically. Are we to spend our personal immortality in this way, I wonder?

In any case, there are great possibilities in a new Wakefield—perhaps only limited temporarily by the absence of a new Hawthorne. I wish some of our psychological novelists would think of the matter.

IT has so long been the fashion among really kindly minded foreigners to decry our national breathlessness that anything said in its favor, in these inflammable times, may seem open almost to the charge of jingoism. Yet is it not possible that even in our habit of being continually in a hurry we have ordered things better than we knew, as a distinguished critic has lately decided is the case with our sky-scraping architecture? We ourselves have been inclined to look askance at the working out in iron and stone of the prob-

lem involved in securing an adequate financial return on the thousands invested in each foot of down-town street frontage. But now it seems that these tower-like structures are the one manifestation of national spirit in our art. In view of this, I should not be surprised if a very pretty case would yet be made out in favor of our general habit of being in a hurry.

Certain Advantages of Not Having Time.

The solemn necessity of making the most of every moment has been so unduly celebrated that the advantages of a lack of time seem to have been almost entirely overlooked. Yet anyone who turns the pages of his history at all carefully, or keeps a curious eye upon his own immediate circle, can have ample proof of the inadequacy of any such one-sided notion. Even as a utilitarian expedient, the lack of time resulting from having every available minute crowded to the brim is not to be despised. Not a few of the world's eminent successes have unconsciously had success thrust upon them by this very means. Among men of affairs even, the happy chance of fortuitous limitations—almost always reducible to mere lack of time for more varied pursuits—has kept many a one's nose down to the single anvil on which he has hammered out an enviable triumph. But it is perhaps in that doubtful borderland of art, where so many ineffectual lances are hourly shattered, that the quieting influence of a simple lack of time has made most for sanity. In a growing community such as ours the amount of crudity alone that has been suppressed by this simple means must be immense.

Assiduous, for example, believes that he has in him the making of another Monet, and foolishly regrets that his duties at the insurance office eat up all his daylight hours. Zweiback is certain that Boccaccio's mantle has fallen on his shoulders, and spends his brief leisure deploring that the exactions of a bookkeeper's existence prevent his showing what is in him—forgetting, in his delusion, that at best the garment had been pretty well worn before he got it, and must, with all its brushing and pressing, be a faded, cheapened thing, smelling of the renovator's iron. Under less favorable circumstances, Assiduous might have painted, Zweiback might have written. As it is, the commiseration of their unthinking friends is presumptuous and out of place. The insurance business and the bookkeeper's desk have served a beneficent purpose, giving, in each instance, the inestimable boon of a lack of time. Had it had not been for their kindly offices Assiduous might have got his Monets into the exhibitions; Zweiback might have learned to temper Boccaccio's witchery to the current demands. But we who know them realize that the game would hardly have paid for the candle. Their best endeavors could never have given, even to their authors, the felicity that beneficent circumstances have forced upon them. They now walk the streets in the illustrious company of unattempted ideals. Neither will ever know the torment of partial achievement. In either case an artistic failure has been averted without the loss of æsthetic enthusiasms. And all for the mere lack of time in which to thwart a beneficent fate. These instances are but a few among the many that could be given. But even they may serve to indicate that our so-called national weakness may be less in need of apologists than of someone to adequately hymn its saving virtues.

THE FIELD OF ART

DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTINGS IN THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO—THE ART OF THE SCENE-PAINTER

SINCE Fromentin wrote his *Maîtres d'autrefois* it has been a commonplace that the works left us by the masters of Holland and Belgium are the most exemplary that exist. Aside from Rembrandt, who, though essentially Dutch, was yet one of those powerful individualities that seem to stand apart from all schools, Holland produced no genius of the first rank; but it produced a number of technicians, some astonishingly brilliant, some quiet and reserved, but all showing a mastery of the trade of painting such as the world has not seen before or since. The greatest painter of Flanders, Rubens, pushed technical brilliancy and facility to such lengths as to place himself by those qualities alone among the artists of the first rank, and his best pupil stands high in the second rank "not on the throne but near it." It was directly from Rubens that the delightful art of the French eighteenth century derived its inspiration, and it was from Rubens, through the intermediary of Vandyke, that the English school of portrait painters learned their trade. It was the study of Dutch landscape painting that led to the works of Gainsborough and Constable, and from them to those of Rousseau and Daubigny. For many of the noblest qualities of art—for greatness of design, elevation of sentiment, perfection of composition, even for the most splendid harmonies of color—we must still go to Italy; but for all that pertains to the purely technical side of painting—to the perfect use of materials and processes—the Dutch and the Flemings are, and are like to remain, the masters of our modern world.

On this account it is extremely fortunate for the growth of a sound knowledge of painting in America that of all the old masters the Dutch and Flemish masters should be those whose work is still to be had, and that capital examples of their work should be bought and brought here from time to time. For the qualities of Italian painting are largely appreciable from study of photographs alone, but the technical practice of a painter can be understood only by study of his original work. It is well, indeed, for every painter to see Raphael and Michelangelo and Titian in the original, if he can by any means do so, but it is indispensable that he should so see Terburg and Teniers, if he is to learn anything whatever from them. The great works of the Italian schools are beyond our reach, but admirable Dutch and Flemish pictures come from time to time into the market, and the buying of them is one of the best uses to which colossal American fortunes are put. We have a few such pictures in the Metropolitan Museum, and there are many in private collections, but perhaps the best and most representative collection of the sort in this country is that with which the public spirit and beneficence of citizens of Chicago have endowed the Art Institute of that city. It is not very large in numbers, but is splendid in quality. It rarely contains more than one picture by any artist, but that picture is, in nearly every case, one of his best. Most of the works come from the celebrated Demidoff collection, which fact of itself is a guarantee of their importance; but a glance at the fine photographs, taken by Braun, Clement & Co., and published by Durand-Ruel, will convince anyone with a knowledge of art that such a guarantee is unnecessary.

It is not always the greatest artists who are the best teachers, and Rembrandt, magnificent technician as he was in his quiet mo-

ments, is not always as safe a guide as some of his saner if less genial compatriots; still, a collection of Dutch pictures without a Rembrandt would be like the play of Hamlet without the prince, and Rembrandt is here well represented by a work of his full maturity, the portrait of a young girl, or "Daughter of the State," signed and dated 1645. It is probably not comparable to the wonderful "Gilder" as a perfect piece of painting, and it shows comparatively little of the deep sentiment which marks the poet Rembrandt in some of the works where he is least the painter, but it is strong and sound work, largely and solidly handled, and full of that sense of vitality which Rembrandt seldom missed and which no one else, in the same degree, ever attained.

After Rembrandt, perhaps the greatest of the Dutchmen, certainly the most astonishing, is Franz Hals, but Hals can be really seen nowhere but in Haarlem. It is only when he displays it on vast canvases that his amazing *maestria* is fully comprehended. The portrait of his son in the Art Institute is a good example of his smaller and lighter work.

Rembrandt might lead the student astray, and the influence of Hals is fatal to any but the strongest heads. It is the "little masters," the quietly perfect painters of Holland, from whom one can forever learn all good and no evil. Our perspective has changed somewhat of late years, and we rate some of these higher than we did and some lower. It is strange to think that so short a time ago the exquisite refinement of Vermeer of Delft won scarce a word from Fromentin. There is no Vermeer in Chicago, and she may well envy New York the charming, though not first rate, example in the Metropolitan Museum, but there are few anywhere and no others, to our knowledge, in this country. Neither has Chicago any de Hooge. But though we rate Vermeer higher or Dow lower, it is safe to say that the solid, stolid, phlegmatic art of Terburg will not budge from its high place. Terburg is absolute and impeccable—you may not love his art, but you cannot choose but admire it, and you can pick no flaws in it. Everything else looks thin after a course of Terburg, and his painting alone seems water-tight and impermeable. And it has charm, too, and grace, and a grave, high-bred, Dutch gentlemanliness, very different from the careless bohemianism of Jan Steen or the bumpkinly humor of Ostade. These are here in first class examples: Steen with his crisp freedom of touch, Ostade with his richness of tone, and Terburg with his faultlessness, and there are others, too, that there is not space to mention.

It is difficult for us to feel the same enthusiasm about Dutch landscape-painting that we do about Dutch figure-painting. No one has ever painted indoor life so well as the Dutch, but the study of landscape owes so much to the investigations of the moderns that Ruysdael and Hobbema seem like superannuated ancestors—to be treated with respect, but to be consulted about nothing. The Ruysdael here seems to be a fine example, with much scenic effectiveness, and the Hobbema is characteristic. The other examples of Dutch landscape art we could still more readily spare when Corot and Rousseau are to be had for study. There is, indeed, one Dutch landscape that is perennially modern, but only one, "The View of Delft," by Vermeer, which hangs in the Museum of The Hague.

Among the Flemish pictures in this collection is a portrait which, beneath the photograph, is called a Holbein, and which the catalogue says "has been attributed by some connoisseurs to Albert Dürer, but which is by neither of these painters. It is certainly by a "Flemish master," as the catalogue gives it, but there may be more doubt as to the date, which is given as "about 1525." It looks earlier, and might well be of the time of Van der Weyden. In any case, it is an interesting piece of conscientious primitive workmanship. At the farthest extreme from such work is the superb portrait of the Marquis Spinola by Rubens. It is said that Rubens would never part with this portrait, and kept it until his death, and while there may have been other reasons for this than its artistic quality, one is inclined to think that sufficiently great to have been the sole reason. The head is less noble than that by Velasquez in "The Surrender of Breda" (The Lancer), but is infinitely subtle and shrewd. The rendering of character is masterly, and the workmanship apparently of the master's best. It is one of the very finest of Rubens's portraits. Not quite equal to this, but very fine also, is Vandyke's portrait of the Princess de Sievere. It is a grave and serious piece of work, without any of the flippant cleverness into which Vandyke was sometimes betrayed in his later days, and possesses great beauty and charm. Finally, there is a "Guard House" by Teniers, which may be fairly described as a picture of still life with incidental figures, and which is not par-

ticularly interesting, though it is doubtless well enough done.

The presence of such an instructive collection in the great inland city cannot fail to be of the utmost use to serious students of art, and not only Chicago, but the whole middle West, is to be congratulated on the possession of such a treasure.

WHY it should be thought that the final and supreme end of the graphic art is the turning out of endless canvases, to be tucked in frames and strung along walls in rows for formal inspection, it is hard to conceive. But the thought certainly holds sway over a vast part of the artist-body; holds sway still in spite of the growing of the new evangel that art can find no nobler office than the beautifying of every pleasure, every business, every environment of every-day life.

The theatre is probably the most popular institution of our country. When one compares the number of people entertained in the art-galleries of the country and the time they spend there, with the thousands upon thousands gathered every evening and many afternoons into the hundreds of opera-houses and theatres of the country, one realizes the magnitude of need and opportunity and power they offer for the purveying of good art pabulum. It is vitally important, in the cultivation of the American people, that these hordes should not be cooped up in inartistic structures, and that the scenes provided for their pleasure and relaxation should not be such as to pervert their tastes.

The only way to make the influence of the theatre potent for real art is to get true artists interested in it and keep them occupied in it. The time and the place for this new movement are particularly ripe in America to-day. There is a national awakening and refining of artistic ideals, and this is extending to all the details of life. It is a dangerous experiment now for even a barn-storming, melodramatic troupe to carry inadequate and ugly scenery. While a writer in the *Figaro* complains that "a subscriber of the Comédie Française would be ashamed to applaud a scene," an American audience is always prompt and hearty with recognition of a good stage-picture, and on occasions even calls out the painter. In all important productions the name of the painter of each scene is printed in the programme, and half a dozen names have thus become familiar to the general public. The very decent compensation for good scene-painting, and the fascinating problems that endear success, should commend it most highly to the interests of the best artists. The painter with a tendency to landscape can find congenial employment for his highest flights of fancy and his most intimate psychologies of Nature. The impressionist is particularly needed to carry out the revolution now waging on the stage against the old grayness and dun severity of the bituminous school.

Through the depths and heights of the stage-picture and its multiplicity of planes, it gets a palpability of atmosphere and a semblance of reality that surpasses even those realistic masterpieces of the old Dutch school. This is not to claim that it is therefore artistically superior to the tiniest easel-picture, but only to emphasize the fact that the impressiveness of its results, by means of enlarged resources and in spite of greatly increased difficulties, gives it a right to a higher standing than one is wont to grant it.

The art has its technic like any other; its technic is possibly more binding than that of any art but architecture. It demands some mechanical knowledge, an acquaintance with the possibilities of stage-carpentry, a forethought for the necessities of folding, rolling, and cutting, shifting and transportation. Colors must be laid on with an eye to the remoteness of the beholder and the intervention of the footlights. The problems of perspective are all important, since tall objects must be represented in space that is too small, and small effects secured in a space that is too large; and the size of the actors must not be forgotten.

Electricity has been developed so far for the stage as to double the possibilities and diminish the restrictions of the scene-painter. The audience of this end of the century is so impatient of anachronisms that the contemporary scene-painter must be correct in his periods, as well as graceful in his expression.

In the movement for productions that shall be historically accurate and brilliant artistically, Sir Henry Irving is the most prominent figure. He has recruited prominent artists in other fields to his aid, men like Burne-Jones and Alma-Tadema. They have not found the art incommensurate with their abilities. It offers worthy employment and inspiration to any artist.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE NASHVILLE EXPOSITION



AS this magazine appears the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition is opening its doors at Nashville, with appropriate pomp and ceremony, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the State's admission to the Union. The idea and methods of this big fair and of the "Cotton States" exposition at Atlanta are the most formal outward and visible signs that have yet appeared, that the South has grown free from any morbid self-consciousness of its relation to the other United States. Nashville is a far more typical Southern city than Atlanta, and is a good place to have a Southern exposition. The railroad facilities are excellent, and the exposition has a beautiful, commodious site in a park of two hundred acres overlooking the city. The climate in spring and early summer is charming, and there are many spots which the Civil War has made of great historic interest, and many engaging aspects of the "Blue Grass" region to make collateral rewards for an exposition tour. To be sure, the city is not on such a highway of through tourist routes as was Atlanta; indeed, it is somewhat out of the way from the tourist trail between New England and Florida. But, on the other hand, it is within a vastly larger circle of prosperous agricultural communities and populous cities—Louisville, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Cincinnati, and a dozen more, which should furnish a realer interest and safer support than the casual and exotic element of visitors. And if, as Mr. Kipling says:

> Of all great things four greatest are,
> Women and Horses and Power and War,

Nashville can claim a considerable degree of greatness in at least three. One can see throughout the programme of the exposition the spirit of this gay Southern town with its intense love of a "bit of purple" as an accompaniment to any enterprise. The *pièce de résistance* of the exposition buildings is to be an imitation of the Parthenon, built solidly of stone, iron, brick, and glass, covered with staff to make a more exact copy of the work of Phidias. Before this stands an heroic statue of Pallas Athene, forty feet high, modelled by Miss Yelland. Memphis, of Mississippi River and cotton fame, has contrived a monument to herself in the shape of a small copy of Cheops's Pyramid, one-sixth as large as the original, but spacious enough to give a tremendous hall, which is filled with the pride and works of the modern and American Memphis. The classic spirit is maintained in the History Building, constructed on the model of the Greek Erechtheion. No doubt this plan was inspired by Nashville's favorite appellation—"The Athens of the South." And then there are the inevitable machinery halls and transportation and agricultural and fine arts and negro and a half dozen other buildings, including one devoted to a show of all Thomas Edison's inventions. It is a glorious piece of the world, this Tennessee, with a glorious history in which some notable men have figured, from Davy Crockett down through Andrew Jackson, and the natural wealth of the State is so varied and abundant that, aside from the interstate and international features, there should be material to make an exceedingly worthy exposition.

BEFORE the great railroad across Siberia is half finished it is beginning to serve its purpose of an outlet for the huge crowds of poorly fed, crowded Russian peasantry. A most important section of the

road has just been finished, for the construction is complete as far as Krasnoyarsk, 3,000 miles away from St. Petersburg. This brings the capital into direct railway communication with the rich valley of that noble stream, the Yenesei River. The Russian poor are flying to the new country by the hundred thousand; the State allows them transportation at the merely nominal rate of a mill per mile, and gives each family, under certain conditions, about three acres of land on allotment, not to be at the unrestricted disposal of the occupants, but to remain permanently for their benefit.



There is a certain powerful charm in the picture of this broad new land, rich in all the original growth of nature, and its opportune invitation to the miserable descendants of the serfs. One is so used, even in America, to fields, forests, and streams that have been exploited to their vast damage, that it is ever so pleasant, even for people who will never see them, to hear of these magnificent rivers full of game fish, of the forests dark with tall, straight trees, where the deer and bear have never yet been put to any impossible disadvantage in the struggle for existence; and of the vast wealth of the mines of coal, iron, and gold that will have so important an effect on the industrial organization of the world. No one is more interested in the Trans-Siberian Railway—the most magnificent enterprise of the century—from an economic point of view, than Nicholas II. As a boy he was made president of the road, when Alexander III. was living; and when he came to the throne he felt such a pride and enthusiasm in the work that he insisted on keeping the office.

The dimensions of the undertaking are enormous. From Tcheliabinsk, the western terminus, to Vladivostock, the present eastern terminus, the length is 4,741⅓ miles; in other words, it is much the longest railroad in the world. It goes west from Tcheliabinsk, passing the southern edge of Russia's great Siberian dominion, through Ob and Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk, then takes a sudden turn around the southern end of the great Lake Baikal, and follows the Amoor River along the northern boundary of Manchuria to Vladivostock. Until it reaches the Yenesei River, the road passes over a steppe country that renders the engineering very simple; but beyond that, in the vast mountainous region above Tartary, the cost of construction has been heavy. When the three great railroad bridges are taken into account, Russia will pay at least $175,000,000 for the privilege of reaching the Pacific. But Russia has always wanted to reach the sea. She is practically an inland country, with the Baltic frozen up half the year and the Arctic and White Seas eternally blocked with Polar ice.

The railroad will not be finished until 1905, though nearly 62,000 people are working on it constantly in the mere work of construction. These do not include the official servants and experts. Schools for the training of skilled railroad officials have been started in the towns of Omsk, Krasnoyarsk, and Khabarovka. The work has been under way already for six years. As it was an undertaking too gigantic for the Government Direction of Railways, a separate department was inaugurated especially for its promotion.

Many Europeans are inclined to lay too great emphasis on the strategic phases of the Siberian railroad. It is enormously important politically, no doubt, but its economic features are easily first. It is said that when, five years ago, there was a terrible famine in eastern Siberia, and wheat was selling for $1.50 per *poud*, it could be bought in the Ob Valley for eight cents. With the railroad facilities that will obtain in 1905, there could be no such famine under these conditions. Prince Hillkoff, the Minister of Ways and Communications, points out that the road runs in its enormous course through a zone exceeding in extent the whole of Central Europe, and lying entirely in the mean geographical latitudes which, with an abundant supply of water, insure a high average of agricultural productiveness.

The news has come, too, that the Russian Minister, Count Cassini, has made a treaty with China, by which the port of Kiaochu, in the province of Shantung, is offered to Russia on temporary lease. This is the final step in the ambition of the Russians to reach the Pacific. Instead of the cold and ice-harassed Vladivostock, they will go to the far better harbors southward in the Gulf of Pechili, by an extension of the Siberian road through Manchuria.

The Knell of the Kentucky Feud.

THERE was one more especially dramatic incident of the Presidential election in a locality by no means chary of sensations. The land of the Hatfields and the McCoys, in the mountainous region between Kentucky and West Virginia, took a deep and alcoholic interest in the great political issues at stake, and the polling-stations set up in the hamlets near the trans-Alleghany railroads presented an aspect of unwonted life, not to say turbulence. Into one of these towns on election-day stalked Cap Hatfield, surviving leader of his clan—a family possessing many strong traits, of which, however, all are weak when compared with the ingrained hereditary necessity of shooting at McCoys whenever the latter come within reasonable range. Cap is credited with eighteen men; he is the pride and hope of the Hatfields, who have suffered somewhat of late owing to the pale-blooded sentiments of the community and to its sheriffs. In short Cap holds, in his six feet two inches of rugged muscle, the nucleus of the most celebrated "Kentucky feud" that has thrilled the history of the South. We have followed Huck Finn in his adventures among these gentry, and know what it means to be at feud in such latitudes.

But Cap was peaceably inclined on election-day. To be sure, he and his fourteen-year old stepson, Bob Glenn, carried their Winchesters into Matteawan, but that was only natural in a tramp through the country in November, when the turkeys and the deer are at their prime. Indeed, when Cap heard that the Rutherfords, allies of the McCoys, were in town, and had heated their blood, he actually went to the Mayor, according to the best accounts, and delivered up his rifle, as a slap in the face of temptation. When he had done the duty of a Kentucky gentleman at the polls, at the bar, and at the street-corner, Cap received his gun from the Mayor, and was about to start home, when one of the Rutherfords approached with an Homeric torrent of abuse and a drawn pistol. Cap shot him through the head and started for the mountains with his boy companion. His enemies followed and secured a point of attack, before he had left town, from the vantage of a railway trestle. Two rifles were simultaneously levelled at Hatfield by a Rutherford and his friend, a Chambers, when Bob Glenn shot them, killing one and wounding the other mortally. Then the two homicides took to the mountains.

It is not a pleasant task to arrest a Hatfield red-handed and armed; it is a still more obnoxious occupation when the fugitive has reached the stronghold of his family, where fifty of the name may suddenly decide to fight; the undertaking reaches the height of disagreeable possibilities when the outlaw is Cap Hatfield, grandson of "Devil Anse;" Cap is thirty-two years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and handles them with the activity of a wild-cat. So the sheriff's posse was swelled to some two hundred armed men before any very thorough and hearty interest was manifested in the search. The forests and mountains were carefully beaten, in the belief that the outlaws had betaken themselves to the vicinity of an old rock fort, on the headwaters of Grapevine Creek, which empties into Tug River; this fort had for generations been the stronghold from which the Hatfields defied justice, or the McCoys, or both. Meanwhile the mountain passes were cordoned to prevent an escape over the border into Kentucky. After some days, a clew was found, when Cap was driven by hunger to visit one of his relatives, and the leader of the posse, a cool and capable officer, made systematic arrangements for surrounding the quarry. Cap Hatfield was for once outwitted. He and his stepson were found in a dark crevice of the rocks, fast asleep, worn out with hunger and privations. They awoke to find a score of Winchesters looking them in the face, and Cap restrained that exceedingly promising youth, his stepson, from making a hopeless fight.

It is all very like a dime novel; but there is a certain historical significance in the event which fetches the leader of the Hatfields into jail, with manslaughter absolutely proved against him. If not the end, it is the beginning of the end of that curious institution, the Kentucky feud. And how strange it is that the one occasion on which the man's instincts and impulses seem to have been entirely good, should have brought his undoing!



SCENES FROM THE GREAT NOVELS—VI.

THE TRIPLE CHALLENGE OF D'ARTAGNAN.—*The Three Musketeers, Chapter V.*

"The cardinal's guards!" cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. "Sheathe your swords, gentlemen!"

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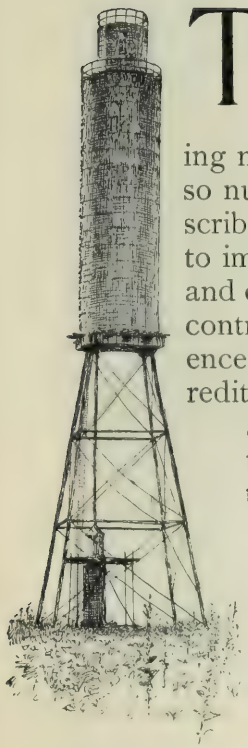
The Athletic Field.



UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT PRINCETON—OLD AND NEW

By James W. Alexander

Illustrations by W. R. Leigh



The Water-tower.

THE ingredients of that composite but intangible thing that Princeton men worship under the endearing name of "Old Nassau" are so numerous, so varied, so indescribable, that it would be next to impossible to take them apart and classify them. Famous men, contributions to learning and science, friendship, escapades, hereditary ties, historic links, songs, and thousands of characteristic incidents combine through decades and centuries to form the mystic object of our love.

Besides the systematic instruction and research which go on in all colleges and universities, there is a life and atmosphere which is characteristic to each, and which has much to do with making the well-rounded man. Who, for example, shall measure the stimulus of pride in college colors? It is only in modern times that distinctive colors have become an accepted college usage. The crimson of Harvard is a recent thing. They used to sport the magenta, and had a college paper of that name, afterward changed to the *Crimson* when the new tint was adopted. As for Princeton, it is less than a quarter of a century since she discovered that she had a color. It was there all the time, for the Princeton orange was hers the moment the Colonial Governor Belcher dubbed the first college building with the name of Nassau. But for more than a century Princetonians went without colors, excepting the light blue of Whig, and the pink of Clio, Hall. It was a custom, which hundreds of living graduates remember, for the students to wear the badges of those renowned societies on all public occasions

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—that of Clio being an oblong pink ribbon pinned upon the lapel of the coat; and that of Whig, a long and flowing mass of looped blue ribbon worn on the wrist. At last the orange for the whole college asserted its prerogative, and the society badges almost disappeared, to the sorrow, it may be added, of many an old boy, who, returning to the college, looks for them in vain. The black was combined with the orange by way of relief to monotony, although it was thought to be on historic grounds. The Princeton colors have grown spontaneously into the college life, and a recent interesting and learned disquisition by Professor Allan Marquand, of Princeton, in support of orange and blue as the veritable colors of the House of Nassau, will hardly change a custom which has been gradually but surely entwined with the life of a generation of classes and embalmed in their songs. The only way in which the colors of Princeton have had official recognition is in the action taken by the Board of Trustees adopting an academic costume which indicates the degree of the wearer, and the Faculty granting it. Orange received the stamp of approval as the distinguishing color in the hoods which form a part of the costume.



Whig and Clio Halls, with Marquand Chapel in the Distance.

Although the blue and pink of Whig and Clio Halls have yielded to the orange and black, the undergraduate life still centres around those influential literary bodies. Who can wonder at the unique celebrity of the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies when he remembers that Madison, of the Class of 1771, one of the founders of Whig, was also the statesman who furnished the basis for the noble political structure represented by the American Constitution? And that Paterson, of the Class of 1763, one of the founders of the other, was the chief advocate with Oliver Ellsworth, of the Class of 1766, of the maintenance of State sovereignties, which view was by the Federalist Madison fused into the existing composite plan. These two societies—secret, mysterious, and ever in dignified rivalry—have formed the pivot of higher intellectual life at Princeton for more than a century. The absence of chapters of the minor Greek societies, represented in some other universities, is a hundred times made up by these two renowned and useful organizations, exclusively Princetonian and absolutely without competition elsewhere. To the training in literature, oratory, debate, and parliamentary proceeding given in Whig and Clio Halls, stimulated as it is by the peculiar atmosphere of tradition and scholarship, generations of statesmen, divines, and leaders of men have justly ascribed their success.

Intense interest has always been taken by the students in the division of college honors between the members of Whig and Clio Halls. On Commencement Day, when for the first time public announcement is made of the successful competitors for the long list of fellowship prizes and scholarly distinctions, the members of the



Dr. Maclean. Dr. McCosh. Dr. Patton.

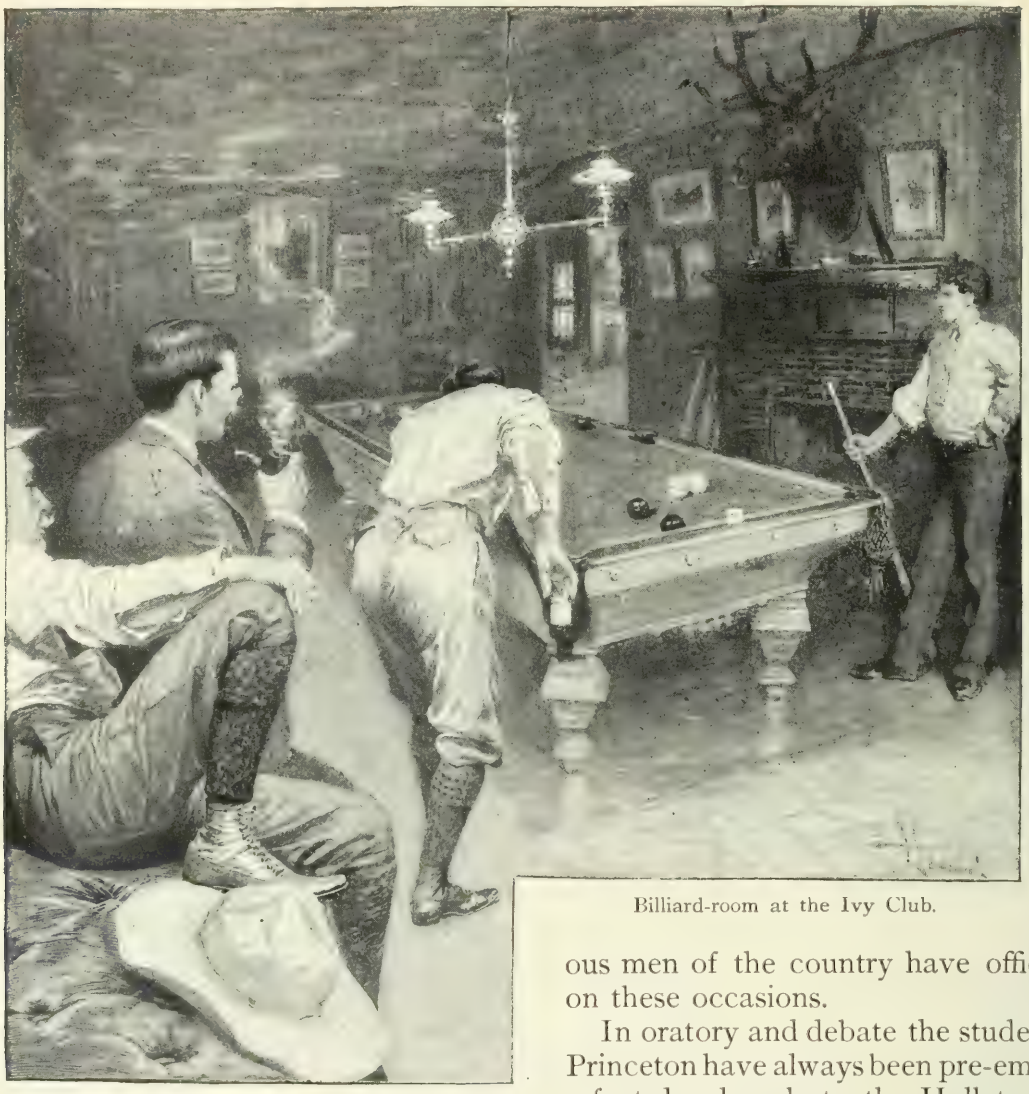
THREE PRESIDENTS.

Halls group themselves respectively in the different portions of the building, and, as each name is divulged, vociferous applause, with the Princeton cheer, issues from the appropriate group. A printed discussion occurred in 1870, each Hall, through a committee, claiming historic precedence. The controversy was hot and the language used not uniformly temperate, but the success of the societies in developing talent has run parallel with the accentuation of the rivalry. Formerly the whole college, with scarcely an exception, was represented in the Halls, and the students were divided into two opposing camps. It was hardly practicable for friends to continue intimate relations if they belonged to different Halls, and it was a thing unknown for a Whig to room with a Clio. Some fifty years ago a leaf from one of the Halls blew out accidentally into the Campus and was picked up by a member of the other society, who, instead of returning it, and not quite certain that it was genuine, showed it to some of his own society members. The feeling became so strong that he had to be guarded in a room for nights, the society to which the paper belonged refusing apologies from the other. The Fourth of July celebration, theretofore the great annual carnival of the college, broke up that year, and it was nearly two years before the Halls were again brought into friendly competition.



Old President's House, now Dean's.

It has until recently been the custom at Princeton for the two Halls to canvass each incoming class, and introduce every man into one or the other society. The practice may have been carried to an extreme, for the Committees had the habit of approaching students before they came to Princeton, waylaying them at the station,



Billiard-room at the Ivy Club.

and pursuing them with every sort of suasion short of physical force. But the competition had its meritorious side. It left no indifferent men in college. The Halls, a few years ago, negotiated a treaty, under which all canvassing is prohibited, and the students are left to apply for membership, as in the higher class of clubs. It cannot be said, without qualification, that the effect is good. For the first time in the history of these venerable institutions there exists a considerable body of students who belong to neither society, and there are many who would enthusiastically hail the abrogation of the treaty, and a return to the traditional habit, which would doubtless be favorably toned by the experience of recent years.

Old Princetonians miss other customs which have passed away, as, for example, the annual oration before the two societies —one year by a Whig, and the next by a Clio, graduate. Some of the most illustrious men of the country have officiated on these occasions.

In oratory and debate the students of Princeton have always been pre-eminent, a fact due largely to the Hall training. As far back as 1814 General Winfield Scott, wounded, on his way from the battle of Lundy's Lane, stopped at Princeton and was present on the stage at Commencement. Bloomfield McIlvain, the Valedictorian, a man who had become a ready debater through his Hall experience, suddenly stopped in his speech and apostrophized Scott as the patriot soldier in a panegyric which electrified both the hero and the audience, the former stating afterward that he was more appalled than if he had been confronted by a British regiment.

In literature, too, the influence of the Halls has been enormous, the periodicals and reviews issued under Princeton's graduate and undergraduate direction fully sustaining the reputation of the University in this field. The first article in the first number of the *Nassau Lit* was written fifty years ago by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41. It also contained an article by



Ivy. Tiger Inn. Athletic Club. Cap and Gown. Cottage.

Prospect Avenue, showing Club-houses.

Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann), of the Class of '45. Youthful contributions from hordes of men since become famous are scattered over its pages.

The twin white-marble buildings, with monolith columns, purely Grecian, known as Whig and Clio Halls, are among the most beautiful on the Campus. No one



Library of Tiger Inn.

not a member can pass through their doors. One of the traditions is that a Mrs. Potter was chased by a bull, and, taking refuge on the porch of Whig Hall, tried the door in vain, the secret catch being proof against the uninitiated, but she finally succeeded in pressing through behind a member. Here was a dilemma, indeed! A woman had seen the sacred antechamber! There was but one course open; she was duly initiated and put under pledge of secrecy, and is the only woman who has seen the interior of either house.

The politics of the college formerly took their shape from the contests in the Halls. The writer well remembers being taken by student friends at night, soon after matriculation, to a secret conclave in "Jugtown," where in a small room, dense with tobacco-smoke, a "caucus" was held of one of the "parties" in Whig Hall, and where candidates for Society honors were agreed on, and measures adopted for a heated college campaign. But party spirit ran so high in the elections for "Junior Orators" that changes were made by which the candidates were, and still are, chosen by judges instead of by popular vote.

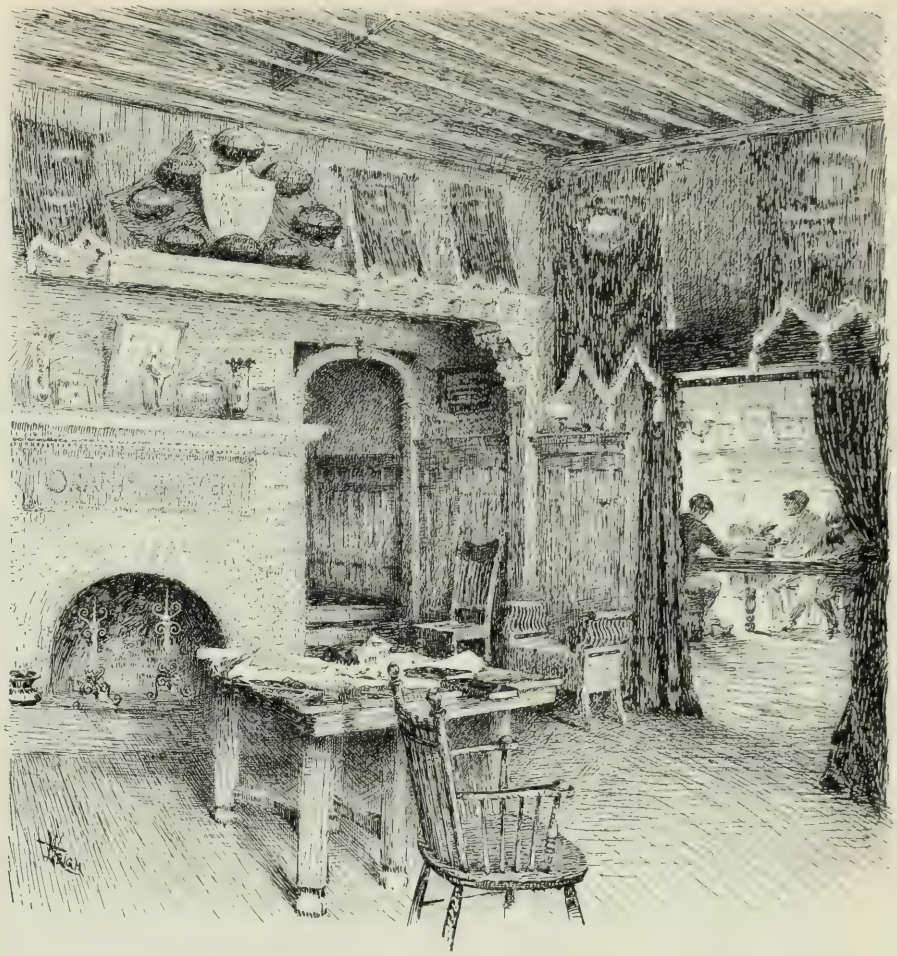
While the Halls as now conducted furnish a certain measure of club facilities, the eating clubs of Princeton have grown in many cases into social centres of more or less luxury and comfort. Princeton has no Commons. The basement of "Old North" half a century ago was used as a refectory, where the students had Commons, and where the behavior was sometimes riotous. In the college laws, "Revised, Amended, and Adopted by the Board of Trustees, September 30, 1813," it was enacted that:

"No student shall leave the dining-table . . . except by permission from one of the Officers present," and

"No student who is capable of attending on the exercises of the college shall be permitted to board out of the house."

An effort was made within recent times to revive the usage of Commons, and two hundred or more took their meals together under a co-operative arrangement in University Hall for two years. But the business, being in the hands of novices, was mismanaged, and resulted in failure. Students nowadays, in groups of twelve or more, organize as clubs for eating purposes. This custom has enabled many a scholar with a slender purse to earn his living by catering for such a club; and it is a noble evidence of the equality on which all men stand at Princeton, that a meritorious student of gentlemanlike tastes and manly disposition loses no caste by reason of such

occupation. Indeed it is frequently the case that the student who thus defrays his expenses happens not only to be popular in the club but is often elected President of his class. Out of such combinations have developed the more attractive clubs, with their own houses, libraries, billiard-rooms, parlors, and bedrooms. The Ivy Club is the oldest of these (1878), and the members are carefully selected from the senior and junior classes, and close friendships are cemented through the companionship thus formed. The graduate members come back and hold reunions in the club-house from year to year. This club has a new and picturesque house in process of construction. Of the same type, but more recently formed, are the University Cottage Club (1887), the Tiger Inn (1890), the Cap and Gown (1891), the Colonial (1892), the Princeton Elm (1895), and the Cannon (1895).

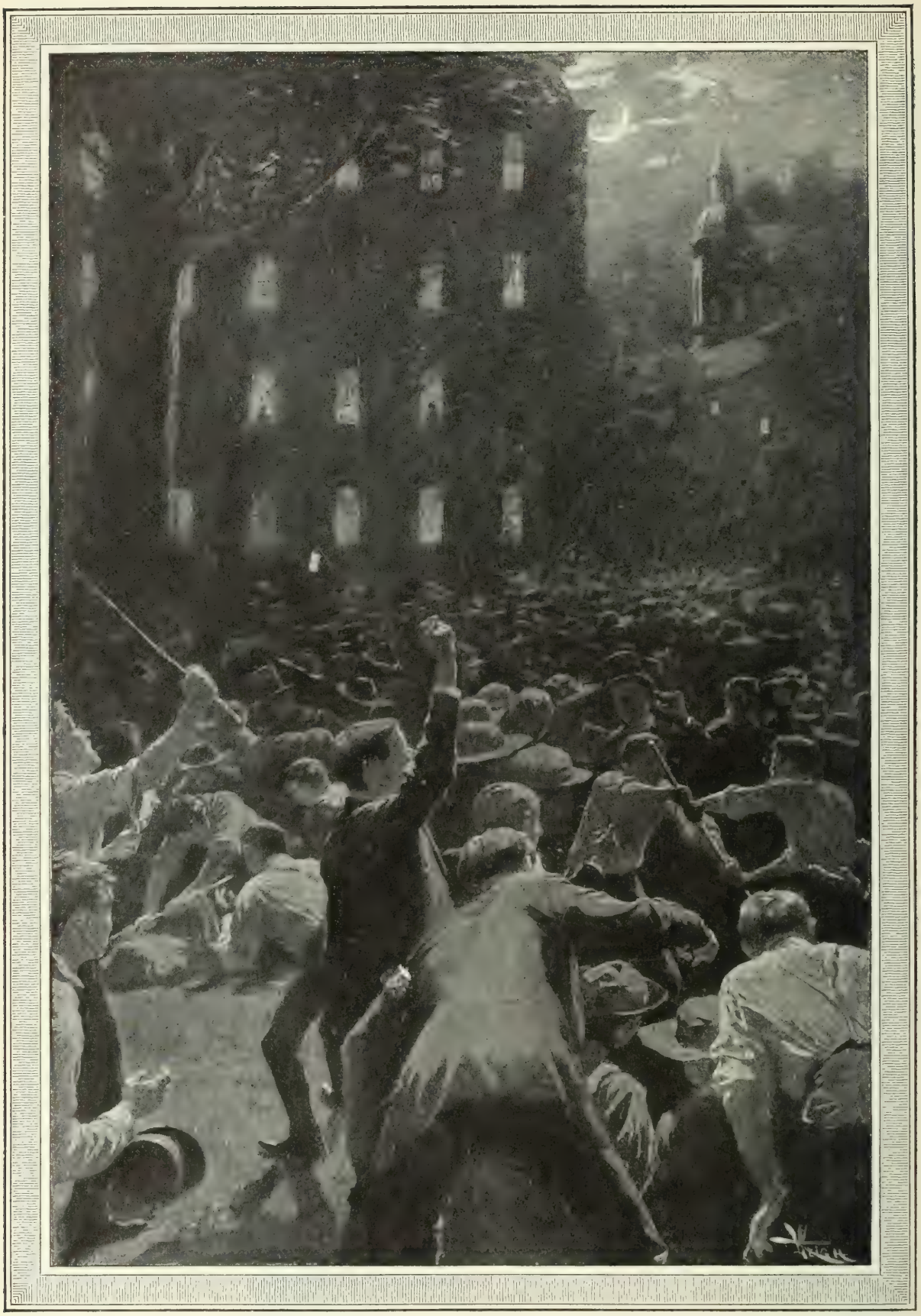


Trophy-room at Athletic Club-house.



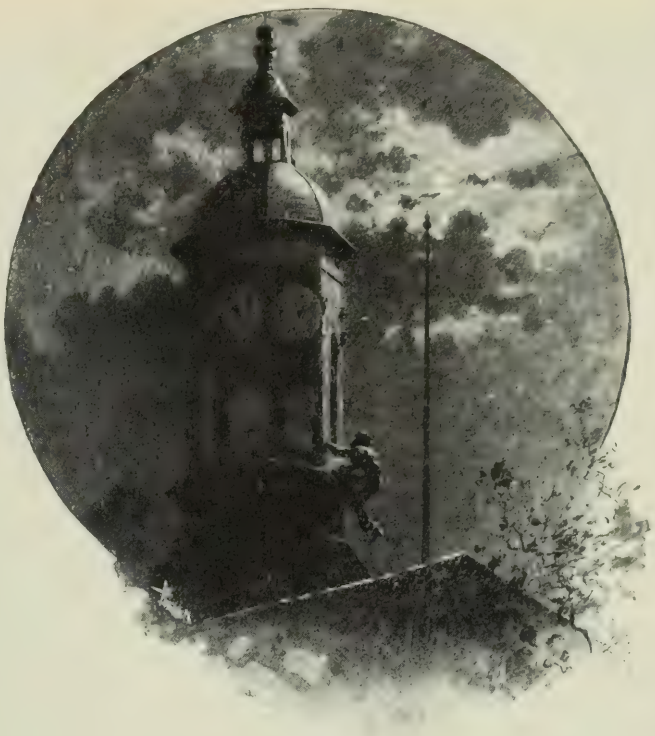
The Grill-room, Princeton Inn.

In the demoralized state of affairs during and after the Revolution it was not such an easy thing for a boy to get to college. Stephanus Van Rensselaer, Patroon of Rensselaerswyck (afterward Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York), was sent in the fall of 1779, at



Cane Spree as it was in 1876, back of East College.

the age of fifteen, to Princeton College. Many others of his name and family have been graduated there since. But Stephanus had to be escorted, with his schoolmates, by a military guard. Princeton was reached, but education in those days was there secured almost within range of the enemy's guns and the roar of their artillery. Such was the excitement, if not the danger, that the young Patroon was at last removed to Cambridge, and was graduated with honor at Harvard in 1782. Some cynical Princetonian has said that nothing less than two armies and a revolution could drive a son of "Old Nassau" to a New England college. Stephanus did not know, however, how much security a Princeton diploma carried with it. Stephen Bloomer Balch, a graduate of the college, stopped one night at a North Carolina farm-house, in the most exciting period of the war, and sought shelter. The wife of the farmer, who himself was absent, admitted him after much persuasion. In the small hours of the morning the farmer returned and roughly ordered Balch to vacate, exclaiming, "I allow no man to sleep under my roof but a Whig!" "Then let me rest in peace," said Balch, "for I was graduated at Princeton under Dr. Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence." The passport was *viséd*, and Balch had his night's repose.



Stealing the Clapper—"Old North."

Many a college usage which has contributed its mite to make up the full conception of Princeton life to the man of its time has come and gone. The class "rush" was once a dangerous but exhilarating affair, in which masses of men were impelled against each other in solid phalanx, the forward ranks being actually lifted into the air by the shock. The base of the old Triangle was the scene of many dramatic encounters. This pastime was forbidden by the faculty, but flourished in proportion to the strength of the prohibition, and apparently died of its own accord. The "cane spree" still exists, but in a modified form. It has gone through a number of curious modifications. Twenty-five years ago it was similar in many features to the rush. The freshman class appeared at night in front of the post-office on Nassau Street, each man carrying a cane. The sophomores rushed the freshmen, each man grabbing a cane and tussling for it to the best of his ability. By 1876 it was a more formal affair. For a week or two before the eventful night each freshman would choose, or be assigned, a junior as a "second," or backer. Each sophomore had a senior, who served him in a similar capacity. These seconds would "arrange" matches between men who were believed to be of probable equal strength and ability. For days the junior would coach his freshman on



Dennis Sullivan, Fifty Years in the Employ of the College.

famous tricks—such as the "hip throw." He was taught how to rosin his hands; how to hold them at just the proper distance from the ends, so as to retain the outside hold ; how to get the cane under his body when the sophomore threw him ; or how to keep his opponent from jumping on the cane with both knees. On the first fine moonlight night in September, or early October, the whole college gathered to see the series of duels, each conducted in its own little circle of cheering men, the whole occupying three or four hours. It was the most picturesque of college customs. It was held on the space back of East College. Every window on the east side was illuminated. When a cane was "won," that is, wrenched free, the winner would hold it aloft amid mighty cheers from his classmates, and the little circle would in an instant dissolve to gather around other contestants. Next day a count was made by each class of the number of canes won, lost, and divided, and this determined the issue of the contest for that year. The theory was that if the freshman class won the most canes it might carry them from that date. But the victory was generally a barren one, as few freshmen ever had the audacity to carry a cane before the issue of the sophomore proclamation.

Later the custom was narrowed down to three contests, heavy, middle, and light weight, each class choosing its champions, and was held back of Reunion or in front of Witherspoon. Then (by aid and advice of the faculty) it was reduced to an episode in the fall games. Last year the old custom of having three cane sprees held at night was permitted to be revived, as a



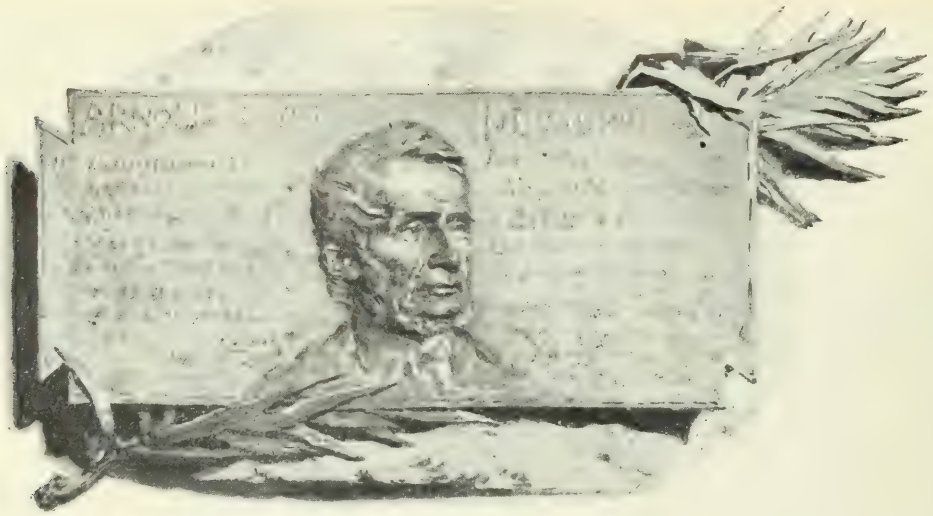
Statue of McCosh by St. Gaudens, in Marquand Chapel.
(Presented by the Class of '79.)



Marquand Chapel—Morning Prayers.

mark of favor from the faculty to the college in consideration of the greatly improved order maintained by the students.

A marked advance has been made by the students themselves, at Princeton, during the past few years, in the matter of dignity and the ethics of college life. Spontaneously, and without influence from faculty or alumni—an influence which generally seems to work inversely to the direction intended—they introduced and have maintained what is now known throughout the college world as the "Honor System," under which a student caught by his fellows cheating at examinations loses his social status, is disgraced, and, as a matter of fact, has to retire from the university. It needed only that one or two should be thus ostracized to discover that the mass of honorable students could successfully maintain a system of absolute fairness. So true is this, that professors sometimes leave their examination-room, and the old-time surveillance is a dead letter. The spirit of manliness has still further permeated the student life, and brutal hazing has also disappeared during recent years, it is hoped never to return. It cannot be denied, however, that some of the impositions on freshmen used to be very funny, and there are mild forms of "guying" still in vogue which provoke a smile even from the most sedate. When a young "Verdant Green," for example, makes his first appearance, walking with his papa across the Campus, disconcerting is not a word strong enough to express his feeling as he hears a crowd of sophomores keep time to his step by saying "Right! left! right! left!" It was a son of ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York, who, being visited in his room by a party of fellows who demanded that he should sing, said he would be willing to play on the horn. This offer being accepted, he seized a big tin horn from a shelf and, throwing up the window,



The Arnold Guyot Memorial—A Bronze Tablet by the Late Olin Warner.

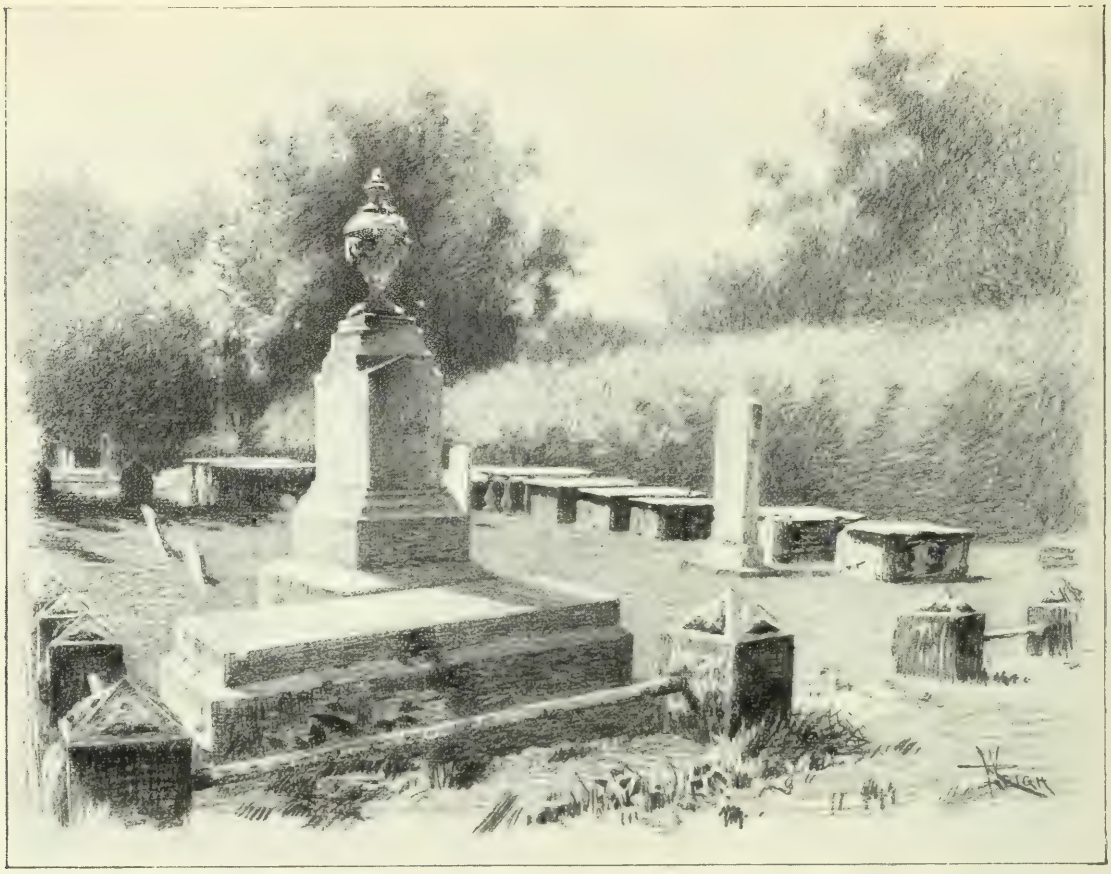
(In Marquand Chapel.)

blew a blast which brought the Proctor almost before the sophomores could beat a hasty retreat. "Smoking out" was the favorite mode of torturing freshmen thirty or forty years ago, and a mysterious order known as "Hogi Mogi" was held in abject dread by unsophisticated matriculates. The name was almost all there was of it, but under this ægis many a deed of cruelty was done by masked sophomores. The popular significance of the term "sophomore," by the way, is likely to be utterly lost, if the boys of our colleges continue to transform themselves into university men. Nevertheless there are plenty of grave and reverend seigniors, ministers, judges, and scientists, who look back with pleasure to the time when they "occupied" the entries of "Old North," and behind barricades of firewood rolled hot cannon-balls up and down the brick-tiled corridors, and made night hideous by continuous ringing of the college bell. This was a common thing fifty years ago. The stealing of the bell-clapper by the Freshman Class was a later institution. The class who failed to achieve this feat was formerly considered beneath contempt. In 1886 four freshmen with skeleton keys, defying the laws both of the State and the Institution, climbed to the tower between two and three o'clock in the morning. What was their astonishment to find a light burning when they reached the top, and a night-watchman peacefully slumbering under the coveted clapper. They beat a hasty retreat, but, undaunted, they succeeded a few nights later. The stolen property, according to usage, was melted into miniature clappers, and worn as trophies by the class.

It was in "Old North" that Professor J. Addison Alexander, the linguist, saw on the floor, just as he was about entering his room, a bomb with a smoking fuse. Without stopping to think of the danger he jumped on it and succeeded in stamping out the fire. Taking the ugly thing into his room he proceeded to cut it open, only to find it filled with innocent sawdust, and as he smiled to think how he had been "sold," a jeering cry was heard outside the door from the throats of twenty sophomores. The forced respect to professors exacted in colonial days had long before yielded to that familiarity born of independence which has done much in our free country to foster irreverence to superiors. It was enacted in the early college laws that "Every scholar shall rise up and make obeisance when the President goes in or out of the hall, or enters the pulpit on days of religious worship. Every freshman sent of an errand shall go and do it faithfully and make quick return. Every scholar in college shall keep his hat off about ten yards to the President, and five to the tutors." In the days of President Maclean, affectionately known among the students as "Johnnie," a considerable part of the enjoyment of breaking the college laws consisted in getting and keeping the old gentleman out, and leading him a dance. For he was a figure in his day. The slightest noise or indication of a rum-



Senior Singing—Commencement Week.



The Presidents' Row—Princeton Cemetery.

On the right are the graves of Witherspoon, Burr, Edwards, and other Princeton Presidents. Aaron Burr, the younger, is buried at the feet of his father in the grave marked by the upright stone. Dr. McCosh's tomb is covered by the flat stone at the extreme left.

pus would bring "Old Johnnie" to the Campus, night or day. After dark he carried a lantern, and at all times appeared in immense India-rubber shoes, an old-fashioned cloak, and a beaver hat which might be described as archaic. His principal office when not teaching was that of police-superintendent of the college. There were no "Proctors" in those days, but "Dennis," the college servant, assisted "Johnnie," and used to summon the boys to appear before the Faculty after "Johnnie" had caught them. Dennis is still there and will complete this year a half century of faithful service to the college. Many of the disturbances were made by the students for the sole purpose of enticing the President to pursuit, and to hear his familiar "tut, tut!" when he secured a supposed offender. The furniture in his office was not of the most solid kind. When Henry Clay visited Princeton, and was asked by "Johnnie" to sit down in his study, he did so and the rickety chair gave way. The statesman got up and said, "Dr. Maclean, I hope the other chairs of the institution are on a more permanent foundation." One night, when two Maltese donkeys from Commodore Stockton's field were found on the fourth floor of North College, the students asked Dr. Maclean how he thought they had got there. "Through their great anxiety," said he, "to visit some of their brethren." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., of the Class of '41, says there was a picture of "Old Johnnie" up in the old college for a long time representing him with a policeman's baton over his shoulder. Somehow or other that old man entwined himself around the affections of the students. For forty-six years he was connected with the college as Professor and President. Long after his retirement the mere mention of his name among the Alumni would bring out a rousing cheer.

The mode of life was simpler in those days than now, but the same humor which still makes collegians so comic effervesced fifty years ago. When, for example, William Pennington, son of a former governor of New Jersey, roomed next door to

Senior Tutor Topping, it was the custom for each man to hang on the outside knob of his door the bag containing his soiled clothes for laundry. Pennington stuffed his own shirts, one day, in Tutor Topping's bag, and waited for the day when the clean linen was returned and laid out on Topping's bed. Then, knowing that a number of students were in Topping's room, Pennington knocked at his door. On entering he put on an injured air and said: "Mr. Topping, I have no objections whatever to lending you my shirts if you need them, but I must protest against your taking them without my knowledge." Topping was indignant and denied the charge. Pennington demanded an inspection. The students stood aghast. The chagrin of the Tutor and the hilarity of the boys may be imagined when Pennington stepped to the bed and picked out his own shirts marked with his name.

The boys who steal off to New York and Philadelphia by train and come back in the "owl," would hesitate to take the hazard which their forefathers had to risk seventy-five years ago when they went to Philadelphia by stage, requiring an absence of two or three days, during which their classmates would keep candles burning in their rooms and answer for their names at roll-call. In those days it would seem that the student body was less submissive to authority than now, in spite of more rigorous rules. During the latter part of President Green's administration, in 1816, the students became riotous and took possession of the college. The recitation-rooms were barred, lectures and other exercises were necessarily abandoned, and the institution was practically in a state of siege—all on account of some dissatisfaction with the management of the college.

One of the customs of late years has been for the sophs and freshmen, respectively, to placard the town with "Proclamations," or "Procs," as the boys call them, containing taunting language against the other class and inciting them to encounter. Shortly after the opening of the college these huge posters have been seen as far away from the town as five miles. The challenged class must tear them down, and rows and "rushes" are the result. The work is done secretly, for the college authorities do not deal gently with the offenders. Such mischievous pranks are as nothing compared with the ancient dissipations which centred around the village taverns.

On the walls of "Old North" graduating classes have annually planted the ivy, in each case piling up reminiscence on reminiscence, for every plant that clings to "Old Nassau" is the child of one that clings to some other historic house. Among them is one from Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and another from the picturesque Castle at Heidelberg.

The singing of the Senior Class in the early summer evenings, on the steps of "Old Nassau," began about 1865. No feature of university life in any college can surpass this Princeton custom in fascinating interest. The culminating occasion is the night of "Class Day," in these latter times. Several thousand people—the students and their friends—sit and lounge on the grass under the elms and listen to the seniors as they sing their old songs together for the last time. Graduates, coming back after even fifty years of real life, unconsciously lapse into a dream of former fellowship under the influence of the scene.

A favorite mode of celebrating the Fourth of July in the olden time was throwing fire-balls composed of cotton-yarn tightly wrapped and soaked in turpentine. Buckets were placed around the cannon, and the balls were lighted and thrown aloft by hands encased in strong gloves, and again caught up and thrown again. The whole Quadrangle would be alive with flaming comets with tails of fire. The breaking of street-lamps and stealing of shop signs have been students' delight from time immemorial. One morning a sign appeared over President Maclean's study door bearing the announcement, "Oysters in Every Style." The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., tells of a two-horse wagon that was carried to the upper story of "Old North" in his day, and riotously dragged up and down the entry with shouts and violence. How it got there is a puzzle, but collegians triumph over the laws of mechanics as thoroughly as over the laws of the institution when they determine on a thing, which makes one marvel less at the achievements of the Egyptians. Horn blowing was one of the choice amusements twenty-five years ago, and the "horn

spree" became a notable college event. Its principal charm lay, of course, in the fact that it was prohibited by the Faculty. It consisted in the blowing on a horrible tin horn by every man in college. At a certain signal every window was thrown open and pandemonium seemed to reign. At night the students gathered in a body and moved in procession about the town blowing on these horns, and many were the narrow escapes from arrest and detection by "Johnnie" or Professor Giger or some other amateur policeman.

It would probably puzzle an outsider to tell what a "Nassau Rake" is. But there are hundreds of graduates who remember those prohibited publications—some with regret for having had a hand in them, and more with memories of the fun and risks attached to them. It was the custom some years ago for a mischievous group of the Sophomore Class each year to print a pamphlet of lampoons upon the freshmen and juniors. The language used was not always choice. There was not much delicacy of touch. Every foible received a notice—sometimes more biting than parliamentary. There was humor often and grossness too often. Suspension from college was the penalty for complicity in the offence of producing the "Rake;" but this only gave a spice to the undertaking. The very nature of the publication precludes the making of extracts. But men who have become great have figured in those columns in ridiculous attitudes. One "Rake" was entitled "Typical Forms of '71, by the Class of '72," after a celebrated work by President McCosh. On the corner is the inscription, "Published by the Dublin Tract Society."

The "Rake" issued by the Class of '70 is entitled "Essays and Reviews on Subjects Consequential and Insignificant." That of the Class of '69, "The Nassau Exposition." That of '68, "The Differential Calculus of '68," and is divided into three parts—"Fundamental Principles," "Examples for Practice," and "Miscellaneous Examples." Most of these pamphlets were published with the simple title, "Nassau Rake." The "Rakes" provoked counter-publications by the Freshman Class under the name "Memorabilia Sophomorum." The editorial of the "Rake" of 1857 says: "We have authority for supposing that even the Faculty do not cooperate as heartily with our undertaking as they could and should." So little did they co-operate that many a graduate to-day can look back on a forced "rustication" in consequence of his discovered participation. On the reverse of the title-page of the "Rake" of 1858 is printed, "Entered according to Act of Congress, etc., etc., by the Rev. Johannes Maclean, the President of the College, D.D., M.D., LL.D., A.S.S., and published for the Benefit of the Faculty."

The "Acaleph" was a similar publication by the Junior Class. There is nothing to be proud of in these anonymous satires. But every college has had its mischief-makers, and their pranks form a part of the comprehensive college life. Time casts a haze over what is foolish or blameworthy and only takes account of what is comic and original. The form of satire adopted by the students has differed in the course of years, but the same waggish spirit has always burst through the forced dignity of college requirements. John Allen Stuart, of the Class of '19, for example, printed a series of verses called the "Honoriad," which became famous. In this poem various fellow-students were held up to ridicule, and their characteristic traits exposed. There is a tradition that on the day of the promulgation of the "Honoriad" Stuart and Abram W. Venable dined at old Mrs. Hodge's (mother of the celebrated Dr. Charles Hodge), and when they came out of the house after dinner they indulged in a fight in the street, caused by allusions in the verses to Venable, as, for example:

> That tongue to speak did never rise
> Except like Argus with a hundred eyes,
> But mark a small distinction, by the by,
> Abe's eyes are *egos* and not *oculi*.

The references were in some cases not devoid of compliment; as, for instance:

That forehead seamed by care, that sunken cheek,
Those premature gray hairs, and footsteps weak,
Say that the man thus blighted in his bloom
Is our best scholar, honest old Jack Groom.
This man his mind could narrow to a line,
Or any circle all his thoughts confine.
And in deep meditation folded up
On mathematics breakfast, dine, and sup.
As such he is, of him no more I'll sing,
He's so respectable in everything.
Who attacks him like dog that gnaws a stone
Will howl in pain to find his grinders gone.

The author of the "Honoriad" was for many years editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury*, considered one of the best newspapers of the South.

In contrast with the trifling side of college doings, the career of the Philadelphian Society stands out conspicuously. It has been for nearly seventy years the religious organization of the students, corresponding with the Young Men's Christian Association elsewhere. It was founded by Brayton Taylor. Formerly it met in a large room belonging to a student, but now occupies the beautiful building on the Campus known as Murray Hall, the result of a bequest by Hamilton Murray, of the Class of '72, who went down in the Ville de Havre, November 22, 1873. The influence of this vigorous organization on the Christian life of the students cannot be exaggerated.

The characteristic dress of students at Princeton has passed through many phases. There have always been, as everywhere, a shabby class and a foppish class, but the types have undergone an interesting evolution from time to time. Forty years ago the Southern type was the predominating one. It was the fashion then for the young men to wear long hair, smoothly brushed and cut straight around about the lower neck. A flexible cane with a loaded head was a common addition to a smart fellow's accoutrements. What were called "pump-soled boots," so tight as to make the wearer almost lame, were the admiration of clodhoppers who had not been initiated into the niceties of apparel. City fashions afterward had their influence, and ten years ago much attention was paid to "style." Then ensued, a few years later, a thoroughly local habit of "dressing horse," and a student was considered to be in good form only when he wore corduroys, a sweater, a blazer, or some equally outlandish outfit. Recently this custom seems to have given way to a modified form of negligee. In the winter of 1895 the prevailing costume was a golfing suit of rough tweed, with heavy corduroy waistcoat, or a sweater. An overcoat is seldom seen in Princeton. In the summer white ducks and highly colored blazers prevail. It would make a milliner mad to see the variety of amazing and original headgears, ranging from sombreros to jockey caps, which are nowadays displayed on occasions of athletic contests. The students who have so commendably introduced the "Honor System" might also adopt the spirit of the following college laws which were enforced a hundred years ago:

"Students are enjoined to be 'cleanly,' and if any student shall be grossly negligent in this respect, it shall be the duty of the college officers to admonish him for it and see that he preserve a decent appearance.

"Every student shall possess a black gown, which shall be made agreeable to a fashion which the Faculty shall prescribe, nor shall any student appear at prayers in the hall, or at church, or in the performance of any public exercise without his gown."

Indeed, the practice of wearing gowns has actually been adopted by the Senior Class, but it should not be confined to them.

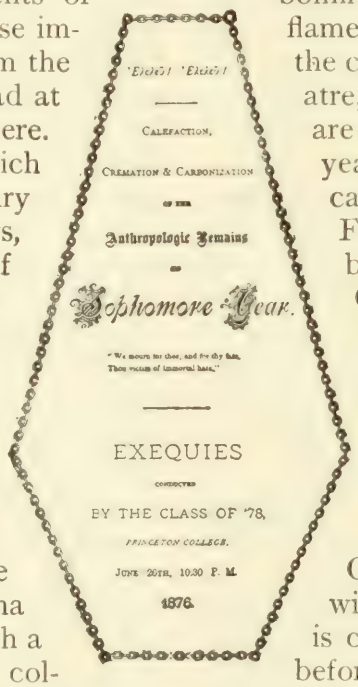
The old cannon planted muzzle down in the centre of the Quadrangle south of "Old North," has been written and sung about to such an extent that it is as familiar as a household word. What a centre it has been of popular student life! The Yale men bewailed the destruction of their historic fence, but Goths and Vandals would be as amiable lambs to the person who would dare even to suggest the removal of the Revolutionary relic, now become a college idol. Princeton once had a fence as well as Yale. Fifty years ago the front Campus was lined with an old wooden fence, which had stood there for generations, and on which the students used to sit and smoke and tell tales, but it had to give way in the march of progress to the stately iron grill which now ornaments the front. But whenever a hostile hand has been laid on the cannon of Princeton, big or little, there has been war; and peace has never followed until the cannon was safe at rest again in its place. There has been more or less confusion about Princeton's cannons, there having been at least three, of different sizes, which have been prized as relics.

The big old cannon was left in Princeton by the British when routed by Washington,

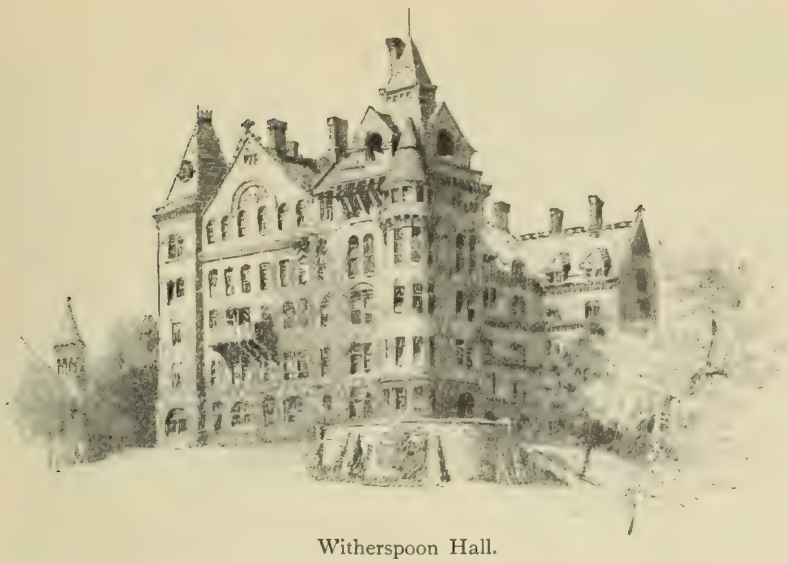
January 3, 1777. The latter could not take it when he left Princeton, because the carriage was broken. It was held by the citizens at first as a relic. In the War of 1812 the big cannon was sent to New Brunswick to defend that city. Hardly used because of its supposed impairment, it lay there on the Commons until 1836, when some Princetonians brought it back for the purpose of firing salutes on the Fourth of July. In 1838 the boys placed it on the Campus, and in 1840 it was plugged and planted in the ground, where it has remained ever since, by general consent, under the guardianship of the students. When the old cannon was brought from Jugtown (a suburb of Princeton), "Old Johnnie" was aroused as usual by the commotion, and, coming out with his lantern, undertook to break up what he thought was a row, shouting, "You are recognized! You are recognized!" which only provoked roars of laughter. Dr. McCosh probably acted from a similar instinct in later years, when, on the occurrence of disorder in the classroom, he is reported to have said: "I know you!—within one or two."

It was an entirely different cannon which in 1875 was secretly taken from Princeton to New Brunswick by students of Rutgers College under the false impression (doubtless arising from the incident just related) that it had at some former time belonged there. Then broke out the war which kept Princeton College in a fury of excitement for many days, and occupied the columns of the daily press, and almost led to bloodshed. The Princetonians repeatedly tried to recover the gun, and, failing to find it, some of the more unruly committed unpardonable depredations upon the property of Rutgers College by way of reprisal in the heat of their zeal for their Alma Mater. The feud reached such a pitch that the Faculties of both colleges had to interfere, and a joint commission was organized to try the facts and the law and to render judgment. The conclusions of this commission were unanimously in favor of the return of the cannon to Princeton, and it was brought back in triumph with demonstrative rejoicings. At the celebration in honor of the restitution of the relic, President McCosh was called out by the students. As ever, ready to show his interest in whatever concerned the boys, the old man said: "The cannon is back; the Campus would not have been a Campus without it. I knew it would come back to us, and I told the students so. This has been the greatest war since the siege of Troy. The cannon represents fair Helen, the fellows who took it the treacherous Paris, and I see all around me the brave Agamemnons and Nestors. We have also our Atrides in the newspaper reporters, who have exaggerated and ridiculed the whole affair. But now that the war is over, the next thing is to write a history of that war. It must be written in Greek; in hexameter just as Homer wrote; and we will have it published. And if it is as good as Homer's Greek I will give the author of it a place on the commencement stage next June, and will assure him an audience to hear it read, even though it be as long as Homer's poem."

Around the cannon occur the nocturnal meetings of the students. There take place the celebrations of athletic victories, when bonfires are built which shoot their flames to the very clouds. Around the cannon is placed the Amphitheatre, where the Class Day exercises are held at graduation. Every year the sophomores paint the cannon green in derision of the Freshman Class, and despicable indeed is the Freshman Class which does not dare to remove the paint, at the risk of destruction by the sophomores. Many is the man who has "Sought the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," as he spoke his "Presentation Oration" on Class Day. Every student with a weakness or a peculiarity is called out on these occasions before his class and pelted unmercifully with witty lampoons.



Around the cannon have been conducted those ceremonies which the students deem reverent and fitting at the burial of Euclid and other defunct text-books. A coffin-shaped document of ten pages, a



Witherspoon Hall.

fac-simile of whose cover is given opposite, has been found in a graduate's scrapbook. It seems to be a programme of the obsequies of the sophomore year of 1876.

The famous negroes of Princeton cannot be forgotten by Princeton men. An old darky named "Sambo" supplied the students with shinny-sticks half a century ago. Anthony Simmons used to be the town caterer. "Buck" was the factotum of Professor Schenck along about the sixties. A black man named Peter Scudder used to sell pies to the students, and ice-cream at a "levy" a plate, fifty years ago, and was known as "Peter Polite." One night a senior, whose room he entered to vend his wares, asked him: "Peter, what perquisites accrue to yourself from this nocturnal perambulation?" Peter bowed low and with courtly gravity said: "Will the gentleman please speak English?" "Sam" was a servant to Professor Joseph Henry, who discovered the principle of the electric telegraph.

The "Campus wire," as the students called it, was the thing which excited the most wonderful speculation when Henry was at Princeton. Dr. Edward Shippen, of Philadelphia, of the Class of '45, states that it ran along from Philosophical Hall, by the front of North College, among the outer branches of some of the fine trees, and then round the western end to Professor Henry's house, which was west of North College, and south of the Old Library and Recitation Hall. This wire was the first in which the current was completed through the earth. It went into the well at the Professor's house, the other end being in the earth at Philosophical Hall. Professor Henry often used the "Campus wire" in the presence of the students, although he was not given to superfluous experiments. He had an arbitrary code. If he wanted his luncheon sent over he worked his armature a few times according to the code. Mrs. Henry received the message. The students waited, and presently "Sam" would appear bringing the precise articles ordered, on a tray covered with a napkin. This simple exhibition of what is now an everyday transaction was then a source of wonder. This occurred again and again before Morse telegraphed between Baltimore and Washington, which was in the month of May, 1844.

But perhaps the black man best known to the longest list of graduates is the now celebrated Jim Johnson. He will be found on the Campus to-day in silver spectacles and golfing stockings, and he was there fifty years ago. He has bought the cast-



Jimmy Johnson.

off clothes of the students for a half century. When the author of this paper was in college, Jim used to furnish oyster suppers, and many a good pair of trousers has passed into his shop to square an account for a feast already eaten. Jim stuttered badly, and still stutters, and the students used to give him a shilling to say "Philadelphia" and other long words, which threatened to suffocate him. Jim remembers every graduate and calls him by name, and a shade of sorrow passes over his ebony face, fringed with gray beard, if the old friend does not "come down" with a quarter.

A few years ago William H. McElroy, the littérateur, a graduate of Union College, attended a Yale-Princeton foot-ball match. As he came out he saw Jim. He didn't know him, but he guessed from the way he was covered with orange and black decorations that he was an old college favorite. So he marched up to him and said: "Hello! don't you remember Reynolds,



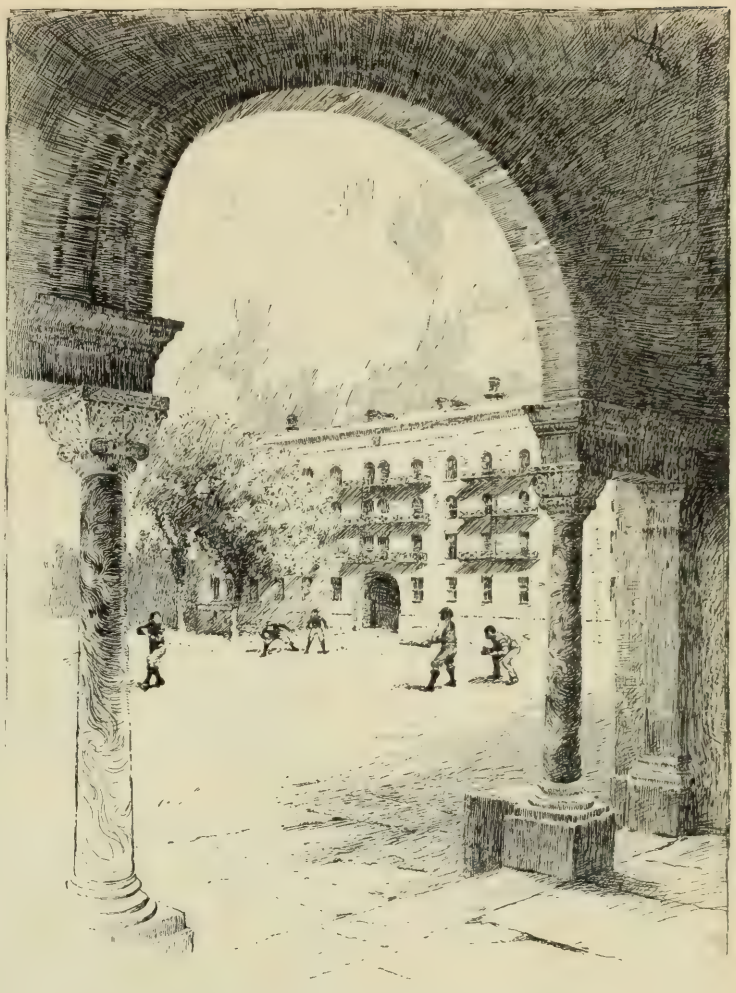
A Sunny Morning on the Campus.

of '65?" This touched Jim on the raw, and he at once replied with absolute confidence, "O ye-yes, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds, I remember you puf-puf-puffectly, Mr. Rey-rey-reynolds." And he got his quarter just the same. The students decorated Jim with a decidedly racy name, not here to be recorded. It is softened nowadays into "James Odoriferous." His history is part of the history of our country. He was a fugitive slave in 1843, and his real name was James Collins. He belonged to Philip Wallis, of Maryland. He was recognized after his escape by a student named Thomas, and was claimed by his master under the Fugitive Slave Law. The late William C. Alexander appeared for Jim and demanded a trial by jury under the State law. The distinguished S. Teackle Wallis, son of the claimant, supported the claim. After a trial and great excitement a verdict was rendered for the claimant and an order issued by the court handing Jim over to the marshal from Maryland. An effort was immediately made by citizens to purchase and liberate him, and the price demanded ($550) was actually paid by Miss Theodora Prevost, a lineal descendant of President Witherspoon, and the captive set free. It is to Jim's credit that he saved enough money afterward to cancel the debt to his benefactress, and he can show the book containing the items receipted. Jim was married in 1895 for the fourth time, at the age of seventy-eight, the bride being a resident of Baltimore.

The Princeton Inn of to-day, which stands so gracefully on the wooded estate of "Morven," the hereditary seat of the Stocktons, so totally eclipses the modest Nassau Hotel that few of its fashionable guests stop to think of the part which that little hostelry has played in the old-time life of the University. Its walls are redolent of jovial suppers and its stable of clandestine sleigh-rides; and those hospitable landlords, the Jolines, father and son, for nearly half a century made the ancient tavern, built in 1757, the scene of many a memorable college event. It was the stopping place for the stage-coaches between New York and Philadelphia before the railroads were known; and more than a hundred horses would stand waiting in

those days to replace the tired beasts of the incoming travellers. It was at the Nassau Hotel, in 1814, that Washington Irving and James K. Paulding stopped, and at which time was conceived and partially written the poem "The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle," attributed to Paulding, in which the various entertaining sights about a college inn were humorously depicted. Here is an extract:

Around the table's verge was spread
Full many a wine-bewildered head
Of student learn'd, from Nassau Hall,
Who, broken from scholastic thrall,
Had set him down to drink outright
Through all the livelong merry night,
And sing as loud as he could bawl;
Such is the custom of Nassau Hall.
No Latin now or heathen Greek
The senior's double tongue can speak.
Juniors from famed Pierian fount
Had drank so deep they scarce could count
The candles on the reeling table.
While emulous freshmen, hardly able
To drink, their stomachs were so full,
Hiccuped, and took another pull,
Right glad to see their merry host,
Who never wine or wassail crost;
They willed him join the merry throng
And grace their revels with a song.

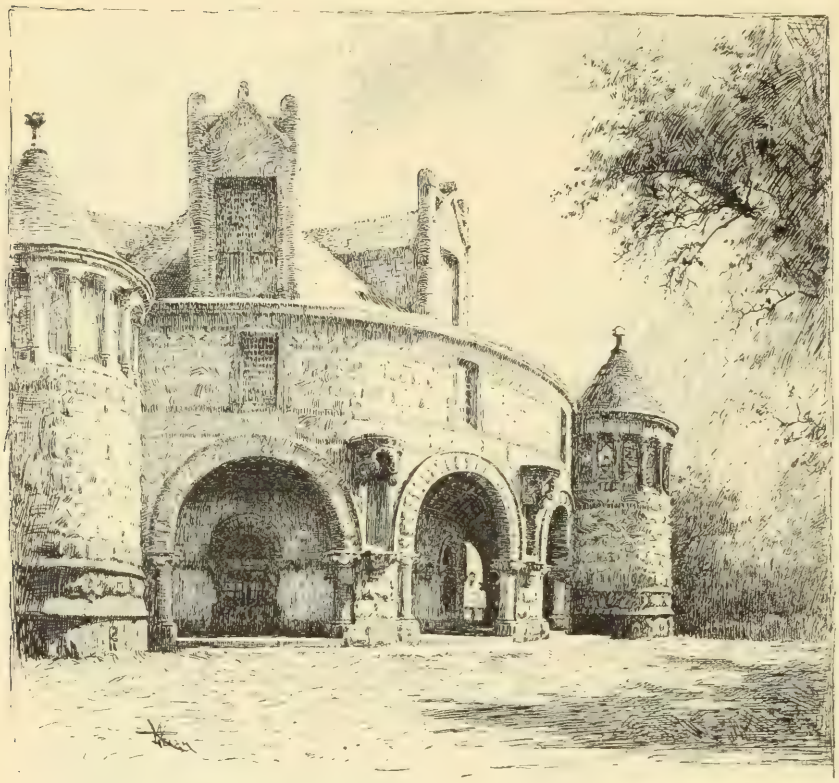


Brown Hall, from the Archway of Dod.

It is needless to point out that "athletics," as nowadays understood, were then unknown at Princeton or any other American college. If that admirable vent for youthful exuberance had existed in those days, Paulding would have had no opportunity to paint that somewhat startling picture of abandonment. It has only been within the past twenty-five years that through intercollegiate contests a stimulus to healthy exercise and manly sports has been given. The result, with all its acknowledged failings, is something for every right-minded father of a family to be thankful for. That wild fellows still seek fatal amusement in debauch is undeniable. This is the earth; not heaven. But the temptations are less than formerly and the aspirations of students are more manly. The athletes may be more of heroes than is best, but the rank and file of college men are bigger, stronger, healthier, stouter in mind and limb, and better equipped for the after struggle than they used to be. And all this without detriment to the average scholarship. The assertion is ventured that college graduates on the whole are far better educated to-day than they were twenty-five years ago, and that the athletes are not below the others, taking the average of both.

The hard students are, and always have been, called "Polers." It is a term peculiar to Princeton. Polers used to be sickly looking fellows, and the popular belief was that they generally died soon after graduation. All this has changed. The growth of athletics has developed a sturdy set of fellows even among the "Polers," and it is not an uncommon thing for the men who take honors in out-of-door sports to be the same who win the prizes in scholarship.

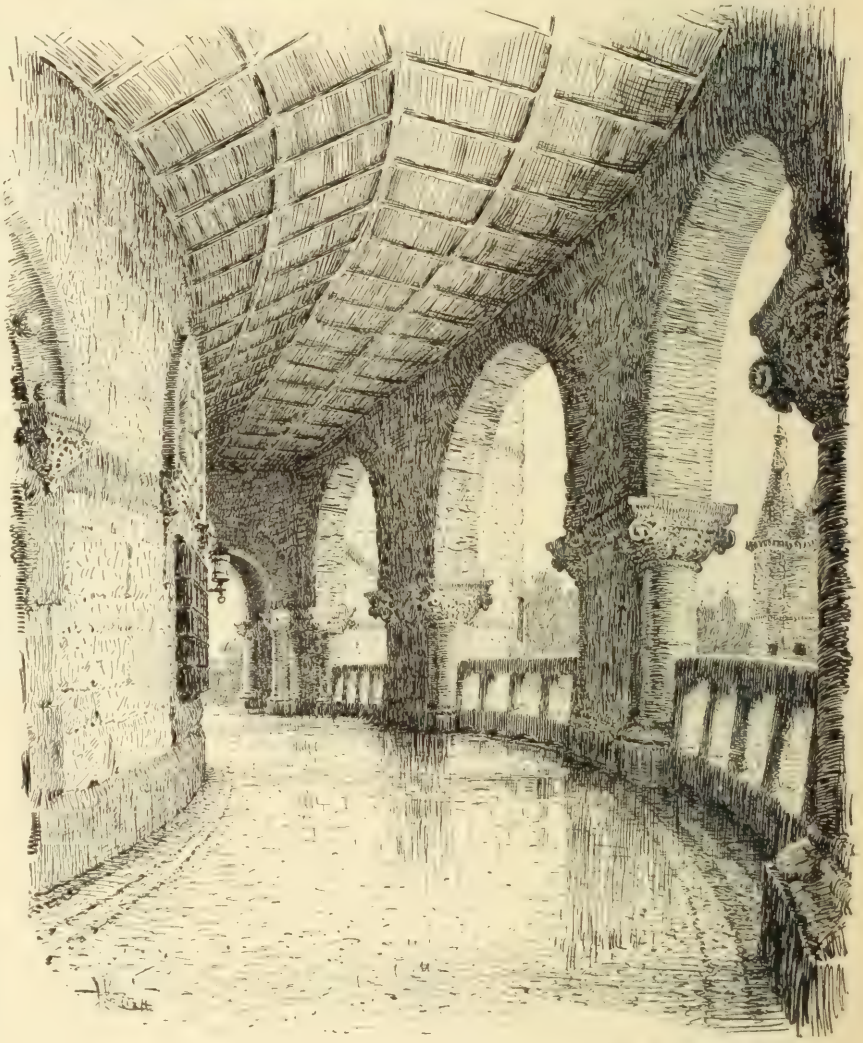
In athletic sports Princeton has always been a leader, a fact which prompted a



herself occasionally from her devotion to other more congenial activities.

It was a Princeton man who revised the Rugby rules of foot-ball, and adapted them for American colleges — J. Potter, of the Class of '77. Andrew James McCosh, son of the illustrious President McCosh, was Captain of the Princeton team that year. His team played the "Association" style of game during most of the season, but relinquished it to adopt Potter's new mode of play. The intercollegiate world adopted it immediately, and the present game includes prominent Dutchman in New York to render the Holland motto "Oranje Boven," *Princeton on top.* Princeton holds the only rational ground in this domain, which is, that athletics are beneficial so long as they are not permitted to interfere with scholarship.

Princeton is redolent with athletic traditions. Fifty years ago they had foot-ball, but not the Rugby game, and Judge Hagner, of Washington, who was there at that time, says: "Shinny they had, and skating matches on the canal." The canal has also at times been the training course for boating, and Ben Nicoll and his '77 crew made themselves famous in 1874 by winning the intercollegiate freshman race at Saratoga Lake. But this success was meteoric. Princeton has only been proficient in aquatics when she roused



W. A. Potter, Arch.

Alexander Hall, showing North Front and the Colonnade.



Commencement Day—Alexander Hall.



McCosh Walk, looking East.

most of its features. Alexander Moffat, Captain of the '83 team, was Princeton's most famous kicker. Lamar made the most celebrated run which plucked victory from defeat in the game against Yale in '86. The "curve" in pitching in base-ball, which has become universal as an essential feature, was invented and first applied in an amateur game in the fall of 1874, by J. M. Mann, of Princeton, Class of '76. The "wedge" in football, from which have developed all the mass plays now the subject of so much discussion, was invented by the Hodges, of Princeton, who learned it from studying Cæsar's "Commentaries on the Gallic War," and the same men introduced the modern system of bringing the "backs" up close to the line. A Princeton man (Smock, '79) invented the canvas jacket.

On all public occasions student enthusiasm finds expression in the well-known Princeton cheer, the "skyrocket," as it has been called. Undergraduates of to-day may think it has come down from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But this would be an error. All college cheers are of modern date. Princeton's is among the oldest. Nevertheless, thirty-six years ago it was unknown. Where did it come from? Who invented it? These are momentous questions and are answered differently by different men. A member of the Class of '60 declares that the late Dr. Woolsey Johnson, of New York, of that class, first sounded the "hooray, hooray, hooray, tiger, siss-boom-ah Princeton," in one of Professor Schenck's recitations. But Chancellor Alexander T. McGill, of the

Class of '61, says he remembers quite distinctly when the Seventh Regiment, of New York, went to the war, and how nearly the whole college went down through the Potter Woods to the old depot by the canal at midnight to greet it as it passed through. The cheers of the boys were responded to by the Seventh with the "skyrocket," which so impressed the youthful mind that it was indulged in at first as borrowed property, and later, as time advanced, was adopted as the college cheer.

That, by the way, was a dark day in Princeton's history. About one-third of the students were from the South, and the breach made in the ranks by the war was a serious shock to the college, from which it recovered only after years, during which the institution languished. War was proclaimed about the middle of April. Then everything was excitement and commotion. The under-classmen prepared at once to cross the lines. The situation of the seniors was more serious. Were they to lose their degrees? Remaining a few days longer, most of them took special examinations, and the names of nearly all appeared in the official circular as "not regularly examined," but they ultimately received their degrees. Their diplomas were held for delivery by different methods. Leroy H. Anderson, of the Class of '61, since Mayor of Princeton, was made the custodian of many, but alas! in some cases he was obliged to hand them to sorrowing heirs, the owners having been killed in battle. It was a curious thing that in the military preparations which went on in Princeton, as elsewhere, in those martial days, Northern and Southern students, so soon to face each other in mortal combat, actually drilled together under the direction of the officers of the local companies. Immediately after the bombardment in Charleston Harbor the venerable Dr. Maclean, then President of the college, called the students together in the old chapel and addressed them on the situation. The old man's heart was wrung by the conflict of emotions. He told the boys that conciliatory measures having failed, and war being inevitable, he and the other members of the Faculty were bound to espouse the cause of the Union. But he was concerned about the Southern students, and advised them all to return immediately to their homes. He assured them of his affection and his regret at parting, and promised them that they



President Patton at Prospect—Southwest Piazza.



Cannon Exercises on Class Day—the Presentation Oration.



A College Room on Top Floor of Witherspoon Hall.

would be followed by fervent prayers throughout the troublous times which were likely to ensue. Before the outbreak of hostilities the policy of the college was wisely that of neutrality. It favored the Peace Commission at Washington, and hoped that through mutual concessions war would be averted. Hostilities once declared, the college, of course, ranged itself on the side of the Government. In the autograph books which were circulated during the year 1861 nearly all the Southern boys added to their addresses, after the States, the ominous initials "C.S.A." They were already regarding themselves as foreigners. One student wrote: "Alas, we are no longer countrymen! My country is in arms against yours, but there will always be peace between classmates." Another wrote: "I am just about to cross the lines, and it is probable we shall never meet again, but we will always cherish the friendly feeling which existed through our college days."



The Old Cannon and Murray Hall.

The mingling of political acrimony with fraternal attachment, and the domination of the latter sentiment while the war spirit was actually disrupting the college body, was as pathetic as it was remarkable. The hundred or more undergraduates who left Princeton for their Southern homes were escorted to the station by the body of Northern students, and they parted in friendship, although some of them afterward met on the battle-field. When college opened in the autumn, feeling of course ran high against Southern sympathizers. One who was outspoken was put under the pump by several students. College discipline had to be exercised and the offenders suspended. Two of these latter were sons of Governor Reeder, of Pennsylva-



The Sesquicentennial.

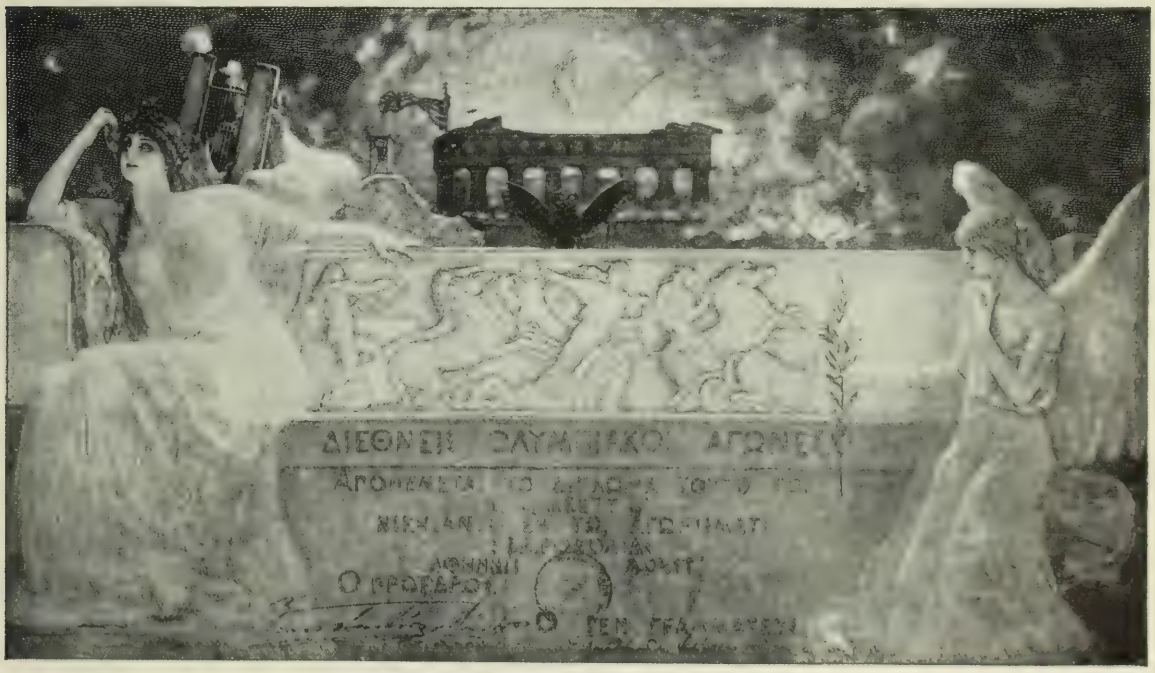
President Cleveland Reviewing the Torch-light Procession of Alumni and Students, October 21, 1896.

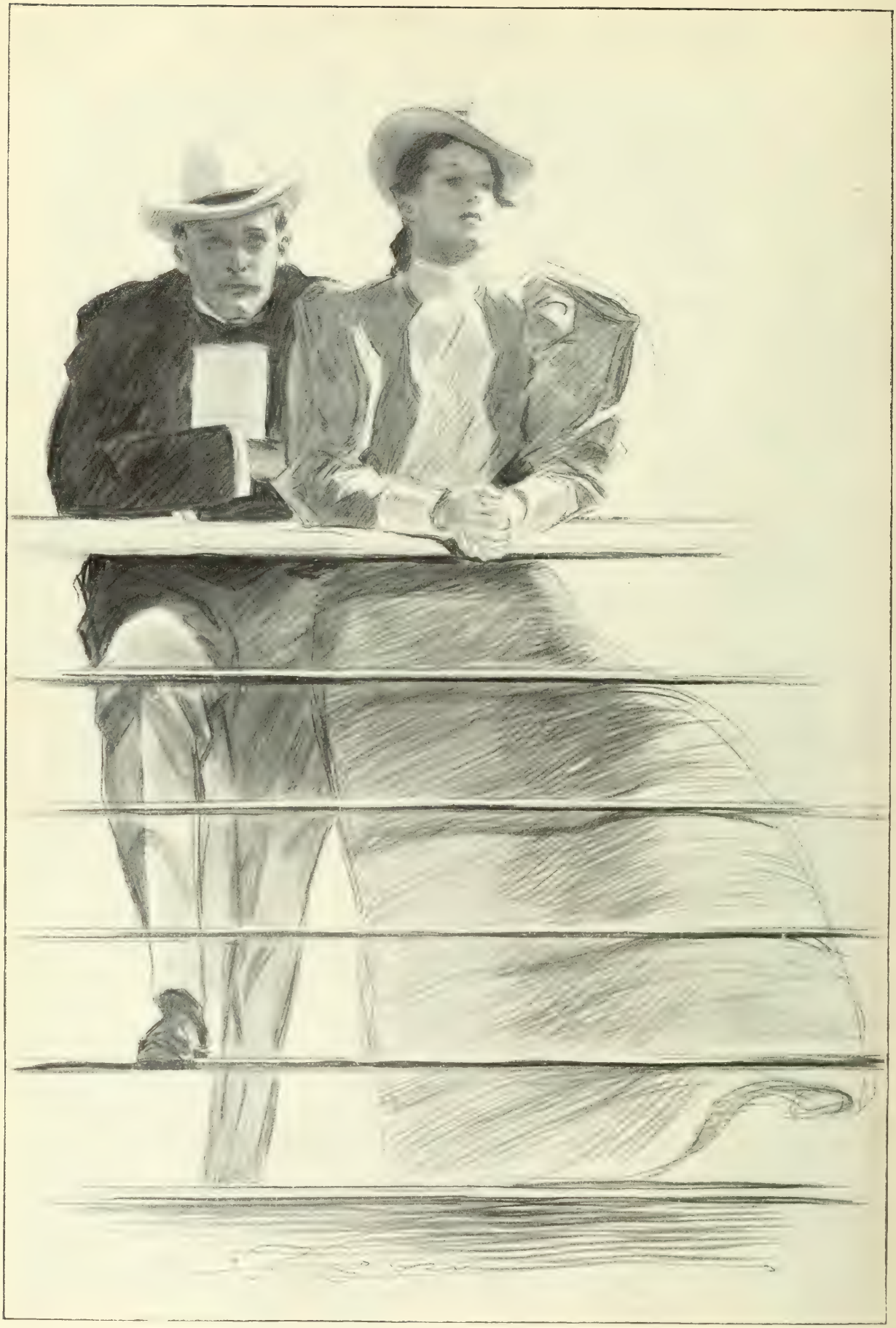
nia. They were taken to the station in a barouche embellished with the national colors, drawn by the students, and accompanied by a long procession, preceded by a military band. The two boys, the heroes of that exciting episode, afterward entered the army and distinguished themselves. One, Frank, has been Secretary of the State of Pennsylvania; the other, Howard, has been Judge of Northampton County, and has been appointed by Governor Hastings one of the new Circuit Court Judges. At the June meeting, in 1895, of the Board of Trustees of the University, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. were conferred on the Reeder brothers.

Memories, sad as well as sweet, serious as well as ludicrous, crowd upon the mind of every son of "Old Nassau" who takes a pen to write of the happy days gone by. Many a tale could be told of the "Fantastics" who used to ride through the town in motley costumes at commencement time on horseback; of the "Sophomore Commencements," which involved suspension from college of every student detected; of the witty burlesque programmes anonymously issued at "Senior Speaking;" of tricks on travelling circuses, as, when the boys dragged Barnum's "Car of Juggernaut" by night to the canal and submerged it in the raging waters; of amateur negro minstrels and dramatic shows; of the various forms of initiation, with the riding of the goat; of mock duels, in which unsophisticated freshmen were made, as they believed, to kill their man; and hundreds of characteristic student pranks, always original and often laughable. But time and space are wanting for more than a sketch. No college has a life more crammed with the mirth and humor of youthful exuberance; none is richer in historic association and sacred tradition; none more free from vicious influence and corrupting example. The atmosphere of Princeton has ever conduced to health and happiness—physical, mental, and moral. Her sons look back with pride and pleasure, not only to the solid instruction received at her hands, but to the royal times spent beneath her shades.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be
a boy!

Diploma Awarded, at the New Olympian Games at Athens, to Robert Garrett, Captain of the Princeton Track Athletic Team.





"Over there is the coast of Africa."—Page 706.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

XIV

AN hour later Langham rose with a protesting sigh and shook the hood violently.

"I say!" he called. "Are you asleep up there? We'll never get home at this rate. Doesn't Hope want to come back here and go to sleep?"

The carriage stopped and the boys tumbled out and walked around in front of it. Hope sat smiling on the box-seat. She was apparently far from sleepy, and she was quite contented where she was, she told him.

"Do you know we haven't had anything to eat since yesterday at breakfast?" asked Langham. "MacWilliams and I are fainting. We move that we stop at the next shack we come to, and waken the people up and make them give us some supper."

Hope looked aside at Clay and laughed softly. "Supper?" she said. "They want supper!"

Their suffering did not seem to impress Clay deeply. He sat snapping his whip at the palm-trees above him, and smiled happily in an inconsequent and irritating manner at nothing.

"See here! Do you know that we are lost?" demanded Langham, indignantly, "and starving?" Have you any idea at all where you are?"

"I have not," said Clay, cheerfully. "All I know is that a long time ago there was a revolution and a woman with jewels, who escaped in an open boat, and I recollect playing that I was a target and standing up to be shot at in a bright light. After that I woke up to the really important things of life—among which supper is not one."

Langham and MacWilliams looked at each other doubtfully, and Langham shook his head.

"Get down off that box." he commanded. "If you and Hope think this is merely a pleasant moonlight drive, we don't. You two can sit in the carriage now, and we'll take a turn at driving, and we'll guarantee to get you to some place soon."

Clay and Hope descended meekly and seated themselves under the hood, where they could look out upon the moonlit road as it unrolled behind them. But they were no longer to enjoy their former leisurely progress. The new whip lashed his horses into a gallop, and the trees flew past them on either hand.

"Do you remember that chap in the 'Last Ride Together'?" said Clay.

> I and my mistress side by side,
> Shall be together—forever ride,
> And so one more day am I deified.
> Who knows—the world may end to-night.

Hope laughed triumphantly and threw out her arms as though she would embrace the whole beautiful world that stretched around them.

"Oh, no," she laughed. "To-night the world has just begun."

The carriage stopped and there was a confusion of voices on the box-seat, and then a great barking of dogs, and they beheld MacWilliams beating and kicking at the door of a hut. The door opened for an inch, and there was a long debate in Spanish, and finally the door was closed again, and a light appeared through the windows. A few minutes later a man and woman came out of the hut, shivering and yawning, and made a fire in the sun-baked oven at the side of the house. Hope and Clay remained seated in the carriage, and watched the flames springing up from the oily fagots, and the boys moving about with flaring torches of pine, pulling down bundles of fodder for the horses from the roof of the kitchen, while two sleepy girls disappeared toward a mountain stream, one carrying a jar on her shoulder, and the other

lighting the way with a torch. Hope sat with her chin on her hand, watching the black figures passing between them and the fire, and standing above it with its light on their faces, shading their eyes from the heat with one hand, and stirring something in a smoking caldron with the other. Hope felt an overflowing sense of gratitude to these simple strangers for the trouble they were taking. She felt how good everyone was, and how wonderfully kind and generous was the world that she lived in.

Her brother came over to the carriage and bowed with mock courtesy.

"I trust, now that we have done all the work," he said, "that your excellencies will condescend to share our frugal fare, or must we bring it to you here?"

The clay oven stood in the middle of a hut of laced twigs, through which the smoke drifted freely. There was a row of wooden benches around it, and they all seated themselves and ate ravenously of rice and fried plantains, while the woman patted and tossed tortillas between her hands, eying her guests curiously. Her glance fell upon Langham's shoulder, and rested there for so long that Hope followed the direction of her eyes. She leaped to her feet with a cry of fear and reproach, and ran toward her brother.

"Ted!" she cried, "you are hurt! you are wounded, and you never told me! What is it? Is it very bad?" Clay crossed the floor in a stride, his face full of concern.

"Leave me alone!" cried the stern brother, backing away and warding them off with the coffee-pot. "It's only scratched. You'll spill the coffee."

But at the sight of the blood Hope had turned very white and, throwing her arms around her brother's neck, hid her eyes on his other shoulder and began to cry.

"I am so selfish," she sobbed. "I have been so happy and you were suffering all the time."

Her brother stared at the others in dismay. "What nonsense," he said, patting her on the shoulder. "You're a bit tired, and you need rest. That's what you need. The idea of my sister going off in hysterics after behaving like such a sport—and before these young ladies, too. Aren't you ashamed?"

"I should think they'd be ashamed," said MacWilliams, severely, as he continued placidly with his supper. "They haven't got enough clothes on."

Langham looked over Hope's shoulder at Clay and nodded significantly. "She's been on a good deal of a strain," he explained, apologetically, "and no wonder; it's been rather an unusual night for her."

Hope raised her head and smiled at him through her tears. Then she turned and moved toward Clay. She brushed her eyes with the back of her hand and laughed. "It has been an unusual night," she said. "Shall I tell him?" she asked.

Clay straightened himself unconsciously, and stepped beside her and took her hand; MacWilliams lowered the dish from which he was eating quickly to the bench, and stood up, too. The people of the house stared at the group in the firelight with puzzled interest, at the beautiful young girl and at the tall, sunburned young man at her side. Langham looked from his sister to Clay and back again, and laughed uneasily.

"Langham, I have been very bold," said Clay. "I have asked your sister to marry me—and she has said that she would."

Langham flushed as red as his sister. He felt himself at a disadvantage in the presence of a love as great and strong as he knew this must be. It made him seem strangely young and inadequate. He crossed over to his sister awkwardly and kissed her and then took Clay's hand, and the three stood together and looked at each other, and there was no sign of doubt or question in the face of any one of them. They stood so for some little time, smiling and exclaiming together, and utterly unconscious of anything but their own delight and happiness. MacWilliams watched them, his face puckered into odd wrinkles and his eyes half closed. Hope suddenly broke away from the others and turned toward him with her hands held out.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Mr. MacWilliams?" she asked.

MacWilliams looked doubtfully at Clay, as though from force of habit he must ask advice from his chief first, and then took the hands that she held out to him and shook them up and down. His usual confidence seemed to have forsaken him, and he stood, shifting from one foot to the other, smiling and abashed.

"Well, I always said they didn't make them any better than you," he gasped at last. "I was always telling him that, wasn't I?" He nodded energetically at Clay. "And that's so, they don't make 'em any better than you."

He dropped her hands and crossed over to Clay and stood surveying him with a smile of wonder and admiration.

"How'd you do it?" he demanded. "How did you do it? I suppose you know," he asked sternly, "that you're not good enough for Miss Hope? You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I know that," said Clay.

MacWilliams walked toward the door and stood in it for a second, looking back at them over his shoulder. "They don't make them any better than that," he reiterated gravely, and disappeared in the direction of the horses, shaking his head and muttering his astonishment and delight.

"Please give me some money," Hope said to Clay. "All the money you have," she added, smiling at her assumption of authority over him, "and you, too, Ted." The men emptied their pockets and Hope poured the mass of silver into the hands of the women, who gazed at it uncomprehendingly.

"Thank you for your trouble and your good supper," Hope said in Spanish, "and may no evil come to your house."

The woman and her daughters followed her to the carriage, bowing and uttering good wishes in the extravagant metaphor of their country, and as they drove away, Hope waved her hand to them as she sank closer against Clay's shoulder.

"The world is full of such kind and gentle souls," she said.

In an hour they had regained the main road, and a little later the stars grew dim and the moonlight faded, and trees and bushes and rocks began to take substance and to grow into form and outline. They saw by the cool, gray light of the morning the familiar hills around the capital, and at a cry from the boys on the box-seat, they looked ahead and beheld the harbor of Valencia at their feet, lying as placid and undisturbed as the water in a bath-tub. As they turned up the hill into the road that led to the Palms, they saw the sleeping capital like a city of the dead below them, its white buildings reddened with the light of the rising sun. From three places in different parts of the city, thick columns of smoke rose lazily to the sky.

"I had forgotten!" said Clay, "they have been having a revolution here. It seems so long ago."

By five o'clock they had reached the gate of the Palms, and their appearance startled the sentry on post into a state of undisciplined joy. A riderless pony, the one upon which José had made his escape when the firing began, had crept into the stable an hour previous, stiff and bruised and weary, and had led the people at the Palms to fear the worst.

Mr. Langham and his daughter were standing on the veranda as the horses came galloping up the avenue. They had been awake all the night, and the face of each was white and drawn with anxiety and loss of sleep. Mr. Langham caught Hope in his arms and held her face close to his in silence.

"Where have you been?" he said, at last. "Why did you treat me like this? You knew how I would suffer."

"I could not help it," Hope cried. "I had to go with Madame Alvarez."

Her sister had suffered as acutely as had Mr. Langham himself, as long as she was in ignorance of Hope's whereabouts. But now that she saw Hope in the flesh again, she felt a reaction against her for the anxiety and distress she had caused them.

"My dear Hope," she said, "is every one to be sacrificed for Madame Alvarez? What possible use could you be to her at such a time? It was not the time nor the place for a young girl. You were only another responsibility for the men."

"Clay seemed willing to accept the responsibility," said Langham, without a smile. "And, besides," he added, "if Hope had not been with us we might never have reached home alive."

But it was only after much earnest protest and many explanations that Mr. Langham was pacified, and felt assured that his son's wound was not dangerous, and that his daughter was quite safe.

Miss Langham and himself, he said, had passed a trying night. There had been much firing in the city, and continual uproar. The houses of several of the friends of Alvarez had been burned and

sacked. Alvarez himself had been shot as soon as he had entered the yard of the military prison. It was then given out that he had committed suicide. Mendoza had not dared to kill Rojas, because of the feeling of the people toward him, and had even shown him to the mob from behind the bars of one of the windows in order to satisfy them that he was still living. The British Minister had sent to the Palace for the body of Captain Stuart, and had had it escorted to the Legation, from whence it would be sent to England. This, as far as Mr. Langham had heard, was the news of the night just over.

"Two native officers called here for you about midnight, Clay," he continued, "and they are still waiting for you below at your office. They came from Rojas's troops, who are encamped on the hills at the other side of the city. They wanted you to join them with the men from the mines. I told them I did not know when you would return, and they said they would wait. If you could have been here last night, it is possible that we might have done something, but now that it is all over, I am glad that you saved that woman instead. I should have liked, though, to have struck one blow at them. But we cannot hope to win against assassins. The death of young Stuart has hurt me terribly, and the murder of Alvarez, coming on top of it, has made me wish I had never heard of nor seen Olancho. I have decided to go away at once on the next steamer, and I will take my daughters with me, and Ted, too. The State Department at Washington can fight with Mendoza for the mines. You made a good stand, but they made a better one and they have beaten us. Mendoza's *coup d'état* has passed into history and the revolution is at an end."

On his arrival Clay had at once asked for a cigar, and while Mr. Langham was speaking he had been biting it between his teeth, with the serious satisfaction of a man who had been twelve hours without one. He knocked the ashes from it and considered the burning end thoughtfully. Then he glanced at Hope as she stood among the group on the veranda. She was waiting for his reply and watching him intently. He seemed to be confident that she would approve of the only course he saw open to him.

"The revolution is not at an end by any means, Mr. Langham," he said at last, simply. "It has just begun." He turned abruptly and walked away in the direction of the office, and MacWilliams and Langham stepped off the veranda and followed him as a matter of course.

The soldiers in the army who were known to be faithful to General Rojas belonged to the Third and Fourth regiments, and numbered four thousand on paper, and two thousand by count of heads. When they had seen their leader taken prisoner, and swept off the parade-ground by Mendoza's cavalry, they had first attempted to follow in pursuit and recapture him, but the men on horseback had at once shaken off the men on foot and left them, panting and breathless, in the dust behind them. So they halted uncertainly in the road and their young officers held counsel together. They first considered the advisability of attacking the military prison, but decided against doing so, as it would lead, they feared, whether it proved successful or not, to the murder of Rojas. It was impossible to return to the city where Mendoza's First and Second regiments greatly outnumbered them. Having no leader and no headquarters, the officers therefore marched the men to the hills above the city and went into camp to await further developments.

Throughout the night they watched the illumination of the city and of the boats in the harbor below them; they saw the flames bursting from the homes of the members of Alvarez's Cabinet, and when the morning broke they beheld the grounds of the Palace swarming with Mendoza's troops, and the red and white barred flag of the revolution floating over it. The news of the assassination of Alvarez and the fact that Rojas had been spared for fear of the people, had been carried to them early in the evening, and with this knowledge of their General's safety hope returned and fresh plans were discussed. By midnight they had definitely decided that should Mendoza attempt to dislodge them the next morning, they would make a stand, but that if the fight went against them, they would fall back along the mountain roads to the Valencia mines, where they hoped to persuade the fifteen hundred soldiers there installed to join forces with them against the new Dictator.

In order to assure themselves of this help, a messenger was dispatched by a circuitous route to the Palms, to ask the aid of the resident director, and another was sent to the mines to work upon the feelings of the soldiers themselves. The officer who had been sent to the Palms to petition Clay for the loan of his soldier-workmen, had decided to remain until Clay returned, and another messenger had been sent after him from the camp on the same errand.

These two lieutenants greeted Clay with enthusiasm, but he at once interrupted them, and began plying them with questions as to where their camp was situated and what roads led from it to the Palms.

"Bring your men at once to this end of our railroad," he said. "It is still early, and the revolutionists will sleep late. They are drugged with liquor and worn out with excitement, and whatever may have been their intentions toward you last night, they will be late in putting them into practice this morning. I will telegraph Kirkland to come up at once with all of his soldiers and with his three hundred Irishmen. Allowing him a half hour to collect them and to get his flat cars together, and another half hour in which to make the run, he should be here by half past six—and that's quick mobilization. You ride back now and march your men here at a double quick. With your two thousand we shall have in all three thousand and eight hundred men. I must have absolute control over my own troops. Otherwise I will act independently of you and go into the city alone with my workmen."

"That is unnecessary," said one of the lieutenants. "We have no officers. If you do not command us, there is no one else to do it. We promise that our men will follow you and give you every obedience. They have been led by foreigners before, by young Captain Stuart and Major Ferguson and Colonel Shrevington. They know how highly General Rojas thinks of you, and they know that you have led Continental armies in Europe."

"Well, don't tell them I haven't until this is over," said Clay. "Now, ride hard, gentlemen, and bring your men here as quickly as possible."

The lieutenants thanked him effusively and galloped away, radiant at the success of their mission, and Clay entered the office where MacWilliams was telegraphing his orders to Kirkland. He seated himself beside the instrument and from time to time answered the questions Kirkland sent back to him over the wire, and in the intervals of silence thought of Hope. It was the first time he had gone into action feeling the touch of a woman's hand upon his sleeve, and he was fearful lest she might think he had considered her too lightly.

He took a piece of paper from the table and wrote a few lines upon it and then rewrote them several times. The message he finally sent to her, was this: "I am sure you understand and that you would not have me give up beaten now, when what we do to-day may set us right again. I know better than any one else in the world can know, what I run the risk of losing, but you would not have that fear stop me from going on with what we have been struggling for so long. I cannot come back to see you before we start, but I know your heart is with me. With great love, Robert Clay."

He gave the note to his servant and the answer was brought to him almost immediately. Hope had not rewritten her message, "I love you because you are the sort of man you are, and had you given up as father wished you to do, or on my account, you would have been someone else, and I would have had to begin over again to learn to love you for some different reasons. I know that you will come back to me, bringing your sheaves with you. Nothing can happen to you now. Hope."

He had never received a line from her before, and he read and re-read this with a sense of such pride and happiness in his face that MacWilliams smiled covertly and bent his eyes upon his instrument. Clay went back into his room and kissed the page of paper gently, flushing like a boy as he did so, and then folding it carefully, he put it away beneath his jacket. He glanced about him guiltily, although he was quite alone, and taking out his watch, pried it open and looked down into the face of the photograph that had smiled up at him from it for so many years. He thought how unlike it was to Alice Langham as he knew her. He judged that it must have been taken when she was very young, at the age Hope was then, before the little world she lived in had crippled and narrowed her

and marked her for its own. He remembered what she had said to him the first night he had seen her. "That is the picture of the girl who ceased to exist four years ago, and whom you have never met." He wondered if she had ever existed.

"It looks more like Hope than her sister," he mused. "It looks very much like Hope." He decided that he would let it remain where it was until Hope gave him a better one, and smiling slightly he snapped the lid fast, as though he were closing a door on the face of Alice Langham and locking it forever.

Kirkland was in the cab of the locomotive that brought the soldiers from the mine. He stopped the first car in front of the freight station until the workmen had filed out and formed into a double line on the platform. Then he moved the train forward the length of that car and those in the one following were mustered out in a similar manner. As the cars continued to come in, the men at the head of the double line passed on through the freight station and on up the road to the city in an unbroken column. There was no confusion, no crowding, and no haste.

When the last car had been emptied, Clay rode down the line and appointed a foreman to take charge of each company, stationing his engineers and the Irish-Americans in the van. It looked more like a mob than a regiment. None of the men were in uniform, and the native soldiers were barefoot. But they showed a winning spirit, and stood in as orderly an array as though they were drawn up in line to receive their month's wages. The Americans in front of the column were humorously disposed and inclined to consider the whole affair as a pleasant outing. They had been placed in front, not because they were better shots than the natives, but because every South American thinks that every citizen of the United States is a master either of the rifle or the revolver, and Clay was counting on this superstition. His assistant engineers and foremen hailed him as he rode on up and down the line with good-natured cheers, and asked him when they were to get their commissions, and if it were true that they were all captains, or only colonels, as they were at home.

They had been waiting for a half hour when there was the sound of horses' hoofs on the road and the even beat of men's feet, and the advance guard of the Third and Fourth regiments came toward them at a quickstep. The men were still in the full dress uniforms they had worn at the review the day before, and in comparison with the soldier-workmen and the Americans in flannel shirts, they presented so martial a showing that they were welcomed with tumultuous cheers. Clay threw them into a double line on one side of the road, down the length of which his own marched until they had reached the end of it nearest to the city, when they took up their position in a close formation, and the native regiments fell in behind them. Clay selected twenty of the best shots from among the engineers and sent them on ahead as a skirmish line. They were ordered to fall back at once if they saw any sign of the enemy. In this order the column of four thousand men started for the city.

It was a little after seven when they advanced and the air was mild and peaceful. Men and women came crowding to the doors and windows of the huts as they passed, and stood watching them in silence, not knowing to which party the small army might belong. In order to enlighten them, Clay shouted, "Viva Rojas." And the men took it up behind them and the people answered gladly.

They had reached the closely-built portion of the city when the skirmish line came running back to say that it had been met by a detachment of Mendoza's cavalry, who had galloped away as soon as they saw them. There was then no longer any doubt that the fact of their coming was known at the Palace, and Clay halted his men in a bare plaza and divided them into three columns. Three streets ran parallel with one another from this plaza to the heart of the city, and opened directly upon the garden of the Palace where Mendoza had fortified himself. Clay directed the columns to advance up these streets, keeping the head of each column in touch with the other two. At the word they were to pour down the side streets and rally to each other's assistance.

As they stood, drawn up on the three sides of the plaza, he rode out before them and held up his hat for silence. They were there with arms in their hands, he said, for

two reasons: the greater one and the one which he knew actuated the native soldiers was their desire to preserve the Constitution of the Republic. According to their own laws, the Vice-President must succeed when the President's term of office had expired, or in the event of his death. President Alvarez had been assassinated, and the Vice-President, General Rojas, was, in consequence, his legal successor. It was their duty, as soldiers of the Republic, to rescue him from prison, to drive the man who had usurped his place into exile, and by so doing uphold the laws which they had themselves laid down. The second motive, he went on, was a less worthy and more selfish one. The Olancho mines, which now gave work to thousands and brought millions of dollars into the country, were coveted by Mendoza, who would, if he could, convert them into a monopoly of his government. If he remained in power all foreigners would be driven out of the country and the soldiers would be forced to work in the mines without payment. Their condition would be little better than that of the slaves in the salt mines of Siberia. Not only would they no longer be paid for their labor, but the people as a whole would cease to receive that share of the earnings of the mines which had hitherto been theirs.

"Under President Rojas you will have liberty, justice, and prosperity," Clay cried. "Under Mendoza you will be ruled by martial law. He will rob and overtax you, and you will live through a reign of terror. Between them—which will you choose?"

The native soldiers answered by cries of "Rojas," and breaking ranks rushed across the plaza toward him, crowding around his horse and shouting "Long live Rojas," "Long live the Constitution," "Death to Mendoza." The Americans stood as they were and gave three cheers for the Government.

They were still cheering and shouting as they advanced upon the Palace, and the noise of their coming drove the people indoors, so that they marched through deserted streets and between closed doors and sightless windows. No one opposed them, and no one encouraged them. But they could now see the façade of the Palace and the flag of the revolutionists hanging from the mast in front of it.

Three blocks distant from the Palace they came upon the buildings of the United States and English Legations, where the flags of the two countries had been hung out over the narrow thoroughfare. The windows and the roofs of each legation were crowded with women and children who had sought refuge there, and the column halted as Weimer, the Consul, and Sir Julian Pindar, the English Minister, came out, bare-headed, into the street and beckoned to Clay to stop.

"As our Minister was not here," Weimer said, "I telegraphed to Truxillo for the man-of-war there. She started some time ago, and we have just heard that she is entering the lower harbor. She should have her blue-jackets on shore in twenty minutes. Sir Julian and I think you ought to wait for them."

The English Minister put a detaining hand on Clay's bridle. "If you attack Mendoza at the Palace with this mob," he remonstrated, "rioting and lawlessness generally will break out all over the city. I ask you to keep them back until we get your sailors to police the streets and protect property."

Clay glanced over his shoulder at the engineers and the Irish workmen standing in solemn array behind him. "Oh, you can hardly call this a mob," he said. "They look a little rough and ready, but I will answer for them. The two other columns that are coming up the street parallel to this are Government troops and properly engaged in driving an usurper out of the Government building. The best thing you can do is to get down to the wharf and send the marines and blue jackets where you think they will do the most good. I can't wait for them. But they can't come too soon."

The grounds of the Palace occupied two entire blocks; the Botanical Gardens were in the rear and in front a series of low terraces ran down from its veranda to the high iron fence which separated the grounds from the chief thoroughfare of the city.

Clay sent word to the left and right wing of his little army to make a detour one street distant from the Palace grounds and form in the street in the rear of the Botanical Gardens. When they heard the firing of his men from the front they were to force their way through the gates at the back and attack the Palace in the rear.

"Mendoza has the place completely barricaded," Weimer warned him, "and he has three field pieces covering each of these streets. You and your men are directly in line of one of them now. He is only waiting for you to get a little nearer before he lets loose."

From where he sat Clay could count the bars of the iron fence in front of the grounds. But the boards that backed them prevented his forming any idea of the strength or the distribution of Mendoza's forces. He drew his staff of amateur officers to one side and explained the situation to them.

"The Theatre National and the Club Union," he said, "face the Palace from the opposite corners of this street. You must get into them and barricade the windows and throw up some sort of shelter for yourselves along the edge of the roofs and drive the men behind that fence back to the Palace. Clear them away from the cannon first, and keep them away from it. I will be waiting in the street below. When you have driven them back, we will charge the gates and have it out with them in the gardens. The Third and Fourth regiments ought to take them in the rear about the same time. You will continue to pick them off from the roof."

The two supporting columns had already started on their roundabout way to the rear of the Palace. Clay gathered up his reins and, telling his men to keep close to the walls, started forward, his soldiers following on the sidewalks and leaving the middle of the street clear. As they reached a point a hundred yards below the Palace, a part of the wooden shield behind the fence was thrown down, there was a puff of white smoke and a report, and a cannon-ball struck the roof of a house which they were passing and sent the tiles clattering about their heads. But the men in the lead had already reached the stage-door of the theatre and were opposite one of the doors to the club. They drove these in with the butts of their rifles, and raced up the stairs of each of the deserted buildings until they reached the roof. Langham was swept by a weight of men across a stage, and jumped among the music racks in the orchestra. He caught a glimpse of the early morning sun shining on the tawdry hangings of the boxes and the exaggerated perspective of the scenery. He ran through corridors between two great statues of Comedy and Tragedy and up a marble staircase to a lobby in which he saw the white faces about him multiplied in long mirrors and so out to an iron balcony from which he looked down, panting and breathless, upon the Palace Gardens, swarming with soldiers and white with smoke. Men poured through the windows of the club opposite, dragging sofas and chairs out to the balcony and upon the flat roof. The men near him were tearing down the yellow silk curtains in the lobby and draping them along the railing of the balcony to better conceal their movements from the enemy below. Bullets spattered the stucco about their heads and panes of glass broke suddenly and fell in glittering particles upon their shoulders. The firing had already begun from the roofs near them. Beyond the club and the theatre and far along the street on each side of the Palace the merchants were slamming the iron shutters of their shops, and men and women were running for refuge up the high steps of the church of Santa Maria. Others were gathered in black masses on the balconies and roofs of the more distant houses, where they stood outlined against the soft blue sky in gigantic silhouette. Their shouts of encouragement and anger carried clearly in the morning air, and spurred on the gladiators below to greater effort. In the Palace Gardens a line of Mendoza's men fought from behind the first barricade, while others dragged tables and bedding and chairs across the green terraces and tumbled them down to those below, who seized them and formed them into a second line of defence.

Two of the assistant engineers were kneeling at Langham's feet with the barrels of their rifles resting on the railing of the balcony. Their eyes had been trained for years to judge distances and to measure space, and they glanced along the sights of their rifles as though they were looking through the lens of a transit, and at each report their faces grew more earnest and their lips pressed tighter together. One of them lowered his gun to light a cigarette, and Langham handed him his match-box, with a certain feeling of repugnance.

"Better get under cover, Mr. Langham," the man said, kindly. "There's no

use our keeping your mines for you if you're not alive to enjoy them. Take a shot at that crew around the gun."

"I don't like this long range business," Langham answered. "I am going down to join Clay. I don't like the idea of hitting a man when he isn't looking at you."

The engineer gave an incredulous laugh.

"If he isn't looking at you, he's aiming at the man next to you. 'Live and let Live' doesn't apply at present."

As Langham reached Clay's side triumphant shouts arose from the roof-tops, and the men posted there stood up and showed themselves above the barricades and called to Clay that the cannon were deserted.

Kirkland had come prepared for the barricade and, running across the street, fastened a dynamite cartridge to each gate-post and lit the fuses. The soldiers scattered before him as he came leaping back, and in an instant later there was a racking roar and the gates were pitched out of their sockets and thrown forward, and those in the street swept across them and surrounded the cannon.

Langham caught it by the throat as though it were human, and did not feel the hot metal burning the palms of his hands as he choked it, and pointed its muzzle toward the Palace, while the others dragged at the spokes of the wheel. It was fighting at close range now, close enough to suit even Langham. He found himself in the front rank of it without knowing exactly how he got there. Every man on both sides was playing his own hand, and seemed to know exactly what to do. He felt neglected and very much alone, and was somewhat anxious lest his valor might be wasted through his not knowing how to put it to account. He saw the enemy in changing groups of scowling men, who seemed to eye him for an instant down the length of a gun barrel and then disappear behind a puff of smoke. He kept thinking that war made men take strange liberties with their fellow-men, and it struck him as being most absurd that strangers should stand up and try to kill one another, men who had so little in common that they did not even know each other's names. The soldiers who were fighting on his own side were equally unknown to him, and he looked in vain for Clay. He saw MacWilliams for a moment through the smoke, jabbing at a jammed cartridge with his pen-knife, and hacking the lead away to make it slip. He was remonstrating with the gun and swearing at it exactly as though it were human, and as Langham ran toward him he threw it away and caught up another from the ground. Kneeling beside the wounded man who had dropped it and picking the cartridges from his belt, he assured him cheerfully that he was not so badly hurt as he thought.

"You all right?" Langham asked.

"I'm all right. I'm trying to get a little laddie hiding behind that blue silk sofa over there. He's taken an unnatural dislike to me, and he's nearly got me three times. I'm knocking horse-hair out of his rampart, though."

The men of Stuart's body-guard were fighting outside of the breastworks and mattresses. They were using their swords as though they were machetes, and the Irishmen were swinging their guns around their shoulders like sledge-hammers, and beating their foes over the head and breast. The guns at his own side sounded close at Langham's ear, and deafened him, and those of the enemy exploded so near to his face that he was kept continually winking and dodging, as though he were being taken by a flashlight photograph. When he fired he aimed where the mass was thickest, so that he might not see what his bullet did, but he remembered afterward that he always reloaded with the most anxious swiftness in order that he might not be killed before he had had another shot, and that the idea of being killed was of no concern to him, except on that account. Then the scene before him changed, and apparently hundreds of Mendoza's soldiers poured out from the Palace and swept down upon him, cheering as they came, and he felt himself falling back naturally and as a matter of course, as he would have stepped out of the way of a locomotive, or a runaway horse, or any other unreasoning thing. His shoulders pushed against a mass of shouting, sweating men, who in turn pressed back upon others, until the mass reached the iron fence and could move no further. He heard Clay's voice shouting to them, and saw him run forward, shooting rapidly as he ran, and he followed him, even though his reason told him it was a useless thing to do, and then

there came a great shout from the rear of the Palace, and more soldiers, dressed exactly like the others, rushed through the great doors and swarmed around the two wings of the building, and he recognized them as Rojas's men and knew that the fight was over.

He saw a tall man with a negro's face spring out of the first mass of soldiers and shout to them to follow him. Clay gave a yell of welcome and ran at him, calling upon him in Spanish to surrender. The negro stopped and stood at bay, glaring at Clay and at the circle of soldiers closing in around him. He raised his revolver and pointed it steadily. It was as though the man knew he had only a moment to live, and meant to do that one thing well in the short time left him.

Clay sprang to one side and ran toward him, dodging to the right and left, but Mendoza followed his movements carefully with his revolver.

It lasted but an instant. Then the Spaniard threw his arm suddenly across his face, drove the heel of his boot into the turf, and spinning about on it fell forward.

"If he was shot where his sash crosses his heart, I know the man who did it," Langham heard a voice say at his elbow, and turning saw MacWilliams wetting his finger at his lips and touching them gingerly to the heated barrel of his Winchester.

The death of Mendoza left his followers without a leader and without a cause. They threw their muskets on the ground and held their hands above their heads, shrieking for mercy. Clay and his officers answered them instantly by running from one group to another, knocking up the barrels of the rifles and calling hoarsely to the men on the roofs to cease firing, and as they were obeyed the noise of the last few random shots was drowned in tumultuous cheering and shouts of exultation, that, starting in the gardens, were caught up by those in the streets and passed on quickly as a line of flame along the swaying housetops.

The native officers sprang upon Clay and embraced him after their fashion, hailing him as the Liberator of Olancho, as the Preserver of the Constitution, and their brother patriot. Then one of them climbed to the top of a gilt and marble table and proclaimed him military President.

"You'll proclaim yourself an idiot, if you don't get down from there," Clay said, laughing. "I thank you for permitting me to serve with you, gentlemen. I shall have great pleasure in telling our President how well you acquitted yourself in this row—battle, I mean. And now I would suggest that you store the prisoners' weapons in the Palace and put a guard over them, and then conduct the men themselves to the military prison, where you can release General Rojas and escort him back to the city in a triumphal procession. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

But the natives protested that that honor was for him alone. Clay declined it, pleading that he must look after his wounded.

"I can hardly believe there are any dead," he said to Kirkland. "For, if it takes two thousand bullets to kill a man in European warfare, it must require about two hundred thousand to kill a man in South America."

He told Kirkland to march his men back to the mines and to see that there were no stragglers. "If they want to celebrate, let them celebrate when they get to the mines, but not here. They have made a good record to-day and I won't have it spoiled by rioting. They shall have their reward later. Between Rojas and Mr. Langham they should all be rich men."

The cheering from the housetops since the firing ceased had changed suddenly into hand clappings, and the cries, though still undistinguishable, were of a different sound. Clay saw that the Americans on the balconies of the club and of the theatre had thrown themselves far over the railings and were all looking in the same direction and waving their hats and cheering loudly, and he heard above the shouts of the people the regular tramp of men's feet marching in step, and the rattle of a machine gun as it bumped and shook over the rough stones. He gave a shout of pleasure, and Kirkland and the two boys ran with him up the slope, crowding each other to get a better view. The mob parted at the Palace gates, and they saw two lines of blue jackets, spread out like the sticks of a fan, dragging the gun between them, the middies in their tight buttoned tunics and gaiters, and behind them more blue jackets with bare, bronzed throats, and with the swagger and

roll of the sea in their legs and shoulders. An American flag floated above the white helmets of the marines. Its presence and the sense of pride which the sight of these men from home awoke in them made the fight just over seem mean and petty, and they took off their hats and cheered with the others.

A first lieutenant, who felt his importance and also a sense of disappointment at having arrived too late to see the fighting, left his men at the gate of the Palace, and advanced up the terrace, stopping to ask for information as he came. Each group to which he addressed himself pointed to Clay. The sight of his own flag had reminded Clay that the banner of Mendoza still hung from the mast beside which he was standing, and as the officer approached he was busily engaged in untwisting its halyards and pulling it down.

The lieutenant saluted him doubtfully.

"Can you tell me who is in command here?" he asked. He spoke somewhat sharply, for Clay was not a military looking personage, covered as he was with dust and perspiration, and with his sombrero on the back of his head.

"Our Consul here told us at the landing place," continued the lieutenant in an aggrieved tone, "that a General Mendoza was in power, and that I had better report to him, and then ten minutes later I hear that he is dead and that a General Rojas is President, but that a man named Clay has made himself Dictator. My instructions are to recognize no belligerents, but to report to the Government party. Now, who is the Government party?"

Clay brought the red barred flag down with a jerk, and ripped it free from the halyards. Kirkland and the two boys were watching him with amused smiles.

"I appreciate your difficulty," he said. "President Alvarez is dead, and General Mendoza, who tried to make himself Dictator, is also dead, and the real President, General Rojas, is still in jail. So at present I suppose that I represent the Government party, at least I am the man named Clay. It hadn't occurred to me before, but, until Rojas is free, I guess I am the Dictator of Olancho. Is Madame Alvarez on board your ship?"

"Yes, she is with us," the officer replied, in some confusion. "Excuse me—are you the three gentlemen who took her to the yacht? I am afraid I spoke rather hastily just now, but you are not in uniform, and the Government seems to change so quickly down here that a stranger finds it hard to keep up with it."

Six of the native officers had approached as the lieutenant was speaking and saluted Clay gravely. "We have followed your instructions," one of them said, "and the regiments are ready to march with the prisoners. Have you any further orders for us—can we deliver any messages to General Rojas?"

"Present my congratulations to General Rojas, and best wishes," said Clay. "And tell him for me, that it would please me greatly if he would liberate an American citizen named Burke, who is at present in the cartel. And that I wish him to promote all of you gentlemen one grade and give each of you the Star of Olancho. Tell him that in my opinion you have deserved even higher reward and honor at his hands."

The boy-lieutenants broke out into a chorus of delighted thanks. They assured Clay that he was most gracious; that he overwhelmed them, and that it was honor enough for them that they had served under him. But Clay laughed, and drove them off with a paternal wave of the hand.

The officer from the man-of-war listened with an uncomfortable sense of having blundered in his manner toward this powder-splashed young man who set American citizens at liberty, and created captains by the half dozen at a time.

"Are you from the States?" he asked, as they moved toward the man-of-war's men.

"I am, thank God. Why not?"

"I thought you were, but you saluted like an Englishman."

"I was an officer in the English army once in the Soudan, when they were short of officers." Clay shook his head and looked wistfully at the ranks of the blue jackets drawn up on either side of them. The horses had been brought out and Langham and MacWilliams were waiting for him to mount. "I have worn several uniforms since I was a boy," said Clay. "But never that of my own country."

The people were cheering him from every part of the square. Women waved

their hands from balconies and housetops, and men climbed to awnings and lamp-posts and shouted his name. The officers and men of the landing party took note of him and of this reception out of the corner of their eyes, and wondered.

"And what had I better do?" asked the commanding officer.

"Oh, I would police the Palace grounds, if I were you, and picket that street at the right, where there are so many wine shops, and preserve order generally until Rojas gets here. He won't be more than an hour, now. We shall be coming over to pay our respects to your captain to-morrow. Glad to have met you."

"Well, I'm glad to have met you," answered the officer, heartily. "Hold on a minute. Even if you haven't worn our uniform, you're as good, and better, than some I've seen that have, and you're a sort of a commander-in-chief, anyway, and I'm damned if I don't give you a sort of salute."

Clay laughed like a boy as he swung himself into the saddle. The officer stepped back and gave the command; the middies raised their swords and Clay passed between massed rows of his countrymen with their muskets held rigidly toward him. The housetops rocked again at the sight, and as he rode out into the brilliant sunshine, his eyes were wet and winking.

The two boys had drawn up at his side, but MacWilliams had turned in the saddle and was still looking toward the Palace, with his hand resting on the hindquarters of his pony.

"Look back, Clay," he said. "Take a last look at it, you'll never see it after to-day. Turn again, turn again, Dictator of Olancho."

The men laughed and drew rein as he bade them, and looked back up the narrow street. They saw the green and white flag of Olancho creeping to the top of the mast before the Palace, the blue jackets driving back the crowd, the gashes in the walls of the houses, where Mendoza's cannon-balls had dug their way through the stucco, and the silk curtains, riddled with bullets, flapping from the balconies of the opera-house.

"You had it all your own way an hour ago," MacWilliams said, mockingly. "You could have sent Rojas into exile, and made us all Cabinet Ministers—and you gave it up for a girl. Now, you're Dictator of Olancho. What will you be to-morrow? To-morrow you will be Andrew Langham's son-in-law—Benedick, the married man. Good-by, Mr. Clay. We have been long together."

Clay and Langham looked curiously at the boy to see if he were in earnest, but MacWilliams would not meet their eyes.

"There were three of us," he said, "and one got shot, and one got married, and the third —? You will grow fat, Clay, and live on Fifth Avenue and wear a high silk hat, and some day when you're sitting in your club you'll read a paragraph in a newspaper with a queer Spanish date-line to it, and this will all come back to you — this heat and the palms and the fever and the days when you lived on plantains and we watched our trestles grow out across the cañons, and you'll be willing to give your hand to sleep in a hammock again, and to feel the sweat running down your back, and you'll want to chuck your gun up against your chin and shoot into a line of men, and the policemen won't let you, and your wife won't let you. That's what you're giving up. There it is. Take a good look at it. You'll never see it again."

XV

The steamer Santiago, carrying "passengers, bullion, and coffee," was headed to pass Port Rico by midnight, when she would be free of land until she anchored at the quarantine station of the green hills of Staten Island. She had not yet shaken off the contamination of the earth; a soft inland breeze still tantalized her with odors of tree and soil, the smell of the fresh coat of paint that had followed her coaling rose from her sides, and the odor of spilt coffee-grains that hung around the hatches had yet to be blown away by a jealous ocean breeze, or washed by a welcoming cross sea.

The captain stopped at the open entrance of the Social Hall. "If any of you ladies want to take your last look at Olancho you've got to come now," he said. "We'll lose the Valencia light in the next quarter hour."

Miss Langham and King looked up from their novels and smiled, and Miss

Langham shook her head. "I've taken three final farewells of Olancho already," she said; "before we went down to dinner and when the sun set, and when the moon rose. I have no more sentiment left to draw on. Do you want to go?" she asked.

"I'm very comfortable, thank you," King said, and returned to the consideration of his novel.

But Clay and Hope arose at the captain's suggestion with suspicious alacrity and stepped out upon the empty deck, and into the encompassing darkness, with a little sigh of relief.

Alice Langham looked after them somewhat wistfully and bit the edges of her book. She sat for some time with her brows knitted, glancing occasionally and critically toward King and up with unseeing eyes at the swinging lamps of the saloon. He caught her looking at him once when he raised his eyes as he turned a page and smiled back at her, and she nodded pleasantly and bent her head over her reading. She assured herself that after all King understood her and she him, and that if they never rose to certain heights, they never sank below a high level of mutual esteem, and that perhaps was the best in the end.

King had placed his yacht at the disposal of Madame Alvarez, and she had sailed to Colon, where she could change to the steamers for Lisbon, while he accompanied the Langhams and the wedding party to New York.

They had taken the first steamer out, and the combined efforts of all had been necessary to prevail upon MacWilliams to accompany them, and even now the fact that he was to act as Clay's best man and, as Langham assured him cheerfully, was to wear a frock coat and see his name in all the papers, brought on such sudden panics of fear that the fast-fading coast line filled his soul with regret, and a wilful desire to jump overboard and swim back.

Clay and Hope stopped at the door of the chief engineer's cabin and said they had come to pay him a visit. The chief had but just come from the depths where the contamination of the earth was most evident in the condition of his stokers, but his chin was now cleanly shaven and his pipe was drawing as well as his engine fires, and he had wrapped himself in an old P. & O. white duck jacket to show what he had been before he sank to the level of a coasting steamer. They admired the clerk-like neatness of the report he had just finished, and in return he promised them the fastest run on record, and showed them the portrait of his wife, and of their tiny cottage on the Isle of Wight, and his jade idols from Corea and carved cocoanut gourds from Brazil, and a picture from the *Graphic* of Lord Salisbury, tacked to the partition and looking delightedly down between two highly colored lithographs of Miss Ellen Terry and the Princess May.

Then they called upon the captain, and Clay asked him why captains always hung so much lace about their beds when they invariably slept on a red velvet sofa with their boots on, and the captain ordered his Chinese steward to mix them a queer drink and offered them the choice of a six months' accumulation of paper novels, and free admittance to his bridge at all hours. And then they passed on to the door of the smoking-room and beckoned MacWilliams to come out and join them. His manner as he did so bristled with importance, and he drew them eagerly to the rail.

"I've just been having a chat with Captain Burke," he said, in an undertone. "He's been telling Langham and me about a new game that's better than running railroads. He says there's a country called Macedonia that's got a native prince who wants to be free from Turkey, and the Turks won't let him, and Burke says if we'll each put up a thousand dollars, he'll guarantee to get the prince free in six months. He's made an estimate of the cost and submitted it to the Russian Embassy at Washington, and he says they will help him secretly, and he knows a man who has just patented a new rifle, and who will supply him with a thousand of them for the sake of the advertisement. He says it's a mountainous country, and all you have to do is to stand on the passes and roll rocks down on the Turks as they come in. It sounds easy, don't it?"

"Then you're thinking of turning professional filibuster yourself?" said Clay.

"Well, I don't know. It sounds more interesting than engineering. Burke says I beat him on this last fight, and he'd like to have me with him in the next one—sort of young-blood-in-the-firm idea—and he calculates that we can go about setting

people free and upsetting governments for some time to come. He says there is always something to fight about if you look for it. And I must say the condition of those poor Macedonians does appeal to me. Think of them all alone down there, bullied by that Sultan of Turkey, and wanting to be free and independent. That's not right. You, as an American citizen, ought to be the last person in the world to throw cold water on an undertaking like that. In the name of Liberty now?"

"I don't object; set them free, of course," laughed Clay. "But how long have you entertained this feeling for the enslaved Macedonians, Mac?"

"Well, I never heard of them until a quarter of an hour ago, but they oughtn't to suffer through my ignorance."

"Certainly not. Let me know when you're going to do it, and Hope and I will run over and look on. I should like to see you and Burke and the Prince of Macedonia rolling rocks down on the Turkish Empire."

Hope and Clay passed on up the deck laughing, and MacWilliams looked after them with a fond and paternal smile. The lamp in the wheelhouse threw a broad belt of light across the forward deck as they passed through it into the darkness of the bow, where the lonely lookout turned and stared at them suspiciously, and then resumed his stern watch over the great waters.

They leaned upon the rail and breathed the soft air which the rush of the steamer threw in their faces, and studied in silence the stars that lay so low upon the horizon line that they looked like the harbor lights of a great city.

"Do you see that long line of lamps off our port bow?" asked Clay.

Hope nodded.

"Those are the electric lights along the ocean drive at Long Branch and up the Rumson Road, and those two stars a little higher up are fixed to the mast-heads of the Scotland Light ship. And that mass of light that you think is the milky way, is the glare of the New York street lamps thrown up against the sky."

"Are we so near as that?" said Hope, smiling. "And what lies over there?" she asked, pointing to the east.

"Over there is the coast of Africa. Don't you see the lighthouse on Cape Bon? If it wasn't for Gibraltar being in the way, I could show you the harbor lights of Bizerta, and the terraces of Algiers shining like a café chantant in the night.

"Algiers," sighed Hope, "where you were a soldier of Africa, and rode across the deserts. Will you take me there?"

"There, of course, but to Gibraltar first, where we will drive along the Alameda by moonlight. I drove there once coming home from a mess dinner with the Colonel. The drive lies between broad white balustrades, and the moon shone down on us between the leaves of the Spanish bayonet. It was like an Italian garden. But he did not see it, and he would talk to me about the Watkinsrange finder on the lower ramparts, and he puffed on a huge cigar. I tried to imagine I was there on my honeymoon, but the end of his cigar would light up and I would see his white mustache and the glow on his red jacket, so I vowed I would go over that drive again with the proper person. And we won't talk of range finders, will we?

"There to the North is Paris; your Paris, and my Paris, with London only eight hours away. If you look very closely, you can see the thousands of hansom cab lamps flashing across the asphalt, and the open theatres, and the fairy lamps in the gardens back of the houses in Mayfair, where they are giving dances in your honor, in honor of the beautiful American bride, whom everyone wants to meet. And you will wear the finest tiara we can get on Bond Street, but no one will look at it, they will only look at you. And I will feel very miserable and tease you to come home."

Hope put her hand in his and he held her finger-tips to his lips for an instant and closed his other hand upon hers.

"And after that?" asked Hope.

"After that we will go to work again, and take long journeys to Mexico and Peru or wherever they want me, and I will sit in judgment on the work other chaps have done. And when we get back to our car at night, or to the section house, for it will be very rough sometimes," Hope pressed his hand gently in answer, "I will tell you privately how very differently your husband would have done it, and you, knowing all about it, will say that had it been left to me,

I would certainly have accomplished it in a vastly superior manner."

"Well, so you would," said Hope, calmly.

"That's what I said you'd say," laughed Clay. "Dearest," he begged, "promise me something. Promise me that you are going to be very happy."

Hope raised her eyes and looked up at him in silence, and had the man in the wheelhouse been watching the stars, as he should have been, no one but the two foolish young people on the bow of the boat would have known her answer.

The ship's bell sounded eight times, and Hope moved slightly.

"So late as that," she sighed. "Come, We must be going back."

A great wave struck the ship's side a friendly slap, and the wind caught up the spray and tossed it in their eyes, and blew a strand of her hair loose so that it fell across Clay's face, and they laughed happily together as she drew it back and he took her hand again to steady her progress across the slanting deck.

As they passed hand in hand out of the shadow into the light from the wheelhouse, the lookout in the bow counted the strokes of the bell to himself, and then turned and shouted back his measured cry to the bridge above them. His voice seemed to be a part of the murmuring sea and the welcoming winds.

"Listen," said Clay.

"Eight bells," the voice sang from the darkness. "The for'ard light's shining bright—and all's well."

THE END.

A SONG OF THE WAVE

By George Cabot Lodge

THIS is the song of the wave! The mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound.
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave, the white-maned steed of the Tempest,
Whose veins are swollen with life,
In whose flanks abide the four winds,
This is the wave!

This is the song of the wave! The dawn leaped out of the sea
And the waters lay smooth as a silver shield,
And the sun-rays smote on the waters like a golden sword.
Then a wind blew out of the morning
And the waters rustled,
And the wave was born!

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the noon,
And the white sea-birds like driven foam
Winged in from the ocean that lay beyond the sky;

And the face of the waters was barred with white,
For the wave had many brothers,
And the wave leaped up in its strength
To the chant of the choral air :
This is the wave !

This is the song of the wave ! The wind blew out of the sunset
And the west was lurid as Hell ;
The black clouds closed like a tomb, for the sun was dead.
Then the wind smote full as the breath of God,
And the wave called to its brothers
" This is the crest of life ! "

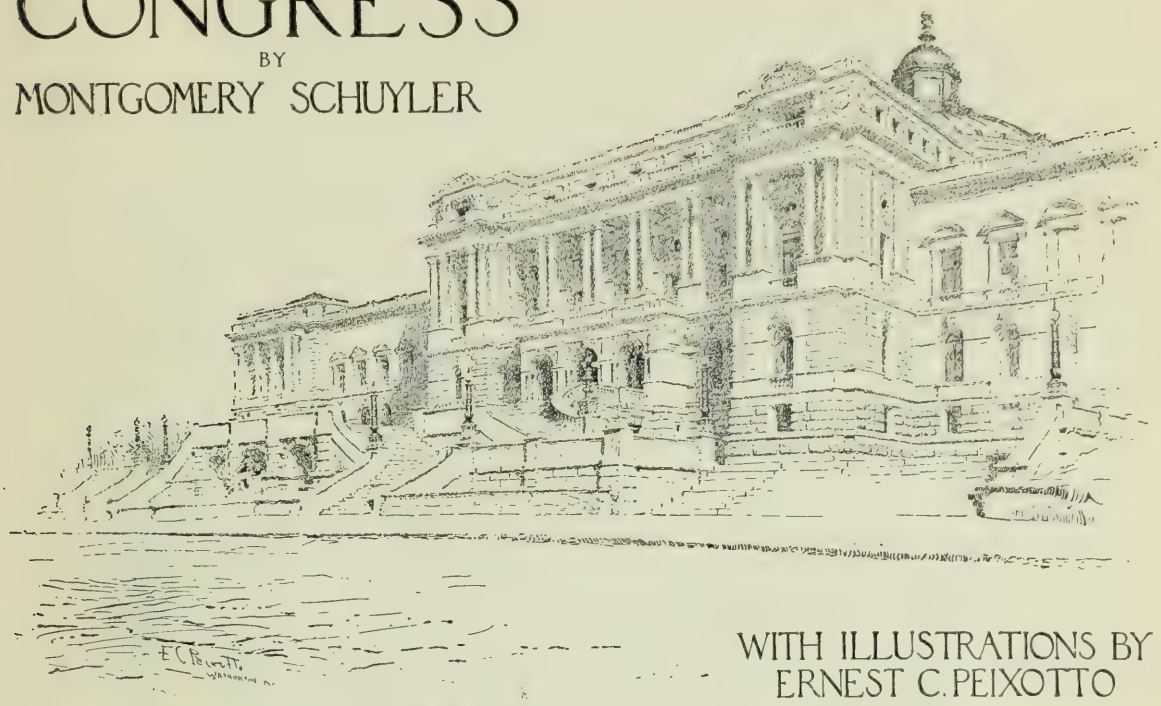
This is the song of the wave, that rises to fall,
Rises a sheer green wall like a barrier of glass
That has caught the soul of the moonlight,
Caught and prisoned the moonbeams.
And its edge is frittered with blossoms of foam—
This is the wave !

This is the song of the wave, of the wave that falls,
Wild as a burst of day-gold blown through the colors of morning ;
It shivers in infinite jewels, in eddies of wind-driven foam
Up the rumbling steep of sand.
This is the wave !

This is the song of the wave, that died in the fulness of life.
The prodigal this, that lavished its largess of strength
In the lust of attainment.
Aiming at things for Heaven too high,
Sure in the pride of life, in the richness of strength.
So tried it the impossible height, till the end was found :
Where ends the soul that yearns for the fillet of morning stars—
The soul in the toils of the journeying worlds,
Whose eye is filled with the Image of God—
And the end is death !

THE NEW LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BY
MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

IT is doubtless fair to assume that, up to the completion of the new building for the Library of Congress, the prevailing impression concerning it, throughout the country at large, was that it was mainly noteworthy, artistically, by reason of the sculptural and pictorial decoration that had been applied to it. The impression was natural, was indeed inevitable, seeing that the public knowledge was derived from fragmentary illustrations and descriptions of the decorations. But if one wishes to arrive at an understanding of the latest and most creditable achievement of the United States in public architecture, it is necessary that this impression should be dispelled at the outset, that it should be understood that the whole is greater than any of the parts. The most successful of the decorations acquire an enhanced value from the contribution they make to the success of a building which would be noteworthy and distinguished if it had no other ornament than the architectural exposition of the structure, nay, if it were reduced to the anatomical scheme—the "bones" of the design.

This has been the result of a singularly deliberate evolution. It was quite a quarter of a century ago, in 1872 namely, that it became evident that the Library of Congress had already begun to outgrow the capacity of its quarters in the capitol, and that the lack of accommodation threatened a progressive diminution of its utility in proportion to the increase in its bulk. It was at that time that it was urged that the plans for the new building, of which the need was manifest, should be obtained through competition, and the firm of Smithmeyer & Pelz was formed, in a certain degree, *ad hoc*. In 1873 the first competition was held, and the plan of the firm was adopted. But this result, fortunately as it has turned out, was rather the beginning than the end of the architectural contest. The formal award ushered in what the architects themselves described as a "running competition" lasting over eight years, and enlisting altogether some forty competitors, several of them formidable. The first design had been in the Italian Renaissance, in which the work is executed, a style naturally chosen for its conformity to the public architecture of Washington and especially to the architecture of the capitol, with its incorporation of the various modes of



One of the Three Main Entrance Ways, showing the Bronze Sculptured Doors by Olin L. Warner.



Mosaic Corridor at the Right of the Main Entrance Hall.

classic, from the Colonial to the Greek revival, which the new building was to confront. But the Gothic revival was then at its height, and in 1875 the Library Committee demanded of the architects a design in Gothic. Two years later the Library Committee had become impressed with the possibilities of the French Renaissance and ordered a design in that, with reference to another site then contemplated. By this time Richardson had begun to impress the country with the personal power of design which inevitably came to be confounded with the eligibility of the style which he had chosen, and the next demand of the committee was for a Romanesque design. This having been complied with, the desire of the committee to prove all things issued in a requisition for some German Renaissance. The design which filled this requisition is noteworthy for the first appearance of the scheme of a reading-room, which has since been developed into the actual rotunda. Finally, in 1880, in another, but this time a limited competition, which the inaction of Congress brought to nothing, the architects reverted to the Italian Renaissance of their first design, in a series of drawings in which the scheme of the existing structure is complete. Another revision, by request, in 1882, of the Gothic plan of 1875, the results of which were embodied in a new set of plans and a bill, commended itself to the Senate, but failed to placate the House. Meanwhile, the senior member of the firm had traversed Europe and America to study public

libraries. In 1886 the result of these studies was embodied in a plan which was adopted by Congress, and ordered to be carried into execution. Two years later Congress reversed this action, put the Chief of the Engineers of the Army in charge of the work, and directed him to prepare plans that could be executed for $4,000,000, in addition to what had already been appropriated. General Casey was too wise to avail himself of the opportunity offered to him to discard the labors of his predecessors. He discharged one of the authors of the plans, but retained the other to make them conform to the statutory limitation of cost, which was purely arbitrary and founded upon no consideration. The reduction to a Procrustean limit was effected, as it had to be, by sheer surgery, being the amputation of the curtain-wall on the long fronts by the space containing five of the seven openings in each wing, and the conversion of a parallelogram, 464 by 333 feet, virtually to a square of the latter dimension. While thus complying with the law, he resubmitted as an alternative the plans adopted by Congress, omitting two book-stacks crossing the court from east to west, and four radiating from the diagonal faces of the central octagon, which provided accommodation ultimately but not immediately necessary for the expansion of the library, and reducing the estimated cost of execution to five millions and a half, as against four for the hopeless mutilation he had been instructed to inflict. The comparison settled the question, and Congress ordered the execution of the design already once adopted, deprived only of what could afterward be added, but not shorn of its fair proportions.

The long delay thus outlined, vexatious as it may have been to everybody concerned, was in its actual results a "a wise cunctation." Undoubtedly the building gets the benefit of the successive revisions forced upon its architects by their own increasing knowledge, as well as by their fear of what the running competition might bring forth. It was necessary to their success that their building should be, first of all, a library, since among their critics were not only their competitors and the "man in the street," in Congress assembled, but also the first of experts from the utilitarian point of view—the Librarian of Congress. It is familiar knowledge that there are two kinds of library buildings: architects' libraries and librarians' libraries. The former are embodied in building materials, and of them librarians at their conferences and in their organs are wont to speak scornfully. The latter are mainly libraries of the mind, evolved from theory and professional experience, but which their authors are helpless to carry farther. If one of them, even with the assistance of Professor Huxley's "honest bricklayer," should manage to get his conception into palpable and durable form, it is safe to say that he would give the architects their entire revenge. And yet the germ and prototype of the Library of Congress are in fact a librarian's library. For Sir Anthony Panizzi was undisputedly the author of the plan for the rotunda of the national library of Great Britain, which after forty years reappears, still recognizable, in spite of so much modification and development, in the national library of the United States. The general disposition of the reading-room of the British Museum commended itself at once as the most eligible for the convenient administration of a great library. This is the more remarkable because the structure was in origin not at all an abstract conception, but a mere makeshift. The occasion of it was the occurrence in the British Museum of a large courtyard, reserved by the architect for a garden, but offering, if it were roofed over, accommodation for the collection of books for which no quarters had been provided, and offering these, if the circle inscribed in the square of the court were contracted so as to leave a free space all around, without too serious interference with the other purposes of the building.

Such was the genesis of the "dome of Bloomsbury." The radical difference between itself and the new product of evolution from it is that the earlier building is not, and that the later is, monumentally conceived. As a matter of mere mensuration, the rotunda of the British Museum is the second in the world, second—and second only by some two feet in diameter—to that of the Pantheon, and greater by about the same difference than those of St. Peter's and of Florence; whereas the



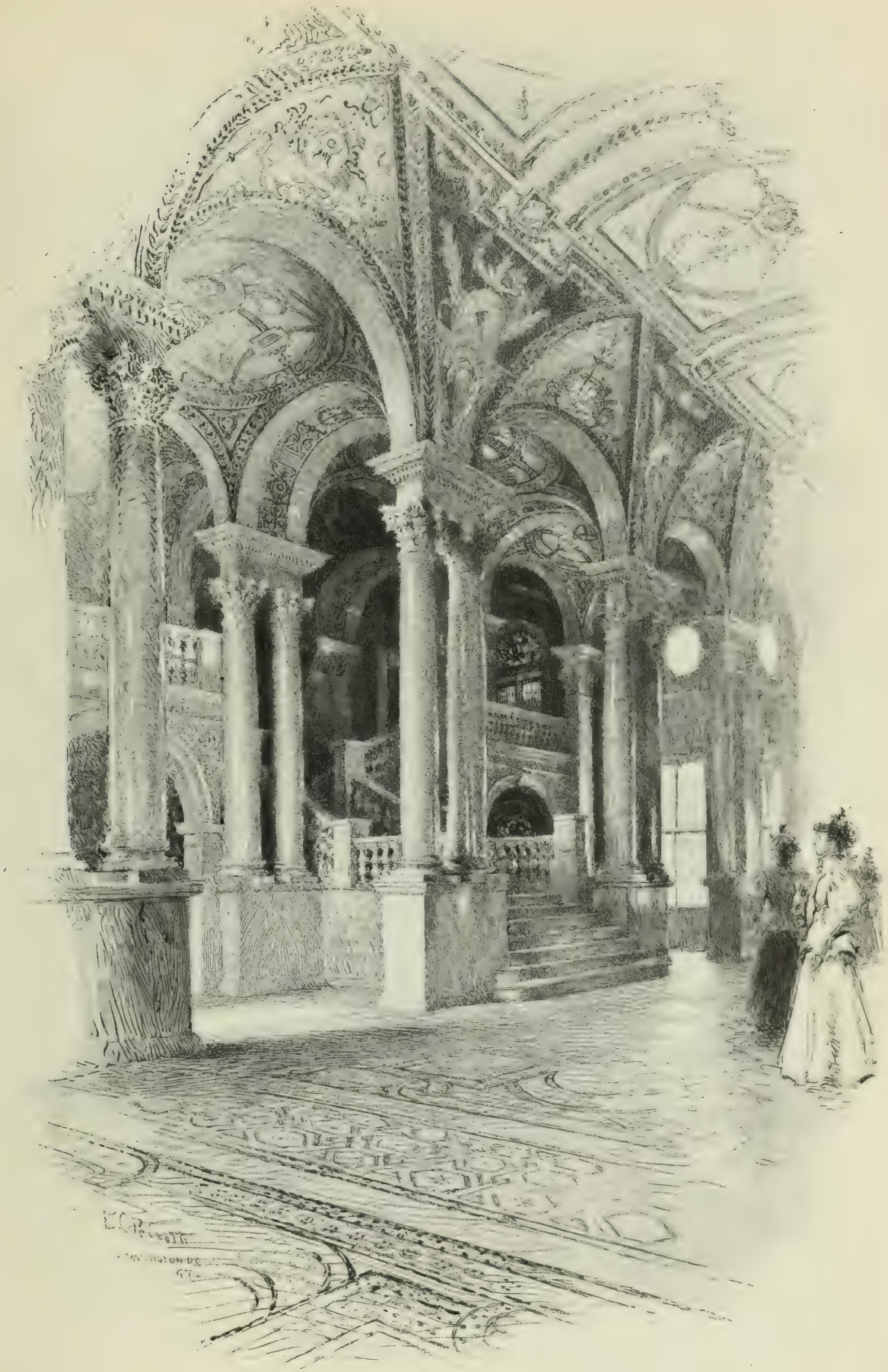
The Main Hall and the Grand Stairway.

dome of the rotunda in the Library of Congress, if it had been completed in masonry according to the design for the execution of which mechanical provision is made in its substructure, would have been the seventh, coming between St. Paul's and St. Sophia's. But architecturally the dome of Bloomsbury can scarcely be said to count at all among the famous cupolas, having, indeed, no exterior, and being within, in its structural system of cast iron and brickwork, only the mechanical supply of a practical need, not the solution of an architectural problem. The respectable Mr. Sidney Smirke, F.R.I.B.A., who carried out Panizzi's suggestion for the rotunda, has not been ranked with Michelangelo and Brunelleschi, although he has built a bigger dome than either. His work is manifestly not in the same class. As manifestly that of Messrs. Smithmeyer & Pelz is in the same class, and appeals and is entitled to the same kind of consideration.

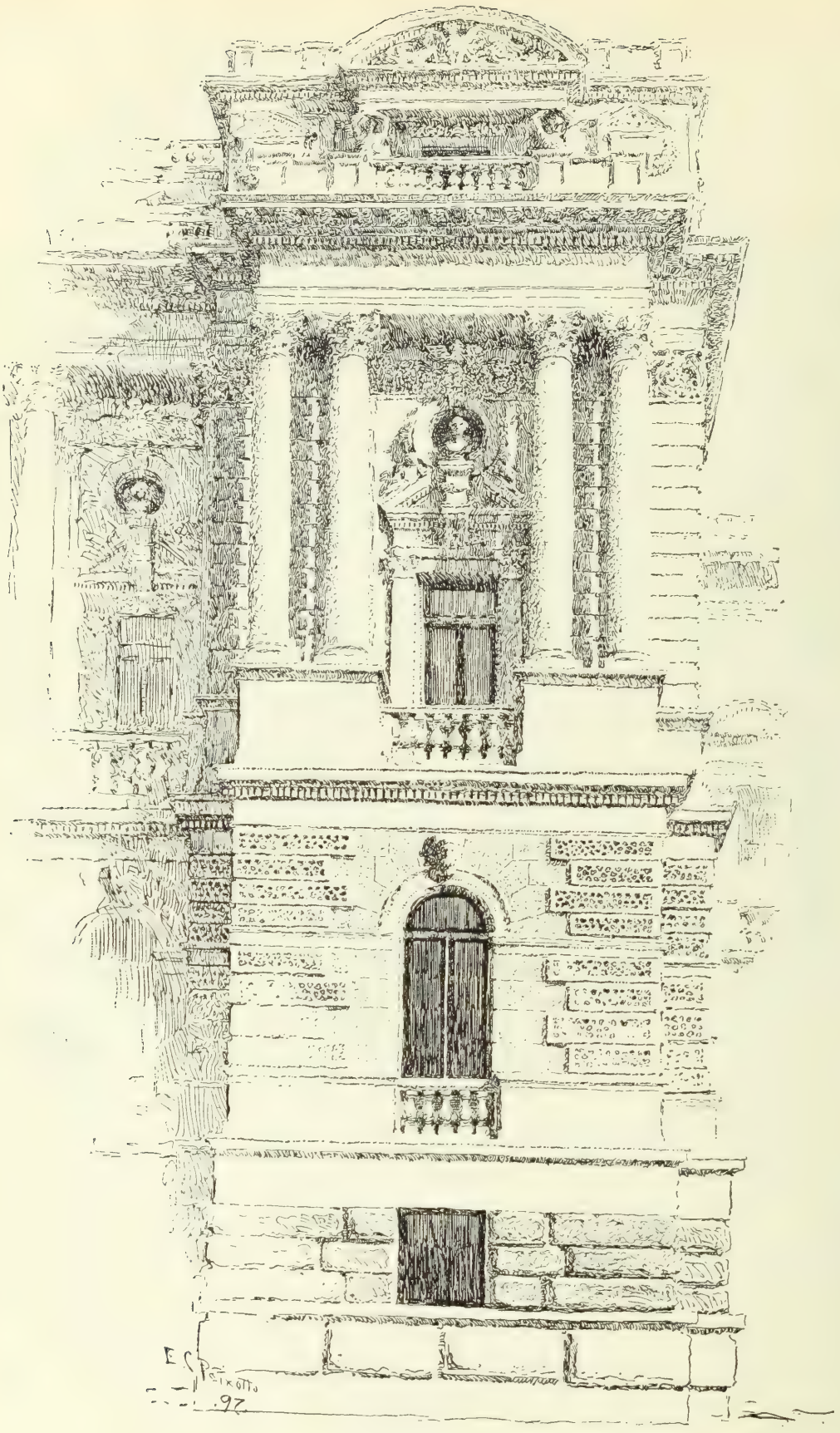
A modern library, upon the plan devised for the British Museum and developed in the Library of Congress, when reduced to its simplest expression, consists of a centre and radii—a "hub and spokes." No extensive attempt has thus far been made at the architectural articulation of this skeleton, although it presents a problem as obvious as it obviously is arduous. In the British Museum the subordinate magazines for books are not disposed, but merely occur as spaces have accrued. The developed design for the Library of Congress, adopted in 1886, shows a book-stack radiating from every face of the central octagon, except the two in the shorter axis of the building reserved for the entrances, the two on the longer axis being extended to the enclosing parallelogram and crossed midway between the rotunda and the outer wall by two others, likewise extended to the limits of the court, while shorter stacks diverge from the four diagonal faces. All these but the two main stacks actually built were omitted in order to conform to the reduced estimate of cost, although some additional storage was provided by the conversion into a book-stack of the arm opposite the main entrance, originally reserved for a subordinate entrance. General Casey also submitted a provision for the ulterior, if not the ultimate, needs of the library in low magazines arranged in the four courts, a disposition that would offer the least obstruction to the effective lighting of the rotunda, but that would obscure the logic and the symmetry of the conception and impair the architectural organism. Practically, the question of additional accommodation is postponed for at least a generation, or until the library is doubled, since shelf-room for 1,560,000 volumes is provided in the rotunda, the stacks, and the enclosing parallelogram.

The exterior architecture consists of the outer walls of this enclosure and of the cupola, which is visible from every point of view which commands the building as a whole. The cupola is, in fact, the only external indication of the radical idea of the structure. The façades necessarily mask rather than express the "true inwardness" of the design; but, thanks to the insistent emergence of the central feature, they express that they mask it. Nor, indeed, is this enclosure so irrelevant as it seems to the radical idea. A central reading-room, with radiating repositories of books, makes no provision for special collections with subordinate centres of administration, such as the library of the Smithsonian Institution, the Toner collection, and the collection of Washingtoniana. Neither does it provide for the exhibition of the works of graphic art which accrue to the national library under the law, and which require the ample wall-spaces which the radial plan does not in itself furnish. These requisites can be most naturally, as well as most conveniently, supplied in the outlying dependencies which surround the library proper, and extend to the limits of the site.

A mass of granite 470 by 340 feet is necessarily impressive through mere magnitude, even when it confronts across a narrow strip of park the 800-foot façade of the capitol. To preserve the impressiveness of these dimensions while avoiding monotony, to attain variety without loss of dignity, was the problem of the designers, and the success of their dispositions to this end has been generally recognized. The vertical division is into two nearly equal parts, but the obvious threat that a house thus divided will appear to be divided against itself, has been defeated by the subdivision of the lower half and by the clear predominance of the upper, emphasized by the in-



The Mezzanine Staircase, showing the Mosaic Work and the Pompeian Decoration of the Ceiling



One of the Seven Bays of the Central Pavilion.



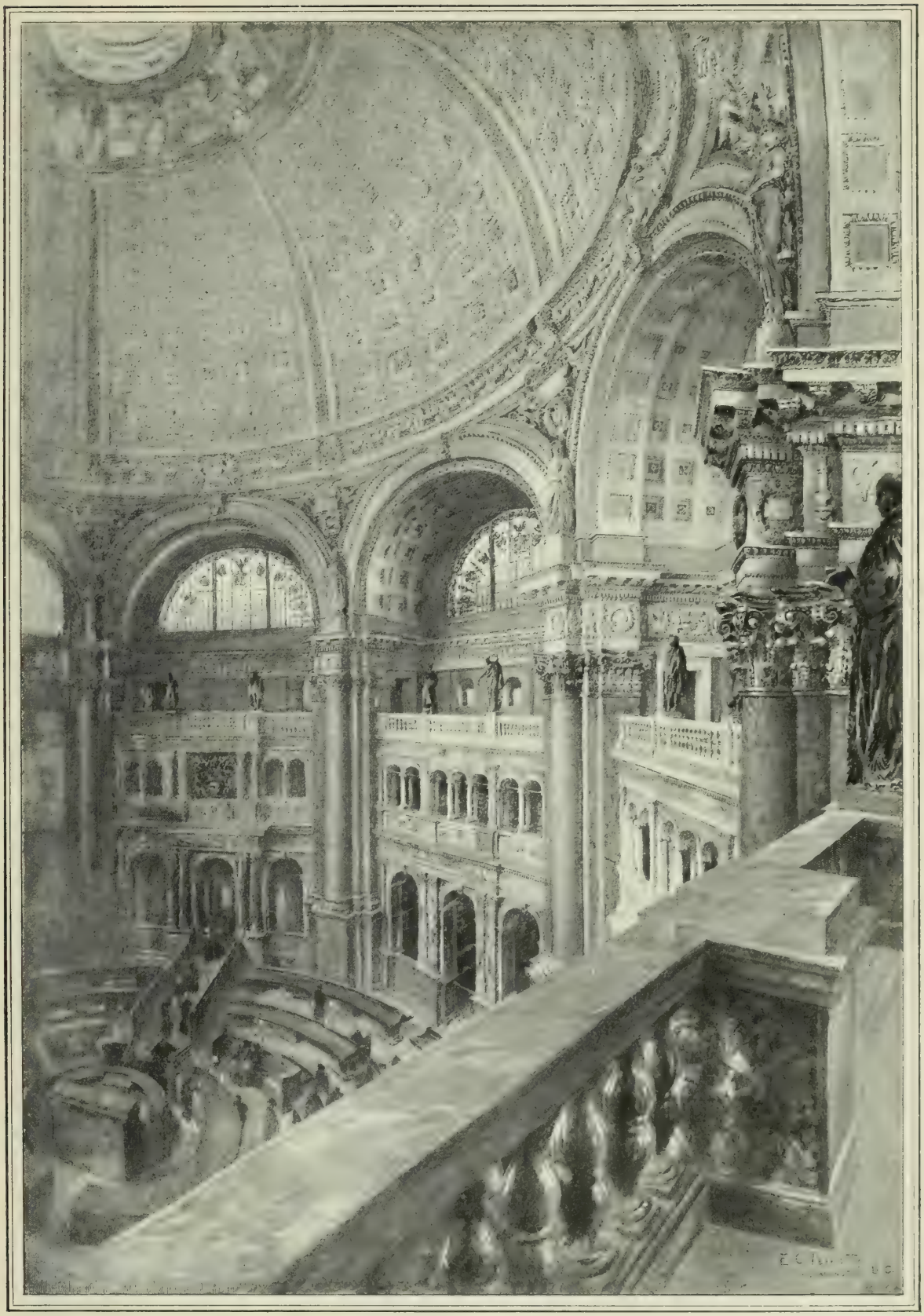
The Library Building, Looking East.

troduction of the order at the angles and at the centre of the entrance front. In this order the architects have done a needful service by restoring the scale of the public architecture of the capitol. It is one of the noteworthy services they have rendered, and one of the benefits the building has derived from the influence of the capitol, a sense of the proximity of which to the completed work evidently abode with them throughout the preparation of the design. The necessity of conforming to it vindicates in the first place their choice of a style, and in the second place the scale and disposition of their features, and the result is one for which we not only owe gratitude to the designers of the library, but which forms another of our obligations to the series of architects of the capitol, from Thornton to Walter. In spite of the evident faults of that building, the architectural baselessness of the cupola, and the fact that it does not crown the edifice, but only the "elevations" of the edifice, its succeeding designers have respected their respective predecessors and kept an effective unity in the series of transitions from the Old World gentility of the Colonial centre to the fully developed Greek revival of the wings. Not the least of the malefactions of Mr. Mullett was that he disregarded the scale to which his predecessors had adhered, and in the featureless expanses of the State, War, and Navy building reduced to a single story the architectural unit of the order which was to be seen in conjunction with the ample portico of the White House and the colossal colonnades of the Treasury. After this assertion of nonconformity, it seemed out of the question that any of his successors should make him to be regretted; but one or more of them have achieved that difficult feat in the design of the Washington Post Office, which can scarcely be said, architecturally, to have any scale at all, and which is of a rasping incongruity with every other national building. The order of the pavilions of the library conforms to Walter's work in the wings of the capitol as Walter conformed to Latrobe's in the central portico, the slight difference in scale not counting as a discrepancy, while this difference makes the later order more exactly proportionate to the building to which it is applied. Upon the whole, the effect of it is excellent, that of the doubled columns of the central pavilion particularly, for the single columns of the terminal pavilions, detached as they are, look inadequately slender. In any case, the applied order is an enrichment of masses which without it would be effective and telling by dint of their distribution and division, and their careful and successful modelling. The terminal pavilions so fortify the walls they frame that one is tempted to borrow from military architecture and call them bastions. The order, standing upon its own projecting base, adorns but does not disguise the starkness of the mass, carefully kept and even emphasized in the treatment of the angle. This is detached and continued from the ground to the summit, and seems to call for the punctuating "load," in the form of a statue, which it has not yet received.

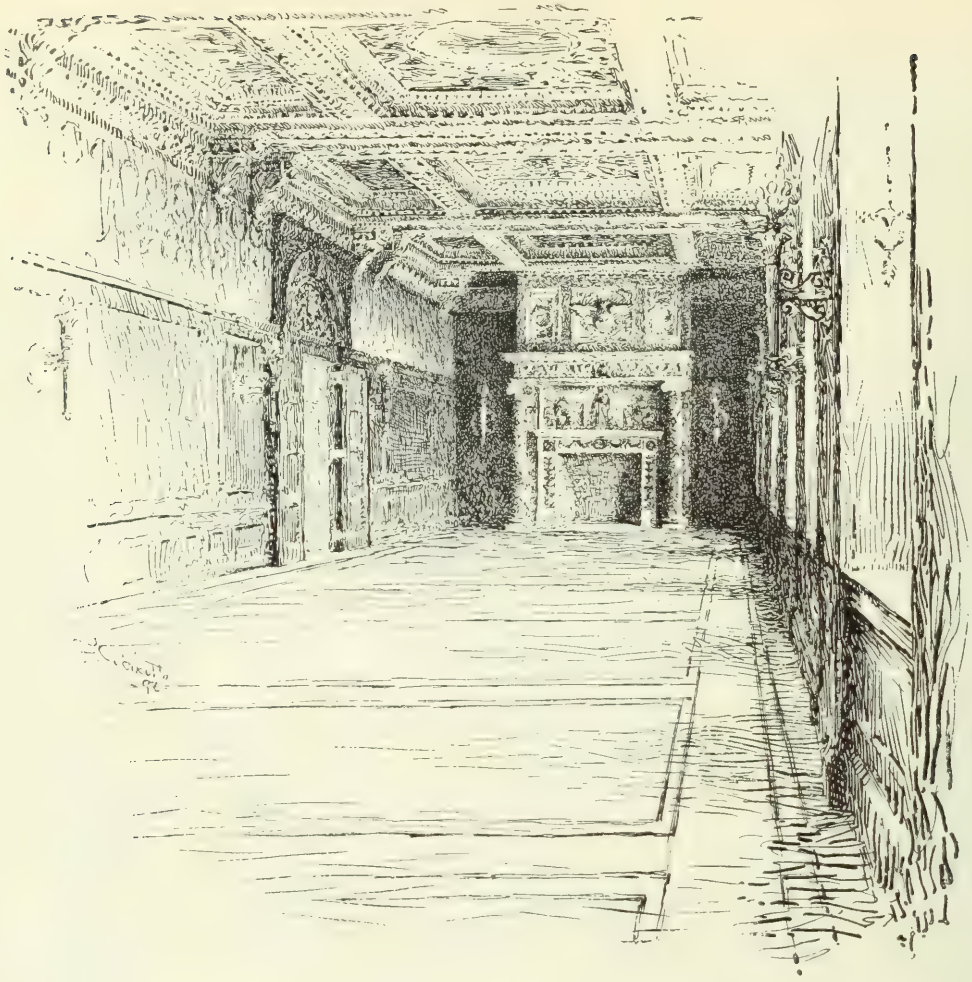
The central pavilion itself is subdivided with its own powerful flanking pavilions, each of a single boy, the massiveness of which heightens by contrast the comparative openness and lightness of the centre.

Every critical spectator must be struck by the resemblance of this central feature in the façade to the façade of the New Opera-house in Paris. The main motive is the same, and is quite recognizable through the modifications that have been made in the detail. But it is noteworthy that the resemblance is much stronger in the completed work than in the original design. In the design adopted in 1886 it is hardly traceable, and certainly is not obvious, the massive and separate treatment of the flanking pavilions, and the crowning of them with their own cupolas, quite changing the impression. The arrangement of the actual building appears for the first time, I think, in the restudy of the design made under General Casey's administration, and seems to have had for its object to ally the treatment of the centre more closely with that of the wings, rather than to bring it nearer to the Parisian façade. In this it is distinctly successful. Though no doubt the remodelling was done with reference to the Opera, it is by no means an unreflecting imitation. The flanking pavilions are much more strongly distinguished from the centre. The entrances, which in an opera-house very properly include the whole seven openings of the basement, are confined in the library to the central three, and signalized by a projecting porch above the carriage-entrance. The range of openings, with the busts in the bull's-eyes, which in Paris is a mere screen in the intercolumniations, is more decidedly withdrawn and the order more effectively detailed; the round pediments, instead of resting directly upon the order, are raised to the top of the attic, and relieve the sky-line, taking the place of the bristling groups of statuary which are the crowning features of the opera-house. The attic, the disproportionate height of which M. Garnier, in his critical review of his own work, found the chief fault of his façade, is duly subdued. If the motive of this central feature has been borrowed, it has been subjected to intelligent analysis and modification for the purposes of its new employment. The fortifying effect of the flanking pavilions is very satisfying, and it has been attained by careful study. In restudying the design the importance and detachment of the central feature were enhanced by a considerably increased projection, and this increase presented a new problem, in the treatment of the returns, which has been very well handled. The design of these pavilions, both in the face and on the returns, is one of the most decided successes of the building. It is the more telling by the "imitation," which is as effective in frozen as in mobile music. This is here shown by the recalling in the enclosure of the central portico of the flanking bastions of the whole front, insomuch that the relation between the central and the terminal features, displayed by the long intervals of curtain-wall, may be said architecturally to constitute the principal front. This front is homogeneous without being monotonous; it has variety in unity; it is uniform and effective in scale, a scale maintained also in the sculpture; if nowhere exquisite it is everywhere scholarly and respectable in detail, a harmonious and impressive work.

Scarcely less impressive in their simpler way are the sides. The fivefold division has here been judiciously abandoned. There was no justification such as the main entrance furnishes for a central feature, which would have seemed arbitrary and capricious, and the long stretch of curtain between the bastions is left to make its impression by mere extent, relieved only by the emergence of the central cupola. The impression is very marked, marred though it be by shortcomings of detail of which one is more than a detail. This is the alternation of triangular and curved pediments over the openings of the principal story. The effect of this flank is the familiar but never-failing effect of the repetition of similar objects, not numerable at a glance, the effect of a classic colonnade or a Gothic arcade interminably receding. The æstheticians tell us that "succession and uniformity of parts are what constitute the artificial infinite." Manifestly the effect of succession is lost when uniformity is discarded, and an alternation of different forms of opening works an interruption as injurious to the effect of repetition as would be the alternation of two orders in a colonnade. In the curtain-walls of the front, which are mere intervals in the



The Rotunda or Public Reading-room, from the Gallery.



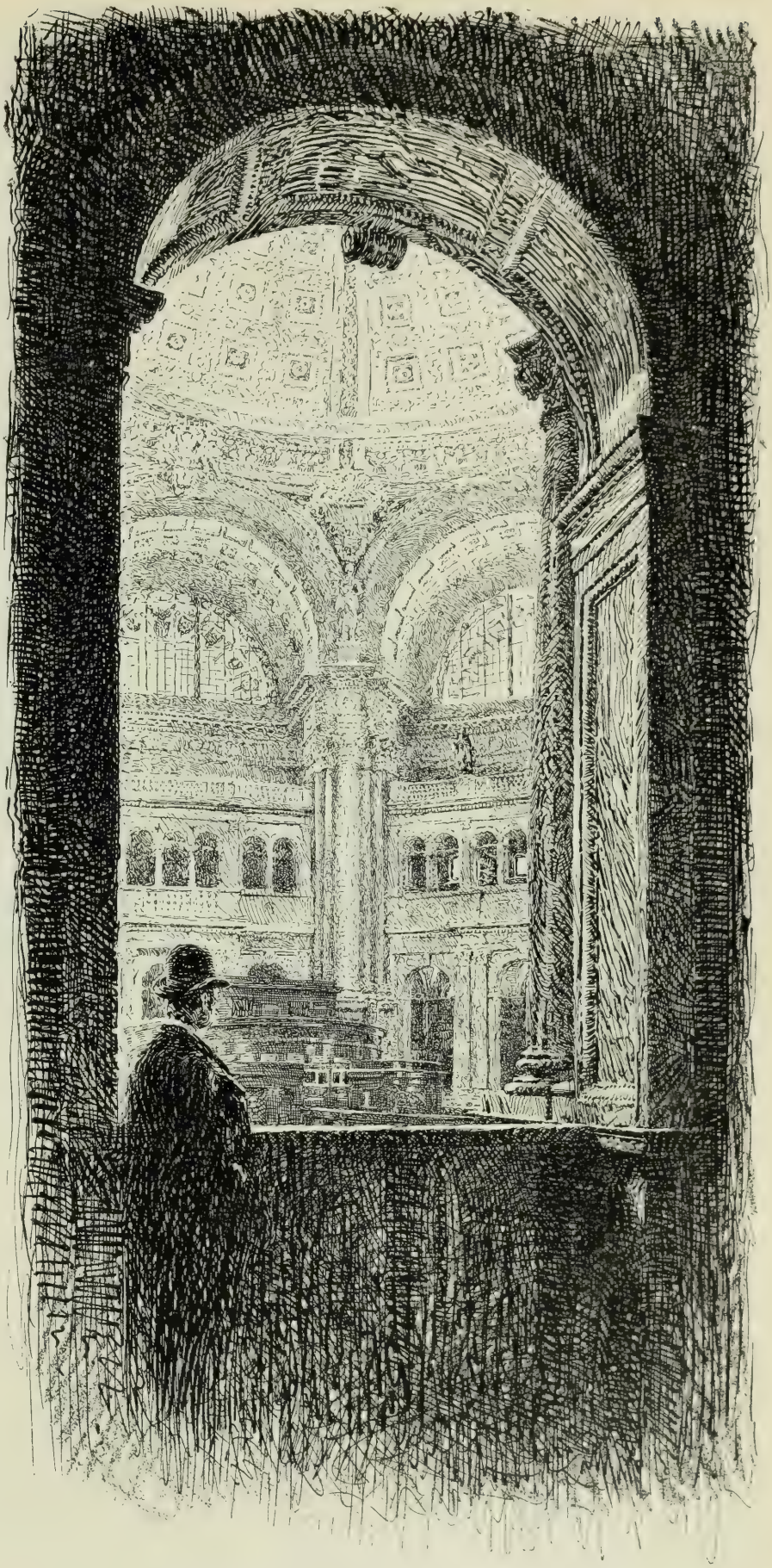
The Congressional Reading-room.

design, the alternation does no harm ; but on the side, where the expanse is itself the motive, the alternation confuses it by reducing the expanse to its actual dimensions in place of the indefinite prolongation that it would gain from mere repetition. An ill-advised attempt has been made to convert the dividing mullions of the openings of the subordinate stories into decorative objects by modelling them, in one case into the similitude of a column, and in the other into that of a corbel. The things have been so attenuated by practical considerations that there is no mass left which can be made effective. A plain bar of stone would at least be inoffensive, whereas the unkind emphasis put upon it gives it a look of puerility. Nor can the spectator reconcile himself to the incongruity of the very smart and modish cartouche at every angle of the attic, a detail obviously fresh from Paris, with the soberer and older-fashioned Italian detail elsewhere employed.

The cupola, the one exterior indication of the essential scheme of the work, might properly, and but for economical considerations, would probably have been made still more predominant. Like the dome of the capitol, it crowns the edifice only from selected points of view, apprehensible though it be from all. But if it was practically necessary to limit its height below what its best effect required, it was æsthetically as necessary to avoid the appearance of a competition with the loftier dome of the capitol. Nothing could be more satisfactory or more impressive in their way than the powerful and orderly masses of the masonry substructure, wherever they can be seen. An increase in the height of this substructure, with perhaps a greater richness in the upper stage, and a broad and low crowning feature, would probably have best reconciled the artistic requirements. But in restudying the design, the natural desire to gain more height has resulted in sharpening the pitch of the roof and in elongating the terminal lantern till it is pretty evidently

either too important, or not important enough. It is only when the masses of supporting masonry can be seen, with their massiveness enforced by simple but effective modelling, that the central feature assumes the power and value that belong to it.

But in spite of these things the exterior architecture makes its effect, the effect of a Roman largeness, power, and durability, and of an orderly and coherent design which is also Roman, of a national building. In the interior, in spite of a lavishness of decoration, sculptural and pictorial without any precedent in our national architecture, the source of the impressiveness is equally architectural. It proceeds primarily from the studied and successful articulation of the plan, the organization of the parts with reference to the whole, and the skilful convergance of the architectural interest upon the rotunda. On paper, the great entrance-hall may seem extravagant as a mere vestibule to the reading-room, just as the foyer of the Paris



The Dome Seen through One of the Entrance Arches.

Opera-house seems excessive in comparison with the auditorium. In fact, however, its dimensions, subdivided as they are by the structural enclosure of the staircase, and reduced at the centre to those of the staircase-well, suffice merely for a liberal and hospitable fore-court. This entrance-hall has been made the field of the most lavish and sumptuous decoration; but the effect of it is still predominantly architectural, and the decoration takes its place. The arrangement of the coupled columns in the crowning arcades of the enclosure, corresponding to the great order of the exterior; the doubling of the columns on the two larger sides in the line of the wall and on the two shorter in its depth, with a corresponding difference in the thickness of the wall above, all four walls performing apparently the same function, by no means justifies itself as rational nor explains itself to the eye. But, upon the whole, even here, with all the importunacy of the color still more chilling the cold blue-white of the marble, the architectural scheme remains the chief source of effectiveness, and by no means disappears under its adornment.

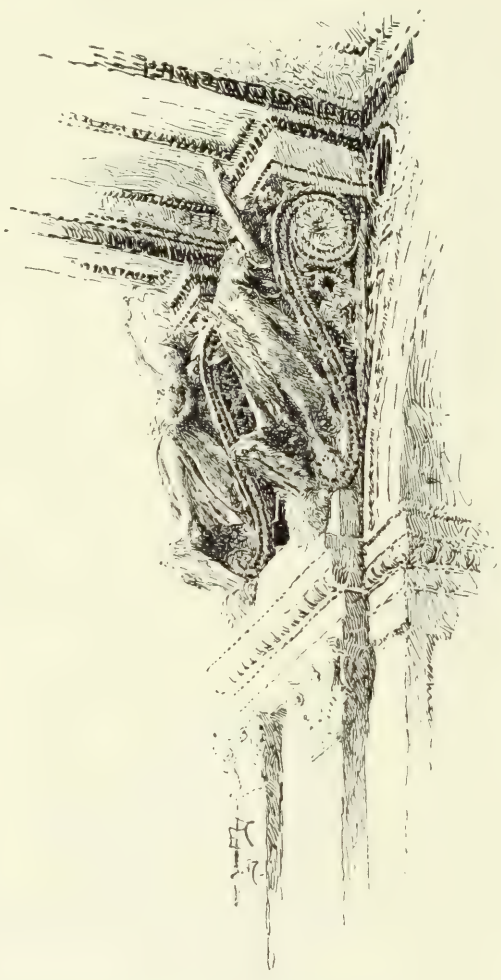
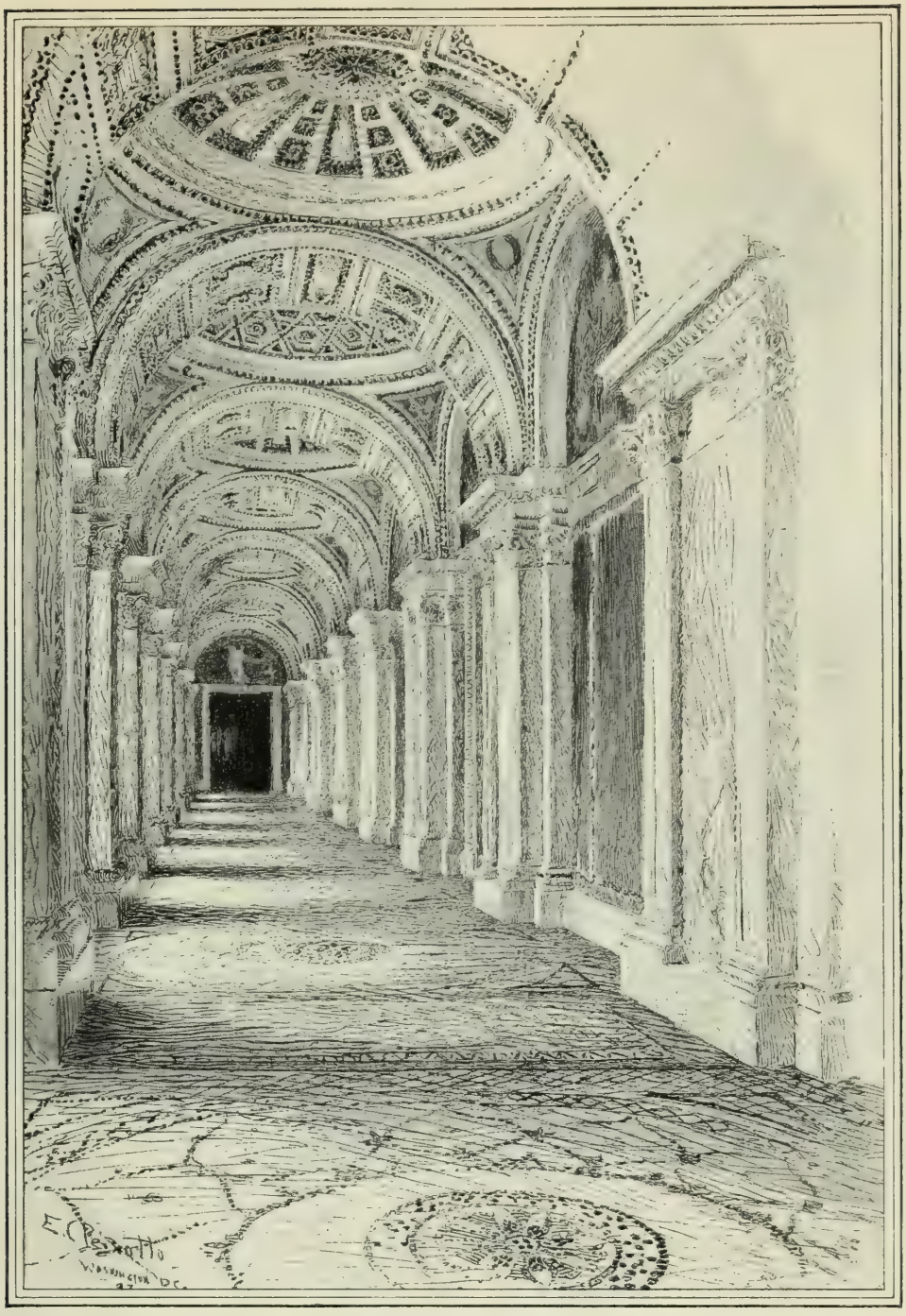


Figure of Minerva—One of the Decorations in the Vestibule.

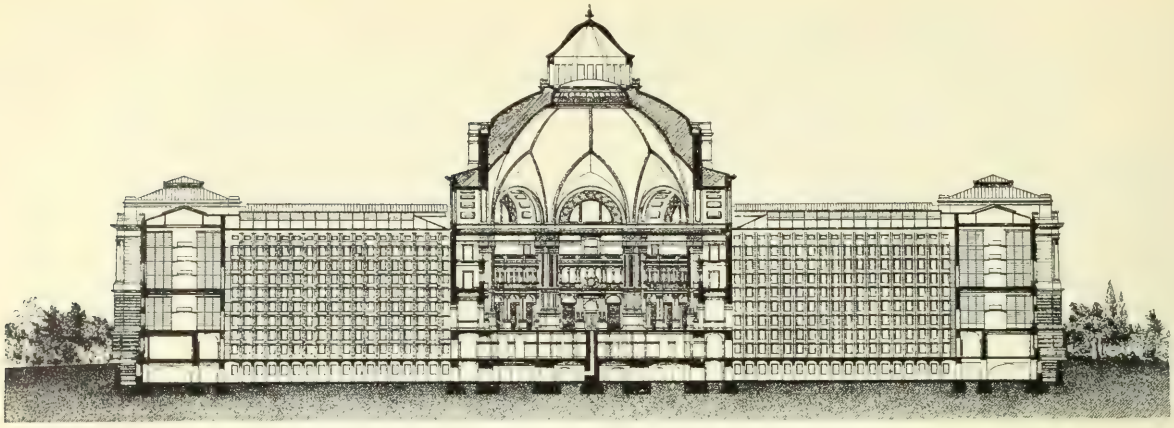
As much may be said of the system of corridors and dependencies, which are nowhere a "maze," but in which everywhere the "plan" is manifest, and of which even those most successfully adorned, as by Mr. Simmons's series of the Muses, are primarily attractive by the successful study that has gone to their proportioning, to their lighting, and to the modelling of their parts. To prove this, it is necessary only to leave one of these corridors and cross over to a like passage in the capitol, where, with equal or greater dimensions, the vista is so comparatively ineffectual.

But it is in the great rotunda that the interest of the interior culminates. The nucleus of the plan becomes the focus of the architecture. It is here, too, that the interest is most unmistakably architectural. Of color-decoration, apart from the emphasis by pigment of the detail of the dome, there is none excepting Mr. Blashfield's beautiful ring of nations encircling the base of the lantern, and his group in the crown. The allegorical statues crown the great piers and fill the pendentives; the portrait statues are the needful finials of the intermediate piers. The magnificence of this interior impresses every spectator. It is monumental in scale, in material, and, most of all, monumental in design. The organization and the modelling of the great clustered piers of marble, with their attached columns, are thoroughly admirable, and so is the relation to them of the intervening screens of marble, and the design of these in themselves, with the arcade surmounting each of the three single arches of the lower stage. There is a noble largeness in all this, a largeness and an organization really Roman, the solid and durable fact of which the architecture of the Chicago fair was the scenic representation. We have in Washington, as we had in Chicago, to waive some serious questions in order to enjoy the spectacle without reserve. We have to judge the architect by what he has attempted, and to forbear inquiring whether he might not better have done



The Simmons Corridor.

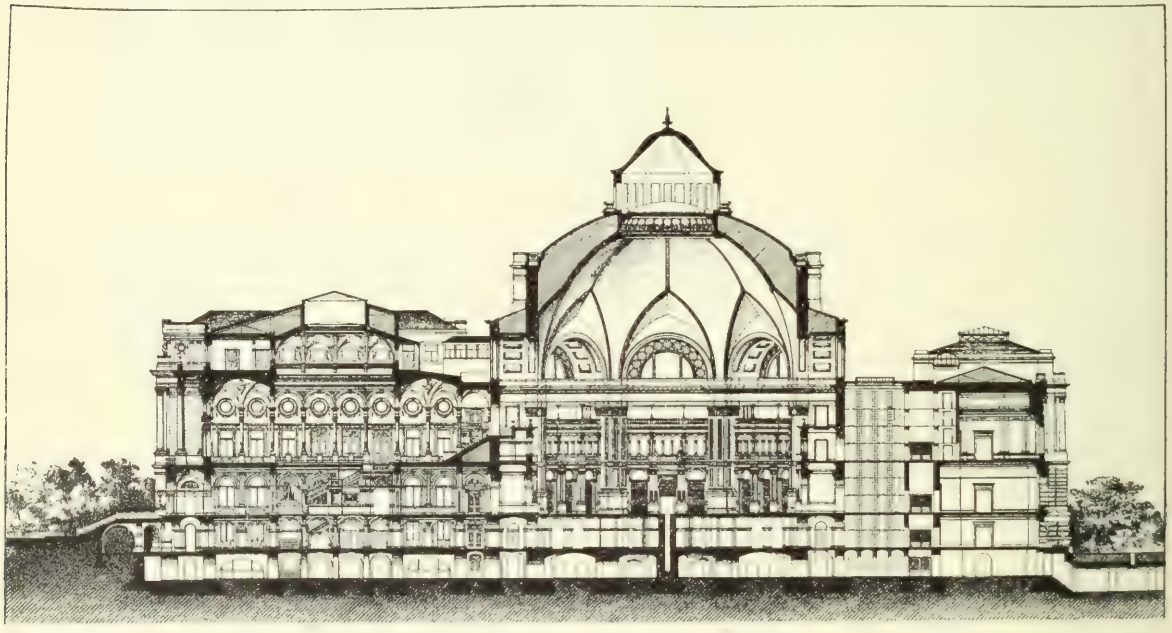
something else; whether this reproduction of Roman forms, even though here they subserve structural purposes, is the true treatment of a modern and American public building. It remains true that the work is Roman, Roman even to the *columnas ultima recisas Africa*, for in fact the piers, with their attached shafts of yellow Siena, and their continuous base of chocolate American marble are themselves of red Numidian. They support not Horace's "Hymettian" beams nor the ceiling, as monumental in material as themselves, which one would like to see above them, but apparently an entablature and a dome of plaster, in reality a light construction of steel and terra-cotta. It is indeed a pity that this noble room should not have been ceiled with masonry, for which it is evident, on the exterior of its massive substructure, that preparation was made. It seems also that the scheme of an alternation of lunettes and huge pendentives, shown in the section of the design, carrying up toward the eye of the dome the division into bays, and carrying up also the



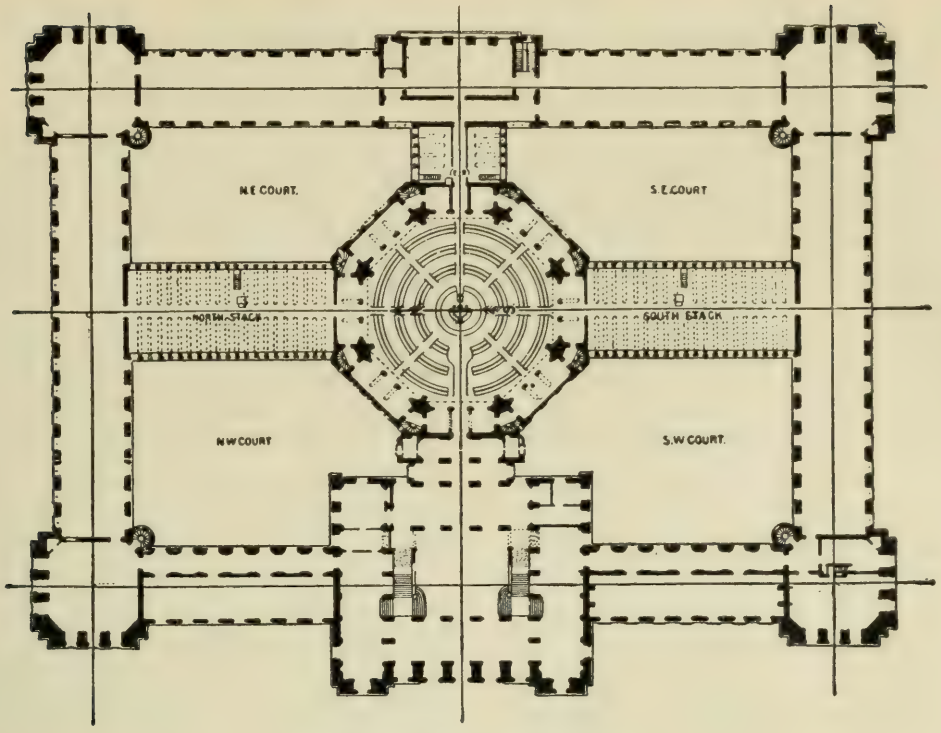
Section of the Building on North and South Centre Axis.

colossal scale, was a more eligible mode of treatment than that actually adopted of an inverted bowl resting on a continuous entablature, and rather belittled by the equable and "all-overish" character of the decoration, both structural in the cassettes and applied as in the incrustation of the surface. Even the ribs of the cupola, so strongly emphasized on the outside, are in the interior indicated only by stripes of decoration which form the only relief to the succession, vertically and laterally, of equal or equally diminishing squares. Excepting the continuous entablature of the great order, of which the Roman frieze, albeit in plaster, is in scale and keeping with the masonry, it is undeniable that above the masonry the design becomes weaker, the architectural effect less monumental and imposing. For all that it is a noble rotunda, the most adequate public apartment that the United States have thus far built themselves.

But it is not alone as a national monument that the national library does us credit. It is also as a great public work, energetically and intelligently carried to completion, and not only honestly and thoroughly built, but also lavishly decorated, "within the appropriation." General Casey, and Mr. Green, during General Casey's lifetime, his subordinate, and since his death last year his successor, have performed this unprecedented feat. The Chief of Engineers of the United States Army is by no means apt to be an expert in matters of art. The Pension Building in Washington is an architectural Helot so unspeakably unexemplary that it is almost worth while to have it constantly on



Section on West and East Centre Axis.



First Story Plan of the Building.

view to admonish the Spartan boys of Congress against a reversion to military methods in the design of public buildings. But military methods in the superintendence are quite a different affair, and they have been conspicuously vindicated in the construction of the library. General Casey showed a just sense of the distinction, when he was put in charge of the work in 1888, by disclaiming all responsibility for the architectural success, either in beauty or in fitness, of the structure which Congress had ordered to be erected and appointed him to erect. He left all that to the authors of the design, retaining one of them to carry it into detail and dispensing with his services after four years, for the reason that the architectural work had been completed. It was with the thorough, rapid, and economical execution of the work that General Casey charged himself. In October, 1888, when he took charge, although the excavations were completed, and the foundations had been put in, there was scarcely anything to be seen above the surface of the ground. In that month General Casey submitted detailed estimates of the cost of the work upon the plan finally chosen, as well as upon the mutilated plan ordered by Congress. He estimated that, if the work were not interrupted, and money were provided as it was wanted, the building "would be completed in about eight years," and for $6,003,140. In December, 1896, his successor, Mr. Green, was able to report "that the building is now very nearly completed in all particulars," and that not only was there no additional appropriation required to complete the building, but that there was on hand an unexpended balance of $314,452.02.

Such a result is very rare, if not absolutely unique in the history of our national architecture and, indeed, of our public works. That it has been attained in the Library of Congress, would alone suffice to mark the work of General Casey and Mr. Green as a masterpiece of administration. But this is by no means a complete showing. The ten per cent. reserved for contingencies in the estimates of 1888 had been, by the energy and faithfulness of the superintendence, and also, doubtless, by the favorable course of the markets, kept so nearly intact that it was evident, several years before the completion of the building, that a great part of it would be available for other uses, and General Casey most fortunately decided to employ this balance in the sculptural and pictorial embellishment of the building. For decoration, other than the strictly architectural "finish," and $15,000 for "ornamental painting," the original estimates had made no

provision. The scheme of a systematic decoration of the building, so as to make it really an exhibit of the proficiency that had been attained in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century of our era, and the first of our national existence, is due to General Casey's son, Mr. Edward Pearce Casey, who had succeeded Mr. Pelz, as architect. For strictly architectural work, there was little or no scope left upon the outside of the building, but there were various modifications to be made in the details of the interior and, indeed, in such of its features as were not already committed by actual execution. None of these is in itself of the first importance as concerns the general effect, but the sum of them is. Such a detail as the covering of the floors and ceilings, for example, may make or mar the effect of the interiors to which it is applied, and it has here been done so monumentally, much of it in solid mosaic, as perfectly to carry out the indications and enhance the effect of the architecture. Indeed, in these things it is not easy to draw the line between architecture and decoration. It is, however, as the author of the general scheme of decoration and the superintendent of its execution, including the design of the architectural part of it, that Mr. Casey has been enabled to render his chief service to the Library; and a very signal service it is. The notion of enlisting in the decoration of a national building the best sculptors and painters of the nation, and of securing in it their best work, was really novel on this side of the Atlantic, in spite of the experiment that was made at Chicago with so encouraging a measure of success. But the decorators at Chicago, employed to model in plaster or to paint upon it decorations for palaces that were to stand six months, were in the position of Michelangelo when Pietro di Medici commissioned from him a statue in snow. It was impossible for them to take their ephemeral employments very seriously. But the order for paintings of which the life was to be limited only by the durability of pigments, and for busts in granite, and statues and reliefs in perennial bronze made a very different appeal, an appeal which met for the most part a hearty and earnest response. Though the balance available for the work was unexpectedly and gratifyingly large, it would, by no means, have sufficed for so complete a system of decoration as we see if the artists had not met the authorities half-way, and made their own sacrifices in order to bear their parts in the adornment of a national building and the development of public art.

Any specific criticism of the work they have done would be quite impossible in a paper which has already overrun its limits; but there are some general remarks that "fall to be made" upon it. One is how much even the best, and how very much more the less good gains from being part of a general scheme, and executed under fixed and uniform conditions. In the pictorial decoration of the great entrance-hall, it seems that the color scheme has been laid out with an insufficient allowance for the flood of light which the architect had provided, and that it is in consequence of this that the note of the decoration is high to shrillness. But it is also to be observed that the note is forced equally throughout, and that to tone the color down, so that the effect may be merely festal and not garish, besides the mellowing of time, which may have been allowed for, it needs only that the crude daylight shall be "handsomely contempered" with stained glass, the one American achievement in fine art that is not adequately illustrated here. In the sculpture the benefit of an architectural disposition and a common scale is very striking, especially striking in contrast with the national chamber of horrors in the rotunda of the capitol, much of the horrific effect of which comes from the fact that every sculptor chose his own scale, and that, quite naturally, the worst statues are also the biggest.

Upon the whole it may almost be said that the sculptors appear in the Library to greater advantage than the painters. Not, of course, that the art of sculpture is so successfully cultivated in America as the art of painting, but that the Library presents a more adequate exposition of what we can do in sculpture than in painting. It is, indeed, the first collective exhibit, in durable form, of the work of American sculptors that has ever been made. There is no American sculptor who is conspicuous by his absence, whereas there are American painters whom the observer will miss, and others whom he will encounter with more or less regret. The bronze doors of

Warner set a standard at the threshold to which it would be too much to hope that all the interior sculpture should conform. And yet those who know American sculpture best will probably be most surprised at the success with which the sculptural adornment of the great rotunda has been managed, at the appropriateness, alike architectural and symbolical, of the eight austere figures of the pendentives, at the dignity and the force of the portrait statues. Not that even here there are not some works which appeal for attention by a provincial eccentricity.

The more strictly decorative modelling, which still has sculptural pretensions, one cannot praise so highly. The facility of the modeller of it is so astonishing that it would be contrary to nature if it were not largely reminiscent. Reminiscent or not, the aspiring bronze figures that form the finials of the newel-posts in the vestibule are extremely effective. But the flying figures which hold the tablets over the allegorical statues, and which fill the spandrils by the simple expedient of kicking backward into them, are pretty plainly incongruous with the sober and monumental richness which is the character of the great rotunda, and which is very powerfully enhanced by the allegorical statues of the pendentives, and the portrait statues of the marble screens.

All this, in addition to whatever sculptural merits it may disclose to a detailed inspection, is primarily architectural decoration. Perhaps, if we limit our painting to decorative painting, it cannot be said to be at all in advance of our sculpture. Unfortunately, it is not so limited in the Library. The works of the illustrator and the anecdotal painter are in evidence, and constitute decoration which does not decorate. The display of the painters is therefore not so homogeneous as that of the sculptors—does not show so uniform an understanding of the special conditions of the work. Moreover, it has been a common comment that, although all the artists who have contributed to the work are Americans, those of them who have worked abroad, with such shining exceptions as Mr. Vedder, have neither taken their work so seriously nor comprehended its conditions so well as those who have worked at home. But upon the whole, and in spite of many shortcomings, and more than one complete collapse, the decoration of the Library is more than a promise and an encouragement. It is a positive achievement and a positive success. The Library of Congress is a national possession, an example of a great public building monumentally conceived, faithfully built and worthily adorned, a national possession which will inculcate its lesson where that lesson is most of all needful and most of all likely to be fruitful.

SOME HEARTS

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

Some hearts are tempted in the glare of life—
And others by sweet reckless love ;
Some stake for glory, in their strife
Casting themselves and God above.
More, fainting, turn like monks and nuns,
Not to forgetful cloisters gray
Whose loveless form the sunbeam shuns,
But back to Nature's boundless way ;
Where, breathing deep of silence, half a prayer,
Rust sheathes the sword beyond the call to arms,
And hot blood cools in her dim forests fair
As wind-loved sails, betrayed by coward calms.

THE OPEN BOAT

A TALE INTENDED TO BE AFTER THE FACT. BEING THE EXPERIENCE OF FOUR MEN FROM THE SUNK STEAMER COMMODORE

By Stephen Crane

I

NONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said : " Gawd ! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

" Keep'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

" ' A little more south,' sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dingey one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave

was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light, the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtlessly have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us, they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who see us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Inlet Light. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler, in the stern.

II

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed, for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse; shining and wind-riven. It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show, now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their mind. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore all right."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth: "Yes! If this wind holds!"

The cook was bailing: "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown sea-weed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dingey, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully

fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jack-knife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow grewsome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dingey. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out now! Steady there!"

The brown mats of sea-weed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were travelling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dingey soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars, then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly, "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of sea-weed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously, top-up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, captain," said the cheerful cook.

III

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends, friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly, but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dingey. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat there was this comradeship that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best

experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and spread wide the overcoat. The oiler steered, and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the light-house had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the light-house was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dingey, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are *apropos* of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dingey none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dingey, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take her easy, now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees, and sand. Finally, the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. "That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant light-house reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice. "Else the life-boat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the northeast to the southeast. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the light-house now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie," said the captain.

"'A little more north,' sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension was leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their back-bones had become thorough-

ly used to balancing in the boat and they now rode this wild colt of a dingey like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea-water; four were perfectly scatheless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches, and thereupon the four waifs rode in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well and ill of all men. Everybody took a drink of water.

IV

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of low dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim light-house lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dingey northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

It is fair to say here that there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction, but the men did not know this fact and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's life-savers. Four scowling men sat in the dingey and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The light-heartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscles. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore—" said the captain. "If we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble. The whole affair is absurd. . . . But, no, she cannot mean to drown me. She dare not drown me. She cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dingey could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surfman. "Boys," he said, swiftly, "she won't live three minutes more and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, captain?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned

the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke. "Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the southeast.

"What do you think of those life-saving people? Ain't they peaches?"

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishin'. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coast-line, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed. Then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theatre of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler. "Hang it."

When one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea-water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came in-board and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"Yes, sure! He's walking along."

"Now he's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now, we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick and they rowed to it. A bath-towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think. . . . There he goes again. Toward the house. . . . Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now! he was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you."

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly it's a boat."

"No, it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the life-boat, sure."

"No, by ——, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a life-boat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. See? One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus.

There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it."

"That ain't a flag, is it? That's his coat. Why, certainly, that's his coat."

"So it is. It's his coat. He's taken it off and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it."

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No! He thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie."

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything. He's just playing."

"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell—there would be some reason in it. But look at him. He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it. It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave."

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out. A fishing boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right, now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now. and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water-jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes

were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

V

"Pie," said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and——"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dingey that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warmed by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing-seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awakening and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea-water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of the man at the oars was to keep the boat headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize her, and to preserve her from filling when the crests rushed past. The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before the oarsman was aware.

In a low voice the correspondent addressed the captain. He was not sure that the captain was awake, although this iron man seemed to be always awake. "Captain, shall I keep her making for that light north, sir?"

The same steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

The cook had tied a life-belt around himself in order to get even the warmth which this clumsy cork contrivance could donate, and he seemed almost stove-like when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered wildly as soon as he ceased his labor, dropped down to sleep.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping under foot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea, a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life-belt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent, contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed

on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with the open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly into the sea.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whiroo of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of this biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone with the thing. He wished one of his companions to awaken by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water-jar and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

VI

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still——

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dingey had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand
And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his school-fellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate ; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet out straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, someone had evidently built a watch-fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain-cat and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on his water-jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat.

"Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold comfortable sea-water in the bottom of the boat, and had huddled close to the cook's life-belt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whiskey and water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar——"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie. . . . Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

VII

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, car-

mine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white wind-mill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming, we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life and have them taste wickedly in his mind and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction, or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now and don't jump until she swamps sure."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about, and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the waves. Some water had been shipped and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled and snuggled deeper into the sea.

"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out," said the captain.

"All right, captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for

us, sure," said the oiler. "Mind to jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dingey, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life-belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water, and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dingey.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion of the sea.

It seemed also very attractive, but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life-preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence, if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marvelled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on, nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water-jar, bouncing gayly over the seas.

The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Algiers.

He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still, he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dingey, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied, drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement, a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief, and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.

"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"All right, captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics, and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap, and the under-tow pulled at him.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain, but the captain waved him away, and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulæ, said: "Thanks, old man." But suddenly the man cried: "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said: "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful to him.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous, but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the different and sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.

A PARTING SONG

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

DEAR Giver of Thyself, when at thy side
I see the path beyond divide,
Where we must walk alone a little space,
  I say, "Now, am I strong indeed
To wait with only Memory awhile,
  Content, until I see thy face,"
  Yet turn, as one in sorest need,
  To ask once more thy giving grace!
    So at the last
Of all our partings, when the night
Has hidden from my failing sight
  The comfort of thy smile,
My hand shall seek thine own to hold it fast;
Nor wilt thou think for this the heart ingrate,
    Less glad for all its past,
Less strong to bear the utmost of its fate.

Relieved their chafed vanity by a few threats.—Page 751.



THE NON-COMBATANT

By Octave Thanet

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

"Well, won't your pa be pleased!" cried Mrs. Battles.

The slim girl with the rose-leaf complexion, and the silky black braid dangling in the hollow between her shoulders, turned quickly. The pretty flush crept from her cheeks to her forehead, her liquid dark eyes brightened and glowed.

"Will it cheer him up, do you really think, ma?" said she.

Mrs. Battles was dishing the dinner, for it was noon and time for Race Battles to come upstairs from the grocery. She waved the coffee perilously at her daughter's face, in a gesture of reproach. "Stella Battles! Don't you know no more of your pa than not to know he'll be tickled to death? There ain't a father in town wouldn't be! I should *say!*"

Stella placed the bread and the tiny mite of butter—meals did not have their former generous look at the grocer's now. She looked at the table-cloth and spoke in a soft rush, like one who fears the failing of her own courage midway: "Ma, I know he would be pleased, usually; but—he seems so changed and worried all the time now; and—and there would be the expense of the graduating dress, the gloves, and ribbons and those things——"

"Don't you fret, lambie," returned the mother, tenderly, as the girl's voice quivered and sank; "if pa can't raise the money for your graduating muslin, your ma can! And you know pa sets the world and all by your learning. But he's so beset and worried, now, he don't know which way to turn. But you see how it is, Stella, it's seven weeks now since the boys struck, and the bills are going on and on; and there don't seem no more chance now than there was the first week—not so much, even—that the strike will be settled; and however will the bills get paid? It makes the creeps come up my back when I think of it; I don't wonder there's gray hairs in Race's head nor that he groans in his sleep. I don't see how pa'd live through it to fail! He said that when he mortgaged the house, last week, and I cried when I signed. But he's got the money to pay Wells. He's the worst, that man!"



"I hear you have gone back on what you promised me."—Page 744.



Race Battles.

She inclined her comely head toward the open door, through which one could see all the variegated pomp of the Battles's parlor, the tapestry sofa, the columned and chamfered mantel, and the geraniums and fuchsias, behind the lace curtains. On the mantel-piece (tastefully draped in light-blue silk) were two Parian marble statuettes. One, the Battles had discovered since Stella studied Latin, represented Clytie emerging from her sunflower; the other they had always revered as the bust of Abraham Lincoln. Both works of art were bought at a bargain sale by Mr. Battles and had been preserved in a drawer and tissue-paper until the parlor was furnished. In the centre of the mantel towered grandly a bronze clock, presented by his former employers, the rich wholesale grocers, Harcourt T. Wells & Co. The other ornaments were two photographs—one, thrown

on convex glass and colored, the photograph of a smiling baby boy; the other, that of a middle-aged man whose firm features and slight frown of intentness made a face of mark. A black-and-white portrait, plainly a bromide enlargement from the photograph below, hung on the opposite wall.

"I don't see why pa keeps his photograph up there," continued Mrs. Battles, her black eyes snapping, "mean as he's treated him, after he's bought goods there for ten years and paid prompt, too—much as telling pa he'd break him if he didn't pay up the note due this week!"

"Oh, ma, how can he pay?" cried Stella.

"He's mortgaged the building, that's how," returned Mrs. Battles, sombrely. "And he ain't left himself enough to pay the fire insurance."

"And pa's so scared of fire!"

"Well he may be; we was burned out once!" The woman sighed heavily. "I suppose I had ought to remember. Harcourt T. Wells was good then; but why did he want to turn on your pa *now?* Race couldn't do enough for that man. When we was married he was clerking for him; and he'd work overhours, and he'd turn his hand to anything for Harcourt T. Wells. Looked like he just revelled in doing for him; and he'd talk to me—why, you'd think the sun rose and set with him. And when he run for mayor, you remember your pa was fit to drop, he worked so hard. I ain't exaggerating to say your pa'd a-give his life for that man any hour of the day. Yes, he would to-day. And look at the way he's been treated!"

"But he used to be kind once," Stella interceded. "I remember the things he sent every Christmas!"



"Johnny O'Brien's baby died this morning."—Page 746.



"Yes, sir. I know times are hard."—Page 747.

"He ain't kind now. He hadn't got no business to fly out at pa like he done and pa not doing a thing. Jest for nothing but because he would give credit to the boys—those boys that always had traded with him. Your pa came home white as ashes. It was all I could do to get it out of him. He'd met Wells on the street walking with old Cochrane himself. Minute he seen your pa he twisted his eyebrows. 'Wait a minute, Mr. Battles,' says he—didn't call him Race, like he used to do, and looked like ice at him, and I know just how hot your pa got, for his collar was wilted clean down and it was a cool April day—'I hear you have gone back on what you promised me,' says he. 'I didn't promise you nothing,' says your pa. He told me he was kinder startled and didn't rightly know what he was saying. 'It was an implied promise,' says Wells; 'I advised you for your good. If you don't choose to follow my advice, well and good; but I warn you here, I sha'n't take your bad accounts for any excuse next June. Good-morning.' And your pa, he was so dazed and so kinder wanting to cry, he felt so awful that he hadn't a word to say, just gasped like a fish out of water; and they walked away. And it was the next day he got notice that he would have to pay cash for anything he bought at Wells & Co. It fairly made your pa sick. I never seen him look that way since little Harcourt died."

"He was named after Mr. Wells," said Stella, thoughtfully. "Ma, pa thought a great deal of Mr. Wells." She, too, now was looking at the picture across the threshold. She was trying to match this unknown feeling with her own friendships. She thought of her best friend at the High School; did grown men and women

have their friendships, too? Such a thing seemed queer and almost indecorous, as vivid emotion of any kind in older people always looks to youth; but piercing her shamefaced, youthful estimation of her father's excess of feeling as not quite sensible, was a passionate thrill of sympathy.

Stella had her mother's limpid, long-lashed, dark eyes, and her silky, abundant dark hair, and her graceful shape was like her mother's at sixteen—indeed, at thirty, Martha Battles "kept her waist" and her beautiful arms—but Stella was her father's child. Martha took life on the broad side, laughing when she was merry, weeping when she was sad, and sputtering vigorously when she was in wrath. She was a true-hearted, loyal creature, and she made Race a good wife, and Race loved her with all his heart; but there were things which he could not say to his wife that said themselves to his daughter. However, if Martha did not always understand her husband, she always admired him. To her, his short, thick-set figure was a model of manly strength; and the slouch in his shoulders (which in truth he acquired bending over the ledgers) was but the brand of a scholar. She had been a maid-of-all-work, and her father had shovelled on the street, and to her Race was a self-made man—a success that ought to be in the newspapers. There had been a notice of Race once in the Fairport *Blade*, and his picture; it was when he ran for alderman and was defeated. But everyone knew that there was no chance for his party in that ward, when he ran, and no mortal, unless it were his wife, had expected that the heavens would fall and his party's candidate be elected. The editor alluded to him as "the successful grocer and popular man, Horace Battles, Esquire." Mrs. Battles bought eight copies of the paper, seven of which she sent away. The eighth copy was laid in the leaves of the family Bible at the page recording the births of the children—only two, these were Stella's and that of the little boy who died. He had been named after Mr. Wells; and in the family Bible, after the line, "Died, May 13, 189—, aged 3 years, 5 months," in Race's handwriting, not so round and firm as usual, there lay on the page a sprig of dried lilies of the valley from the flowers that Wells had sent.

"Poor father," said Stella. It was the inadequate expression of a great many thoughts. In a moment she went on: "Now, ma, don't you say no, I'm not going to graduate. I'll let Bessie Page read my piece; and I'll get some good excuse so I won't be there. I'll write aunty about that place she said she could get for me for the summer teaching those children—the folks were to go away in June—and I'll take it; and instead of being a drag on pa, maybe I can help a little——"

Mrs. Battles had listened with quick intakes of the breath, between a sob and a snort, but at this last she exploded.

"Well, Stella Battles, do you think we're going to let you go off as a nursery governess when you've got a pa and a ma and a home, and are the only chick or child we've got in the world? And as for giving up graduating, I won't hear of it. Why, I've been thinking about it for a year, and putting aside money, too; and your pa wouldn't take it neither; for I did offer it to him to pay the insurance—knowing how frightened he is of fire—and says he, 'No, Mattie, no; it ain't enough for that, and there ain't anything else on earth I'd take it for. It's the only time she'll ever graduate,' says your pa, 'and let her have the good of it and look nice as the rest.' See here, Stella, don't you begin to sniffle, there's your pa this minute—be a-smiling!"

Mrs. Battles dressed her face in determined radiance, as example, before she opened the door. Battles came home by simply mounting the stairs, the grocery being in the floor below. His daughter thought how light his step used to sound, and how his whistle of the last popular air always used to precede him. Now, the only sound was of a step that dragged. But he was trying to smile as he entered. Battles was a short, rotund, little man, who made his round face the rounder by two scraps of sandy whisker on his jaws. He wore these because Harcourt T. Wells, on whom as man and merchant he formed himself, always wore side-whiskers. He had a freckled face and very faint eyebrows and white teeth that flashed when he smiled, and his eyes were rather wide apart, giving an impression of open-heartedness and frankness. When he spoke, his voice was low and pleasantly modulated; but were

he tickled into laughter, the mirth rolled out of him in loud, whole-souled peals. That day Stella wondered when she had heard her father laugh. She wished her mother had not said, "I've some good news for you, pa!" She caught the instant gleam of his eyes and the falling of his face at the end of the sentence; and although he kissed Stella most tenderly, and said in the heartiest way, "That *is* good news; I'm proud of you, daughter; and how many in the class, twenty-five, mother? Well, well!" still Stella felt that the news that he had hoped to hear was different. In a minute he added: "Wasn't that Mrs. Leroy I saw coming in here this morning? What did she say about the strike?"

"She said Leroy was coming in to see you this afternoon, but she wanted you not to say so to anyone. She said they had a meeting last night, but——"

"Did they declare the strike off?" asked Race, eagerly.

Mrs. Battles shook her head. "They voted Harry down. It was that Bellair. The men do be so taken with his talking!"

"Then there's no show of the strike's ending," said Battles. He gulped down something and drank his scalding hot coffee until the tears came; but he made so poor a pretence of eating that his wife cried at him presently, saying that he ate no more than a sparrow, and she was discouraged to cook.

"Well, I'm sick," said Race, his gloomy eyes on his saucer; "what I see makes me sick. Johnny O'Brien's baby died this morning, and Johnny made a kind of coffin for it out of some boxes I let him have. And Rhodes gave him some white paint. To think of how Johnny used to set and talk about that baby. And he couldn't even buy it a casket! And the Wheelans, they ain't got shoes on their feet, and the Jenners have sold their cabinet organ; it makes me sick to stand there behind the counter and hear such things. Besides—I got an offer for the horse and wagon, and I guess I'll have to let them go." He was uneasily aware of the consternation on the women's faces in spite of his stare at his plate. He went on, desperately: "Nor that ain't all; I'll have to send Danny away."

"Oh, father!" cried Stella. "Poor Danny; he's so stupid he'll never get another job, and he's so willing and faithful."

"And what will his grandmother do, Horace Battles?" cried the wife.

"I don't know," said Race. "It's got to this, ma; we're like folks on a shipwreck, we're only trying to save ourselves. I can't raise even the $5 a week for Danny's wages; it's all I can do to pull through with my own skin whole. They do say that there's a carload of new men coming; in that case the men will have to git out of town, and there ain't much chance of my collecting anything on the accounts, for, what with the expense of moving and all, they'll be all broke up, every mother's son of them. I don't see any way out!"

"Well, I guess we sha'n't starve!" said Mrs. Battles; "but that Swede family round the corner, they fairly ain't got enough to eat—and seven children under twelve—it's awful; I couldn't help sending them in some stew; I put in lots of potatoes and onion, and steamed over some hunks of bread, so the meat went a long way. Why, Race, those children glared at the dish—like wolves! I think that Bellair ought to be hung." At the beginning of the fight it had been Cochrane to whom Mrs. Battles had wished a felon's doom; but the good woman changed front with an unruffled conscience, meaning only good-will toward her neighbors.

"I'm glad you took them in something. I wish you'd take the O'Briens in a bite, if you can fix it so they won't notice."

"You don't mean they are at that pass!"

"I don't know when any of us will get there," groaned Race, pushing back his chair and making for the door. But at the door he came back. "Don't think I ain't pleased and proud at what you've done, Stella," said he, his hand on her shoulder. "And it's a great comfort to know that come what may you've got your education."

"Oh, pa, I wish I could help you!" cried Stella, with a choke in her throat. He kissed her, but something in his own throat prevented his answering; and so he went heavily downstairs to the shop and Danny. The clerk was only a lumpish boy, at whom the customers were continually

girding because he made so many mistakes; but he had a kind of dogged honesty and faithfulness that Race valued, and he was the sole support of an old grandmother, who prayed for the Battles every day. Danny looked up at Race's step with the glimmer of a smile; he had cleaned the molasses corner and waited for the grocer's surprise. But Race did not see the humble offering of toil, he was plunging at his business.

"Danny, I got something to say to you," he began, as if primed for a reproof; and he ended with the bald statement that he should have to dismiss the lad at the week's end. It was a great relief to have Danny merely say, "Yes, sir. I know times are hard." But it was less of a relief to see the muscles of his neck moving as he hastily walked off, and to be sure that he had been crying when he came back. No one came into the store. Race looked out on the street and sat drearily conning over his own plight. His heart was like lead. He could look out and see the tidy little yards and the windswept macadam and the men sitting idly on their steps for the most part, albeit a few were patching up their sheds or fences and some lawn-mowers were rattling through the little front yards. A stranger would have noticed only a pretty, shady street, but he saw the empty window where the Jenners's cabinet organ had stood, and he remembered how Ned Mueller had meant to paint the house which stood dingy brown and would wait a long time now for the paint-brush. He felt not only his own anxiety and pain but the smother of all the misery about him. A wagon dashed round the corner, a large truck drawn by two great Norman bays with shining harness. The letters on the side jumped at his eyes—"Harcourt T. Wells & Co." How many, many times had he watched wagons like those from the corner with almost the luxury of proprietorship. "Gittin' richer every day!" he would chuckle to himself; and plod along, beaming. Now his heart contracted at the sight, and at the feeling that he no longer could exult in Wells's grandeur as in something part his own. Wells had been the grocer's hero, worshipped from his business principles to his whiskers. The times when Battles would call to pay for his groceries were proud moments to him. He would saunter into the great store, nodding here and there to the clerks, who all knew him, and ask, in a careless voice, "Old man in?"—just as if he had not chosen the hour of the day most likely to see Wells in his office. Then he would pass the card of "No Admittance," cocking his eye at it as he passed, and trusting that there was some stranger present to view his confident entry, and walk up to the head of the firm's desk with "Well, here I am again, Mr. Wells." It was a standing joke that Wells should say, "After an extension, Race, I suppose?" and he should answer, "After a receipt in full, I guess." They always both laughed, and then would follow a chat of a few moments. Mr. Wells's opinions on matters of political moment were sure to get the best circulation in Race's giving. "Well, I was talking with Harcourt T. Wells and he said," etc. Thus would the words of the oracle be repeated over Race's counter. Wells having no honorary title—a secret grief to his admirer—Race always gave him his name in full; it was never "Wells" or "Mr. Wells" but always "Harcourt T. Wells." It goes without saying that Wells's politics were Race's. That he should ever oppose Harcourt T. Wells was a catastrophe too awful for the follower's imagination to compass. And here he was in the thick of it. "But I *couldn't* do no different!" groaned Race, sinking his head on his hard palms, "I couldn't go back on the boys!"

Henry Leroy, president of the Fairport Labor Congress and foreman in the foundry of the Cochrane Plough Company, was Race's familiar friend. The men in the works were mostly his neighbors and customers, good neighbors and good customers. Where was he to look for custom were he to drive them away? And he had the acuter form of sympathy which springs from eye-knowledge. It is one thing to read in the papers that strikers are suffering, quite another to see the sewing-machine of the Spriggs's trundled down the steps, and to watch Dick Spriggs's wife (who always sent a plate over when she fried doughnuts) go back with her apron to her eyes; or Johnny O'Brien, who used to be full to weariness of funny stories about his baby, begging the street commissioner for work on the sewer that he might pay for the baby's funeral. Race not only knew what decent, industrious fellows

many of the Cochrane men were, he knew how, all winter, the wages had been pared and pared until the men were fretted into a panic, seeing no end. He had heard in Swedish, German, and Irish dialects all about the obnoxious new "bosses" and the new rules and the petty oppressions, born quite as much of ignorance as tyranny. The grievances that pick men's pockets and the grievances that nettle their pride—Race got them all, struggling meanwhile to overquell prejudice and resentment with appeals to prudence and "the women folks and the kids," and mild reminders of the tough old Scotsman's good qualities. Now, condemning the precipitation of the strike, he could not help a sympathy for the strikers. Wells, on the other hand, only saw the immediate subject of conflict, which, in fact, was puerile, and the hard conditions of business making a reduction of wages inevitable. He wanted Race to join with the other tradesmen in refusing credit to the strikers and thus "knock the strike flat." Race did promise to see the butchers and grocers. But he found them firm for the strikers. So, wretchedly enough, he went to report his failure. Wells was out of town. To write a letter on anything more delicate than the price of groceries was a stupendous matter to honest Race. "I'll wait and see the old man, and explain," said he, mopping at the wrinkles fast settling in his forehead. Wherefore it fell out that Race's patron received his first news from the paper friendly to the strikers. And it was Race's hard fate to run up against Wells and Cochrane at the climax of Wells's explanation how his trustiest henchman had deserted him. "Oh, I'll answer for Battles; Battles is all right!" he had assured Cochrane; and here he must confess that Battles was all wrong. Race's appearance gave a ready opportunity to release his anger and disappointment. Nor did Race, an afterwitted fellow at the best, find a word of reply. He stumbled away like a fool, and so the trouble began. And yesterday, when he paid Wells, paid him every last cent due —and it was like drawing blood to raise that money—when he came into the store thinking, anyhow, he'd get a good word from him, then what happened? They told him Mr. Wells was busy, and would he wait? By —— he wouldn't wait; he said it was no consequence, he only came to pay some money—and he paid it, every cent! There wasn't enough left for the insurance on the house; and fire was the dread of his life. "I wouldn't have minded so much, if he'd spoke to me himself! I'll be broke up fast enough; ain't he satisfied with that?" groaned Race. It did not distract him from his dejection—although the act had that intention—to go to the door and look about him. What a comfort just looking at that building had been to Horace Battles. "To think of me owning a handsome brick store like that!" he used to muse in a glow of delicious wonderment. Every one admired the building, three stories high, narrow to be sure, but of generous depth, with a large, arched window, and a high, dark-green panelled door, and fixtures and woodwork of a beautiful cherry-red; a store so shining clean, so sunny, and so tasteful in summer (when a tiny fountain played amid radishes, lettuce, and strawberries) that strangers often craned their necks backward as they were driven past the neat gilt sign. To-day the windows were quite as clean, but the display was dismally meagre. The dizzy pyramids of tinned goods in their gray papers had dwindled to two towers of fly-specked cans of pease. Danny had tried to eke out the tableau by a barricade of soap and a row of bottles containing an unsuccessful, though deserving, brand of pickles.

Farther down the street the grimy brick walls of the great plough shops turned their blank windows and barred doors sullenly on the little homes that used to light their household fires at those smokeless chimneys. Two watchmen paced languidly in the sunshine, an unconscious compliment to Leroy's discipline, else would their heads have been broken long ago. Leroy himself came up the street. He greeted the watchmen in a matter-of-fact way, saying something that Race was not close enough to hear; but he saw that each of the men eyed the labor leader's back; and they spoke together.

Leroy was a tall man, muscular and cleanly built, with an ease of motion often seen in those whose muscles are kept always in trim by exercise. He wore his brown curls short, and a firm chin was



The sewing-machine of the Spriggs's trundled down the steps.—Page 747.

clean-shaven, but his mouth was hidden by a mustache. If his mouth had the expression of his eyes, it was very gentle.

"Well," he said, "Race, I couldn't wait until evening."

"What's up?" said Race; "you boys going to give up the strike?" Leroy shook his head. He followed Race into the store, where Danny was arranging the shelves and futilely trying to fill the gaps with decorations in the shape of placards. The boy's eyes were red. Leroy nodded to him and went on to the tiny office. He balanced himself on a stool by the desk, and absently printed Race's stamp on a card flaunting the purity of Royal Baking Powder.

"How did it go, Harry?" said Race, to start him.

"All wrong. We're beat, and the longer we keep this up the worse we're beat! I'd have got out of town last month but for seeing the boys through."

"But, Harry, won't they take you back?"

"Not they. There's the disadvantage of being president; I try to hold the men back, in the first place, and get their ill will as a pusillanimous——"

"But they know better now!"

"Some of them, not all by a long chalk, or they'd back out of the strike. And the company thinks that I egged the men on. I'll not get taken on, no matter who is, you can bet your life on that!"

"But you're such a good workman!"

"Good workman doesn't count. They think I'm a meddler, and stirred up this



He had heard in Swedish, German, and Irish dialects all about the obnoxious new "bosses."—Page 748.

racket to further my own ambitious purposes. God knows what *they* were, *I* don't. But that's the way it goes. The union always catches it; and the union leaders are always to blame; and yet from my experience, I'd say that in nine cases out of ten the leaders are for peace and prudence, and prevent more strikes than they cause, ten to one. When they do go into a strike it's either because they see no other way to prevent the men's being ground to powder, or because there's a crazy pressure on them from the hot-heads that they can't resist. But you don't hear of the strikes that are prevented; and when a strike does come off, you see the officers' names in the paper and they're making the speeches; and when a fight begins, even a fight you're opposed to, it ain't in human nature not to sail in and put up the best fight you can! But that isn't what I came to talk about. My goose is cooked. Well, I made a living before I ever saw Alan Cochrane, and I guess I can make a living without. But here's what I'm after. There is always a lot of outside sympathizers who like to be in any muss going, and they keep the hot-heads stirred up; and as things go from bad to worse, the sober fellows catch the fever; *they* want to swipe somebody. There's a lot of bad blood in town, a lot, Race. You know there's talk that Cochrane's going to bring in a carload of new men; and these crazy fellows are swearing that if that's so the new men sha'n't find any shops to go into. May be all talk, but it's ugly talk. I don't like it; and I sent a note to Cochrane offering to send some men to guard the shops. He declined. Said as much as that I had something cloaked by the offer. It was," said Leroy, his mild voice deepening a little, "it was a pretty insulting letter. I warned him to keep away from the shops nights; but he's sandy as the devil and he goes just the same. Perhaps if you were to see him and tell him what I'll tell you, he might take it as corroborating me, and be a mite carefuller."

"Well, I call that real forgiving of you, Harry, helping Cochrane out of the hole this way!"

Leroy's calm brown eyes blazed sud-

denly as he answered with a novel heat, "I don't give a d—— for Alan Cochrane! I wouldn't cross the street to save his immortal soul! But I won't have any dirt charged up against the union while I'm bossing the fight! It's those cussed fools like Dick Bellair and Raney and Brown that *kill* a strike! They act so, no decent folks can sympathize with the strikers! D—— 'em!"

"That's right," agreed Race. "Hullo, there's my little girl! How'd you get home so early, daughter?"

Stella's figure in the door-way, with the sunshine behind her, was so brightsome a picture, in her pretty print frock and broad hat trimmed with roses, with the flush on her delicate cheek and the light in her soft eyes, that it might set any father's heart to a lighter measure. With all his worries, Race smiled.

"Can't I see you for just a minute, pa? Will you excuse me, Mr. Leroy?" said Stella, her pretty manner the prettier for the girlish blush that came with the words.

Race went a little apart with her, rather puzzled. It was not like Stella to run in on the business. Stella held "business" in proper awe. But she could hardly wait now to have him well out of ear-shot. Hastily she held out her hand and showed him some bank-notes. "There's $15, pa," she said, breathlessly; "it's ma's and a little I had saved; and ma's willing; we talked it over, and we couldn't sleep nights if you turned Danny off. *Please*



Swearing and shouting at the men as if nothing had occurred to disturb their relations.—Page 753



"Race, you old fool, come down!"—Page 754.

take it, pa; it'll pay three weeks' wages, and *lots* of things may happen in three weeks! Please, pa!"

"And the graduation dress and——"

But she interrupted him: "I don't need the dress. I'm going to leave before we graduate. Ma's willing."

Race stood silent, his eyes filling with tears. How he felt he could hardly have told himself. He only was sure that he could neither take the sacrifice nor refuse it. In the pause Danny, on the other side of the partition; slunk away with his knuckles in his eyes. "Daughter," said Race, finally, "you wait; I'll think it over. Maybe—maybe I won't need to take your money to keep Danny. You wait. No, you needn't leave the money with me."

Leroy himself turned away then and walked to the door of the shop, where presently Battles joined him.

"Now," said Leroy, not looking at his friend, "I'll tell you what I've found out."

. . . . . .

Alan Cochrane's house stands no great distance from the plough works. He is an elderly Scotchman, a widower these twenty years, with no nearer kin than his seventh cousin, Mrs. Graham, who keeps his house, and he cares not a pin's head for fashion. His big, square, wooden house, stands in its large, old-fashioned garden, as it has stood for twenty-five years; although, long since, its neighbors have been transmuted into shops or storehouses, or have been razed to the ground to make room for brick walls. The blinds in front are al-

ways closed ; why, only Mrs. Graham can tell ; it is her custom as it is her custom to wear black silk mitts and to allow no followers to her maids — wherefore she often is left with no maids at all.

When Leroy and Battles came to the iron gate (a high iron fence enclosing a hedge surrounds the place) Leroy paused. "I'll not go in with you," he began, but he took a quick step backward in the shade of the hedge, darting a warning frown and beckoning to Race to do the same, which Race did mechanically.

"Why, Harry," says he, "there's five of those fellers going up the steps. What does it mean?"

"It means, I guess, that they're smarter'n I counted on their being, and they're going to catch him at home where he won't have a soul but women in call ; and it's Thursday, the cook's day out ; and the meeting-day of the Presbyterian sewing society that Mrs. Graham goes to regular as taxes." He was looking the whole street over while he spoke, not seeing a soul in view. "I guess you and I will have to tackle this job, Battles," said he.

"Sure," says Race. "How'll we git in, Harry ?"

"Easy ; they've got Raney's cousin here; she knows me and I've got their password. See how she'll give me the glad hand."

Race knew the girl himself, having in pleasanter days often handed her the family flour and berries, and she smiled in a frightened way on him. Leroy had not touched the bell ; he had only knocked in a peculiar fashion. She had instantly responded.

"All right," said Leroy, very low ; he added another word.

"You're sure *you're* to come, too?" said the girl, who seemed scared out of her wits. "Oh, I'm sorry you're in it, you and Mr. Battles."

"Never you mind *us!*" said Leroy, kindly, but always in the same low voice. "We'll help and not hinder."

"Don't let 'em hurt him, will you, Mr. Leroy?"

"I'll try my best," returned Leroy, rather grimly.

The two men stole down a dark hall, through what appeared to be a dining-room, and took breath outside a heavy black-walnut door. Race's pulses were drumming, but Leroy looked as pale, dejected, and calm as usual. He slid his hand back to his hip-pocket. "Yours all right?" said he. Race nodded, imitating the motion.

"Then, listen !"

Cochrane's voice came to them distinctly. "No, I won't sign an agreement to take you all back at half the increase, or *any* increase, or take you back at all; and you won't kill me without a fight!"

Leroy laid his hand on the door-knob. His lips formed an inaudible whistle. He stepped softly across the room.

"Look out of the window," he whispered.

"The window's open," reported Race, "but there's a screen in it. There's a balcony outside and we could swing ourselves over and batter the screen down with a chair or something."

Cochrane had stepped back, edging nearer the library-table and the drawer where lay a revolver ; and young Billy Moony (the reckless one of the crowd, half drunk and only eighteen, which is an age of the Evil One's own picking does it come to wicked deeds) was making between when the screen crashed forward and Leroy bounded into the room, Race close after him.

"Don't fire !" he called to Cochrane ; "we're on your side."

"Which side?" cried a big fellow with a red face ; "which side, Harry? D—— it, we're in earnest. He's going to sign, by ——, or we'll make a vacancy in the firm !"

"Hardly," said Leroy. "Get your revolver" (to Cochrane, who needed no prompting but flashed it out of the drawer). "Brown, I warned you fellers I wouldn't have no dirt, and I *won't!* It ain't five to one now, but five to three— and the telephone ! The police will be here inside ten minutes." The man nearest the door quietly slipped back the bolt.

"Are you going to go back on the boys and fight for the scrubs, Harry?" cried Brown.

"I ain't going to let you disgrace honest men who fight fair," said Leroy, firmly. "Time's short—are you going to skip or wait to be pinched, while you're parley-vooing?"

"If we do go now," grumbled another man, "we'll be pinched before night anyhow. I'm for doing up the whole——"

He stopped; there was something clammy and ugly in the impact of Leroy's revolver jammed against his shirt-front.

"Get out, and you may save your skins for all the informing I shall do," said Cochrane, who had been taking in the whole scene with an ironic smile. "But I advise ye, lads, to skip out of town; the sooner the better."

"Who gave us away, Harry?" said the big man—the others had unostentatiously sidled to the door.

"That's my lookout," said Leroy.

The big man made no answer, although he turned on Race a glance of menace. The youngest of the party relieved their chafed vanity by a few threats; but in the end, and no long time either, they left the three men standing together.

"Will they be setting the house afire going out, for a parting token, do ye think?" panted Cochrane.

"They are more likely to pay Race or me that compliment," said Leroy, quietly.

Cochrane wiped his brow. He was a portly man and he was puffing with his exertions. "I'll buy me a bicycle, this same day," cried he. "I must work down to fighting weight; those blackguards would have done me up if you hadn't come in so handily. Well, will ye take something?"

"I never drink, Mr. Cochrane," said Leroy, coldly; and Race, with more courtesy, declined the proffered decanter also.

Cochrane chuckled under his stumpy gray mustache. "Weel, at least ye'll let me thank ye. Those fellows were primed for murder, no less. They had juist enough speerits in them to be wicked. I see ye were right in your caution, Leroy." He held out his hand, but Leroy turned red and took a step backward, saying, very stiffly, "You owe me no thanks, and I owe you none, Mr. Cochrane."

Again Cochrane chuckled. "But ye got the police?"

"No, sir, I didn't. That was just a bluff. Battles was coming to warn you, and I was only going to the gate with him, when I caught a glimpse of Brown and Raney and the others, and of course I went in. There wasn't a cop in a mile!"

"Weel, ye did the bluff fine. Man, ye'll shake hands. You're a man and I'm a man; am I no? And we've fought together. It's no the preesident of the Cochrane Plough Company, or the chairman of the Strike Committee; it's juist Alan Cochrane and Harry Leroy—eh, Battles?"

"That's right, sir," said Race.

"And I may as weel tell ye," said Cochrane, "that's all a lie about the carload of new men." (Leroy's eyes flashed.) "And if the union send you I'll see ye to-morrow, and we'll talk it out. If you'll come back at the old wages they'll not be cut, and in a month or two I'll be able to raise them a bit; and the other things we'll talk over. Ye can all come back; there'll be no discreemination, not even against them"—jerking his thumb at the window; "they'll most like be running anyhow, the fule bodies!"

"I'll do my best, sir," said Leroy, in a different tone.

"He's done his best against the strike all along," Race put in.

"Only because I thought the strike had no chance of winning," said Leroy, stiffening again.

Cochrane's sharp little gray eyes twinkled. "Losh, man, don't be scared that I'm putting ye on my side. Ye'll let me think ye an honest enemy, will ye no? I'll conseeder those same grievances."

This time it was Leroy's hand that was extended first. "Then, good-afternoon, and I'm glad I came, sir," said he, shaking hands, as he would shake hands with the great political personages to whom he was sometimes presented when there was need of the labor vote. Race followed his example, observing the same form.

"For the matter of that, I'm glad, too," said the old Scotchman, dryly.

Returning, Leroy was in higher spirits than Race. The non-combatant ruefully considered how he, who only wished for peace, had now fought on both sides, to his own proper loss and peril. Having angered his best friend past forgiving by helping the strikers, he had now won the ill will of the most reckless strikers by fighting for the hated Cochrane. The baleful eyeblink shot at him by Brown rankled like a poisoned arrow. He thought of Cochrane's speech about fire, and Leroy's answer.

"And me with not a cent insurance,"

he groaned; "but, Lord! they wouldn't be such fiends!"

Were they? It is past telling. No clews were found. The five suspected men were full of pity and innocence from the teeth outward. Alibis were ready at hand for every one of them. Nor is it sure that they were not genuine, these alibis. A defective flue, the unpunishable incendiary in so many cases, may have played its tragic part again. Whatever the cause, this at least is certain, Race's building, grocery and home, was burned that same night. The fire-bells awakened Harcourt T. Wells, a bachelor, lodging in a hotel. He counted the strokes—half the numeral in bed, half out on the floor scrambling into his clothes—for it was Cochrane's number. That was enough to send him downstairs to the telephone, and the sleepy answer, "No, it's not Cochrane's, some grocery, Battles's, they said!" spurred him hot foot through the streets. There is something in a midnight fire that pricks the nerves. It may be the contrast between the quiet streets outside, with the dim stores, the shrouded counters, the shadows of the tall façades on the roadway, the white porcupines of light blinking and winking in the dark, violet air, and the seething excitement that waits around the corner. Or it may be that the touch of pathos in human calamity and the touch of horror in human peril blend with a shuddering appreciation of the pageantry of the sight. The meanest structure flaming in the night borrows a ghastly and sinister beauty. And more than anything it may be that fire-bells, especially fire-bells in the unguarded hour of darkness, startle the imagination with the sympathy of a common dread; to-night, you; to-morrow night, we, perhaps! As Wells pounded down the sidewalk, he could hear the thud of his own footfall; and he remembered another time of his hearing the same sound, the time when his own great store was afire—then, Race and he were the last men on the roof!

Snatches of many scenes drifted through his mind, in which one humble, faithful figure stood, as if against that red glow in the west; while he ran, heedless of his years and his weight, faster and faster. All he had heard from Cochrane that afternoon, all he had heard in Race's store before he went to Cochrane's, made a mingle-mangle in his brain, like a tune to his hurrying feet.

First he passed a black mass of heads. Then he stepped over the line of hose and found a crowd of Cochrane's men, every man of them carrying something that he had pulled out of the smoke. Cochrane was on an empty box, directing the loading of some drays; and swearing and shouting at the men with as much fervor as if nothing had occurred to disturb their relations; the men themselves running and tugging with the heartiest obedience. The building was masked in smoke. It poured from the windows. The firemen were fighting the fire on the roof; and the wing in the rear was blazing. Wells ran to the front, where was a heap of household goods not yet removed, although Leroy was busy with a score of helpers. Half a dozen loudly sympathizing women were grouped about Mrs. Battles, who sat in the wicker arm-chair on the best hair mattress, rocking to and fro, unconscious of an extraordinary toilet of her best black silk skirt and Race's trousers flung hastily about her night gear, in mistake for a jacket, and Race's Sunday silk tile perched on her woful head; equally unconscious that she was huddling two photographs, the bust of Clytie and the bust of Abraham Lincoln, to her breast.

"Where's Race?" she wailed; "where's Race Battles? Danny, where's the master?"

Soot and flour had made a grizzly charcoal study of Danny as he tottered up to her, crooked by a huge white sack. "It's the very last sack of flour," gasped Danny. "He ain't inside. I was all over."

Mrs. Battles screamed. She could see her husband. He was on the peak of the roof, apart from the firemen; and he held the garden-hose in his hand.

"Hush, ma, don't be scared," said Stella. The girl was dressed and calm. "See, they're all coming down!"

"But *he* ain't!" shrieked the wife; "he's staying. Race! *Race!* Come down! Let the store go! What's the store to me if you get killed? Race! Come this minute! Oh, he can't hear me. Mr. Wells, *you* call him; he'll mind *you!*"

Then Wells did a reckless thing. He, Harcourt Wells, no longer a young man,

elbowed the women aside and ran up the ladder like a foolhasty boy.

"Race, you old fool, come down!" he bellowed. The roof was smoking. The firemen were gone, safe down off the other ladders. Race stood alone. He faced the smoke volleying toward him, spitting burning cinders from out the glare behind the murk. His white shirt was puffed out by the wind of the fire, and his face was like the shirt, as he trained his poor little squirt-gun of a hose on the crackling roar.

"My life's insured but the building ain't," he shouted back; "I've *got* to save it."

Swearing roundly, Wells stumbled up the roof. "I'll *pull* you off if you won't come!" he howled through the din. He grabbed Race's leg. Race dropped the hose; and he did turn now.

"You're crazy," he cried. "Get off, for God's sake!"

"Crazy yourself!" snapped Wells. "Here, you get down that ladder first, and find your wife."

They slid down together. None too soon, either, since the roof whereon Race had stood crashed in before their feet touched the ground. Race felt Wells's hand on his arm hauling him back. He clung to it, piteously shaken, and began to laugh. "You ain't mad at me—that's most worth the fire," he quavered.

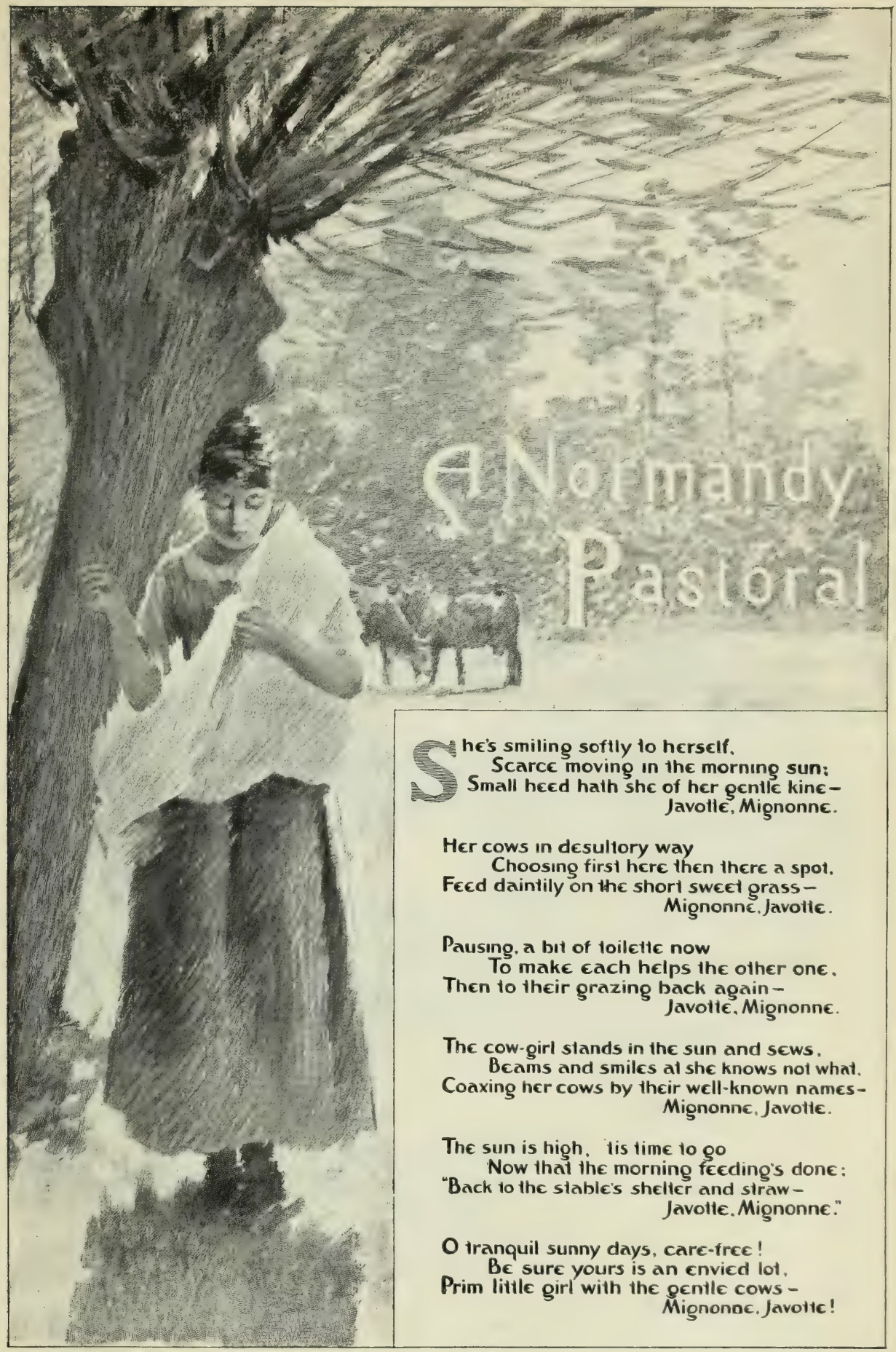
"Of course I'm not mad at you, you blooming idiot," growled Wells, who was puffing and perspiring at every pore as well as burned by a dozen cinders; "why in thunder didn't you come round and give me a chance to say so? I wasn't going to take your money the other day; I knew how it squeezed you. But you wouldn't wait a minute. No, you must needs go off half-cock! You needn't be looking so black and blue, either. I came around here to-day and saw your clerk, who isn't such a fool as he looks, and he told me all about the insurance and the little girl's being willing to give up her dress and all. *I* paid the insurance policy, Race, this afternoon. You'll be a year or two to the bad, but I'll see you through. And the little girl shall have as pretty a frock at the show as any girl in town—Cochrane and I'll see to that— D—— it, Race! you aren't hurt, are you? Here! Somebody! Get some whiskey!"

"It's—it's only just the smoke. It got into my windpipe, I guess," sobbed Race, the tears running down his cheeks. "Smoke's terrible on the eyes. God bless you, Harcourt T. Wells—it's only just the smoke!"

WITH A BIT OF GORSE FROM CARNAC

By Lilla Cabot Perry

This bit of yellow gorse I plucked for thee
By a huge Menhir, where, on Carnac's shores
The long waves murmur dirges evermore
For men dead ere the birth of history.
Here once they lived whom Time's immensity
Had quite o'erwhelmed, and blotted out their page
From the world's book! On them may learned sage
Descant, and poet dream here by the sea!
But none may know what were their thoughts, their lives,
None e'er may know! None living or unborn!—
Were these their tombs built where the strong sea strives
In vain to hold the warm elusive sands?
Were these hard by their altars where forlorn
They stretched to Heaven imploring empty hands?



A Normandy Pastoral

She's smiling softly to herself,
Scarce moving in the morning sun;
Small heed hath she of her gentle kine—
Javotte, Mignonne.

Her cows in desultory way
Choosing first here then there a spot,
Feed daintily on the short sweet grass—
Mignonne, Javotte.

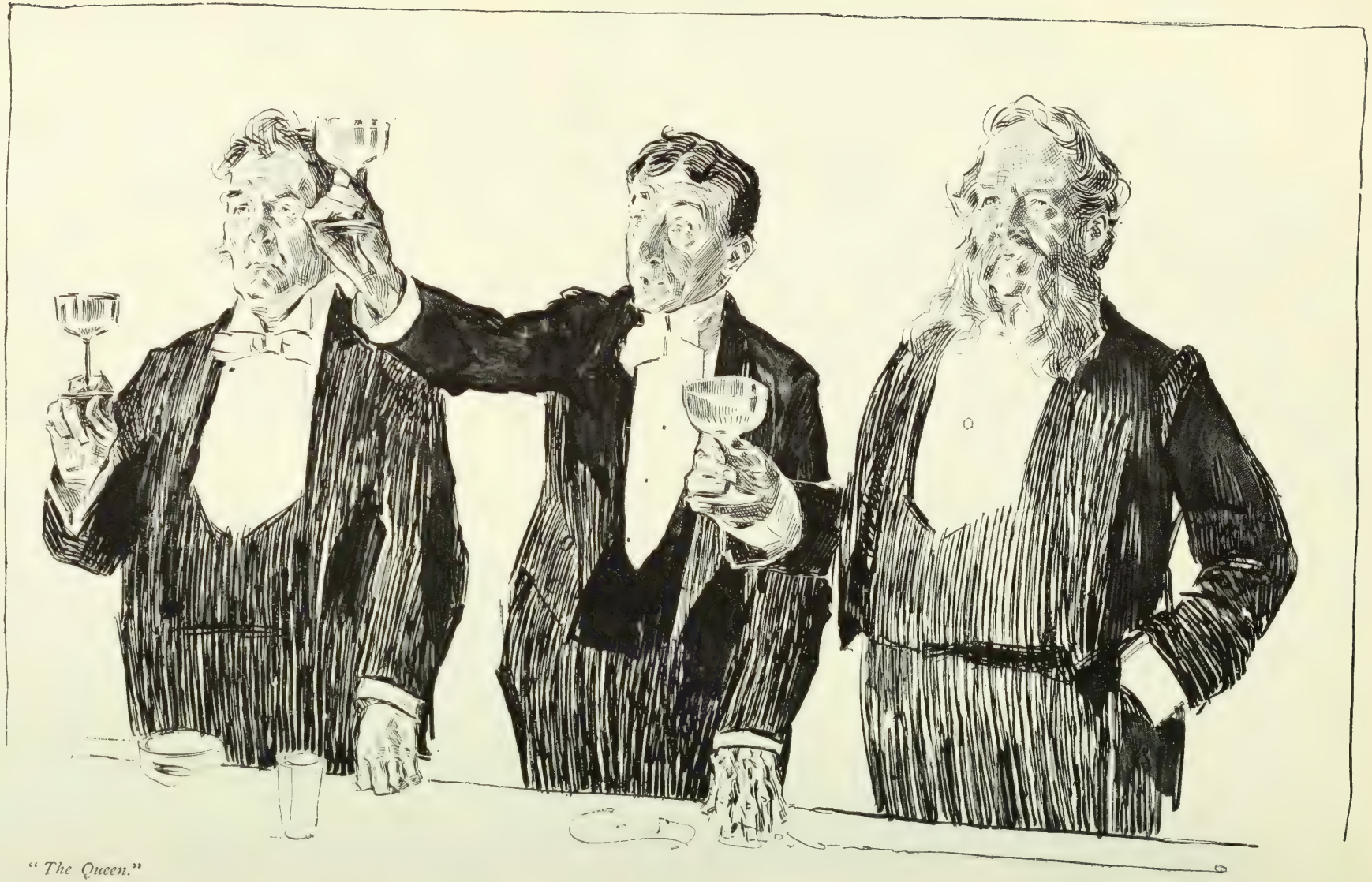
Pausing, a bit of toilette now
To make each helps the other one,
Then to their grazing back again—
Javotte, Mignonne.

The cow-girl stands in the sun and sews,
Beams and smiles at she knows not what,
Coaxing her cows by their well-known names—
Mignonne, Javotte.

The sun is high, 'tis time to go
Now that the morning feeding's done:
"Back to the stable's shelter and straw—
Javotte, Mignonne."

O tranquil sunny days, care-free!
Be sure yours is an envied lot,
Prim little girl with the gentle cows—
Mignonne, Javotte!

Poem and drawing by the late Theodore Robinson.



"The Queen."



LONDON

AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON

V—LONDON SALONS

THE "season" begins about the time Parliament opens, and Parliament's opening and closing depend more or less on fox-hunting and grouse shooting. As the "season" approaches, town houses are opened and "green" servants are broken in; secretaries busy themselves with lists and stationery, and the winter campaign begins immediately upon the family's return to town. As a London house is seldom needed for more than the formal entertainments of a season, it is in most cases hired; consequently, it is seldom attractive. Acquaintances are entertained in the city, and friends are taken into the country to spend the week's end on the family estate, surrounded by the household gods and the most attractive side of all England. There the future members of the House of Lords, and the belles of some future drawing-room, ride donkeys, and the older people ride wheels and sit under English oaks and make little water-color sketches, and it is easily seen why only social duties take them to London.



By eight o'clock in the evening almost every other house that you see will have a little red carpet stretching from its door to the curb, and in some cases a temporary awning over it. The streets seem to be given over entirely to carriages and hansoms carrying people to dinner. When the last guest has arrived the carpet is taken in until later on, when it again rolls back down the steps and across the pavement, between two lines of footmen, while the butler whistles for hansoms, and half of



Distinguished Guests.



After Dinner.



Restaurant Diners—"A Little Loan."

fashionable London goes to its own house, its club, or its lodgings, feeling much better than it did. A dinner or a dance in London is well worth going to, because the most interesting people there know each other and have time for such things. No workingman need hesitate to accept an invitation to luncheon; he is sure to meet there people who will make it well worth his while and who are as busy as himself. A Member of Parliament, during a short recess, will leave the House and drive miles to a dinner. He may arrive thirty minutes late, or leave before the dinner is half over. A Quartermaster-General will leave the War Office an hour earlier, because he has promised to go bicycling with some young people, and an Editor will leave his paper and accompany his wife to a tea. This interest in all things gives English people time for everything. The order of precedence is the most important and seriously considered part of a London dinner. If only men are present, it is just as necessary not to smoke until the master of ceremonies has rapped on the table and the president has said, "The Queen."

The royal family are on the very best terms with the tradespeople. They will delay a wedding until the end of July and make the season longer to oblige them. Their names appear on shop fronts and their portraits are in the windows. In this way you can tell where a duke buys his hats, or a princess her gloves. It is this wise good-nature on their parts that makes the tax-payer prosperous and the royal family popular.

The more London entertains, the bigger and happier it grows, and the better the entertainers are liked. Since the days of Robin Hood Englishmen have appeared best at table. There are banqueting halls of all ages and sizes in every part of London. The proper place for a boar's head or an enemy's flag was always in the dining-hall. No better use could

possibly be made of a captured vessel than to turn the best part of it into a dining table, and probably the most that is left of the Spanish Fleet now ornaments the main hall in the Inner Temple.

A London reception is bright and amusing. Everyone is asked, and almost everyone goes. In the early part of the evening statesmen, diplomats, and older people are in the majority ; at eleven o'clock, those who have been to the play arrive, and a little later the actors themselves. From the staircase people can best be seen. It is always crowded by those who are on their way to pay respects to the hostess in the hall above, and by those who have already done so and are on their way down to the supper-room. Above and below a dense crowd elbow and talk around and through you ; everyone has a rotary motion, like the turret on a monitor. You are slowly twisted past your hostess and through the parlors, and then finally back to the staircase, down which you can go as slowly as you please. No one is in a hurry —so out into the early morning, between rows of uniformed coachmen standing like sentries sleeping on their post.

C. D. G.



An Early Departure.



THE STORY OF A PLAY

BY W. D. HOWELLS

XI

THE Maxwells went to New York early in October, and took a little furnished flat for the winter on the West Side, between two streets among the Eighties. It was in a new apartment house, rather fine on the outside, and its balconies leaned caressingly toward the tracks of the Elevated Road, whose trains streamed back and forth under them night and day. At first they thought it rather noisy, but their young nerves were strong, and they soon ceased to take note of the uproar, even when the windows were open.

The weather was charming, as the weather of the New York October is apt to be. The month proved far milder than September had been at Magnolia. They were not very far from Central Park, and they went for whole afternoons into it. They came to have such a sense of ownership in one of the seats in the Ramble, that they felt aggrieved when they found anybody had taken it, and they resented other people's intimacy with the squirrels, which Louise always took a pocketful of nuts to feed ; the squirrels got a habit of climbing into her lap for them. Sometimes Maxwell hired a boat and rowed her lazily about on the lake, while he mused and she talked. Sometimes, to be very lavish, they took places in the public carriage which plied on the drives of the Park, and went up to the tennis-grounds beyond the reservoirs, and watched the players, or the art-students sketching the autumn scenery there. They began to know, without acquaintance, certain attached or semi-attached couples ; and no doubt they passed with these for lovers themselves, though they felt a vast superiority to them in virtue of their married experience ; they looked upon them, though the people were sometimes their elders, as very young things, who were in the right way, but were as yet deplorably ignorant how happy they were going to be. They almost always walked back from these drives, and it was not so far but they could walk over to the North River for the sunset, before their dinner, which they had late, when they did that, and earlier when they did not do it. Dinner was rather a matter of caprice with them. Sometimes they dined at a French or Italian *table d'hôte ;* sometimes they foraged for it before they came in from their sunset, or their afternoon in the park : when dinner consisted mainly of a steak or chops, with one of the delicious salads their avenue abounded in, and some improvisation of potatoes, and coffee afterward—it was very easy to get it up in half an hour. They kept one maid, who called herself a Sweden's girl, and Louise cooked some of the things herself. She did not cook them so well as the maid, but Maxwell never knew what he was eating, and he thought it all alike good.

In their simple circumstances, Louise never missed the affluence that had flattered her whole life in her father's house. It seemed to her as if she had not lived before her marriage—as if she had always lived as she did now. She made the most of her housekeeping, but there was not a great deal of that, at the most. She knew some New York people, but it was too early yet for them to be back to town, and besides she doubted if she should let them know where she was ; for society afflicted Maxwell, and she could not care for it unless he did. She did not wish to do anything as yet, or be anything apart from him ; she was timid about going into the street without him. She wished to be always with him, and always talking to him ; but it soon came to his imploring her not to talk, when she was in the room where he was writing ; and he often came to the table so distraught that the meal might have passed without a word but for her.

He valued her all she could possibly have desired in relation to his work, and he showed her how absolutely he rested upon her sympathy, if not her judgment, in it. He submitted everything to her, and forebore, and changed, and amended, and

wrote, and rewrote at her will; or when he revolted, and wrote on in defiance of her, he was apt to tear the work up. He destroyed a good deal of good literature in this way, and more than once it happened that she had tacitly changed her mind and was of his way of thinking, when it was too late. In view of such a chance she made him promise that he would always show her what he had written, even when he had written wholly against her taste and wish. He was not to let his pride keep him from doing this, though, as a general thing, she took a good deal of pride in his pride, having none herself, as she believed. Whether she had or not, she was very wilful, and rather prepotent; but she never bore malice, as the phrase is, when she got the worst of anything, though she might have been quite to blame. She had in all things a high ideal of conduct, which she expected her husband to live up to when she was the prey of adverse circumstances. At other times she did her share of the common endeavor.

All through the month of October he worked at the new play, and from time to time they heard from the old play, which Godolphin was still giving, here and there, in the West. He had not made any reply to Maxwell's letter of regret that he could not come to the rehearsals at Chicago, but he sent the notices marked in the newspapers, at the various points where he played, and the Maxwells contented themselves as they could with these proofs of an unbroken amity. They expected something more direct and explicit from him when he should get to Chicago, where his engagement was to begin the first week in November. In the meantime the kind of life they were living had not that stressful unreality for Louise that it had for Maxwell on the economic side. For the first time his regular and serious habits of work did not mean the earning of money, but only the chance of earning money. Ever since he had begun the world for himself, and he had begun it very early, there had been some income from his industry; however little it was, it was certain; the salary was there for him at the end of the week, when he went to the cashier's desk. His mother and he had both done so well and so wisely in their several ways of taking care of themselves, that Maxwell had not only been able to live on his earnings, but he had been able to save out of them the thousand dollars which Louise bragged of to her father, and it was this store which they were now consuming, not rapidly, indeed, but steadily, and with no immediate return in money to repair the waste. The fact kept Maxwell wakeful at night, sometimes, and by day he shuddered inwardly at the shrinkage of his savings, so much swifter than their growth, though he was generously abetted by Louise in using them with frugality. She could always have had money from her father, but this was something that Maxwell would not look forward to. There could be no real anxiety for them in the situation, but for Maxwell there was care. He might be going to get a great deal out of the play he was now writing, but as yet it was in no form to show to a manager or an actor; and he might be going to get a great deal out of his old play, but so far Godolphin had made no sign that he remembered one of the most essential of the obligations which seemed all to rest so lightly upon him. Maxwell hated to remind him of it, and in the end he was very glad that he never did, or that he had not betrayed the slightest misgiving of his good faith.

One morning, near the end of the month, when he was lower in his spirits than usual from this cause, there came a letter from the managing editor of the Boston *Abstract* asking him if he could not write a weekly letter from New York for his old newspaper. It was a temptation, and Maxwell found it a hardship that his wife should have gone out just then, to do the marketing for the day; she considered this the duty of a wife, and she fulfilled it often enough to keep her sense of it alive, but she much preferred to forage with him in the afternoon; that was poetry, she said, and the other was prose. He would have liked to talk the proposition over with her; to realize the compliment while it was fresh, to grumble at it a little, and to be supported in his notion that it would be bad business just then for him to undertake a task that might draw him away from his play too much; to do the latter well would take a great deal of time. Yet he did not feel quite that he ought to refuse it, in view of the uncertainties of the future, and it might even be useful to hold the position aside from the money it would bring him; the New York correspondent of the Boston *Ab-*

stract might have a claim upon the attention of managers which a wholly unaccredited playwright could not urge; there was no question of their favor with Maxwell; he would disdain to have that, even if he could get it, except by the excellence, or at least the availability of his work.

Louise did not come in until much later than usual, and then she came in looking very excited. "Well, my dear," she began to call out to him as soon as the door was opened for her, "I have seen that woman again!"

"What woman?" he asked.

"You know. That smouldering-eyed thing in the bathing dress." She added, in answer to his stupefied gaze: "I don't mean that she was in the bathing dress still, but her eyes were smouldering away just as they were that day on the beach at Magnolia."

"Oh!" said Maxwell, indifferently. "Where did you see her?"

"On the avenue, and I know she lives in the neighborhood, somewhere, because she was shopping here on the avenue, and I could have easily followed her home, if she had not taken the Elevated for down town."

"Why didn't you take it, too? It might have been a long way round, but it would have been certain. I've been wanting you here, badly. Just tell me what you think of that."

He gave her the editor's letter, and she hastily ran it through. "I wouldn't think of it for a moment," she said. "Were there any letters for me?"

"It isn't a thing to be dismissed without reflection," he began.

"I thought you wanted to devote yourself entirely to the drama?"

"Of course."

"And you've always said there was nothing so killing to creative work as any sort of journalism."

"This wouldn't take more than a day or two each week, and twenty-five dollars a letter would be very convenient while we are waiting for our cards to turn up."

"Oh, very well! If you are so fickle as all that, *I* don't know what to say to you." She put the letter down on the table before him, and went out of the room.

He tried to write, but with the hurt of what he felt her unkindness, he could not, and after a certain time he feigned an errand into their room, where she had shut herself from him, and found her lying down. "Are you sick?" he asked, coldly.

"Not at all," she answered. "I suppose one may lie down without being sick, as you call it. I should say ill, myself."

"I'm so glad you're not sick that I don't care what you call it."

He was going out, when she spoke again: "I didn't know you cared particularly, you are always so much taken up with your work. I suppose, if you wrote those letters for the *Abstract*, you need never think of me at all, whether I was ill or well."

"You would take care to remind me of your existence from time to time, I dare say. You haven't the habit of suffering in silence, a great deal."

"You would like it better, of course, if I had."

"A great deal better, my dear. But I didn't know that you regarded my work as self-indulgence altogether. I have flattered myself now and then that I was doing it for you, too."

"Oh, yes, very likely. But if you had never seen me, you would be doing it all the same."

"I'm afraid so. I seem to have been made that way. I'm sorry you don't approve. I supposed you did once."

"Oh, I do approve — highly." He left her and she heard him getting his hat and stick in the little hallway, as if he were going out of doors. She called to him, "What I wonder is how a man so self-centred that he can't look at his wife for days together, can tell whether another woman's eyes are smouldering or not."

Maxwell paused, with his hand on the knob, as if he were going to make some retort, but perhaps because he could think of none, he went out without speaking.

He stayed away all the forenoon, walking down the river along the squalid waterside avenues; he found them in sympathy with the squalor in himself which always followed a squabble with his wife. At the end of one of the westward streets, he found himself on a pier flanked by vast flotillas of canal boats. As he passed one of these, he heard the sound of

furious bickering within, and while he halted, a man burst from the gangway, and sprang ashore, followed by the threats and curses of a woman, who put her head out of the hatch to launch them after him.

The incident turned Maxwell faint ; he perceived that the case of this unhappy man, who tried to walk out of earshot with dignity, was his own in quality, if not in quantity. He felt the shame of their human identity, and he reached home with his teeth set in a hard resolve to bear and forbear in all things thereafter, rather than share ever again in misery like that, which dishonored his wife even more than it dishonored him. At the same time he was glad of a thought the whole affair suggested to him, and he wondered whether he could get a play out of it. This was the notion of showing the evil eventuation of the good. Their tiffs came out of their love for each other, and no other quarrels could have the bitterness that these got from the very innermost sweetness of life. It would be hard to show this dramatically, but if it could be done, the success would be worth all the toil it would cost.

At his door he realized with a pang that he could not submit the notion to his wife now, and perhaps never. But the door was pulled open before he could turn his latch-key in the lock, and Louise threw her arms round his neck.

" Oh, dearest, guess ! " she commanded between her kisses.

" Guess what? " he asked, walking her into the parlor with his arms round her. She kept her hands behind her when he released her, and they stood confronted.

" What should you consider the best news—or not news exactly ; the best thing in the world? "

" Why, I don't know. Has the play been a great success in Chicago? "

" Better than that ! " she shouted, and she brought an open letter from behind her, and flourished it before him, while she went on breathlessly : " It's from Godolphin, and of course I opened it at once, for I thought if there was anything worrying in it, I had better find it out while you were gone, and prepare you for it. He's sent you a check for $300—twelve performances of the play—and he's written you the sweetest letter in the world, and I take back everything I ever said against him ! Here, shall I read it ? Or, no, you'll want to read it yourself. Now, sit down at your desk, and I'll put it before you with the check on top ! "

She pushed him into his chair, and he obediently read the check first, and then took up the letter. It was dated at Chicago, and was written with a certain histrionic consciousness, as if Godolphin enjoyed the pose of a rising young actor paying over to the author his share of the profits of their joint enterprise in their play. There was a list of the dates and places of the performances, which Maxwell noted were chiefly matinées ; and he argued a distrust of the piece from this fact, which Godolphin did not otherwise betray. He said that the play constantly grew upon him, and that with such revision as they should be able to give it together when he reached New York, they would have one of the greatest plays of the modern stage. He had found that wherever he gave it, the better part of his audience was best pleased with it, and he felt sure that when he put it on for a run, the houses would grow up to it in every way. He was going to test it for a week in Chicago ; there was no reference to his wish that Maxwell should have been present at the rehearsals there ; but otherwise Godolphin's letter was as candid as it was cordial.

Maxwell read it with a silent joy which seemed to please his wife as well as if he had joined her in rioting over it. She had kept the lunch warm for him, and now she brought it in from the kitchen herself and set it before him, talking all the time.

" Well, now we can regard it as an accomplished fact, and I shall not allow you to feel any anxiety about it from this time forward. I consider that Godolphin has done his whole duty by it. He has kept the spirit of his promises, if he hasn't the letter, and from this time forward I am going to trust him implicitly, and I'm going to make you. No more question of Godolphin in *this* family ! Don't you long to know how it goes in Chicago? But I don't really care, for, as you say, that won't have the slightest influence in New York ; and I know it will go here, anyway. Yes, I consider it, from this time on, an assured success. And isn't it delightful that, as Godolphin says, it's such a favorite with refined people? " She went on a good while to this effect, but when she had talked herself out, Max-

well had still said so little that she asked, "What is it, Brice?"

"Do you think we deserve it?" he returned, seriously.

"For squabbling so? Why, I suppose I was tired and overwrought, or I shouldn't have done it."

"And I hadn't even that excuse," said Maxwell.

"Oh, yes you had," she retorted. "I provoked you. And if anyone was to blame, I was. Do you mind it so much?"

"Yes, it tears my heart. And it makes me feel so low and mean."

"Oh, how good you are!" she began, but he stopped her.

"Don't! I'm not good; and I don't deserve success. I don't feel as if this belonged to me. I ought to send Godolphin's check back, in common honesty, common decency." He told of the quarrel he had witnessed on the canal-boat, and she loved him for his simple-hearted humility; but she said there was nothing parallel in the cases, and she would not let him think so; that it was morbid, and showed he had been overworking.

"And now," she went on, "you must write to Mr. Ricker at once and thank him, and tell him you can't do the letters for him. Will you?"

"I'll see."

"You must. I want you to reserve your whole strength for the drama. That's your true vocation, and it would be a sin for you to turn to the right or left." He continued silent, and she went on: "Are you still thinking about our scrap this morning? Well, then, I'll promise never to begin it again. Will that do?"

"Oh, I don't know that you began it. And I wasn't thinking—I was thinking of an idea for a play—the eventuation of good in evil—love evolving in hate."

"That will be grand, if you can work it out. And now you see, don't you, that there is some use in squabbling, even."

"I suppose nothing is lost," said Maxwell. He took out his pocket-book, and folded Godolphin's check into it.

XII

A WEEK later there came another letter from Godolphin. It was very civil, and in its general text it did not bear out the promise of severity in its change of address to *Dear Sir*, from the *Dear Mr. Maxwell* of the earlier date.

It conveyed, in as kindly terms as could have been asked, a fact which no terms could have flattered into acceptability.

Godolphin wrote, after trying the play for two nights and a matinée in Chicago, to tell the author that he had withdrawn it because its failure had not been a failure in the usual sense but had been a grievous collapse, which left him no hopes that it would revive in the public favor if it were kept on. Maxwell would be able to judge, he said, from the newspapers he sent, of the view the critics had taken of the piece; but this would not have mattered at all if it had not been the view of the public, too. He said he would not pain Maxwell by repeating the opinions which he had borne the brunt of alone; but they were such as to satisfy him fully and finally that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a part for him in the piece. He begged to return it to *Maxwell*, and he ventured to send his prompt-book with the original manuscript, which might facilitate his getting the play into other hands.

The parcel was brought in by express while they were sitting in the dismay caused by the letter, and took from them the hope that Godolphin might have written from a mood and changed his mind before sending back the piece. Neither of them had the nerve to open the parcel, which lay upon Maxwell's desk, very much sealed and tied and labelled, diffusing a faint smell of horses, as express packages mostly do, through the room.

Maxwell found strength, if not heart, to speak first. "I suppose I am to blame for not going to Chicago for the rehearsals." Louise said she did not see what that could have done to keep the play from failing, and he answered that it might have kept Godolphin from losing courage. "You see, he says he had to take the brunt of public opinion *alone*. He was sore about that."

"Oh, well, if he is so weak as that, and would have had to be bolstered up all along, you are well rid of him."

"I am certainly rid of him," Maxwell partially assented, and they both lapsed into silence again. Even Louise could not talk. They were as if stunned by the blow

that had fallen on them, as all such blows fall, when it was least expected, and it seemed to the victims as if they were least able to bear it. In fact, it was a cruel reverse from the happiness they had enjoyed since Godolphin's check came, and although Maxwell had said that they must not count upon anything from him, except from hour to hour, his words expressed a doubt that he felt no more than Louise. Now his gloomy wisdom was justified by a perfidy which she could paint in no colors that seemed black enough. Perhaps the want of these was what kept her mute at first; even when she began to talk she could only express her disdain by urging her husband to send back Godolphin's check to him. "We want nothing more to do with such a man. If he felt no obligation to keep faith with you, it's the same as if he had sent that money out of charity."

"Yes, I have thought of that," said Maxwell. "But I guess I shall keep the money. He may regard the whole transaction as child's play, but I don't, and I never did. I worked very hard on the piece, and at the rates for space-work, merely, I earned his money and a great deal more. If I can ever do anything with it, I shall be only too glad to give him his three hundred dollars again."

She could see that he had already gathered spirit for new endeavor with the play, and her heart yearned upon him in pride and fondness. "Oh, you dear! What do you intend to do next?"

"I shall try the managers."

"Brice!" she cried, in utter admiration.

He rose and said, as he took up the express package, and gave Godolphin's letter a contemptuous push with his hand, "You can gather up this spilt milk. Put it away somewhere; I don't want to see it or think of it again." He cut open the package, and found the prompt-book, which he laid aside, while he looked to see if his own copy of the play were all there.

"You are going to begin at once?" gasped Louise.

"This instant," he said. "It will be slow enough work at the best, and we mustn't lose time. I shall probably have to go the rounds of all the managers, but I am not going to stop till I have gone the rounds. I shall begin with the highest, and I sha'n't stop till I reach the lowest."

"But when? How? You haven't thought it out."

"Yes, I have. I have been thinking it out ever since I got the play into Godolphin's hands. I haven't been at peace about him since that day when he renounced me in Magnolia, and certainly till we got his check there has been nothing in his performance to restore my confidence. Come, now, Louise, you mustn't stop me, dear," he said, for she was beginning to cling about him. "I shall be back for lunch, and then we can talk over what I have begun to do. If I began to talk of it before, I should lose all heart for it. Kiss me good luck!"

She kissed him enough for all the luck in the world, and then he got himself out of her arms while she still hardly knew what to make of it all. He was out of the apartment, and half way down the house-stairs, when her eye fell on the prompt-book. She caught it up and ran out upon the landing, and screamed down after him, "Brice, Brice! You've forgotten something."

He came flying back, breathless, and she held the book out to him. "Oh, I don't want that," he panted. "It would damage the play with a manager to know that Godolphin had rejected it."

"But do you think it would be quite right—quite frank—to let him take it without telling him?"

"It will be right to show it him without telling him. It will be time enough to tell him if he likes it."

"That is true," she assented, and then she kissed him again and let him go; he stood a step below her, and she had to stoop a good deal; but she went in doors, looking up to him as if he were a whole flight of steps above her, and saying to herself that he had always been so good and wise that she must now simply trust him in everything.

Louise still had it on her conscience to offer Maxwell reparation for the wrong she thought she had done him when she had once decided that he was too self-seeking and self-centred, and had potentially rejected him on that ground. The first thing she did after they became engaged was to confess the wrong, and give him a chance to cast her off if he wished; but this never seemed quite reparation enough, perhaps

because he laughed and said that she was perfectly right about him, and must take him with those faults or not at all. She now entered upon a long, delightful review of his behavior ever since that moment, and she found that, although he was certainly as self-centred as she had ever thought or he had owned himself to be, self-seeking he was not, in any mean or greedy sense. She perceived that his self-seeking, now, at least, was as much for her sake as his own, and that it was really after all not self-seeking, but the helpless pursuit of aims which he was born into the world to achieve. She had seen that he did not stoop to achieve them, but had as haughty a disdain of any but the highest means as she could have wished him to have, and much haughtier than she could have had in his place. If he forgot her in them, he forgot himself quite as much, and they were equal before his ambition. In fact, this seemed to her even more her charge than his, and if he did not succeed as with his genius he had a right to succeed, it would be constructively her fault, and at any rate she should hold herself to blame for it; there would be some satisfaction in that. She thought with tender pathos how hard he worked, and was at his writing all day long, except when she made him go out with her, and was then often so fagged that he could scarcely speak. She was proud of his almost killing himself at it, but she must study more and more not to let him kill himself, and must do everything that was humanly possible to keep up his spirits when he met with a reverse.

She accused herself with shame of having done nothing for him in the present emergency, but rather flung upon him the burden of her own disappointment. She thought how valiantly he had risen up under it, and not lost one moment in vain repining; how instantly he had collected himself for a new effort, and taken his measures with a wise prevision that omitted no detail. In view of all this, she peremptorily forbade herself to be uneasy at the little reticence he was practicing with regard to Godolphin's having rejected his play; and imagined the splendor he could put on with the manager after he had accepted it, in telling him its history, and releasing him, if he would, from his agreement. She imagined the manager generously saying this made no difference whatever, though he appreciated Mr. Maxwell's candor in the matter, and should be all the happier to make a success of it because Godolphin had failed with it.

But she returned from this flight into the future, and her husband's part in it, to the present and her own first duty in regard to him; and it appeared to her that this was to look carefully after his health in the strain put upon it, and to nourish him for the struggle before him. It was to be not with one manager only, but many managers, probably, and possibly with all the managers in New York. That was what he had said it would be before he gave up, and she remembered how flushed and excited he looked when he said it, and though she did not believe he would get back for lunch—the manager might ask him to read his play to him, so that he could get just the author's notion—she tried to think out the very most nourishing lunch she could for him. Oysters were in season, and they were very nourishing, but they had already had them for breakfast, and beefsteak was very good, but he hated it. Perhaps chops would do, or, still better, mushrooms on toast, only they were not in the market at that time of year. She dismissed a stewed squab, and questioned a sweetbread, and wondered if there were not some kind of game. In the end she decided to leave it to the provision man, and she lost no time after she reached her decision in going out to consult him. He was a bland, soothing German, and it was a pleasure to talk with him, because he brought her married name into every sentence, and said, "No, Mrs. Maxwell;" "Yes, Mrs. Maxwell;" "I send it right in, Mrs. Maxwell." She went over his whole list of provisions with him, and let him persuade her that a small fillet was the best she could offer a person whose frame needed nourishing, while at the same time his appetite needed coaxing. She allowed him to add a can of mushrooms, as the right thing to go with it, and some salad; and then while he put the order up she stood reproaching herself for it, since it formed no fit lunch, and was both expensive and commonplace.

She was roused from her daze, when she was going to countermand the whole stupid order by the man's saying: "What can I

do for you this morning, Mrs. Harley?" and she turned round to find at her elbow the smouldering-eyed woman of the bathing-beach. She lifted her heavy lids and gave Louise a dull glance, which she let a sudden recognition burn through for a moment and then quenched. But in that moment the two women sealed a dislike that had been merely potential before. Their look said for each that the other was by nature, tradition, and aspiration, whatever was most detestable in their sex.

Mrs. Harley, whoever she was, under a name that Louise electrically decided to be fictitious, seemed unable to find her voice at first in their mutual defiance, and she made a pretence of letting her strange eyes rove about the shop before she answered. Her presence was so repugnant to Louise that she turned abruptly and hurried out of the place without returning the good-morning which the German sent after her with the usual addition of her name. She resented it now, for if it was not tantamount to an introduction to that creature, it was making her known to her, and Louise wished to have no closer acquaintance with her than their common humanity involved. It seemed too odious to have been again made aware that they were inhabitants of the same planet, and the anger that heaved within her went out in a wild flash of resentment toward her husband for having forever fixed that woman in her consciousness with a phrase. If it had not been for that, she would not have thought twice of her when they first saw her, and she would not have known her when they met again, and at the worst would merely have been harassed with a vague resemblance which would never have been verified.

She had climbed the stairs to their apartment on the fourth floor, when she felt the need to see more, know more, of this hateful being so strong upon her, that she stopped with her latchkey in her door, and went down again. She did not formulate her intention, but she meant to hurry back to the provision store, with the pretext of changing her order, and follow the woman wherever she went, until she found out where she lived; and she did not feel, as a man would, the disgrace of dogging her steps in that way so much as she felt a fatal dread of her. If she should be gone by the time Louise got back to the shop, she would ask the provision man about her, and find out in that way about her. She stayed a little while to rehearse the terms of her inquiry, and while she lingered, the woman herself came round the corner of the avenue, and mounted the steps where Louise stood and, with an air of custom, went on upstairs to the second floor, where Louise heard her putting a latch-key into the door, which then closed after her.

XIII

Maxwell went to a manager whom he had once met in Boston, where they had been apparently acceptable to each other in a long talk they had about the drama. The manager showed himself a shrewd and rather remorseless man of business, in all that he said of the theatre, but he spoke as generously and reverently of the drama as Maxwell felt, and they parted with a laughing promise to do something for it yet. In fact, if it had not been for the chances that threw him into Godolphin's hands afterwards, he would have gone to this manager with his play in the first place, and he went to him now, as soon as he was out of Godolphin's hands, not merely because he was the only manager he knew in the city, but because he believed in him as much as his rather sceptical temper permitted him to believe in any one, and because he believed he would give him at least an intelligent audience.

The man in the box-office, where he stood in the glow of an electric light at midday, recovered himself from the disappointment he suffered when Maxwell asked for the manager instead of a seat for the night's performance. He owned that the manager was in his room, but said he was very much engaged, and he was hardly moved from this conviction by Maxwell's urgence that he should send in his card; perhaps something in Maxwell's tone and face as of authority prevailed with him; perhaps it was the title of the Boston *Abstract*, which Maxwell wrote under his name, to recall himself better to the manager's memory. The answer was a good while getting back; people came in and bought tickets and went away, while Maxwell hung about the vestibule of the theatre, and studied the bill of the play which formed its present attrac-

tion, but at last the man in the box-office put his face sidewise to the semi-circular opening above the glass-framed plan of the seats and, after he had identified Maxwell, said, "Mr. Grayson would like to see you." At the same time the swinging doors of the theatre opened, and a young man came out, to whom the other added, indicating Maxwell, "This is the gentleman;" and the young man held the door open for him to pass in, and then went swiftly before him into the theatre, and led the way around the orchestra circle to a little door that opened in the wall beside one of the boxes. There was a rehearsal going on, in the glare of some grouped incandescent bulbs on the stage, and people moving about in top hats and bonnets and other every-day outside gear, which Maxwell lost sight of in his progress through the wings and past a rough brick wall before he arrived at another door down some winding stairs in the depths of the building. His guide knocked at it, and when an answering voice said "Come in!" he left Maxwell to go in alone. The manager had risen from his chair at his table, and stood, holding out his hand, with a smile of kindly enough welcome. He said, "I've just made you out, Mr. Maxwell. Do you come as a friendly interviewer, or as a deadly dramatist!"

"As both or as neither, whichever you like," said Maxwell, and he gladly took the manager's hand, and then took the chair which he cleared of some prompt-books for him to sit down in.

"I hadn't forgotten the pleasant talk I had with you in Boston, you see," the manager began again, "but I had forgotten whom I had it with."

"I can't say I had even done that," Maxwell answered, and this seemed to please the manager.

"Well, that counts you one," he said. "You notice that we have put on 'Engaged?' We've made a failure of the piece we began with; it's several pieces now. *Couldn't* you do something like 'Engaged?'"

"I wish I could! But I'm afraid Gilbert is the only man living who can do anything like 'Engaged.' My hand is too heavy for that kind."

"Well, the heavy hand is not so bad if it hits hard enough," said the manager, who had a face of lively intelligence and an air of wary kindliness. He looked fifty, but this was partly the effect of overwork. There was something of the Jew, something of the Irishman, in his visage; but he was neither; he was a Yankee, from Maine, with a Boston training in his business. "What have you got?" he asked, for Maxwell's play was evident.

"Something I've been at work on for a year, more or less." Maxwell sketched the plot of his play, and the manager seemed interested.

"Rather Ibsenish, isn't it?" he suggested at the end.

The time had passed with Maxwell when he wished to have this said of his play, not because he did not admire Ibsen, but because he preferred the recognition of the original quality of his work. "I don't know that it is, very. Perhaps—if one didn't like it."

"Oh, I don't know that I should dislike it for its Ibsenism. The time of that sort of thing may be coming. You never can be sure, in this business, when the time of anything is coming. I've always thought that a naturalized Ibsenism wouldn't be so bad for our stage. You don't want to be quite so bleak, you know, as the real Norwegian Ibsen."

"I've tried not to be very bleak, because I thought it wasn't in the scheme," said Maxwell.

"I don't understand that it ends well?"

"Unless you consider the implicated marriage of the young people a good ending. Haxard himself, of course, is past all surgery. But the thing isn't pessimistic, as I understand, for its doctrine is that harm comes only from doing wrong."

The manager laughed. "Oh, the average public would consider that *very* pessimistic. They want no harm to come even from doing wrong. They want the drama to get round it, somehow. If you could show that Divine Providence forgets wrong-doing altogether in certain cases, you would make the fortune of your piece. Come, why couldn't you try something of that kind? It would be the greatest comfort to all the sinners in front, for every last man of them—or woman—would think she was the one who was going to get away."

"I might come up to that, later," said Maxwell, willing to take the humorous view of the matter, if it would please the manager and smooth the way for the con-

sideration of his work; but, more obscurely, he was impatient, and sorry to have found him in so philosophical a mood.

The manager was like the man of any other trade; he liked to talk of his business, and this morning he talked of it a long time, and to an effect that Maxwell must have found useful if he had not been so bent upon getting to his manuscript that he had no mind for generalities. At last the manager said, abruptly, "You want me to read your play?"

"Very much," Maxwell answered, and he promptly put the packet he had brought into the manager's extended hand.

He not only took it, but he untied it, and even glanced at the first few pages. "All right," he said, "I'll read it, and let you hear from me as soon as I can. Your address—oh, it's on the wrapper, here. By the way, why shouldn't you lunch with me? We'll go over to the Players' Club."

Maxwell flushed with eager joy; then he faltered.

"I should like to do it immensely. But I'm afraid—I'm afraid Mrs. Maxwell will be waiting for me."

"Oh, all right; some other time," answered the manager; and then Maxwell was vexed that he had offered any excuse, for he thought it would have been very pleasant and perhaps useful for him to lunch at the Players'. But the manager did not urge him. He only said, as he led the way to the stage-door, "I didn't know there was a Mrs. Maxwell."

"She's happened since we met," said Maxwell, blushing with fond pride. "We're such a small family that we like to get together at lunch," he added.

"Oh, yes, I can understand that stage of it," said the manager. "By the way, are you still connected with the *Abstract?* I noticed the name on your card."

"Not quite in the old way. But," and with the words a purpose formed itself in Maxwell's mind, "they've asked me to write their New York letter."

"Well, drop in, now and then. I may have something for you." The manager shook hands with him cordially, and Maxwell opened the door and found himself in the street.

He was so little conscious of the transit homeward that he seemed to find himself the next moment with Louise in their little parlor. He remembered afterwards that there was something strange in her manner toward him at first, but, before he could feel presently cognisant of it, this wore off in the interest of what he had to tell.

"The sum of it all," he ended his account of the interview with the manager, "is that he's taken the thing to read, and that he's to let me hear from him when he's read it. When that will be, nobody knows, and I should be the last to ask. But he seemed interested in my sketch of it, and he had an intelligence about it that was consoling. And it was a great comfort, after Godolphin, and Godolphin's pyrotechnics, to have him take it in a hard, business way. He made no sort of promises, and he held out no sort of hopes; he didn't commit himself in any sort of way, and he can't break his word, for he hasn't given it. I wish, now, that I had never let Godolphin have the play back after he first renounced it; I should have saved a great deal of time and wear and tear of feelings. Yes, if I had taken your advice then——"

At this generous tribute to her wisdom, all that was reluctant ceased from Louise's manner and behavior. She put her arm around his neck, and protested. "No, no! I can't let you say that, Brice! You were right about that, as you are about everything. If you hadn't had this experience with Godolphin, you wouldn't have known how to appreciate Mr. Grayson's reception of you, and you might have been unreasonable. I can see now that it's all been for the best, and that we needed just this discipline to prepare us for prosperity. But I guess Godolphin will wish, when he hears that Mr. Grayson has taken your piece, and is going to bring it out at the Argosy, here——"

"Oh, good heavens! Do give those poor chickens a chance to get out of the shell, this time, my dear!"

"Well, I know it vexes you, and I know it's silly; but still I feel sure that Mr. Grayson will take it. You don't mind that, do you?"

"Not if you don't say it. I want you to realize that the chances are altogether against it. He was civil, because I think he rather liked me personally——"

"Of *course* he did!"

"Oh!"

"Well, never mind. Personally——"

"And I don't suppose it did me any harm with him to suppose that I still had a newspaper connection. I put Boston *Abstract* on my card, for purposes of identification, as the editors say, because I was writing for it when I met him in Boston."

"Oh, well, as long as you're not writing for it now, I don't care. I want you to devote yourself entirely to the drama, Brice."

"Yes, that's all very well. But I think I shall do Ricker's letters for him this winter at least. I was thinking of it on the way down. It'll be work, but it'll be money, too, and if I have something coming in I sha'n't feel as if I were ruined every time my play gets back from a manager."

"Mr. Grayson will take it!"

"Now, Louise, if you say that, you will simply drive me to despair, for I shall know how you will feel when he doesn't——"

"No, I shall not feel so; and you will see. But if you don't let me hope for you——"

"You know I can't stand hoping. The only safe way is to look for the worst, and if anything better happens, it is so much pure gain. If we hadn't been so eager to pin our faith to Godolphin——"

"How much better off should we have been? What have we lost by it?" she challenged him.

He broke off with a laugh. "We have lost the pins. Well, hope away! But remember you take the whole responsibility." Maxwell pulled out his watch. "Isn't lunch nearly ready? This prosperity is making me hungry, and it seems about a year since breakfast."

"I'll see what's keeping it," said Louise, and she ran out to the kitchen with a sudden fear in her heart. She knew that she had meant to countermand her order for the fillet and mushrooms, and she thought that she had forgotten to order anything else for lunch. She found the cook just serving it up, because such a dish as that took more time than an ordinary lunch, and the things had come late. Louise said, Yes, she understood that; and went back to Maxwell, whom she found walking up and down the room in a famine very uncommon for him. She felt the motherly joy a woman has in being able to appease the hunger of the man she loves, and now she was glad that she had not postponed the fillet till dinner as she had thought of doing. Everything was turning out so entirely for the best that she was beginning to experience some revival of an ancestral faith in Providence in a heart individually agnostic, and she was piously happy when Maxwell said at sight of the lunch, "Isn't this rather prophetic? If it isn't that, it's telepathic. I sha'n't regret now that I didn't go with Grayson to lunch at the Players' Club."

"Did he ask you to do that?"

Maxwell nodded with his mouth full.

A sudden misgiving smote her. "Oh, Brice, you ought to have gone! Why didn't you go?"

"It must have been a deep subconsciousness of the fillet and mushrooms. Or perhaps I didn't quite like to think of your lunching alone."

"Oh, you dear, faithful little soul!" she cried. The tears came into her eyes, and she ran round the table to kiss him several times on the top of his head.

He kept on eating as well as he could, and when she got back to her place, "Of course, it would have been a good thing for me to go to the Players'," he teased, "for it would have pleased Grayson, and I should probably have met some other actors and managers there, and made interest with them provisionally for my play, if he shouldn't happen to want it."

"Oh, I know it," she moaned. "You have ruined yourself for me. I'm not worth it. No, I'm not! Now, I want you to promise, dearest, that you'll never mind me again, but lunch or dine, or breakfast, or sup, whenever anybody asks you?"

"Well, I can't promise all that, quite."

"I mean, when the play is at stake."

"Oh, in that case, yes."

"What in the world did you say to Mr. Grayson?"

"Very much what I have said to you: that I hated to leave you to lunch alone here."

"Oh, didn't he think it very silly?" she entreated, fondly. "Don't you think he'll laugh at you for it?"

"Very likely. But he won't like me the less for it. Men are rather glad of marital devotion in other men; they feel that it acts as a sort of dispensation for the rest of them."

"You oughtn't to waste those things on me," she said, humbly. "You ought to keep them for your plays."

"Oh, they're not wasted, exactly. I can use them over again. I can say much better things than that, with a pen in my hand."

She hardly heard him. She felt a keen remorse for something she had meant to do and to say, when he came home. Now, she put it far from her; she thought she ought not to keep even an extinct suspicion in her heart against him, and she asked, "Brice, did you know that woman was living in this house?"

"What woman?"

Louise was ashamed to say anything about the smouldering eyes. "That woman on the bathing beach at Magnolia—the one I met the other day."

He said, dryly: "She seems to be pursuing us. How did you find it out?"

She told him, and she added, "I think she *must* be an actress of some sort."

"Very likely, but I hope she won't feel obliged to call because we're connected with the profession."

Some time afterward, Louise was stitching at a centre-piece she was embroidering for the dining-table, and Maxwell was writing a letter for the *Abstract*, which he was going to send to the editor with a note telling him that if it were the sort of thing he wanted he would do the letters for them. "After all," she breathed, "that look of the eyes may be purely physical."

"What look?" Maxwell asked, from the depths of his work.

She laughed in perfect content, and said: "Oh, nothing." But when he finished his letter, and was putting it into the envelope, she asked: "Did you tell Mr. Grayson that Godolphin had returned the play?"

"No, I didn't. That wasn't necessary at this stage of the proceedings."

"No."

(To be continued.)

TO A POET ON A VACATION

By George Meason Whicher

"No sonnets, but a perfect rest"!
  O poet 'neath the green-wood tree,
A meaning in your pleasant jest
  The autumn breezes sigh to me.

'Tis they alone who vainly clutched
  Count it but joy to hold the lyre;
His ear the god hath never touched
  Who warms him at the altar fire.

But, by the many joys resigned
  To charm the careless world along—
By him the Muses first made blind
  And then bestowed the gift of song—

By him whose sepulchre we build,
  The ploughman Orpheus of the Ayr,
To whose sweet note our fathers thrilled,
  And left the singer to despair—

By every music-compassed death
  From Linus to the Marvellous Boy—
The pangless line is measured breath;
  Song brings delight, but is not joy.

No sonnets, but a perfect rest!
  Ah, friend, begrudge the silent years.
Silence is sweet; but sweetest, best,
  Is Song that comes with toil and tears.

RALEGH IN GUIANA

By Barrett Wendell

Characters

SIR WALTER RALEGH.
YOUNG RALEGH.
CAPTAIN KEYMIS.
CAPTAIN POLWHELE.
DON ANTONIO DE BERREO.
BOATSWAIN.

SCENE: RALEGH'S *cabin on the Destiny, off the mouth of the Orinoco, in the winter of 1617–18.*

I.

KEYMIS *and* POLWHELE *discovered.*

KEY. Ralegh was never faithless!
POL. He is a man;
What man was ever faithful, saving them
That chance to die before their faith is broke?
KEY. Well, sir, I'll pledge mine honour—
POL. God be praised
You keep it still to pledge!
KEY. Sir Walter gone,
I am master here aboard.
POL. Ay; and are like
To stay so.
KEY. Then beware, sir, how you loose
Your tongue again. Mine hair in youth was red;
And though sea-salt encrust it now with gray
The head beneath stays hot.
POL. Nay, Captain Keymis,
You understand me not.
KEY. Sir Walter's gone,
You said, and left us in a Spanish trap.
POL. Not I, not I, sir; 'twas but what the crews
Are murmuring I told you.—Boatswain there!
BOAT. (*without*). Ay, ay, sir.
POL. Come within here. (*Enter* BOATSWAIN.) Captain Keymis
Would fain know how the sailors speak together.

BOAT. Very vilely, sir. When knew ye a company of men left by themselves but that straight they fell to talking bawdy?

KEY. To the point, Boatswain. Boy and man, thou hast known me, and Sir Walter too, this thirty year.

BOAT. Ay, sir, for very honest gentlemen.

POL. Speak now, telling in what respect this opinion of thine lacketh favour among thy fellows.

BOAT. Without offence, Captain Keymis?

KEY. Unless thou liest.

BOAT. God forbid that I should lie if what they say be true; for they would have it that we be nearer Heaven or Hell, according to our deserts, than Christians love to be.

POL. He bears me out, you see.

KEY. Be precise, Boatswain.

BOAT. Precise, Captain, as I understand the term, is as one should say, Be brief, short, not lengthy or without end. Marry, then, to be precise, and to waste no words and not unduly take up time for which doubtless there should be more worthy business and occupation; in fine, to speak precisely——

KEY. What then? What do the sailors murmur?

BOAT. Of yourself, sir, naught but good.

KEY. And of Sir Walter Ralegh?

BOAT. Faith, Captain, what they say of Sir Walter I know not altogether. For there be many, not only of the Destiny here, but also of the Encounter, and of the Thunder, and of the Flying Joan, and of the rest of the fleet, which for preciseness I will not stop to name, with whom I have had no words. And of such matter a man can tell only what he hath heard with his own ears.

POL. Speak out, Boatswain, telling what thine own shaggy ears have heard concerning Sir Walter.

BOAT. Marry, sir, there be doubtless them that say how that salt meat breedeth scurvy, and that Sir Walter—mark you both, gentlemen, I say it not of mine own motion—hath eaten overmuch salt meat.

KEY. Meaning thereby?

BOAT. Nay, Captain, who can tell what men mean? I can but guess that their meaning is as if one should say how that we be left here in these shallows to God's mercy; and Sir Walter gone not to return; and the old Spanish Don—him that was our prisoner in the Queen's time when we burnt their city of Saint Joseph—now no longer here a prisoner, but our master, waiting for force to put us all to the sword, even as we put his guard aforetime after that we had drunk them careless; and so no mines in the river save mines of powder that shall be the end of us—But all this I myself believe not, Captain Keymis, having trust in Sir Walter Ralegh and in you.

KEY. Go, Boatswain, keep thy trust; and tell them this:
They be our eyes wherewith we keep our watch;
But I, until Sir Walter come again—
As come he shall, with news of where the stream
Flows deepest for our navy—am the will
That governs this our force. Let but the eyes
Report a Spanish quiver in the air—
Nay, in the hues of sunset—and the will,
I pledge my word, shall make that grim old don
Go face it hanging.
BOAT. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
POL. Brave words, sir; but remember, when the Queen
Betook herself from earth, and canny James,
Journeying toward London met our vagrant knight,
Then Captain of the Guard, his Scottish mind
Was even as doubtful as these sailors' are.
So when Sir Walter crooked his pliant knee,
"I have heard but *rawly* of thee!" cried the king,
And clapped him in the Tower.
KEY. Thou saucy fellow!

That speech, thou knowest, Sir Walter never brooked
From any save the King. An thou presumest——

POL. More gently, sir. I am a gentleman
Who hath adventured much.

KEY. I *thou* thee, man,
To show thee here thy place. A gentleman!
God's blood! Time was when gentlemen had died
Ere they had slunk as thou.—Hark. If to me
A whisper cometh more that buzzing doubters
Gather about thee, even as tropic flies
Swarm to a carrion there to fat themselves
With noisome nurture, ere Sir Walter come,
I'll lay the lashes on thy gentle back.

POL. By God, sir, you shall answer me for this,
If ever we see England.

KEY. Keep the peace
Till then; and send me for a challenger
Some stale companion of thy lady wife—
Her that the player wrote his sonnets for,
And Pembroke fooled with.

Y. RAL (*without*). Ho, within there! Wine's ready, I hope. (*He is flushed with drink.*)

KEY. Now silence to our brawl.
Here are young Wat, and Don Antonio,
The hard-favored Spaniard.

Enter, as from above, YOUNG RALEGH *and* BERREO.

Y. RAL. Nay, sir, I'll go first.
This ladder's steep. Lean on my shoulder.—So.

BER. Gracias. I grow old.

Y. RAL. For want of wine.—
Why, captains, till we came with store of sack,
This reverend sinner tells me,—we be all
Miserable sinners in our service-book;
I'll show it you anon, sir,—for some score
Of weeks, they quenched their thirst by biting bungs
Of voided pipes and tuns. Here's better liquor.
It grew in Spain, sir; how it came to us
Were not quite mannerly to tell.—The King,
God bless him!

BER. Pray, which king, sir?

Y. RAL. Which you will.
I gave the toast to fit or our King James
Or your King Philip. They are royal friends,
As we are friends though humbler.—Captain Keymis
And Captain Polwhele, do not lag behind us;
Drink with us to the King, who shall possess
His own Guiana.

ALL. Amen. To the King!

BER. Now, gentlemen, I pray you drink with me.

Y. RAL. Fill your cups. Spare no wine. Our sober Keymis
Shall pledge you brimming this time.

BER. With me to
Sir Walter Ralegh, my most gallant host
Here on the Destiny. He is gone to seek
A passage to the deep Guiana mines;
And may he prosper as we hope he shall.

Y. RAL. How mean you that, sir?

BER. Marry, as it please you;
I gave it to suit all.

Y. RAL. Then all be suited.

KEY. (*to* YOUNG RALEGH, *aside*). Your leave, sir. Be not careless with your wine.
Here wit must not be cloudy.

Y. RAL. (*aside, to* KEYMIS). Never fear.
I play my father's game. Fasting from wine
Hath made the don's head light. I'll set it spinning
Till his tongue reel us yarns.

KEY. (*still to him*). I fear yourself
Shall grow entangled in them.

Y. RAL. Trust me, friend.—
Your favour, Don Antonio. On your neck
I see the image of our Blessed Lord.

BER. To wear it is our manner.

Y. RAL. So in France
I have seen them—not so featly carven as this;
And yet methinks I made one better there.

BER. Yourself, sir?

Y. RAL. Ay, myself. I was but young—

BER. And now?

Y. RAL. I am three and twenty. Lusty Ben—
You knew him, Polwhele.

POL. He that makes the plays,
Laid bricks once, slew a player, and drinks deep?

Y. RAL. The same. He was my tutor. Once I plied him
Till he was e'en past snoring. Then, his heels
Together, either arm stretched out, his head
Dangling, I bade them lay him in a cart
And carry him abroad through Paris streets,
A livelier image of the crucifix
Than any carved in France.

BER. Your language, sir,
I am not perfect in; else I had thought
This jest unseemly.

Y. RAL. My grave father swore
It smacked irreverence; but my lady mother—
Born Bess Throckmorton, sir; bred at the court
Of great Elizabeth.—

POL. (*aside to* BERREO). And big with him
Before her hand was ringed. (*To* YOUNG RALEGH.) Pray, what said she?

Y. RAL. She clapped him on the cheek, and cried in youth
He was no wiser.—So the trouble passed.—
Your health, sir, now. Come, Captains, to the Don!
Then he shall pledge all three.

BER. Your pardon, sir;
I have my fill.

Y. RAL. Why, then, I'll sing a song
Shall make you thirst; I made it to a tune
The sailors chant at work.—Your health, sir, first.
(*Sings.*) So from Cadiz by the sea,
Where we made their gunners flee,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
O'er the drowsy tropic main,
Where we lightened ships of Spain,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
To the Indies now we come,
Where they beat the alarum drum,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!
For the harbors and the gold,
Which they have, but shall not hold,
Yo-ho—Heave-ho!

How's that, sirs?—Sure the tide runs faster now
Than ever it ran before. 'Tis hot here, too.
These tropic seas make all our knees give way.

KEY. 'Tis cooler in your cabin. Come with me.
Rest you awhile.

Y. RAL. Why, as you will.—Your arm—
I am something qualmish.—Look for me anon
To pledge the Don afresh. [*Exeunt* KEY. with Y. RAL.

POL. Sir, all goes well.
The crews are wavering; till, in fine, these two—
The grizzled incorruptible, and the boy,
Silly with drink—are all that stoutly stand
Betwixt us and possession.

BER. Sir, your hand.—
It shakes not; and mine own is steady, too.

POL. And both are armed.

BER. Nay, sir, the trouble's there.
I am here a guest. The usage of our Spain
Locks guests' arms to the scabbard.

POL. Mere punctilio
Must not avoid our purpose.

BER. We of Spain
May not forget punctilio.

POL. But myself
Were sore at odds with two.

BER. I will hold the boy.

POL. Meseems your years were something overmatched
By his strong English youth.

BER. Made weak with wine,
Even as a life run thrice the span of his
In temperate health hath made my grip like steel.

POL. Here cometh Keymis.

BER. Have at him from behind.

Enter KEYMIS, *whom* POLWHELE *presently attacks.*

KEY. What ho! Young Walter! Treason! To my aid!

Enter YOUNG RALEGH, *still heavy with drink.*

Y. RAL. By God, sirs, this is scurvy!

BER. (*pinioning his arms*). Nay, young sir,
Stand still by me. Well mark them. You meanwhile
May chant again your pretty sailor-song.

KEY. Wouldst gore me with the horns that Pembroke bought thee?

POL. Hold fast the boy!

Y. RAL. By God, sirs, this is scurvy!
(*A shout from the deck*, "Sir Walter Ralegh!"

KEY. Sir Walter! Ho! Here's treason, but I've downed it. (*So he has* POLWHELE *on his back.*)

Enter RALEGH *with others.*

RAL. I come in happy season, here to find
An happy ending to an happy voyage.

BER. (*releasing* YOUNG RALEGH). And here is your babe that I have saved from hap.

Y. RAL. Father, I beg thee, father, give me chance
To show myself the man.

RAL. Anon, Wat. Now
Betake thee to thy cabin. (*Exit* YOUNG RALEGH)
Captain Keymis,
You are hurt?

KEY. Praise God, sir, no; I had him down.

RAL. Clap him in chains. I will call you back anon.
Now leave us. (*Exeunt all but* RALEGH *and* BERREO.)
Don Antonio de Berreo,
Was this well done, our kings at peace, myself
Trusting your friendship?

BER. I was taught the trick, sir,
When to my town Saint Joseph, years ago,
There came a fleet of English friends. I gave them
Of what I had; and when the Indian night,
Glorious with stars, fell on our revelry,
They turned those heavenly lamps to thievish lanterns,
And slew my guard, and made me prisoner,
Burning my town.

RAL. I had savoured of the ass
To leave your strength behind me, journeying on
To explore my Queen's Guiana.

BER. Nay, Sir Walter,
I may not yield you that Guiana was ours
From the bold days of great King Charles the Fifth.

RAL. Grant that your Carlos knew her secrets first,
As he knew store before he took the cowl,
Seeking God's mercy superstitiously—
It was by no fair encounter, but such force
As your armed soldiery use with soft-eyed girls
And wives of Orinoco. We were come
To right that mischief. She—our maiden queen,
Elizabeth——

BER. Brave maiden!

RAL. Sir, of her
No word unreverent. Now these fourteen years
She dwells in glory, heaven the richer for
Our poverty on earth.

BER. The which, methinks,
Bred in her love of gold most justly ours.

RAL. You do her wrong. She loved it as it brought
Power with possession. Not its yellow self
Did she, or I, her servant, ever care for.
'Twas when she marked your shuttling galleons weave
On this Atlantic loom your golden tissue
Of priestly empire, faring back and forth
With precious threads, she roused her English spirit;
Then bade me spoil the stuff, replacing it
With our more rude but stouter.

BER. And therewith?

RAL. Why, she would have mantled all this Western world,
Covering the wounded nakedness you wrought,
With that sweet name, born of her purity—
Virginia.

BER. That queen is dead, Sir Walter.

RAL. May God so guide me, when my time shall come,
That I may pass to where she lives undying.

BER. The king who had succession to her throne
Of England holds more prudent policy.

RAL. Held rather. He mistrusted. But no longer
Doth stiffening inaction keep me caged
In London Tower, making the history books
That men shall cherish. Now, in loyalty,
He sends me forth, his loyal servitor,
To take possession, in his sovereign name,
Of this, his broad Guiana.

BER. Listen, sir;
You found me here before you, come from Spain
Hasting to bid you welcome.
RAL. Ay; and wondered
To find you voyaged so far; but gave my hand,
Renewing broken friendship.
BER. Have you guessed
Who sent me hither?
RAL. Philip.
BER. No; King James.—
I ask you not to trust my Spanish word,
For I would trust no English. Here are letters
To prove me truthful. From the King of Spain
One that I brought in March; another sent
After in May; another still—July
Brought this from Porto Rico, from the Bishop,
Duly attested; here is a fourth, not from
King Philip's hand, but written by our farmer
Of customs in the Indies. All are like
In tenor. Do you read our Spanish script?
RAL. Faultily, Don Antonio.
BER. May I aid you.
In substance all say this: Your royal James,
At peace with our King Philip, greeteth him,
Sending him message how you are gone forth
To seek rich mines still unpossessed by us.
He bids us guard our own, then; since aforetime
'Twas whispered you were something careless of
The laws of mine and thine. So, if perchance
We find you trespassing and let you go
Unprisoned, why, your own just English law
Shall hold you answerable, if for nothing else
Then for the sentence passed in Cobham's case
Upon your daring neck.
RAL. I had read aright,
Choosing to doubt my wit, before the throne
That was Elizabeth's.
BER. Elizabeth
Dwells now in glory. Orinoco, sir,
Is warned and guarded. You, unwarranted,
Trespass on our Guiana. Make your choice:
Or go in peace, or stay a rebel to
Your own King James.
RAL. You put me to the test!
Thereby my mind is settled.—Ho! Without there!
Bid Captain Keymis come hither.
BER. You make sail?
RAL. Not so; this cloudy monster, circumstance,
Affrighting common folk, doth melt to air
Round them that, plunging in her maw, dare vex
Her misty bowels.

Enter KEYMIS.

KEY. At your bidding, sir.
RAL. Polwhele, the roaring gentleman, is chained?
KEY. Securely, sir.
RAL. Why then, Tom Keymis, I'll trust thee
With something nobler. Now this thirty year
Have thou and I been shipmates, and we near
At last our final harbour.
KEY. Nay, Sir Walter,
I hope not yet.
RAL. Good! Keep thine hopes alive;
We need them all, God knows.—There's treason, Tom.
BER. Tell whose.
RAL. Nor I nor thou shall whisper whose!
I am master yet, Berreo.—Keymis, choose men,
And take young Walter with thee. Seek the mines
You wot of. Dig there. Bring me back the gold
Shall win the heart of James.—O, if that I
Might lead the way! But those twelve idle years
In London Tower have crippled that bold strength
Which made my body, in the olden times,
Stout as my heart. So I must tarry here,
And watch, and pray and guard.—Tom, none but thee
Would I quite trust with this; for all is at stake.—
Come! Hug me, man!—So. Bid thy crew make ready.
KEY. 'Tis here you plan to wait me?
RAL. Ay, just here.
KEY. How long, sir?
RAL. Take a month. Go stoutly armed;
You shall see fighting. If the thirtieth day
Bring no good news of thee, it shall be the last
Of this grave old Berreo. Tell Spaniards so,
If on the river they seek word of him.
And guard him to his cabin, there to outwait
The changes of a moon. [*Exeunt* KEY. *and* BER.
What, Walter boy,
Come forth.

Enter YOUNG RALEGH.

Y. RAL. O, father, father, I am young,
And played the fool.
RAL. Well, play it, Wat, no more.
Here's business afoot shall make thee great
Or end us altogether. Trust thee, boy,
In good Tom Keymis, to whom I trust myself. (*Sailors without begin to chant* YOUNG RALEGH'S *tune.*)
Hark. They make ready. Make thee ready, too;
And, Walter boy, whatever hap, remember
Thou'rt Walter Ralegh's son and Bess Throckmorton's,
Bred at the court of great Elizabeth.

II.

RALEGH *is discovered. To him enters* BERREO.

RAL. Antonio de Berreo—
BER. Walter Ralegh.—
I so forgot your knighthood, hearing you
Forget my due.
RAL. We English, blunter folk
Than Spanish, have an honest, foolish trick
Of speaking, when our hearts be big, to men
By just the names God gave them. For as God
Makes gentlemen of nobler clay than knaves,
Nor earthly honours alter any jot
The one or the other, so His simplest names
Mean most of all.
BER. The speech I had esteemed
A flout you turn to an honour.
RAL. Ay, and more.—
You bade me once not trust your Spanish word,

For you would trust no English. Yet to-day
I mean to trust you.

BER. If you will, you may;
Within the bounds of honour.

RAL. Give me aid:
Interpret to me what an Indian means
Whose tongue we have no skill in.

BER. That I will.

RAL. I thank your courtesy. Nine and twenty days
These tropic tides have swung us since the flood
Of Orinoco bore from sight the boats
On whose adventure warring Spain and England
Must stake their future. Now, perchance, this savage
May tell their story; that no wit but yours
Among us can unravel.

BER. You, sir, would
Have done so much for me, had I come hither,
A transient voyager, where these many years
You had governed, learning quaint, barbaric tongues
That brown-faced Indians chatter.

RAL. So I would,
And may do yet!—But let that pass.—In the night
He slipped beside us. When the morning broke
Full-grown from the womb of ocean, he from his boat
Made eager signals. So we had him aboard;
And ever since he points us toward the river
With antic motions, uttering uncouth sounds
That leave us never wiser.

BER. It is like
I can tell their meaning.

RAL. Which, perhaps, shall be
The meaning of our lives. These thirty years
Good enemies, each knows the other true
To the cause he lived for—I to England's, you
To that of Popish Spain. And, Don Antonio,
I think that when we meet o' the other side
Of that we wait for, if so be it we may,
Why, each shall love the other better for
So loyal warfare here.

BER. Sir Walter Ralegh,
May I speak from the heart?

RAL. Sure that is how
I speak myself to-day; for I grow weary
Of this dissembling trouble, hollow life,
Where each would thwart the rest.

BER. I wonder not
Your heart hath sickened. While our Spanish kings
Stand trusty by their servant, James of England
Deserts you, in these ticklish, fatal days
When most you need him.

RAL. Kings are mortal men;
And empires, too, shall pass. Our tumbling world
Flows down the slope of time to be engulfed
In deep eternity, as mighty rivers
Merge in old ocean. Yet, this frothy world
Outlasts the imperial systems, burst like bubbles
From out of it; so those glistering realms outlast
Their flitting tenants. England shall remain,
Long after James, and we, with all that live
To-day, lie rotting. Those of time to come
May judge James as it please them, judging me
So long as James was England loyal to
My English duty.

BER. Why not rather loyal
To all the future world? I bear you a mission,
Till now unbroken, from a stauncher king
Than you have known. Sir Walter, would you listen
To Philip's greeting, you and I together
Might plant in this Guiana dynasties
To outlast old Europe.

RAL. That imperial hope
I cherish for old England is too wide
To brook a rival.

BER. Even so thought we,
Till we beheld so worthy a rival come
That we would rather count him with ourselves
Than rule without him sovereign.

RAL. Don Antonio!—
I am not angry. You have warrant for this,
Knowing how Scots in England hold their faith
As light as churls of Carthage; nor is it strange
Scotland and Devon to your Spanish mind
Should seem all one.

BER. Believe my conquered love
For your brave person urges me to urge
Our royal Philip's friendship.

RAL. Greet him, sir;—
If so it chance you may fare home to Spain,
Our English venture prospering;—and so tell him
It were not seemly I should reason of James,
Being his subject; but that ere this fleet,
Set forth, which rides here still, rigged at the cost
Of many English gentlemen, one of these—
The Lord Arundel, a very worthy man—
Beset with doubts, had promises from me
To see me there again—which I must keep,
Or soil mine honour.

BER. Yet remember, sir,
Whatever chance here, your courageous life
Shall rest unsafe in England.

RAL. For myself
I care not, so that England prosper still.—
This savage Indian—why the devil waits he?—
Perchance hath prosperous news for Englishmen,
Won by the venture Keymis and my young Wat
So boldly undertook—What, Boatswain there!

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, ay, Sir Walter.

RAL. Why bringest thou not the Indian, as I bade thee?

BOAT. (*entering*). Marry, Sir Walter, an it please you—or, for that matter an it please you not, neither, for it is all beyond me—I bring him not for very good reason; namely, that I have him not to bring.

RAL. Surely thou hast not let him escape.

BOAT. Escape, sir! What think you of us all to say that? He hath by no means escaped.

RAL. But what then? What then?

BOAT. Why, what he hath done, Sir Walter, is as it were the opposite of escape. For escape, as I take it, is as one should say come out of danger into safety; and the naked fellow is even now clambering out of comfortable, friendly safety into the most danger he can find.

RAL. Clambering! And whither should he clamber?

BOAT. Nay; whither, Sir Walter, I cannot now justly tell, but whence I can. For when your honour called me below he was sitting in the main-top, even as the Popish apes we saw aforetime in Orinoco—of whom I myself would think him one but that he hath no tail—would sit in branches, jabbering their bawdy prayers and the like.

RAL. And how came he there in the main-top?

BOAT. An you will grant me time to tell you, Sir Walter, I will make shift to do so. For, by your order, we had made him welcome, and fed him, and brought him drink—but not so much as he would have had, being like the rest of them, and some Christians also, too thirstily given——

RAL. Enough of that. Why couldst thou not bring him below here?

BOAT. Why, when in all gentleness, Sir Walter, we would have clapped hands on him to bring him below here, through the hatch-way, he, being without clothes, but as God made him, was through our fingers and up the shrouds before we might find breath to bid him be damned. And how to bring down, save with a shot, I for one know not.

BER. Let me go call to him. These Indian folk
Have much mistrusted since, in former times,
We closed our hatches over two caciques
And brought them home to Spain.

RAL. Ever the same
Sly tricksters! with ourselves, or with these meek
Brown children of the West, who held you as gods
Till sorrow proved you devils!

BER. Good Sir Walter,
Our Spanish ways little resemble yours—
Our king is very trusty—but ourselves,
Like your best selves of England, may not hear
Rebukes without rebuke.

RAL. I cry you pardon.
I am not what I was, in all the strength
Of youth, and confidence. Elizabeth
Bore with her from this world something whereof
The lack makes flickering weakness master me,
And hasty speech usurp the place of judgment—
Seek, how you will, the Indian. What he bears me
I cannot bear to lose.

BER. Nor shall you, sir.

[*Exeunt, the* BOATSWAIN *leading.*

RAL. O, I am old and sickly; and my brain
Reels palsied doubt. Mine England! if thou mightst
Possess these future continents we coast
And spy, then, though ten thousand valiant lives
As dear as Keymis's or Wat's—more dear than mine,
Dull, aged, broken—took their starry flight
From Orinoco, I could shout for joy
Above the sons of the morning! O, my Queen!
When thine Auroral presence brightened earth
Who loved not, feared it. Now that English glory
Fades in rank Scottish mists; and lurking scroyles
Creep forth i' the murk until our very crews
Seem of them, hither lured by greed of gold,
Not care for England.—So my groping love
Cleaves heart-sick to that valourous old man
Here in my power. While the fleeting days
Bring on his time of parting, if no word
Come sooner from our venturers, his cheek
More pale than mine with years, begins to glow
With buoyant hope for what shall bring despair
To England, plunging this round hemisphere
Deep in the Popish drowsiness of Spain.

(*A cry without:* "Overboard!")

Overboard! Who? The Spaniard?

BOAT. (*entering.*) Nay, Sir Walter; have no fear. The Spaniard is safe enough, but you should have seen the other at the sight of him, who is now farther from good, comfortable escape than ever he was, among the man-eating fishes, unless perchance in the dimness of the waters they should take him for one of their ugly selves.

RAL. Nay, tell me clearly, who is overboard. I hope 'tis not the Indian.

BOAT. Good Sir Walter Ralegh, with your leave I will tell you all. We come on deck, I first and the other in his black suit following close. So I, catching sight of him there in the main-top, shake my fist at him thus, pleasantly, to show him what an I had my own way he should catch for his manners, or lack of them, in so slipping aloft to our trouble and vexation. But there he sits, for all me, grinning back at us with his apish jabber. Then comes the Don up after me, very grave, with his hand thus in what should be his jerkin—for how they name their outlandish Spanish garb I cannot call to mind. But of this I am sure, that he makes no friendly motion such as mine was. So when the naked fellow aloft sees him he gives a great cry like "Spanyole!"—which I take to be what these papists foolishly call themselves—and so out on the yard, and head-first takes water, that the sharks may have him sooner than we.

RAL. Send me the Spaniard hither.

BER. (*who has entered, unobserved*). I come unsent, sir,
To tell you all I can.

RAL. Send me hither, too,
The vapouring Captain, striking off his chains.—

[*Exit* BOATSWAIN.

I am displeased to find you play with me
At fatal moments.

BER. In all sadness, sir,
Here was no playing.

RAL. Lord! I know not that—
Nor know I anything in this treacherous world
Save what myself may do.

BER. So far as I
Could mark, he came of an once warlike tribe
Who, rising against us, met with chastisement
That makes them shiver at the thought of Spain.

RAL. And even so, I would that men of Spain
Might view us English!

BER. I had thought you, sir,
Too wise to waste the treasure of your wishes
In airy folly.

RAL. Let me remember you
Your time grows very short. We have no priests
Here in our fleet. Make shift to shrive yourself.
For if to-morrow—that's the thirtieth day
Past since they left us, Keymis, and my young Wat,
And all the rest—bring us no happy news

Through them for England, then that same dark morrow
Must be your last.

BER. Last days must come to all;
You shall not find me fearful.

Enter POLWHELE.

RAL. For this fellow,
Who had sent Tom Keymis to God a little sooner——

POL. You speak of me, Sir Walter?

RAL. Ay, sir.

POL. Listen,
I pray you rather, while I speak myself.
I am a gentleman who, trusting your skill,
Adventured much. You absent, I believed
Venture and life in danger. If I erred
You might with justice reason with mine error.
Instead, you chained one who hath friends at home
As good as you, and better. I take it ill
To be thus scorned.

RAL. Why, take it as it please you.—
This gentleman to-morrow hath a mind
To leave us, and betake him to that voyage
We all embark on.—

POL. O, poor gentleman!
This is most bloody. He shall have my prayers.

RAL. He shall have more.

POL. More?

RAL. Ay, your company.

POL. Sir Walter! Sweet Sir Walter! I repent
All these fond indiscretions.

RAL. Very well;
You've the less to do beforehand. Do not whimper;
Mark him, and let his Spanish valour teach
Your English knavery how to make an end.
(*A sudden cry without:* "A boat! A boat!")
(*To those without*) A boat?

VOICE (*without*). Ay, sir, a boat from out the river.

RAL. Why, Don Antonio, our vagrants come
Just in the nick of time! All is well with you!

BER. Be not too sure one boat brings welcome news.

POL. Praise God, they come! I am safe!

RAL. Perchance thou art;
But now, as I remember, thine offence
Was chiefly done to Keymis, who comes again,
In just the hour to judge thee.

POL. Sweet Sir Walter!
He is hot and very violent.

RAL. The less
Thy chance, then.—Ho, without there! Do they come?

VOICE (*without*). Ay, sir. We see more now — three or four at least.

POL. Sir Walter——

RAL. Stay below here. I am going
To greet Tom Keymis and Wat.

POL. Here, on my knees,
I pray you——

RAL. Stay with Don Antonio. [*Exit.*

POL. O, sir——

BER. You speak to me?

POL. Good heavens, sir,
Who else is here to speak to?

BER. Why, then, speak
At all?

POL. Pray, were you ever chained by the leg?

BER. Not I, sir.

POL. Had you been, you would crave for speech
With any that would listen.

BER. Not, I think,
With those disposed to silence.—Pray, good Boatswain,
The boats come still?

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, sir, that they do; and the first draws near at hand. O, all goes bravely; you should see Sir Walter wave his hat to them. (*Shouts without.*)

POL. Lord! This is worse than what in other years
I thought my worst—when Mary Fitton, sir,
Who was my wife at last—thereby I had
The money for this venture—played me false
With one Will Shakspere. You should never have heard
His name—a common player that made plays,
Otherwise noteless; but she liked his rhymes,
And he was less in girth than I was then.
So grieving I betook me to the stews,
Unsavory to remember. (*Shouts of* "CAPTAIN KEYMIS!")

BOAT. (*without*). Ay, Captain Keymis it is, sure enough, my merry Don. He draws alongside even now.

POL. O, woe is me!
I would I were again in Turnbull Street,
Mad, jilted, drunk, and happy. (*Shouts without.*)

BER. What now, Boatswain?

BOAT. (*without*). They come aboard, sir, they come aboard. Here is Captain Keymis over the side. And Sir Walter hugging him. And more crowding up; and all as it should be, save that their faces be neither so clean nor so joyful as was to be hoped.—Nay! God save us all!' What is this they are saying?—Alas! Alas! And where is young Captain Ralegh? (*A confused noise without.*)

POL. Young Walter gone, he said? Then something's gained;
There comes one less to flout us!

BER. Nay, if this
Be true, God grant the blessing of his peace
To that brave, foolish boy his father loved!

Enter RALEGH *and* KEYMIS *with others.*

RAL. Take those two out, and guard them. (*Exeunt all but* RALEGH *and* KEYMIS.) So poor Wat
Is killed.

KEY. He made a valiant end.

RAL. Trust him
For that—my son and Bess Throckmorton's, too——

KEY. Come near the hills, we landed. In the night
The Spaniards came, unlooked-for, in such force
As made our common sort give way. Then he
Most cheerily revived us. Without him
I think we had been cut to pieces.

RAL. With him?

KEY. We lightly charged the chargers, carrying them,
Confused, before us.

RAL. Good!
KEY. He, in our van
With pikemen, leading on, was struck with a shot
Full in the breast; but ere his gallant soul
Broke forth from the wound, he found breath for these words:
"The Lord have mercy on me, prospering your venture!"
RAL. Why, so farewell, dear Wat. Thou happily
Art dead untired, knowing of heavy life
Only the flushed beginning. Thy last prayer
The Lord hath heard; and if from paradise
Thou mayst glance back at us who linger here,
Thy joys shall brighten still, to see us prosper.
KEY. How prosper, sir?
RAL. Nay, that I wait to hear,
Knowing only how you come victorious.
And, sure, this victory shall outlive us, Tom,
Even when we are forgotten. Thou and I
Must soon fare after Wat—it is all one
Or now or later. But the centuries
Unborn hang on our conquest. Whether here
The manly law of England should prevail,
Or else this tropic western hemisphere
Languish with slumb'rous Spain, was what we fought for;
And all the English seed of time to come
Shall bless the fruit of our doings.
KEY. Take me with you,
Sir Walter.
RAL. Those deep mines thy skill hath won
Confirm Guiana ours. Uncertain James,
His eyes convinced by store of golden proof
Which through your deeds I bring him, shall avow
Our purpose his. And so, good-by to Spain!
The whole wide world is England's!
KEY. Dear Sir Walter,
We bring no gold.
RAL. No gold! What baser tool
Shall royal wits be wrought with?—Cease these stammerings!
What bring you from the river?
KEY. Only ourselves,
Escaped with hardship from the watery wastes
Of Orinoco.
RAL. Now, by Jesu Christ,
One of us two runs mad!
KEY. The Spaniards held
The stream in force, the hills, the very mines—
If any be in those barrens——
RAL. Be there, sir!
Thou knowest them there, and bottomless!
KEY. I never
Found trace of them.
RAL. Thou liest!
KEY. Walter Ralegh,
I have served you faithfully these thirty years——
RAL. Winning my trust, until I charged on thee
The charge I bore for England. Fool that I was!
Thou hast done us noble service.
KEY. Still I serve
You faithful, brooking words no other man
Had uttered scathless.
RAL. Still the coward who
Turned tail in Orinoco, leaving Spain
To laugh her sleepy scorn of us.
KEY. Have a care, sir!
And listen: was it better there to die
Of sword or famine, unrecorded, leaving
You prey for timeless doubt; or thus to tell you
Just how we tried and failed? I mused on it long;
Then puzzling came, chiefly for love of you,
My life-long leader, who I thought would choose
To know our whole sad story.
RAL. Gallant love!
At least it saved thy skin.
KEY. I would that skin
Were pierced and flayed like them the Indians tan!
It was saved but for your service; and you fling
Such taunts at me as no man flung before
Nor any shall much longer.
RAL. He bids me *shall!*
As though he knew me one brave terms could fear
From damning knavish jacks!
KEY. I have lived to learn,
Finding you thus ungentle, one was right
I chided late for telling that old tale
Of how, when first you knelt before our James,
"I have heard but rawly of thee!" cries the King,
And claps thee in the Tower.
RAL. Captain Keymis,
Thy sword. So. To thy cabin, there to ponder
Thine argument. If thou make it satisfy
His Majesty and the State, why, I for one
Shall be glad of it. Betwixt thee and me
All is over.
KEY. All, Sir Walter?
RAL. All, sir.
KEY. Nay,
Sir Walter, both were hasty. Our old love——
RAL. Old folly, rather. For thine obstinacy,
Which hath undone our England, breeds one good:
I know thee craven at last.—I trusted Wat
To thee; an I had trusted thee to Wat
This had gone otherwise.
KEY. I know then, sir,
What course to take. [*Exit, sadly.*
RAL. (*to those without*). Send back the prisoners here.—
I will show them yet there is danger left in me,
Though I be soused in danger.

Enter BERREO *and* POLWHELE.

Gentlemen,
I think you smile, deeming yourselves no doubt
Well out of trouble. Then your devilish games
Have troubled me enough to make you smile.
You have double cause for joy.
BER. Worthy Sir Walter,
I have no thought of smiling.
POL. No more have I.
RAL. And yet, methinks, ere this you should have heard
The fate of our expedition.

BER. Ay, sir; and
Rejoicing for myself, I grieve for you,
My faithful enemy.
RAL. What I shall do
I know not altogether; but on this
I am fixed: it is my need that all be sure
About me. So to make it, I to-day
Shall hang you both.
POL. Surely you jest, sir; but
I hardly savour your merriment (*A shot without.*)
RAL. What is that?
Mutiny?
BOAT. (*entering*). O, Sir Walter, Sir Walter!—Captain Keymis!—
RAL. He said he knew what course to take.
An it be mutiny, he shall find me plucky. (*Draws sword.*)
BOAT. O, Sir Walter, if it were naught but a scurvy mutiny, I would not so come hither without orders and against all manners and discipline. But Captain Keymis—brave Captain Keymis, that we have loved, and fought with, and known this thirty year——
RAL. What of him, man? I am ready for the worst.
BOAT. And he past the worst, Sir Walter, with a bullet in his brain that himself hath put there, and his dagger, to make sure, stuck just beneath his left pap.
RAL. Dead, say you! Dead by his own hand?
BOAT. Alas! Alas! That we should have lived to see him grow white and stiff, and next we shall be living so to see ourselves!
RAL. Why, Tom Keymis,
I jump at last to thy meaning; and the course
Thou takest is the course that I must steer
Out of this troublous world—To thee and me
Life is bootless, nor can striving any more
Lure back those glories here, to dwell wherein
Thou surgest skyward!—Stay! I'll follow thee!
(*He turns his sword on himself; but* BERREO *and the* BOATSWAIN *prevent him.*)
BER. Sir Walter——
POL. Let him strike; 'twere best for us.
BER. Doth not sad human duty bid you stay
This desperate happiness?
RAL. What mean you, sir?
BER. Why, even when I urged King Philip's love,
The Lord Arundel, a very worthy man,
You told me, had your word to see you back
In England.
RAL. So he had.
BER. Not keeping which,
You said——
RAL. I soiled mine honour. Even so.—
Mine honour, fair as England's, ere King James
Made England Scottish. English royalty
Crumbles to dust with bright Elizabeth,
And that fair realm she ruled hath need of all
Her fading gentry.
BER. Then, the greater way
Were to betake you thither.
RAL. Thither, where
That sentence waits me, passed in Cobham's case
By tricksy quibblers. I had dared to dream
Of faring home triumphant, conquering that
In world-wide conquest.
BER. I might pledge you still
The love of Philip.
RAL. Which I prize too high
To hold but finally. He shall love me best
In fair Saint Margaret's.—Boatswain, go bid them
Make sail. We are going home. [*Exit* BOATSWAIN.
Now on the block
I'll lay me down to sleep, keeping for aye
Mine honour that your wit hath kept me safe
When I so madly wavered.
POL. Silly wit,
Fanning anew our dangers.
RAL. (*to* BERREO). Fare you well. Go free.
POL. And what of me?
RAL. Why, go so, too.
The time is past when I should trouble me
With earthy things.
POL. Come, while he entertains
These heavenly thoughts. In England I will prove him
What earthly things can do. [*Exit* POLWHELE.
BER. I will wait.—Farewell,
Sir Walter Ralegh. Had I been your friend,
Throughout this strife, perchance I had not known
Your nobleness as now. For enemies,
Most keen for mutual fault, learn best of all
Each other's virtue. Had you been of Spain,
Our Spain had prospered better than she shall.
RAL. Had England stood so faithful as your Spain,
The world, I think, had known a braver future
Than that I see darkening behind the keels
That glide me to my rest. Our English die
Is cast; the game is against us; and my rest
Is all I look for now. (*Sailors without begin chanting the tune which* YOUNG RALEGH *sang in derision to Spaniard.*) Your hand—Farewell.
(*So they clasp hands. Then* DON ANTONIO *gravely passes out. And all the while the sailors sing.*)

THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. IDDINGS'S happy phrasing of his title, "The Art of Travel," a title no less accurately descriptive than pleasing, suggests a distinguishing fact of modern life, the disappearance of the artless traveller, the simple, old-fashioned observer of hardly more than a generation back, who can no longer find an audience in the book-reading world. Unless, like Nansen, the globe-trotting author has "broken a record"—something which nowadays never fails in its appeal, for we are all more or less of "sports" whether we know it or not—a book of "travel and adventure," as it was once called, must now have the emphasis wholly on "adventure," if the phrase has longer any vogue at all, or it must have the charm of personal quality. Dr. Van Dyke's travel sketches come at once to mind as illustrations of the most effective application of this latter to such material, making out of it impressionist bits, from the Tyrol to the Grande Décharge, to be thrown in here and there to give locality and variety of light and shade to charming chat and quaint philosophies—like the infinite variety of fly with which he may cast for trout or salmon.

The Passing of the Book of Travel.

What properly nurtured modern child, even, would not feel superior to "Rollo" and his once so extensive travels, then delightfully instructive? We of to-day are almost born with a horizon; or with a rudimentary but quickly developing comprehension of the slight differences of life on the different parts of the earth's surface; something that by-gone babies did not attain at full maturity. It is not (as many claim) that we travel as much as we are given the credit for. One of the most interesting of many interesting asides in Mr. Iddings's "Ocean Crossings" is his ingenious calculation that just 42,317 Americans, "bent on pleasure only," each year take the trip abroad. This dwarfs the so-called annual "summer exodus" into an insignificant affair hardly worth the mentioning. It is not, then, because we are all constantly travelling, migratory as our generation is by comparison, that whether we travel or stay at home we have lost interest in the experiences of those who do. It is rather that so much sense of distinguishing difference is gone, through the deadly sameness of modern conditions, as to make the expectation of surprise in travel a disappointment, and the realization of the unusual and picturesque rare luck, oftenest of the artist's discriminating eye. When one can take a steamboat excursion-trip on the Jordan, or ride to the Pyramids in a trolley-car; when the great Atlantic liners not only reduce the ocean to a pond but—some of them—stop on their way out to sea like river-boats to "pick up" passengers, now at an English port and now across the channel at a French port; the old distinction of travel departs, and it seems about as satisfactory to have ridden a donkey or camel in the Cairo street of the World's Fair at Chicago as to make a journey to Egypt to try "the real thing."

There being then for not a few of us so little left to travel for, the "travelling public" being so largely reduced to those who have an impelling reason for being in one place rather than in another, or who seek change of place because it is change and the conventional thing to do, the to-be-expected has happened in the passing of the old book of travel. Who but protesting sentimentalists care a rap for the lost art of letter-writing now that a telegram of ten words answers as well all practical purposes, and is besides infinitely quicker than the mails? The book of travel is only a longer letter, and like it often the product of a laborious conscientiousness, a sense of responsibility for special opportunities. Indeed, the new attitude toward travel marks the atrophy of the "travelling conscience," that monitor insistent that this, that, or the other must be seen from a sense of duty, because one may never

be twice in a given spot. What a rigorous conscience it was in the days of the old-fashioned letter-writer and book, when nothing was to be slighted that could by possibility be described! The process is reversed now, and nothing is described, at least in detail, that can be omitted or condensed—as may be seen by reference to the one book of travel that is strictly modern and bids fair to survive even our generation—Baedeker, or the equivalent. A fit survival doubtless it is, typical at any rate, valuable and interesting in its way, containing all that one ought to care to know; but, as the young law student said of Blackstone, conspicuously "lacking plot."

A SOCIAL critic, whom it often happens to me to meet, grumbles pretty constantly about the dishonesty of his fellow-creatures. Every time he has an experience of it (and he seems to have one often) it hurts his feelings and makes him despondent about the future of mankind and especially of the Americans; for I know he is convinced, though he speaks about it with reserve, that the Americans have not so high a standard of honesty as some other peoples, and especially the British. I think it is excellent morals to expect people to be strictly honest, and good policy too; for the tendency to live up to expectations usually exists even when it is not of coercive strength, and to have a high standard for other folks is a valuable supplement to having a high standard for one's self. Still, to find considerable numbers of one's fellow-creatures only indifferently honest ought not to be too great a disappointment to anyone. The familiar assertion about an honest man being God's noblest work is usually understood to suggest an implication of excessive scarcity. Very likely we take honesty too much for granted, and it might be as well for people like my uneasy critic to think of it more as an acquired grace and less as a thing that comes by nature. Often it takes instructed intelligence as well as high principle to be honest; for dishonesty dissembles itself so adroitly that to locate the point where prudence or conservatism or business enterprise or something else leaves off and disingenuousness begins, calls often for the skilled consideration of an expert.

National Honesty.

Honesty as we commonly regard and estimate it, seems not to be an abstract attribute, but something comparative, the measure of which is the difference between a person's conduct and his ideal of right behavior. If we know a man's standard and find that he lives fairly up to it, we say that he is honest according to his lights, and we can surmise what his conduct will be under given conditions. But if he has no standard at all and shapes his behavior according to the apparent expediency of the moment, or if having a standard and knowing right he veers from it as chance or his notions of policy suggest, we say he is a rascal and don't trust him. Habitually and unconsciously we judge men according to a great variety of different standards, and conduct that is rascally in one may seem at least half-way decent in another. A salesman in a shop who overcharges a customer and puts the money in his employer's drawer probably acts according to his ideas of business; we may condemn him, but we don't consider him in the same class at all with the salesman who robs the till.

It is in trade especially that the superiority of British honesty is averred to show itself. The British are the greatest traders on earth, and have been traders long enough and extensively enough to have learned what standards of commercial honesty pay best in the long run. An American who had travelled in southwestern Europe, in South America, and other parts of the world that are somewhat out of the beaten path, lately admitted to the present writer that, in the countries he had been to, the reputation of Americans seemed to him to be low, and that of the British very high. In Buenos Ayres, he said, an English merchant's word inspired confidence, but an American merchant's assurances were received with a good deal of scepticism. This sort of testimony is mortifying to American ears, but, if we believe it, we must look for the remedy to spring not from moral reform, but simply from increased knowledge. We expect those who bring this reproach upon us to learn, from information and reflection if possible, but if necessary from experience, that though an individual rogue may steal or cheat and escape punishment, for a people who can neither hide nor run away from the consequences of their acts, honesty is the most sagacious and remunerative course.

THE FIELD OF ART

TRADITION IN ARCHITECTURE

THE trouble with modern architecture is that the traditions are broken. Perhaps that seems a commonplace; but out of all the commonplaces this is the one which is true as well as being a truism. The cheapness of machine-made material, with the resulting tendency away from handwork; the reluctance of free and independent citizens to handle heavy timber, or to work stone in any way not familiar to themselves in their 'prentice days; the requirements of modern life, with its ventilating shafts and openings, furnace-heat and steam-pipes, and electrical and gas tubing; the contract system, with its demand that everything, even the minutest details, shall be designed in advance before the walls rise above the ground; the commission system, by which the architect is paid according to the expenditure of his client; the superintending system, according to which the builders are paid on the architect's certificate, and the latter becomes a fiduciary agent charged primarily with the spending of his employer's money—the evil of each of these modern devices is a commonplace, but no one of them accounts for the dismal torpor in which our architecture as a fine art lies, with only occasional spasms to show that it yet has life.

If, then, it is continuity of tradition that is lacking, what tradition is that? Why do we not complain that sculpture and painting are dead? There, also, it has been said many times that the traditions are broken. Tiepolo is admittedly the last holder of the great traditions of the Venetians; and yet painting flourishes without sensible breach of continuity from age to age, and is as live an art now as ever. The Greek tradition of sculpture was lost in the fourth century, A.D., and has never been fully recovered; even the Græco-Roman tradition is the shadow of a name only; the practice of the Renaissance itself is affected only by those who seek therein a somewhat pictorial influence to aid their sculpturesque designs—and yet sculpture, with all its traditions to re-make by observation of the past, has become great and flourishing after a temporary lapse, and no man can say that there has been a break in the continuity of thought since the time of the Pisani. To leave the contemplation of what modern times are doing in architecture, and to step over the narrow line of division into the world of representative art, is to pass from the sick-chamber into the workshop and to be cheered by the swift movement of vigorous work going on. What is the tradition which is lost?

It is the unwritten law which governs the hand of the workman when he begins to work, and which helps him to go on half unconsciously, conceive his building instinctively as a sculptor conceives his group, and begin to build, fearing nothing. Free to introduce thoughts of his own; free to modify the forms which he has learned from his masters and from contemporaries—he is strong in this, that he is able to work through all the necessary first steps of his proceedings without drawing on his wholly unaided sense of what is needed. The way to do the needed thing is clear even to the beginner over whom the traditions prevail. We are unable to design twenty-story buildings; but were we able to design their six-story predecessors? If we had been able to design the smaller, should we not have seen our way readily to the proper management of the larger structures? The six-story and the five-story buildings of twenty years ago were themselves without any merit as architecture, and they had succeeded to smaller buildings of forty years ago, which were equally without merit as architecture, the whole conditions being, in short, these: namely, that no one had any idea which he would admit as conclusive, or in a certain sense final, as to how the practical needs of the business building were to be

combined with architectural design. As to residences—the brown-stone fronts of 1860 were themselves without purpose or significance or character, nor have they any relation with the interior, or the requirements of the interior, more than that they were pierced with windows where windows were thought to be best inserted. The brick houses of 1830, with steep roofs and dormer windows, might be of some use to us now, but that their simple tradition also is broken by the wretched brown-stone front of the later epoch. In like manner the country houses of 1850, and from that to 1870, were generally without architectural merit. Whence, then, should come any suggestion of fit design for the larger and more palace-like country houses of 1895? The designers of the less busy, less progressive, less ambitious time have left the designers of the present time nothing to start with—that is the brief and brutal way of stating our lack of traditional teaching. To take the twenty-story steel-frame building and think it out for itself, is to begin with that building of Chicago in which the panels between the uprights of the steel frame are filled with thin iron, just as they might have been filled with pasteboard or leather. Such a building has no walls; the spaces between the constructional uprights and horizontals are simply filled, partly with glass, partly with an opaque screen. That is the logical beginning of the new tradition, and if the designers will take that up and work at it, they may, in the course of the century, develop a new style of architecture. There is little chance, apparently, of that being done. Instead of that, each designer is applying to his own tall building the forms which he finds in books or as used in his own practice on buildings of a far different character, these previous buildings having been designed themselves by reference to books rather than under the sway of tradition. In short, no man can say that he has learned of his predecessors any safe and certain way of going at his work, and the consequence is that those conditions under which alone can the design of any building be made successful are wanting. Since the world began no man has ever designed a good building independently of tradition. It is as certain that no man ever will do so as it is certain that no man will build a good, swift, large, freight-carrying ship without having consulted the lines of other ships not quite so highly developed.

ABOUT THE WORLD

THE NEW ORLEANS AND MISSISSIPPI FLOOD

IN the cosmogony of the Mississippi River darky there is a story that when the Lord made the greatest of rivers he told it to go wherever it wanted, "an' it's been goin' dere ever sence"—yet in its long record of turbulence there is no precedent for the sullen devastation which the Mississippi is now wreaking on its valley. All high water marks have been surpassed this spring, and a vast misfortune, whether measured in lives or dollars, has been brought by the flooded river throughout a thousand miles of its length. At this writing, the rich country known as the Yazoo delta, in the State of Mississippi, has become practically submerged, after a desperate fight on the levees. In this single region, the damage to the cotton crop may run to a large fraction of the 1,500,000 bales, worth $50,000,000, which the rich lowlands produce each year. The people of New Orleans and its vicinity are in anything but a pleasant state of mind. Along the length of the river, destitute families and their cattle are trying to get food

and shelter ; town after town has been totally submerged, and a great number of lives have been lost. In response to the appeals from the river districts of Arkansas and other flooded States, Congress has appropriated $200,000 for the purpose of rescuing and feeding the unfortunate river dwellers, and the neighbors of the sufferers have been quick and generous in their aid.

The fight against the river was a plucky one throughout. At the first intimation of a weakness in any important levee, the railroads hurried troops of workingmen and materials, to build great bulwarks of lumber, stones, and dirt in support of the threatened banks. Before the Yazoo delta was given up, thousands and thousands of men were at work night and day on the big public levees which protected it long after the water was running over the top of the embankment. But the river continued to boom and rise ; at some points, where the levees seemed solid and secure, the guards would be startled by the sudden sinking of a great section of the bank, undermined by the eroding waters, to let the flood which they had been fighting come pouring in on the doomed plantations. Every foot of the levees was guarded by armed men ; for, with the river booming and straining and bulging on both sides, it is a sore temptation for a dweller on one bank to save his fortune by cutting the levee on the opposite side and relieving the tenseness of the strain on his own bulwarks by the treacherous outlet into his neighbors' fields. Then the irresponsible darky has just enough imagination to conceive of free government bacon and "pone" under the flood conditions which a sly stab at the levee would bring, without any realization of the horrible price he is paying for it.

This flood has been so monstrous and relentless that the faith of the river dwellers has been shaken in the very system of their defences. They are complaining that the entire theory of levees is wrong and dangerous. Several of the most authoritative newspapers in the South are printing editorials denouncing the levee idea on the score that such confinement of the river water to a comparatively narrow channel tends after a lapse of years to raise the level of the entire bed of the river. The alluvial mud deposits which should naturally be distributed over the surrounding country are, according to this theory, deposited in the channel, with this result of raising the level of the whole river. Every inch of such a rise would, of course, necessitate a radical increase of levee construction, and if the premises are true, one can see the final extremity into which the levee system would come. Those who take this view of it are actually in favor of abolishing all embankments, so that the river may overflow and subside at will, just as the Nile does. But the majority of authoritative engineers deny that there is any appreciable change of level in the river-bed, and point to the ancient and successful precedents of the Rhine and the Po in Europe, and the Hoang Ho in China, all of them defended by levees that have made no change in the bottom levels that can be called radical.

If the levee system is the proper discipline for the Mississippi, the year 1897 will give a severe lesson in thoroughness, and a startling intimation of the necessity for large additional expenditures for protection in the future. Most important of all, this terrible spring will teach the local guards and engineers, and more sternly, the planters, that the strengthening of the levees must be attended to in anticipation of a flood, and not after the flood has come. In a hundred instances the Southern weakness for procrastination and letting well enough alone has, this year, led to a disastrous break in the embankments. As this magazine goes to press, scores of steamers are hurrying back and forth on the lower Mississippi in frantic efforts to save the lives and property endangered by this negligence. The railroads of the suffering regions have been prudent in their precautions ; even the Texas Pacific, which passes through the centre of the threatened country, is running all trains on time, and all the roads are rendering invaluable assistance in transporting men and materials to the points of weakness.

IT will not be difficult for the advocates of an intelligent system of national forestry to point a moral with this terrible flood-experience, coming as it does immediately after the defeat of Mr. Cleveland's very important reservation of timber lands in the West. The most essential reason for forest preservation, after the value of the timber itself is considered, is the safeguard given by well-wooded

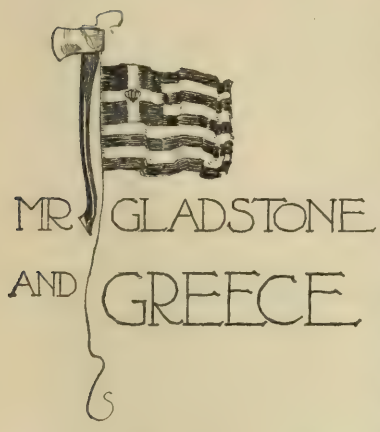


regions against precipitate floods. The matting of leaves, roots, and vegetable mould serves to retain the water of the rains and melting snows, allowing it to trickle gently away into the creeks and rivers; whereas the bared hillsides offer no sponge-like material to hold the water, but shed it deluge-wise into the valleys. These reservations were proclaimed by President Cleveland on February 22 last; they were in thirteen different regions, containing an aggregate area of more than 21,000,000 acres. This more than doubled the total national domain of forest that had been set apart under the law of 1890, as the previous reservations of President Harrison had provided that something like 18,000,000 acres were to be protected by the general Government. The extent of this new reserve was not more significant than the manner of its choice. Last year the President requested the National Academy of Science to select a committee to aid the Government in this important work of preserving the forests, and a most notable group of men—Professors Sargent and Brewer, General Abbot, the expert in forestry; Gifford Pinchot, and Messrs. Hague and Agassiz—gave a great deal of labor and their unrivalled judgment to the task of selecting these thirteen tracts. All the members of the commission except Alexander Agassiz spent last summer in travelling through the trans-Missouri country which contained the forest regions most available for their study. The land finally selected was taken chiefly from the mountainous parts of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, the Dakotas, Montana, Colorado, and Wyoming. It must be borne in mind that the gentlemen of this committee were neither office-seekers on the one hand, nor "sentimentalists" on the other, but trained and practical men of science and affairs, eminently qualified to consider every direct and indirect phase of the plan which they proposed, and the President accepted. It was the more astonishing and disheartening that the Senate saw fit to nullify the President's action by an amending clause of the Sundry Civil Appropriations bill which threw the 21,000,000 acres back into the hands of the irresponsible squatters, miners, herders, and lumbermen who are now controlling the destinies of the magnificent domain.

Undoubtedly many Senators were honest and firm in their belief that an injustice would be wrought to the settlers already in these lumber countries through the restrictions that would follow on the reservation. Miners need wood, as do farmers and cattlemen, not to speak of lumbermen; many citizens of the States affected are making their living by these pursuits within the limits of the forests set aside; they and their friends simply brought enough influence to bear on their representatives to make the latter overrule the judgment of a committee which was certainly more specially qualified to form a judgment on this particular question than any or all the members of the Senatorial body. The pity of it is that there was no earthly reason why the objections which destroyed the reservations should have been advanced at all. As a matter of fact, Professor Sargent and his colleagues had fully determined to provide for just the contingencies which the Senate decided, *à priori*, were unsuspected, but final. All the arable land within the limits of the reservation was to be open to settlers, and only wise restrictions, not prohibitions, were to be placed on the use of timber by established interests; so that it is undoubtedly true that a term of years would have brought good from the reservation to even the small coterie of prospectors who defeated it and robbed the American people of such a fair and useful national possession. At present these prospectors are in an anomalous condition as regards their wood supply. They have no way of obtaining timber except under the law which allows an individual citizen to take up, with certain restrictions, one hundred and sixty acres of the public forests at a cost of $2.50 per acre. So that a mining company in the forests of Washington is reduced to the necessity of evading the law by using the purchases of many individuals or else to simple stealing. The consequence is a chaotic state of affairs, in which law and prudence are not thought of, but only the immediate coralling and quick use of the best timber that is at hand—a sad outlook for the remnants of the trees.

IT will not require a Gibbon, or even a Macaulay, when the history of the year 1897 comes to be written, to vest the present scene in the Mediterranean with both dramatic and comic interest. Crete is a little island, about half as large as Nova Scotia, off to the southeast of Greece, and al-

lied to the Grecians in race, religion, historical traditions, and by geographical facts.



Crete has suffered for generations under the yoke of the Ottoman Empire, and has rebelled against it seven times since 1831, the seventh occasion being the present. The Cretans want either to rule themselves or to be a part of Greece, and the Grecians insist that such shall be the case, or that, at least, Turkey shall maintain only a nominal suzerainty over the island, while she, Greece, actually rules the Cretans. The disagreement over this has brought about an actual state of war between Greece and Turkey.

On April 17, after incursions of Greek irregulars into Macedonia, Turkey practically declared war on Greece, her troops moved across the frontier, and general fighting between the two armies began.

The situation has served to bring out what is probably one of the last great public efforts of Mr. Gladstone's very great life, in his letter to the Duke of Westminster, arraigning "the Powers" and their pusillanimous conduct. As a piece of literature, and as an historical document, but chiefly as the utterance of a statesman of eighty-eight years—this letter is truly remarkable. It is one of those events which bring vivid life and color into our present history, and make the figures of the play stand out with a picturesque distinctness that challenges the interested attention of the whole world. The letter, which was cabled to this country, has the rhetorical majesty and power of an old lion's roar, hoarse with the strength of a final effort and confident with the experience of a life of command. Mr. Gladstone flouts at the empty phrase "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire," and holds his country up to shame for trailing after the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia. His opinion of these two young men is expressed in no uncertain words:

"At this moment two great States, with a European population of one hundred and forty or perhaps one hundred and fifty millions, are under the government of two young men, each bearing the high title of Emperor, but in one case wholly without knowledge or experience; in the other, having only such knowledge and experience, in truth limited enough, as have excited much astonishment and some consternation when an inkling of them has been given to the world. In one case the Government is a pure and perfect despotism, and in the other equivalent to it in matters of foreign policy, so far as it can be understood in a land where freedom is indigenous, familiar, and full grown. These Powers, so far as their sentiments are known, have been using their power in the concert to fight steadily against freedom. But why are we to have our Government pinned to their aprons? The sense of this nation is for them non-existent, and the German Emperor would lie well within his limits should he deign to say to us: 'Turkey I know, and the concert I know, but who are ye?'"

Mr. Gladstone's argument is, in brief, that the extreme wickedness of Turkey makes her sacrosanct; that the Greeks have done a good deed in Crete; and he refuses to "sully his page" with any discussion of a coercion of Greece. Apart from the degree of right in this startling arraignment, the letter, and the wave of honest conviction that it carried throughout the English-speaking world, makes it one more magnificent incident in a magnificent career.

WHAT is the cost of a first-rate college education? Mr. Frank Bolles answered this question in the case of Harvard, and the trustees of Princeton awhile ago printed some striking statistics on the necessary expenses of a student at that fine old institution which last fall celebrated its expansion into university comprehensiveness. This broadening of the field, together with the reputation that Princeton has achieved in the sporting arena, and above all, the stories one hears about the extravagance of a few men possessing practically unlimited allowances, might give rise to a belief that only the sons of rich men can afford the honor of allegiance to old Nassau. But the figures of expenditure by the typical Prince-



ton student easily dissolve any such fear, and are themselves quite valuable for parents and students who will find it necessary to remember that there are two sides to their balance-sheet. The average Princeton man, then, not the impecunious grind shut off from the enjoyment of athletics and college "life," but the fellow who goes in for pretty much everything according to his tastes, who plays on a 'varsity team, takes honors, and lives comfortably—finds no difficulty in bringing his expenditures within the limits of $500 per year, including clothes, railroad fares, and his moderate portion of the beer-and-skittles side of life.

The accuracy of this statement is much more than its picturesqueness, and Professor Sloane's statistics were full and decisive enough to be final. In the first class that was examined it was found that seven of the men who graduated with the highest distinction of *magna cum laude* reported an average expenditure of $442.68. Only one man spent more than $500 in one year; one got through at an average cost of only $267.50 per year, and for the last three years four of the seven expended $400 or less annually. At Princeton the second honor-men are given the distinction *cum laude*. In this class there were twenty-four that graduated *cum laude*, and the average expenditure was $423.12½. The highest expenditure for one year by any member of the thirty-one honor-men was $700, and one-third of the whole number actually got through their four years at a cost of less than $400 per man per year.

The reports from the second and third classes show an even smaller average, as one of them was composed of exceptionally hard students. The maximum expenditure shown in the tables was $1,000, and the minimum $250. So that the average expense per year of a college man at Princeton comes well within $500.

But the important thing to those men for whom the whole question has most importance, is to know the minimum expense of obtaining their college life, rather than the desirable mediocrity of outlay and comfort. Professor Sloane obtained the balance-sheets of a score of men who had to "manage," which throw light on the chances of a bright man with little or no money to have the advantage of the four years at Princeton. These reports show that it is entirely possible for a student to get through college on an income of less than $250 per year; and, moreover, that he can earn that income while there. Many did earn their whole income and some came out of the college year with a considerable surplus over expenses, although entirely dependent on their own efforts. The direction these efforts take is indicated in one of the letters:

"My Dear Sir: While in college at Princeton recently, I found it convenient to make a practical test of the theories of 'putting one's self through.' Near the close of my Sophomore year I was unexpectedly thrown on my own resources. During the succeeding vacation I canvassed, but made nothing, and returned to college with but $7. By means of running a club, corresponding for a New York daily, and tutoring, I finished the year with a square account. Senior year I did not run a club but corresponded for papers, edited a syllabus, was elected a member of the *Nassau Herald* Committee, and ended the year with money to spare. There are three ways by which a young man with a short bank account can get through Princeton. 1. Borrow the money. 2. Don't spend anything, but wear a sweater and corduroy trousers. 3. Make, pay, and enjoy as you go. The third is by far the best plan, and conditions at Princeton are wonderfully adapted to its successful execution. There are numerous business openings, such as agencies, etc. For example, a friend of mine, through a wholesale New York house, supplied a score of eating clubs with butter and beef, keeping, of course, a paying commission. Literary ability can be transferred to the cash account. The college authorities co-operate by way of reduction to earnest men. Popularity and place among classmates need not be sacrificed. Princeton's democratic spirit makes it pleasanter for the man of moderate means. The two years during which I made my own money were far more enjoyable than the other two, to say nothing of their value in the way of business experience. Since graduation I have visited numerous other colleges and find that nowhere can the financial question be solved so effectually and enjoyably as at Princeton.

"Yours truly,

"_____ _____"

Jude the Obscure would have been put to it for a grievance, if he had been born in New Jersey instead of near Christminster.

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Scribner's magazine

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